THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

For Bigger Twelfth Night

Twelfth-Night, or the eve of the Epiphany, provides many beautiful traditions to close the Christmas season and mark its passing in the spirit of the season itself.

One of the most striking of these traditions is that which the members of the Girl Scouts have carried out for a number of years, namely the Burning of the Greens. This carries out another of the many Christmas ideas brought to America from Europe. Since Americans have tried to incorporate all Christmas customs from all lands into their own celebration of this feast, this too has been included.

Locally, the Girl Scouts have provided the brilliant and often thrilling celebration. But the event could be brought to even greater proportions if there were desire so to do and organization were effected to such end.

Collection of virtually all trees and other greens could be effected by the City, as it already does thru the garbage collection system but upwards of three weeks after Christmas. Such earlier collection within eight to ten days after Christmas would provide fuel for an unexampled celebration.

It could also be made the occasion for wider observance of the Feast of the Epiphany which all too much is neglected by many churches and religious institutions. This feast is of peculiar import to Christian churches and church members in that it commemorates the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles thru the visit of the Magi to the Manger in Bethlehem. That beautiful but later chapter in the story of the Nativity has come to be timed almost coincidentally with other events proclaiming the virgin birth. Wider celebration of the Epiphany richly could employ this beautiful and very distinct story.

A Well-Merited Honor

It is a tribute both to the work and worth of the man and to the philanthropic institution for which he stands, locally, that the Pennsylvania Society for Crippled Children and Adults has named Fred A. Weibel as state chairman for the Easter Seal campaign early in the spring.

Mr. Weibel long has been the elder statesman of the Lehigh County branch of the society as well as a leader in the activities of the Pennsylvania organization. The local chapter has become an outstanding one not only in the state but in the country for it has developed a remarkably well-rounded program and daringly has explored fields of endeavor useful for suffering mankind.

The work of the local society evokes the admiration of all who come into contact with it, learn about its scope and the results which are being attained.

Not a little of the credit for the excellent work locally and thruout the state of this fine organization goes to Mr. Weibel. Recognition of its effectiveness and excellence is provided by this latest honor to one of our finest citizens.

Help Clothing Drive

Be sure that the bundles of clothing, shoes and other articles that you have gathered together during recent weeks for today's World Service clothing campaign in this city are placed outside your door by 8:30 this morning.

If you have forgotten about this campaign, which the churches of Allentown have been announcing for some time, the time is not too late to clear out some of those overcrowded closets, hampers and chests where shoes are collecting dust and stiffening and where clothing slowly is being consumed by moths. Even if the bundle is not ready for the early collection, a call by telephone to 3-2526 will bring a truck on the run to pick it up.

Thousands of householders are overburdened with unwanted clothing. They hesitate to dispose of it carelessly. Here the opportunity is provided to dispose of it carefully for shoes, clothing, bedding and other articles are going to be shipped overseas by that excellent organization, World Service. This religious body has the experience which tells it how to gather, pack and ship the goods. It knows the places to which the goods should be shipped and has established places to which to send them and an organization of women and men to handle them carefully when they are received. It can do very much better than an individual can do in the distribution of such articles. And it eliminates all the tedious details of packing and shipping which an individual would have to consider and meet.

A Fine Citizen Passes

There was no surprise in Allentown yesterday, albeit there was great shock, when news of the death of Warren W. Rhoda, recent president of the Allentown School Board rapidly made its way on winged rumor thruout the city.

For many months a large segment of the community knew as well as Mr. Rhoda himself knew that he was living on borrowed time. There were deep and sincere regrets for him since it was so widely known that here was a man who had dedicated himself to the public welfare, had served this community notably and with ambition that rose above mortal handicaps desired so much to continue his service to the people in as many ways as he might be called upon to perform.

Altho he knew that his days were numbered and, in fact, knew it several years ago, he did not abate his activities nor reduce his interest in the many splendid enterprises with which he was associated and to which he had given himself in fullest measure.

Allentown has lost a splendid citizen, a man so useful as to have been termed her Number One Citizen; many institutions have lost a pillar of strength while hosts of individuals have lost a fine friend.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1926

F. C. Kolb, of Philadelphia, owner of a chain of Kolb baking plants throughout the country, was the guest of honor of members of the Allentown branch of his sales organization at a banquet held at Hotel Traylor.

"Uncertainty of motion is the mother of accidents. Certainty is the antidote," said .E. C. Spring, superintendent of transportation of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co., in an address on safety first delivered to members of the Four Square club at the first meeting of the year in Hotel Allen.

William J. Leh and Norman S. Merkel, former proprietors of the Leh and Merkel drug store at 9th and Hamilton Sts., announced the purchase of the Hamilton Pharmacy, 12th and Hamilton Sts.

Two new policemen, Daniel F. McFadden and Clarence F. Mensinger, were appointed at the first meeting of city council in the new year.

'Pulling Together' Works Both Ways



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

(EDITOR'S NOTE)

The Communist party convention ended last week. It was held in complete secrecy. Meeting halls were changed daily. Reporters were barred. Handouts were issued from Communist party headquarters and all attempts by newsmen to find out in detail what was happening behind the closed doors were to no avail.

However, Victor Riesel brings you the full story of what happened during the most secret convention in Communist party history. Today's column and Monday's will reveal in detail what took place.

The significance of these hitherto undisclosed proceedings is that they provide clues to future Communist activity in this country and, because of the nature of the Communist movement, also clues to Soviet foreign policy.

This is the first account of what happened behind heavily guarded doors. Despite unprecedented Communist security measures, Mr. Riesel has uncovered what happened "inside the Communist Party Convention."

Some of you might not have been able to get past the heavily guarded doors of the Communist party's 15th convention, the most carefully concealed and highly secret gathering in the history of the revolutionary organization which is more a plot than a party.

So, since the party almost daily took direct orders from the hidden Soviet's Communist International "rep" in this country—and since the convention's decisions are a tipoff on what to expect from the U.S.S.R.—here, for the first time, is a detailed running story of what happened at the Red briefing session the American Stalinists flatteringly call a convention:

Before the sessions started, each of the 200 delegates were summoned to small, private gatherings and given the party's own counter-espionage security instructions. Each regional Comcunist chief was told:

"Take political notes only. Record no names. Don't tear up your notes and throw them on the floor of the hall. Don't write on table cloths and menus.

"Don't discuss party business in restaurants. You never know who's at the next table. Don't use any telephones in the hall. Don't leave the hall during the course of a session. Each delegate must stay and sit with his state group for the duration (so every man and woman can be recognized). Don't carry any luggage into the hall (this, to prevent the use of portable microphones). Don't loiter outside the hall."

Then special party experts were sent to the two Lower East Side halls where the sessions were to be held (Stuyvesant casino and Central Plaza annex, through which I used to romp, in my romper days, while trying to grow up in that slum side of town, the party might be interested to know). There, the Communist agents went over every inch of the old wooden floors and walls, searching for planted mikes. They did this every morning and night.

Entrances Guarded

Finally, a guard was stationed at the entrance of each building for the entire convention. Changing of the guard took place every hour. There was no password to be overheard. The guard on duty just passed on to the relief man a specially folded newspaper. That was his badge so that party chiefs wouldn't think anybody was loitering. Incidentally, a folded newspaper makes a mighty handy blackjack if properly used. At regular intervals, the guard would scan the streets for possible government men.

Meanwhile, other squads were deployed throughout the buildings especially on the stairs and back entrances. All this is understandable. The comrades — one delegate for every 200 members chosen by a Communist State commission in every state—were following Moscow orders and handing down vital decisions:

Blueprint New Party

Most important directive was the order for creation of a new political party. Just as the Communist's 1945 convention blueprinted the Progressive party, which Henry Wallace was to head in 1948 for a band of men who, according to Lee Pressman, were the original Stalinist infiltrators into the U.S. government—so did this convention in New York last week blueprint a new party. Communist leaders said, in effect:

"While the Progressive party has not outlived its usefulness, it is not an answer to the Third party. So, we call for the development of a broad 'peoples' coalition for independent political action. Start talking now for a new third party for world peace."

Into this party, the Communists hope to get rural labor. This, the Aesopian talking party leaders called "farm cadres." The party activists were told they'd put in more time in small towns and rural areas, attack farm cooperatives as the focal point of this work, and woo the farm laborers.

Blast FBI

Much time was devoted to bitter blasts at the FBI. It was said again and again that J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation "must be liquidated." The delegates, each of whom had to have at least two years membership and training, were also instructed to concentrate on winning over women — especially Negro women; denounce and fight the draft; build up the party's Labor Youth league to get youngsters to agitate against interfering militarily with Soviet aggression, and get ready for creation of new popular fronts "from below," such as the multimillion member "anti-war" outfits they launched sucessfully back in 1935.

And the Red dragoons were told to exploit swiftly any resentments found (and, if not found, to create them) in huge factories where "the war emergency presents a golden opportunity to infiltrate in view of the long hours, speedup and wage freeze."

Right comrades? There'll be some red faces in high Red places tonight. Can't you keep a secret, tovarishis?

(Copyright, 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS IMMER 'N WAIG: Shun fer yohra is es 'm Clarence Gilbert, 'm Harvey Eisenacher un 'm Edwin "Pop" Shafer, drei guta Frei Mauerer doh fon da shtadt, ihra gabrouch fer ae mohl's yohr noch Trexler-shteddle gae, die Frie Mauerer ombtsleit ei shtella in offis. Ebbes os do boova immer so gute aw g'shtonna hut, wor 's wunnerbore gute essa os sie grick'd hen won allas ferbei wor.

Darrick 's fergonga yohr hen die Trexlershteddler sich ow'r gross ordich nei galust essa on ihra Lodge fersommlinga-fer die wohret tzu sawga sie hen so fiel gessa onnerra tzeita os sie net hungerich worra wie die neia Ombtsleit ei g'shteld sin werra, un hen net gabodder'd fer ebbes tzu rishda. Der Clarence, der Harvey, un der Edwin "Pop" woh fer drei dawg dafor nix gessa hen, so os sie bardich 'n guter obadit hetta, hen gore mechdicha longa maiga kot bis allas feriwwer wor.

Owets uf 'm hame waig hut der Edwin "Pop" woh g'fohra hut, g'sawt, er wist 'n guter blotz fer ob shtoppa ihra hunger setticha-om Halbwaigs hous. Un sie hen aw g'shtopt un hen sich 'n wunnerbore gute essa gaarder'd un allas rums un shtums tzu sich g'shoft. 'S wor 'n kalter owet un allas is gute ob galoffa bis sie nous sin fer hame gae. Der Edwin "Pop" hut sei mashine g'shlossa kot, un wohrhoft wie er uf shleesa hut wolla won der shlissel gaboss'd hut. Der Clarence wor shure er het der letz shlissel, ow'r der "Pop" hut drulf g'shtonna er wist wos fer 'n shlissel os es nemma dade fer sie mashine uf shleesa, un hut g'sawt die shlesser mista tzu g'frohra sei-onnishder kents net sei.

Die sawg is, der "Pop" het fert run gawertshoft bis der shlissel so grum gawest wear wie 'n boga flint, un wear noh nei ins wertshous, sehna eb sie 'm ebbes ferrota kenta wie sei shlesser uf tzu shleffla. Nadierlich hen sie 'm kochich wosser gewwa wolla, ow'r sel hut er net howwa wolla weil er shure wor bis moryets wear die mashine widder tzu g'frohra, un hut gawunnert eb sie net ebbes shunshd hetta os er yusa kent fer die shlesser uf shleffla. Der Clarence hut noh gawunnert wie paar guta shnops shoffa maichda, ow'r der Edwin "Pop" hut g'sawt wons darta druf aw kaimt sotta sie ken druvel may howwa fer uf mocha, un wie der Harvey gamaint hut fer der shnops in die shlesser laira, hut der "Edwin "Pop" gamaint, 's wear daueren-shawd sel tzu duh.

Noh wos hut er sehna imma eck uf ma dish leia wie 'n grosser neier lecktrick blanket, un fer hoftich sei won re net die fraw fom blotz fershwetzt hut fer 'm selar blanket laina mit ra longa extension, der nous iwwer sei mashine hank fer die shlesser uf shleffla. Wie sie die mashine in der blanket gawick'ld hen kot sin sie tzurick nei ins wertshous, un hens lecktrick druf gadray'd. Niemond hut ken glawwa kot om "Pop sei aryer blawn, ow'r ferhoftich sei wie sie bout 'n shtun odder so shpaiter nous sin, hut er die mashine uf g'shlossa wie won nix letz gawest wear.

Der Clarence un der Harvey shtaina ow'r druf, sie hetta 'n sehna shlissel wexla, un der "Pop" lusts net uf kumma der lecktrick blanket he die tzu g'frohrna shlesser uf g'shleff'ld, sel wear die uhrsoch gawest os sie noh fohrra hetta kenna. 'N aryer Edwin "Pop" net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wenich sin heit tzu dawg fleischer on da arwet os wie die breeder Grundsi fon da Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw-ol sin ob weela fer ihra lodge tzettle griega fer 'm 15da Yanner.

Noch 'm 15d Yanner nembts Rawd 's recht fer ol die tzettle gewwa tzu onnerra guta Pennsylfawnish Deitscha, os die lodge shun long garn aw ganumma hetta.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ezekiel 39.

Christmas broadcasts announced the call for prayers for peace, issued by prominent rulers of a number of nations. Conscious of the efforts of Russia to wage war against the nations of the earth for world control, there was in these calls for prayer the thought that a divine providence would restrain and punish those who are thus conspiring. Chapter 39 shows how fearfully God's judgment is to fall upon the nation of the north, v. 2, invading Palestine, 'so that the nations shall know that I am the Lord' (Russian leaders say that there is no God!). According to v. 9 it will take seven years to burn the debris of the battlefield and seven months to bury the dead, v. 12, men specially appointed to pass through the land to bury the corpses. Tourists (passengers in v. 15) passing through the land, seeing a bone lying on the ground, will set up a marker to point them out for men to bury it. God can be patiently silent for a while, but He will punish His wilful enemies in His time and way.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Forgive me if I give you a piece of poetry today, a piece that I haven't written myself, the author of which I don't know, and a piece that will never be contained in any volume of classic literature.

All I know about it is that it was sent to me by Mrs. Sallie R. Harold, of Elkins, W. Va., and that it helps her when she feels blue, and makes her feel ashamed of herself when she complains.

It affected me that way, and it may get to your heart, too, when you need a little tonic for your funks and fault-findings.

Here goes:

"Today, upon a bus, I saw
A pretty girl with golden hair.
I envied her, she seemed so gay,
I wished that I could be so fair.
But then, when she arose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle,
She had one leg and used a crutch,
And yet, she passed me with a smile.
Oh, God forgive me when I whine,
I have two legs, the world is mine.
And then I stopped to buy some sweets,
The lad who sold them had such charm;
I talked with him — he seemed so glad—
If I were late 'twould do no harm.
And as I left he said to me,
Please come again, you've been so kind,
It's nice to talk with folks like you,
Because, you see, he smiled, I'm blind.
Oh, God forgive me when I whine,
I have two eyes, the world is mine.
Then, walking down the street I saw
A pretty child with eyes of blue,
He stood and watched the others play,
It seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment, then I asked,
Why don't you join the others, dear?
He looked ahead without a word
And then I knew he could not hear.
Oh, God forgive me when I whine,
I have two ears, the world is mine.
With legs to take me where I'd go,
With eyes to see the sunset glow,
With ears to hear what I would know—
Oh, God forgive me when I whine,
I'm blessed indeed, the world is mine."

* * *

No, as I read it again I am sure it isn't great poetry. But would the Gettysburg Address have passed the judgment of the literary critics of that day?

I think that whoever wrote that little piece which I just quoted was as great a poet as one whose rhyme and meter fulfill every technical requirement.

The greatest source of creative art is not the brain, not the pencil, not the typewriter, but the heart.

(Copyright 1950)

Horoscope

Much hard work during your next year should bring you success. Born on this date a child is most likely to gain moderate success.



ES ISS EN IWWEL WINDLI, ASS NET EBBER RECHT BLOST

1950 ISS VERIWWER

Guck emoll do,
Guck emoll do;
Es Yohr iss veriwwer,
Un ich bin froh.

Denk emoll draa,
Denk emoll draa;
Mir sin beim Lewe,
Ich un mei Fraa.

So hot's noch viel,
So hot's noch viel;
Die sin all bei nanner,
Un hen ee Ziel.

Alles waar gut,
Alles waar gut;
Bis letschte Nochsummer,
Noh kummt en Flut.

Was waar die Flut?
Was waar die Flut?
Der Krieg in Korea
Nemmt unser Blut.

Es iss en Schand,
Es iss en Schand;
Die Leit sin am Drauere
Iwwers gans Land.

Yunge Menner,
Yunge Menner;
Schtarwe heit datt driwwe
Fer freie Lenner.

Was kann mer duh?
Was kann mer duh?
Mer kann alfert helfe
Un schaffe dezu.

Es Yohr iss am End,
Es Yohr iss am End;
En anners iss schunn do,
Noch unne Elend.

Sell waer zu gut,
Sell waer zu gut;
Mer weess net vannenaus,
Was der lieb Gott duht.

Betet zu Gott,
Betet zu Gott;
Ass Er unser Druwwel
Weck nemme sott.

Kann des net sei,
Kann des net sei;
O barmhaerzicher Gott,
Halt uns gedrei.—Amen

—DR. PIERCE E. SWOPE

EN NEI BLAAD

Ich hab en nei Blaad uffgedreht
Aafangs vum Neie Yohr;
Der erscht vum Yenner hawwich sell
Schunn oft geduh devor;
Awwer des Yohr hawwich yuscht gedenkt
Ich schtaert's Blaad desmol recht
Un mach bei Tschinks emoll en Rul
Ass ewich net verbrecht;
So hawwich zehe, gut un nei,
Resoluschons do gemacht.
Diweil die Polly gschbettelt hot
Un noch gedicht gelacht;
Un sell uffkors hot mich verzarnt,
Un sell 's en iwwli Sein.
Far glei waar ich gaar wiedich bees,
Noh waare 's yuscht meh nein.

Well, mit nein Resoluschons,
Wann sie gut sin, geht's net schlecht;
So hawwich widder fattgemacht
Un alles waar all recht;
Un die Polly hot's aa gsehne,
Ich bin besser ass ich waar,
So hawwich 's all vergewwe,
Weil sie gschbettelt hot devor;
Awwer Samschdaags wie ich draus waar
An de Scheier bei de Geil,
Am Rischde far ins Schdedtel
So in gwehnlich Bauereschteil,
Dann kickt em Tscheek sei Esel mich
Zum Dach naus, ass es gracht,
Un ich hab paarmol ebbes gsaat,
Noh waare's yuscht meh acht.

Well, mit acht Resoluschons,
Wann en Mann sie halde kann,
Geht er gewiss net weit vun recht,
So waar 's mir noch net bang;
Un ich bin freehlich uff die Fuhr
Un noch em Schdedtel zu,
'Determined' ass ich nochdem
Absolut nix letz meh duh.
Awwer datt am Schdedtler Wattshaus
Hen paar Freind mich so geretzt,
Dass endlich bin ich mit un hab
Paar Bidders abgepetzt;
Un noh en Glaasvoll Hoppebrieh
Un glei waar 's iwwerdriwwe,
Un noch en Resoluschon gschluckt,
Noh waare 's yuscht meh siwwe.

Well, siwwe Resoluschons
Sin genung, hawwich gedenkt,
Un selli halt ich uff die Haar,
Bei Tschudes, wann ich henk;
Awwer ich bin schier verhungert
Un hab ausgemacht, ich schdreck's
Un nemm en guder Tschaawduwack,
Noh waare 's yuscht meh sex.
Sex Resoluschons, gut un saund,
Die hawwich nau noch ghatt,
Un so viel Bidders, ich waar yuscht
Ebaut fenseckich matt;
So wie en Schport, dann kaaf ich noch
So Schdinkers, sex far fimf,
Un schmok wie'n alder Schannschtee
Un noh waare's yuscht meh fimf.

Well, mit fimf Resoluschons
All gemacht uff gut un recht,
Denk halt's em blendi bissi
Aas mer kens devun verbrecht;
Un ich hab schunn Erfaahrung ghatt
Mit Schwindlerei-Babier,
Doch hawwich hombog Goldschdack kaaft,
Noh waare 's yuscht meh vier.
Un wie ich eigschbannt hab far heem
Un tschump zum Weggli nei,
Waar 's unne gfiedert un gedrenkt,
So waare 's yusht meh drei.
Drei Resoluschons—was en Schand!—
Un aardlich hart im Tee,
Noh hawwich noch die Geil gegloppt,
So warre 's yuscht meh zwee.

Well, mit zwee Resoluschons
Geht en Mann gewiss net letz,
Yuscht ich denk er muss aahenke,
Wie Zuckblaschder odder Kretz;
So waar 's mir noch net gans verleed,
Awwer doch hot nix gebatt,
Far ich hab die Polly belogge,
Un noh yuscht meh eeni ghatt.
Noh wie die Polly gscholde hot,
Bin ich naus an der Schdall
Un hab sie net gebosst, so sin
Mei Resoluschons all.
Es Neiyohr Blaad guckt iwwel,
Awwer ich schreib des nau dohie:
Waer Resoluschons mache will,
Sett 's duh uff seine Gnie.

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

From Private to General

Brigadier General (Brevet) Theodore Shelton Bowers was born in Hummelstown, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, in 1832, the son of Pennsylvania German parents. His rise in rank in the Army of the North during the Civil War is matched only by that of General Ulysses S. Grant, a warrior with whom Bowers was closely associated.

During his boyhood Bowers left his Pennsylvania home to try his fortunes in the new state of Illinois, where, in Mt. Carmel, he was employed as a printer's devil. When hostilities broke out between the North and South Bowers enlisted as a private in the Illinois infantry. In January, 1862, he was detailed as a clerk in General Grant's headquarters. There he applied himself diligently to his duties and attracted the attention of the Union commander. In March he was appointed as a lieutenant and detailed to Grant as an aide. From that time onward Bowers became a part of Grant's official family. In November of the same year he was promoted to a captaincy.

One month later Bowers was captured by the Confederates in a raid near Holly Springs, Mississippi. By ingenious methods he managed to escape from his prison camp and found his way back to Grant's headquarters. In February, 1863, he was commissioned as a major.

Students of the life of General Grant have paid great tribute to Adjutant General Rawlings, Grant's chief aide. It was Rawlings who was skillful enough to save Grant from himself and his vice of drinking hard liquor. After the battle of Vicksburg, July, 1863, Rawlings was transferred from Grant's staff and the duties which he had had fell to Bowers, now elevated to lieutenant colonel.

When Grant was placed in command of the eastern armies along the Potomac Bowers came with him and served throughout the Virginia campaign of 1864 and 1865. He was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox on April 9, 1865.

Death came to Bowers while he was returning with General Grant after a visit to West Point. At Garrison, New York, Bowers left his train to superintend the removal of baggage and in attempting to climb aboard the moving train he fell under its wheels. Four posthumous awards were given him the last of which was brigadier general. The G. A. R. post of Mt. Carmel, Illinois, is named for him. (Adapted from the Journal of the State Historical Society, Illinois, Volume III: pp. 407-411).

Colishay and Alptraums

Lest readers find themselves at a loss to understand the meaning of the words in the above caption we proceed at once to explain them. Colishay was a breed of grey fox and Alptraums were a breed of pied hounds used in the fox chases in colonial Pennsylvania.

This is a story of a fox chase in Berks County before the War of the Revolution. Michael Quigley, an Irishman who had mastered the Pennsylvania German tongue well enough to write his diary in that medium, furnishes us with the account of a fox chase, October 12, 1770, in which Stephen Franks, one of the descendants of the Jewish colony at Schaefferstown was master of the hounds.

A party of a hundred sportsmen assembled at the Harvest Inn near Snow Spring (Schneebrunn), of Schparrewele-Barrick, now Hawk Mountain. There were 35 riders, including five women. Twelve pairs of hounds, straining at the leash, were waiting for the chase to begin.

The Colishay, or grey fox, was released near the Armbruster house and it headed for the hills. The hunt was difficult, says Quigley, because the timber "north of Reading" was not good for hunting.

The Colishay gave the riders and hounds a merry chase. First the fox wove in and out of a herd of deer, hoping thereby to throw the pursuers off scent, but the well-trained Alptraums ignored the deer and kept to the trail.

At the foot of Hawk Mountain there were some Indian graves. There a panther lay in the limb of an oak tree, but the fox circled the panther, hoping once again to throw the hounds off his trail. When the hounds approached, the wild cat moved as if to pounce upon the dogs, but again the hounds were true to their master Franks and kept up their hot pursuit.

Beyond the Indian Graves, at the very base of Hawk mountain, the fox scampered into a hole, only to be dug out of the earth and suffer death at the hands of the master of the hounds. We quote:

"Beyond the graves, right at the foot of the mountain, the fox took to a hole in the earth. There the fox was dug out and dispatched by the master, giving the mask (head) and brush (tail) to Miss Jones, who was the only lady to arrive at the kill.

"The four pads (feet) were saved for the other four lady riders, as consolation prizes, none of whom arrived, as their horses had become too tired or spilled on the way.

"Then we all rode back slowly to the Schneebrunne for supper at "The Harvest" inn.

"One hundred sporting people ate a barbecued young steer that had been roasting all day in the yard (im Hof).

"By custom the pelt of the fox went to Stephen Franks, master of the hounds, who was vastly pleased with the compliments, but most of all by the way the pack behaved."

Stephan Franks was known as "the gentleman trader" and resided on the Frankstown Branch of the Juniata. He was a native of Schaefferstown, Lebanon County, and related to the early Jewish colonists. All his life he was an enthusiastic fox-hunter.

As to the fox, the English or red (so called because the reds were first brought to Philadelphia from England and Ireland in 1760) and the Dutch, or grey, probably did not always find the sport so attractive. Most old-time Pennsylvania fox-hunters insist however that Sir Reynard enjoyed the chase almost as much as the hounds, the horses and the riders.

Historic Pewter

There are antiques and antiques; museum pieces and ephemera; primitives and archeological remains—we have seen samples of them all. But we have never seen anything which is so closely associated with the early history of Berks County as the priceless objects which are in the possession of the Reed (Rieth) family in Stouchsburg. These pieces form the original communion set of the ancient Rieth's Church, 1727, the oldest Lutheran church in Pennsylvania north of Philadelphia. For generation after generation these pewter pieces have remained in the Reed (Rieth) family, ever since the time of Leonhart Rieth, the first pioneer settler of the Tulpehocken. The old church building is gone; the old settlers are gone; but these vessels of the sacrament remain as mute testimonials of the faith of our fathers.

There are four vessels in the set, all of pewter. One is the huge communion cup, shaped like a goblet. This vessel was passed from lips to lips by the officiating pastors of Rieth's Church as they administered the elements of the Holy Communion to the Weisers, Spyckers, Rieths, Batdorfs, Kurtzes and many others of the pioneer families in Tulpehocken. Pastor Stoever, Leutbecker the impostor, Zinzendorf the zealot, and Muhlenberg, the Luthern patriarch, may all have handled it.

The wine pitcher is the most elaborate vessel of the four. It is made of a heavier substance and is covered with an ornate lid, still well hinged. The bread tray is the third piece of pewter in the set. It is nearly flat in form and does not differ in style from similar dishes today.

The fourth vessel is not a part of the Communion set, as such, but it is nevertheless a sacramental vessel. It is the baptismal bowl, shaped like a small basin and unadorned in any way.

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Editorials

A Fine Jail Record

Altho thousands of dollars worth of improvements were made during 1950 to the Lehigh County prison, the year was closed with a substantial balance (more than $11,000) remaining in the appropriation that had been budgeted for this institution for the year.

By this time our citizens probably have noted and discussed some of the striking and satisfactory facts brought out in the jail's annual report. This was presented to the prison board early in the week.

For one thing, householders will be wondering how in the world Warden Richard E. Dressell managed to feed prisoners at an average daily cost for the year of only 52½ cents while during the month of December, when the cost of living index was at its peak, the cost was not quite 47 cents.

Householders' surprise will be increased because there is report that prisoners for the most part put on weight and there is general satisfaction with the prison fare. Its quantity is said to be generous and, being Pennsylvania Dutch himself, Warden Dressell insists that all food be palatably prepared. He knows that good cooking easily can make the difference between consumption of all food and wastage of as much or more than is eaten. A lot of institutional costs are to be found in the swill barrels, as men who have been in the armed services well can attest.

The warden appears to be not only a careful shopper in the wholesale food markets but a good manager of other phases of the internal economy of the jail. When cells were to receive asphalt tiled floors, he used labor at hand to do the work. Thereby on one job alone $1,352 was saved on the basis of bids received. Virtually all other improvements around the prison were made at little more cost than that of the raw materials necessary for the jobs. The prisoners were being housed and fed, they were being treated well in every respect and an important factor in kindly, helpful treatment for a person temporarily removed from society is useful, productive labor.

Again the report of a year's work shows careful administration of the county's principal penal institution. While such institutions are perforce an economic drain Warden Dressell and the Board strive, and succeed, in reducing the drain to the lowest possible amount.

An Unique News Service

The annual Pennsylvania Farm Show has come to an end and again people in the Allentown trading area who attended that great exhibition learned the unique place of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers in the Show's public relations.

No other Pennsylvania newspapers thruout the years have devoted so much attention to this annual show as the Morning Call and the Evening Chronicle. To it annually go outstanding editorial staff men, photographers, circulation and business men. They do not make a hurried nor a cursory visit to the Show. They are there when it opens and they quit it only when the doors are closed on Friday afternoon. They give the week wholly and unqualifiedly to the work of covering the show. They bring to Call-Chronicle readers just as complete reports as possible of the show in general and, more particularly, the achievements of exhibitors from Eastern Pennsylvania whose area the local papers practically blanket.

The surprise of people from other parts of the State is that any newspapers make such a big "play," particularly papers printed almost a hundred miles from the scene of the exhibition. The surprise of Eastern Pennsylvanians who visit the show is that the Call-Chronicle Newspapers are the only papers in the State that provide such coverage. But in that surprise, there likewise is justifiable pride.

Back at home those who were not able to get to the show can know that they have received the most nearly complete report that any newspapers in Pennsylvania have provided this week. And with those reports have come some of the best photographic art coverage in the history of the big Farm Show.

To Keep Up Good Work

Despite the rebuffs administered by petit juries during the week when Scotch verdicts were given in the cases of four defendants charged with drunken driving, District Attorney Kenneth Koch has announced his determination to pursue prosecution of this particular type of criminal with undiminished vigor.

Despite the rebuffs, which discouraged law enforcement officers who made the arrests and medical men who made early examination of the defendants and pronounced them unfit to drive, these public servants must be encouraged to continue their work conscientiously and despite any discouragements.

It continues to be true that the drunken driver is in effect a potential murderer. While he is not likely to arouse so much excitement and provoke so much indignation as a mad man running amok with a gun, he can kill just as many persons, orphan just as many children, bring just as great woe to just as large a circle of society as the maniac.

Pravda, Please Copy

The Bureau of Labor Statistics is overhauling its cost of living index. It seems the average American family has outstripped the bureau in the things that have become necessities. So a revised index will be out next month in which the cost of such things as television sets, frozen foods, baby foods, home permanent wave lotions and electric toasters will be reflected.

That's one item of news. Another is the discovery by the Federal Reserve Board that four in ten American families have a net worth of $5,000 or more, and nearly one in ten is worth $25,000 or more.

Still a third item is a report by the National Bureau of Economic Research that the 1 per cent of the population with the highest income received 13 per cent of the total income before taxes in 1939, and only 9.5 per cent in 1945. Moreover the 5 per cent of the population with top incomes fell from 28 to 19.5 per cent of the total national income.

So here we have a picture of America in which electric toasters and television sets are necessities, where families with a $5,000 backlog are numerous, and where the rich are getting poorer and the poor getting richer.

It is a picture that the Voice of America could profitably beam to the Russian people. Karl Marx, you will recall, said that under capitalism the capitalists would get richer and richer and the wage earners poorer and poorer, until the lot of the latter became so intolerable they would revolt.

"You have nothing to lose but your chains," the chains being television sets and toasters, $5,000 assets and an increasing share in the total income—Boston Herald.

All Danger Isn't in the Air



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Most unfortunate is the controversy that has arisen between the president and the Congress concerning the right of the executive to send sroops abroad without approval by Congress.

It is unfortunate because it can lead to unnecessary dissensions and perhaps present a picture of disunity in the American government which is wholly superfluous.

As usual, the technical precedents do not afford much of a guide because each situation in the past had a different set of circumstances. Presidents of the United States have often sent American armed forces abroad to protect American lives nd property, and this has been done without the prior approval of Congress.

Back of this type of action, however, is the common-sense rule that sometimes the president has to act before he could possibly submit the matter to Congress, usually the action has been submitted to Congress to ratify after the event, and approval has always been given.

Issue Involved

What is really involved as present is not the power of the president to send troops abroad on missions of enforcement of American policy but the power of the president to carry on a war without the consent of Congress.

It can be argued academically, of course, that the president may send troops to Europe to back up the North Atlantic pact and that he need not ask the approval of Congress. He has the right to forestall an attack on the United States, and it can be considered that allocating troops to European bases is tanamount to preventive steps.

Situation Different

The situation in the Far East is altogether different. There Mr. Truman sent American forces to carry out a mission for the United Nations. If it be asserted that what went on in Korea from June 26 to the latter part of November was a mission of liberation, it can hardly be asserted that the intervention by the Chinese Communists later on wasn't was. For American forces to engage in a war with substantial numbers of American troops does require the consent of Congress. It is a grave mistake for any president to take the risks of such a step without being given authority by the Congress. To do so is to build precedents under which the chief executive can engage in wars on his own hook while ignoring the wishes of the people who normally are consulted through the votes of their representatives in Congress.

Mr. Truman could get not only the necessary authority now for the continued use of our armed forces against Communist imperialism in the Far East but he could get thereby a vote of confidence that would be at the same time a sharp warning to Soviet Russia.

It is puzzling why the president doesn't accept the challenge laid down by some congressional leaders. It has been hinted that some of those senators who think Congress should have a chance to vote on the issue would nevertheless give their support to the president.

The power to declare war was given to Congress by the founding fathers because of a belief that the warmaking power should be confined solely to the legislative branch of the government. The framers of the Constitution foresaw the contingency that Congress might have to debate the issue of war or peace at considerable length, so they provided for instantaneous action in an emergency. The Constitution says:

"No state shall, without the consent of Congress . . . engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

Power the Same

The power granted to one state is obviously the same as could be assumed to exist for all of the United States. Hence it is possible for the United States to engage in war immediately when there is "imminent danger." This has happened whenever America was attacked. Even before Congress voted on the resolution declaring a state of war in April 1917 and also in December 1941, orders went out from the president to our armed forces to engage in retaliatory action.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 13, 1926, a Wednesday

With past presidents as special guests, the Allentown Four Square club celebrated its fourth anniversary in conjunction with its weekly meeting at Hotel Allen. Harold F. Farne, president, was in charge.

The proposed Tilghman St. bridge across the Lehigh river was given an additional boost at the weekly meeting of city council when a communication was read suggesting that immediate steps be taken to erect the structure. The communication was from the Community Welfare Assn. of the 15th Ward.

Owen W. Metzger, prominent Mason and for two years president of the Masonic Temple Assn., was reelected at the annual meeting at the Masonic temple. The board of directors also elected Robert Campbell, vice president; Clarence E. Siegfried, secretary; John R. Helwig, treasurer; and Atty. Ralph H. Schatz, solicitor.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

There is a bus route in the South whose schedule calls for a 20-minute stop in a small Tennessee town so that passengers may freshen up and grab a bite ot eat. One driver has been heard to deliver the following oration as he brings his bus to a stop: "Folks, we'll be here for 20-minutes. This line makes it a strict policy never to recommend an eating place by name, but if anybody wants me while we're here, I'll be eating a wonderful T-bone steak with french-frieds at Tony's first-class, spotlessly clean diner directly across the street."

Horoscope

Your anniversary looks very bright. Forge ahead with all your projects. Many fine traits may be expected of the child born today.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Criticizing the government is all right to an extent.

Every editorial writer, every columnist, every radio commentator likes to do it.

I have indulged in plenty of it myself. It gives one such a smug feeling of superiority to bait the president or the governor or Congress or Acheson.

It makes one realize that one is a free American citizen and that one is just as good as anybody else — by gum!

* * *

But let us remember one fact: It's we who are responsible for our government and the things we criticize.

If we criticize Washington we really criticize ourselves.

We have put those fellows there. If they are no good we should have known about them before we voted for them.

That applies to the president as well as to the local dog catcher.

Mr. Truman must have written plenty of letters before we elected him. Some of them must have been just as unwise as the ones he wrote to the Marines and to the music critic.

If he failed as a haberdasher don't let us hold that up to him now. The time to do that would have been in 1948. We knew it then.

* * *

There was quite a yarn in the newspapers about red tape costint the government $13.39 to buy a copy of "Esquire," a fifty-cent magazine.

Why the National Park service needed a copy of a man's fashion - and - girls' - plunging-neckline - magazine I don't know and the story doesn't say.

But, according to the report, by the time all the different forms were filled out and all the official rigamarole gone through, the expense was $13.39.

Of course, there is red tape in government. But there is also red tape in business.

The other day I needed a new hubcap for my car. I went to the automobile agency.

The hubcap cost $3.50.

By the time I got through with clerks, service men, mechanics, bookkeepers, cashiers and the service manager, at least $15 worth of time must have been spent on the job.

By the same token a housewife might as well figure her time, her gasoline her shoe leather, the wrapping paper and what not when she buys a pound of meat.

* * *

Criticism can be beneficial and it can be detrimental.

Every right-minded person will listen to constructive criticism made by those who are qualified to criticize by having the ability and the knowledge for suggesting improvement.

But when criticism is only carping and nagging, then it discourages the subject of the criticism, and sets up resistance in him rather than compliance.

* * *

None of us is perfect. We all make mistakes.

The only thing we must not do is to repeat our mistakes when we find them.

If we don't like our present government and its methods and policies, that only proves that the majority of us voters have been wrong.

Let those of us who are qualified to suggest improvements try to make the men whom we elected remedy their mistakes.

If they won't or can't, then don't let us repeat our mistake of 1948.

Let us make our country a real democracy.

If we go wrong in 1952, let us put the blame where it belongs —on ourselves!

In the meantime, let us work with them and not against them.

We are all stewing in the same pot.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 110:2-6.

There is a very close relation between Psalm 2 and the 110th Psalm. We find the same Son of God now on His throne 'sending the rod of His strength out of Zion, that is exercising His authority in the midst of the enemies of Psalm 2:1-3. Associated with Him are His people who rejected Him in the day of His humiliation (His first advent), but in the day of His power, v. 3, they are willing to acknowledge Him, and are happy under His righteous rule. Jehovah, in v. 4, speaking to His Son, says: 'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.' In order to understand this statement, one should read very carefully Hebrews 5, 6, and 7, mentioned yesterday. The Old Testament economy, therefore also the priesthood of Aaron, passed away long ago, superseded by the eternal priesthood of Christ, Who ever liveth as the one and only mediator between God and man (1 Timothy 2:5), to make intercession in our behalf. But, as omnipotent King, He punishes the kings and unbelievers in this, the day of His wrath, v. 5.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOH SIN DON DIE AMISHA:

Leit os shun fer yohra noch 'm Farm Show gonga sin, hen die woch gore net fershtae kenna woh die Amisha bauer wearadie boova mit da shwartza hee, un rote odder shwartza bocka board. 'M ledshd yohr worra sie fertzarnt, -der rufe is darrich die kerrich nous gonga, mit dem os ken bauerra g'shar om Show wear, wear 's Show 'n weldlichie soch, un ken Amisher sot gae. Des yohr wors bauerra g'shar ow'r widder tzurick, un die recht shoffenda Amisha bauer worra bol so rohr wie die weissa mice.

'M Midwoch nommy dawg die weil os m'r om Reichards' fosfate blotz worra, is der Lewis Bollinger nei galoffa kumma, un woh m'r gawist hen os bei da Amisha dahame is. Wie m'r der Lewis g'frok'd hen, "Woh sin don die Amisha," hut er galocht un tzurick gaontwert, "Ei sie sin dahame on duwock shtrippa." Noh eb m'r uns um sehna hen kot, worra m'r glei iwwer kup un ohra imma duwocks gablauder, un woh m'r glawwa os dale neia socha dabei sei maiga fer unser laiser.

Dis Amisha ferlossa sich imma grosser waig uf duwock raisa fer fer 'n lava mocha. Beim duwock raisa, hen sie uf kours aw 'n lot fee fer der misht, fer ihra duwock long ferbesserra. Des is die duwocks shtory os der Lewis uns gewwa hut, un shtart shpote yohrs, won 'n grossie altie dresher insheim rum kumt fers duwocks blonsa lond shteama. 'S wert shpote yohrs shteam darrick der grund garunn'd, fer ols graws, ungrout un ungatziffer ferdilgia os drin is. Sel gaduh, wert der grund badeck'd mit board, uns lona leit ruich bis free yohrs.

Duwock sawma is arrick fei, noh duhna sie der sawma in glawsna kans mit wenich wosser drin. Sel shwanks sie im gringle rum so os dale fom sawma nava om kan hanka bleibt, un wos iwwerich is laira sin in 'n onner kan, un so mocha sie fert bis der fei sawma ol nava on da kans rum hank'd. Sie lossa die kans noh shtae fer paar dawg bis der sawma keim'd, noh duhna sie wosser in die kans, un laira der gakeim'd sawma inna gees kon, un gessa 's wosser mit 'm gakeimda sawma ufs shpote yohrs dafor g'shteam'd blonsa lond. Sella waig raisa sie ihra duwocks blonsa.

'S nembt shwearer budda mit blenty fosfate un misht fer guter duwock raisa.-Langashter rais'd yusht cigar duwock. Der grund mus gute fei fershoft werra, un mit so on da 5000 blonsa tzum ocker, sarwer k'halta werra fon ungrout graws, un waram. Die waram fechta sie now mit "dusta," hen all free'r g'fonga fon hond. Won duwock bout 30 tzol hoch is toppa sie die shteck, un lossa 'n gae fer 10 dawg. Mosh'd wie der budda is, un die shteck woxich, sheesa die shteck suckers rous, uns nagshd mus der duwock g'sucker'd werra, odder ewwa die shuss missa rous gabrocha werra. Bei selra tzeit sin die grossa bladder ous gawoxa, un der duwock is ready for schneida. Die gonsa shteck werra ob gapetzt, un darfa net in da sun leia odder sie ferbrenna - missa bletzlich" galodd'd "werra un in die duwocks shire k'hank'd werra fer darra."

Un woh worra don die Amisha die woch darrich os so wenick wenich om Farm Show worra? Sie worra dahame in ihra duwocks sheirra om duwock shtrippa, un fertzaila da Mondawg weiter fom wos der Lewis Bollinger uns fertzailt hut, fon duwock raisa.

A PIG ROAST UNDER THE TREES

Members of the "Grundsow Lodge Nummer Ains on da Lechaw" or of one or the other of the many county Vesammlinge that have sprung up in recent years always delight in the dialect menus which appear at their annual gatherings. They will be interested in reading the following, certainly one of the earliest of such bills of fare.

Half a century has elapsed since the well-known FUSSGAENGER, that active, nature-loving hiking club of Berks County gathered for their first annual dinner at Kuechler's Roost, located on the top of one of the spurs of Mt. Penn, about three miles northeast of Reading. The bill of fare was handsomely printed on tinted Bristol board and reads as follows:

Ershtie Round

Noodle Soup — Tselerich
Tomat Salawdt — Bissel Wei

Tswetti Round

Schpuseily, g'filled mit Keshta
Eppel Sass — Onner Schtuft
Bissel Meh Wei

Drittie Round

Sauer Kraut — G'maschte Grumbeera
(Berks County Shtyle)
Als Noch Meh Wei

Fiertie Round

G'demte Hahne, mit Wei Bree
Als Noch Tselerich
Grumbeera Salawdt — Rode-Reeva
G'roschte Grumbeera
"G'sundheit!"

Finft Round

Koocha, mit Gravy — Drauva
Als noch meh Wei, ovver bissel schporsomlich

Sexht und Beshtie Round

Coffee, Elsasser Wei, Kronthal Wasser, Roost Champagne, Roost Punch, und Brunna-Wasser, wie mer's gleicht!

(The original spelling of the above has been retained.—Ed.)

Accompanying the above were the following verses, which were to be sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

AM WAEG NOUS

Die Berge nuf, des muesse mir,
Un do maag's geh we's will;
Un do maag's geh we's will;
Mer laufa Heut juscht for Plesier,
Un neme unser Fill.

IN DIE BERGE

Do drehe mir erscht links nort rechts—
Mer neme 's uf G'rothwohl;
'S maag krumm geh odder iwerecks,
Doch finne mir 's e'mol.

WON MER DRUVVA SINN

Mer schteige uf die Felse nuf,
Un schaue, yung and alt,
Bis wu d'r waeg kumt drunna ruf
By 'm herlich' Steigerwald.

UF DIE PLATFORM

Mer schteige alsnoch hoecher nuf,
Un schaue, breet un weit
Als mer ghen 'mohl die Platform nuf—
Die "Rooshter's" Herrlichkeit.

AM HAMEGEH

Die Sun, die geht schun unnerschig—
Bal' isch sie hinner'm Berg;
Zum End geht alle weltlich G'schicht,
Un unser Lewes-werk.

The late Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, prominent newspaper man of Reading, translator, orator and writer, described this anniversary dinner in the delightful sketch "A Pig-Roast Under the Trees," published with many addresses, translations, poems and sketches of outdoor life under the general title OLLA PODRIDA (The Times Publishing Co., Reading, Pa., 1903). We quote the following, not only for its immediate interest, but also as an example of the wide culture and the elegant, though rather ornate, style of a Reading newspaper editor half a century ago:

"The dinner was served up under the trees, and although the old custom in kitchen and hall of summoning the servants by a thwacking sound produced by the cook's striking the rolling-pin upon the dresser, was not observed, yet did the host bring on the savory meats—the pig with its traditional embellishments—until the table was fairly loaded with good cheer.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell like tomahawks to work.

"There was no display of plate such as the voluptuous Belshazzar was wont to parade before the eyes of his guests when he brought forth the vessels of the temple: "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewwers;" no sumptuously-lined sideboards, no rare prints, no vessels of curious workmanship, no harper twanging his instrument—none of these, but surroundings far more grateful and attractive. What are these surroundings, do you ask? They are the vineclad hills of our own Alsace, which, like Italia's land of summer days, constitute that fair portion of Berks where, when the vintage sun has done its work and the grapes are gathered, the very air is "odorous with the dew which sweet grapes weep."

"Frequent reference to the hog will be found in classical literature. It will be remembered as the animal sacrificed to Ceres, the goddess of the harvest. Even the well-known combination known as "hog and hominy," was not unknown to the ancients, if we may believe Anacreon, who wrote this, or something like it:

Porcus et hominem,
Potatis et on-i-on.

(The Latin scholar may pardon this pun.—P.A.B.)

"Notwithstanding the interdiction of pork by the Hebrew and Moslem lawgivers, the hog continues to be a very important factor in domestic economy, commerce and the arts. Indeed, the animal is not a stranger to poetry, as witness the following epitaph on his pig by an Irish boy:

When he lived he lived in clover;
And when he died he died all over.

"But a truce to the pig in literature. We have to do with him at the table—we mean on the table. How, even at this writing, twenty-four hours afterwards, the savory exhalations of his nut-brown carcass, fresh from the crackling fire, seem to rise like a cloud of incense to the hungry sky! It was not like the feast described by Byron which, we are told, was

Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of his own sphere;

but everything was right—nothing overdone or underdone—the company in good temper—the weather for an out-of-doors banquet all that could be desired. Well nigh three hours of delectation followed close on the heels of keen appetites whetted by vigorous exercise in getting from the city to the point of destination. But there is eventual satisfaction even to a ravenous appetite, as there is a limit to the capacity of the human stomach.

"As in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' where Caesar advises Antony to live more temperately and to leave his 'lascivious wassails,' so did the Berks county consciences of the pedestrian club at this juncture admonish them and their guests to refrain from further indulgence in the tempting feast. Then followed a delightful interchange of thought, toast, speech, song and story alternating in pleasant succession, until the time for departure—5 o'clock—arrived, when the party proceeded on their way to town in true pedestrian fashion, some for their homes in Reading, others for the evening trains."



ES ALT SCHULHAUS UFF EM ADAMSTEDTLER BAERRICK

We believe this to be an unpublished poem of the late J. Wesley von Nieda, better known in our dialect literature as Jim Brenasel. It has come into our hands through the courtesy of Miss Alice Ziemer, of Adamstown, who found a faded manuscript of this poem among her father's papers. J. Wesley von Nieda was also a native of Adamstown, having been born there Nov. 15, 1853. For a detailed consideration of this dialect novelist, see the ECK for July 23, 1949—ED.

Sell iss en aldi Schdori
vun em Schulhaus an de Grick;
Nau sei so gut un geh mit mir
baut fufzich Yohr zerick,
Wie ich un du un annere—
du hoscht sie all gekennt—
Sin in die Schul am Baerrick,
gans newe naus gerennt.

Ich meen net 's gans alt Schulhaus,
so nidder un so glee,
Awwer's gut un nei zweeschdeckich,
un ordlich in de Heeh;
Sell waar der Blatz, wu mir hie sin,
devor un darrich der Grieg,
Die Grosse un die Gleene,
deel net lang aus de Wieg.

Es Schulhaus waar umringt mit Beem,
en gleener Busch dehinner;
Do hen mir gschpielt un gfochte aa,
zeitweise wie der Schinner;
Die Grosse "Balli over" gschpielt,
ebmols "Sackballe" gschmisse;
Die Gleene "Ring" un "Heide Hupp,"
nanner oftmols schier verrisse.

Sell waar net all, as mir gschpielt hen,
ken End zu Deiwlerei;
Mir waare dief un voll vun Dricks,
der Meeschter oft debei;
Un wann des Gschpiel zu heftich waar,
zu rau un aus de Weis,
Hot er gans gschwind en Schtopp gemacht,
zum Schpiele un zum Bscheiss.

Unser Meeschter waare arrick schtreng,
erscht waar der Abie Lutz;
Der zwett wu ich aa besser ken,
sell waar der Frankie Woods;
Die Gleene uff em erschte Schtock,
ihre Baas der Bill Demees,
Er waar der Kaerl an alle Zeit,
iwwer de gleene A B C's.

Deel vun de Buwe, verleicht ich aa,
hen nie net viel gelaernt;
Die Maed beguckt, dernoh gelacht,
der Meeschter oft verzaernt;
Paar hen getschaat ihr "Plug" duwack,
geschpauzt as wie der Beddel;
Oft waar's mir bang verhaftich,
die Brie laaft nunner ins Schtedtel.

En grossi Zeit hen mir als ghatt,
an de Schpelling Maetche dart;
Die Schuler all hen nei getschoint,
ken Wart waar uns zu hart;
Un wann die Buwe gebodde hen,
die Maed dnoh als geretzt,
Am Weg der Baerrick nunner,
als gedichtich noch gepetzt.

Examination waar en Zeit,
fer die Meeschter un die Schuler;
(Es waar uns dnoh net arrick bang,
weeich em Schtecke odder Ruler)
Die Schmarte un die Braafe,
sie sin uffkors nuff gange;
Die annere, die Faule, sin die
menscht Zeit yuscht schtill gschtanne.

Mit paar Bicher hen mer viel gelaernt,
nau nemmt's en Wagge load;
Eddication nau waerd neigeglobbt,
un es macht aa deel Leit dod;
Mir hen die Richer kaafe misse,
die Schulboard kaaft sie heit;
Ya 's iss en grosser Difference
Zwische nau un sellre Zeit.

Paar vun de Kaerls—dann un wann,
waare greeser as ihr Hosse;
Hen Schtreit gemacht, ihr Baas ge'saesst,
ihre Meiler oft abgschosse;
Dnoh hot's gebrummt in sellre Schul,
un Wedderleech un Gnalle;
Ich hab oft gedenkt es losst net nooch,
bis die Hosse gans abfalle.

Doch mit all so gleene accidents,
waar die Schul die bescht im Land;
Die Meeschter hen ihr Pflicht geduh,
mit Maul un aa mit Hand;
Die Maed waar'n oft gefaewert,
awwer oft hen Schlaeg geaernt,
So ferwas hen die Meeschter als
die Buwe uff gewaermt?

Die Buwe sin Grossdaadis nau,
Grossmammis sin die Maed;
Awwer ich bin als noch leddich,
Un es dutt mer aa gwiss leed;
Fer im Schulhaus uffem Baerrick,
iss net eens as zu mir gheert,
Weil die annre vun sellere Zeit
hen sich wunderbaar vermehrt.

In Schulgang Yohre waar's Baerrick nuff,
nau geht's der Baerrick nunner;
Un wie mir uns verennert hen!
ei, was iss des en Wunner!
Fer viel sin groo un blott un schepp,
un paar sin schier gaar blind;
Die annre sin net weit devun,
gewohre un abgschinnt.

Uffkors mir kann nix schunscht eckschpeckte
in daere bugglich Welt;
So iss es aa net viel dewaert,
as mer driwwer denkt un schelt;
Doch wann du in der Schpiggel guckscht,
es iss yo schlimm un arrick
Vun de Zeit wie ich un du
sin ins Schulhaus uffem Baerrick.

Paar vun de Kaerls—weess net ferwas—
sin nau reich un sell iss neis.
Un deel sin yuscht der anner Weg,
so aarm wie Kaerrichemeis;
Ich weess nau net wie sell beikummt,
als Buwe waare mer gleich;
Un ich fer eens kann 's net verschteh,
deel aarem un deel reich.

Die Daddi vun Adamschtedtel,
ich weess heit noch net warum,
Ass es Schulhaus uff der Barrick hen,
so en weiter Weg devun;
Un mir Kinner nuffgegraddelt,
un dnoh als runnergrutscht,
Darrich Dreck un Schnee un Schuh un Bee,
die Gleeder all verputscht.

Yetzt waarscht du mit mir gange,
baut fufzich Yohr zerick;
Mir waare widder in de Schul,
un haus im Aaageblick;
Ken Schuler gans vergesse,
unser Lieb iss gud un schtaerrick
Fer's alt Schulhaus so weit eweck,
uffem Adamschtedtler Baerrick.

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Editorials

'Poor Richard' Forgotten

Altho the week of January containing the 17th, Benjamin Franklin's birthday, has been observed for many years as Thrift Week, so many other activities and interests have demanded public attention that the old fashioned virtue, Thrift, and celebration of Ben's birthday received little or no attention this week.

This may be a better index to the character of our immediate times and to the subject matter of American thinking than we can realize at the moment.

Thrift which, for the individual, involves the saving of cents and nickels and dimes, does not assume much importance when a cent goes little farther than the purchase of twelve minutes of parking time and a nickel will not buy even a fairly good cigar, a bottle of soft drink or a candy bar. Even the amassing of dollars by the processes of skimping and saving is likely to have lost its old importance in the present American scene where no longer is there talk in terms so petty as millions but calculations, estimates and actual operations are in terms of billions of dollars.

Likewise Thrift gets short shrift in an inflationary period when money can lose so much of its purchasing power in but brief time. A current joke concerns the "Truman nickel" and when the uninitiate ask to be shown such a presumably new coin, a dollar bill is produced. Likewise we hear a lot about "the 50 cent dollar," the meaning therein being that the dollar's purchasing power has declined by a half within quite recent years.

So good old Benjamin Franklin, and the symbol of Thrift which the great American left behind in the character of Poor Richard, was shoddily treated during this his birthday week. He was forgotten not only in most parts of the nation but pretty much so also in Pennsylvania, which certainly can be known as the house of his friends.

A Fine Health Record

Allentown well may be proud of its 1950 health record for figures released yesterday indicate that, despite a new polio record here, the total number of reportable cases of disease was the lowest in ten years.

It is to be noted that the figures concern only the "reportable" diseases, namely those which under the law must be reported to the public health authorities in order that quarantines may be imposed, if necessary, and that other precautions may be taken. The figures as to such cases was 1264, of which 155 were non-residents and received treatment in our local hospitals.

How good that figure is becomes apparent when such statistics as these are supplied; 1941, 3189 cases; 1942, 2998 cases; 1943, 2830 cases.

Service to All Motorists

Reelection of John A. Rupp as president of the Lehigh Valley Motor Club for his 37th successive term indicates the regard which the 15,000 organized motorists feel for the man who originally shaped their organization. Mr. Rupp long ago visualized the possibilities for constructive criticism that lay in an organization of men and women who daily use the highways of city, county and state. It can be added that the admiration which L. V. Motor Club members have for their tried and true chieftain is shared by the unorganized motorists for they have benefitted almost equally thruout the years from Mr. Rupp's public work in behalf of all motorists.

Mr. Rupp undoubtedly can occupy his post in the organization that he built up almost single-handed just as long as he desires. He is the club's perennial president.

Even tho 37 years have been given by Mr. Rupp to the advancement of highway construction, particularly for the people of this area, there are no years in Mr. Rupp's history that perhaps were more important than the years right ahead of him seem likely to be.

Construction of Highway 22 north of Allentown is one of the most important projects ever planned and carried out in this area. Back of all the preliminary conferences and maneuverings for the definition of general policies at the highest levels of government which concern our highways Mr. Rupp could have been found at any time. Back of the urging for the carrying out of plans Mr. Rupp could be found at any time. And as the big work goes on, Mr. Rupp can be expected by the motorists to be working toward the accomplishment of what will be best for the motoring public in general.

Let Heart Move Hand

The March of Dimes is now under way.

Public response to the annual fund-raising drive of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in previous years has enabled this humanitarian organization to do a magnificent job in meeting the increasingly widespread polio challenge.

The need for an enormously successful March of Dimes this year must be fully understood. Not only was 1950 the second worst polio year on record, but its timing, immediately following the worst year, in 1949, has created urgent financial problems. A recapitulation of some facts concerning the cost of infantile paralysis brings this home vividly.

By last fall, epidemic aid funds of the National Foundation were gone, despite a most successful March of Dimes the previous January. Every available dollar had been pressed into service to provide for aid of the stricken. Not only for 1950's cases, but also for patients from 1949 and other years who still required care and treatment.

The patient-care bill alone for the three-year period 1948-50 took more than $58,000,000 in March of Dimes funds — exclusive of the millions that went to underwrite research, and education for professional personnel.

Right now, in hospitals, homes and clinics throughout the country, there are thousands of boys and girls—and adults too—who look to the 1951 March of Dimes for continued assistance.

They will get the helping hand they need—only IF WE DO OUR PART.

Edgar Allan Poe once said: "Childhood knows the human heart." Let that heart now know the need for happy childhoods for our young people—all of them within reach of our generosity. Let your heart move your hand—Join the March of Dimes!

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 20, 1926, a Wednesday

Directors of the Second National bank organized by unanimously electing Thomas E. Ritter, president; William A. Hausman, vice president, and C. E. Moyer, cashier. Walter Schwenk was named assistant cashier in charge of the trust department, while Paul D. Schmoyer was given charge of the loan department.

Dr. John A. W. Haas, president of Muhlenberg college, presented a statistical report at the semi - annual meeting of the board of trustees. The college president said enrollment was 400 students, 131 taking the art course, 134 science, 134 philosophic and one special.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, chairman of the Humane Trapping committee of the American Humane Assn., continued her forceful campaign against the brutal and inhumane trapping of fur bearing animals in order that women may be bedecked with furs. Mrs. Fiske met with the trustees of the Lehigh county Humane society in Hotel Traylor.

O. C. Dorney of the Penn Trust Co. addressed the Advertising club of Allentown in Hotel Allen on the subject of "The Perspective of Thrift." Robert E. Ritter was in charge.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Unless he is officially challenged, and the challenge proved, Albert Small of Ottawa, Ill., will claim a new championship record.

He will consider himself the all - American champion man quilter.

So, if you can prove that you have exceeded his record during 1950, please let me know. Otherwise I shall propose Albert Small to Frank Menke for entry in his All-Sports Record book.

Small, who handles heavy machinery in a sand pit by day, spends his evenings making quilts.

He has now finished a quilt made of 123,200 different pieces of material. It took him four years of work, tying thousands and thousands of knots, to make the quilt.

I haven't seen it myself, but I understand the whole thing harmonizes into a very artistic pattern. I have also been told that the pieces are so small that in some cases a dime would cover four of them.

I haven't the slightest idea what Small had in mind when he went into this hobby, nor what he was thinking of while he was doing the work.

Offhand one might say that it was an awful waste of time and that so much more than a crazy quilt could have been accomplished in those hundreds of hours.

But then, — what do the great majority of us do with our spare time? And isn't, after all, life one gigantic quilt made up of thousands of little patches and pieces?

In our home we have one of those quilts. My wife's mother worked on it over a period of years.

I had never paid much attention to it. It was just another cover.

But when I told my wife the story of Albert Small, she told me the story of her mother's quilt.

Her mother was a sentimental sort of person.

Ever since her childhood she had saved things — menus, place cards, programs, and all those other odds and ends that are souvenirs of life's highlights.

But she also saved pieces of dresses and lingerie and suits — each having its own story to tell. In her mind she marked each piece with the year of her life it represented and with what had happened during that year. Then, when she had enough of them, she started that crazy quilt.

She kept it up until the very day she died — at 81 — and even now the quilt is still unfinished, and will never be finished any more.

Often, my wife tells me, her mother, as she got old and lived on memories rather than present-day happenings, would sit in her room and look at that quilt.

She'd point at a particular piece of fabric and a smile would come over her face. And then she'd start: "I remember —"

* * *

"Crazy quilts" they call them. And some people may think there is something crazy about those who spend their precious time making them.

But what is crazy about a quilt when life itself is such a crazy quilt?

(Copyright 1951)

Horoscope

Stick to tried and true methods and you should experience a year of success in domestic and business life. A child born today should have a long and fortunate life.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A fashionable Park Ave. doctor recently entertained Beatrice Lillie at a soiree, and served lobster salad as the main course. "I find this so hard to digest," said Miss Lillie to her host. "Do you really like it?"

The doctor assured her, "I not only like lobster salad. I'm GRATEFUL TO IT."

'Normal'?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Relations between Congress and President Truman are getting better. There's a rift in the clouds and a bit of amicability is beginning to appear.

Apparently President Truman didn't mean to be brusque with Congress last week when he said, in effect, he would consult Congress but would do as he pleased about sending troops abroad. He told the reporters that maybe they didn't write the story the way he meant it. They, of course, wrote what they heard him say. Mr. Truman thinks the implications of his words were perhaps misconstrued or ignored.

These misunderstandings will occur. Mr. Truman is really not complaining that the reporting was unsound but that at times things don't sound in print like they sound when he says them. Maybe they ought to have a system of sound effects to cure this so that the exact intonation of voice could be recorded. Maybe the whole press conference should be put on radio and television so that the public — whose business is being discussed—can judge for itself what the inflections of a presidential voice really mean.

As for Congress, there are signs that Sen. Taft is softening or clarifying his position, too. He wouldn't object to sending troops to Europe, he says, but wants Congress to spell out some sort of ratio so that America will supply certain divisions and the other nations some divisions in proper proportion.

Toward Agreement

Anyway, there seems to be a convergence toward agreement. So far as foreign governments are concerned, they can properly derive from these modifications, clarifications, and explanations that the executive and legislative branches of the American government are beginning to see eye to eye on the major things — they are agreed on what the diplomats call the "principle," and there are just some slight details of difference on how the principle shall be applied.

Basically there never was any doubt that, if the president asked Congress for authority to station our troops in Europe as a part of our North Atlantic treaty obligation, he would get such authority by overwhelming vote. The legalists who told him a bad precedent would be created if he asked for such authority were giving Mr. Truman poor advice. The president of the United States can always act on his own initiative in sending troops out of the country if there is danger. He does not need to wait for congressional action. But where there is time, the words of the Constitution would seem to imply that he ask for congressional authority soon after he sends the troops abroad, if not before.

Sentiment Unanimous

It may be stated also that a declaration which recognizes a state of war with Communist China, if submitted to Congress now, would pass by an overwhelming vote of both Houses. Congressional sentiment is almost unanimous on the rejection of the phony "peace" proposal made by the Chinese Communists, and there is complete backing for the Department of State in its efforts to obtain the adoption at the United Nations of a resolution condemning Red China as an aggressor.

Under the American system of free discussion, world policies are praised or criticized, or proposals for amendment are made publicly. Thus every official of the Department of State knows what Congress is thinking about and, if not, members of the congressional committees are free to come in and talk about it or write in or telephone.

What is needed here mostly is to encourage a spirit of cooperation — to instill the feeling at the Department of State that members of Congress have a responsibility to their constituents and also to install on Capitol Hill the feeling that the Department of State will welcome advice. Having established the right kind of relationship between the two branches of government, it then becomes essential for Congress to recognize that under the Constitution the conduct of foreign relations is an executive function and that the president and secretary of state must make the final decisions and be held accountable for them to the country.

Case of Partisanship?

As one looks back on the somewhat clumsy performances of the last few days, one wonders how much it is all due to the deep-seated partisanship of the president himself, which distrusts the opposition party, and conversely to the distrust which the opposition party has with respect to Mr. Truman and his secretary of state.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OLS NOCH MAY NEI YOHRS WINSCHER: Ferol os die Nei Yohr shun weil ferbei sin, kumma ols noch Nei Yohr Winscher g'shpichta rei. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r hen da onner dawg g'frok'd fer hoerra fon bletz woh sie drous gawest weara-un wohrhoft wons net gabot hut. Dadarrich hen m'r k'hoert from Richard Schneck fon Siegersville un seinra fraw da Esther ihra Nei ohr owets trip, fer freind "Nei Yohr" winscha.

In da drup wor der Rich un sei Esther, der Elmer Ross un sei Margaret fon Siegersville, un der Ray Hendricks un sei Ethel doh fon da shtadt. Die weil os sie dahame rum ken uf ruhr in der gong griega hen wolla, sin sie fers aller airsht noch Ledder Eck Poshda tzum "Franc" Roth un seinra "Gert" fer ihna 'n "Glicksaeliches Neias Yohr" winscha. Der Rich hut die winscherrei gaduh, un die socha hen 'm "France" un da "Gert" so gute aw g'shtonna os sie sich aw uf g'sodd'ld hen un sin mit fer helfa yohla un tzucht mocha wons ferleicht aryads sheina dade wie wons drucka har gang'd.

Woh sie ol iwwer rum gakess'ld worra kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r ains fon ihra nagshda shtopping bletz wor beim gas station mon un seinra fraw, 's Carl Betz, drous im bush gaeich Claussville tzu. 'S Carls' hen aw mit g'sol'd, ow'r denk die ruh wor na liever os wie wos sie gadenk'd hen os ferleicht noch tzu kumma het, un sin dahame gabliva. Der nagshd shtopping blotz wor beim Elmer Leaser un seinra Stella; noh nochs Charlie Everetts' in Siegersville, un fon dart tzum Joen Dult in Hoffmansville, un endlich nochs Lawrence Gutha on Walberts-'m Elmer Ross sei shwar.

Der sawg is, der Richard wear ordlich rau helsich werra gaea morya, ow'r der Lawrence het blenty fon da socha kot, os es nemma dade fer 'n hols shmeara unna 'n si novel shlucka un widder ruf tziega. Die onnerra dabei hen sich aw grossordich blessiert, uns hais'd, der "Franc" Roth wear so donserrich gawest bis sie endlich nuf tzum Lawrence kumma weara, os er bol nimmy gawist het die fees ruich tzu halta.

Der Richard hut so fiel unnershittlicha orta socha tzomma nei gadrunka os er evens ken rechder obadit may kotta hut fer koffie un tae. Ebber hut 'm noh ebbes fon ma neia koffie waisa ferrota-ebbes fon ma dunkla pulver woh m'r inna kupchie dut, hase wosser driwwer lairt, un m'r hut koffie. Der Rich hut sich 'n kon so socha grick'd, un is so fernotter'd driwwer, os er ols on da halb nocht rum uf shtaid fer sich 'n kupchie "koffie," mocha.

Die onner nocht is er noh widder borefeesich nous in die kich un aina waig odder da onner uf 'n glae shtick sharfie kole gadraida, un der foos hut shtarta bluta unna sei wissa. Die weil os er k'huck'd hut sei koffie drinka hut er blute g'sehna uf 'm ail duch, un net onnishder os wie gadenk'd, der hund woh sie in da kich hen, dade aryads bluta. Er hut da Esther mardelich gagrisha sie sot uf shtae 's wear ebbes letz om hund, un sie hen 'n unnersuch'd fon end tzu end, ow'r allas hut ol recht g'sheind. Endlich hut der Rich gaguck's on seina fees, un os er net owwa wedder die ceiling gajump'd is wie er der glae schnid g'sehna hut unna in seinra foos sole, wor allas. 'S hais'd, er het gagricha un gayaimer'd os gross ordich gawest wear, un hut ken ruh kot bis die Esther 'm der foos ol ei gabunna hut mit lumba, shier wie won der foos om ob falla wear. 'N arye Nei Yohr Winscher, net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wos uns wunnert is, fon woh n'r die nagshda Nei Yohrs winscher g'shpichta bei griega maiga,-un os m'r yusht draw denka, morya nommy dawg om fartel noch da tzwelfa won m'r uf da luft sin iwwer station WHOL, hen m'r ols noch mainer si match g'shpichta tzu fertzaila -un wie sie die si gamessa hen fers gawicht rota.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Corinthians 13

Reading this familiar 'Love Chapter' to the last verse, we find there the three important doctrinal, or, shall we say, theological terms, faith, hope, and love. We may think of the exercising of them as related to the three tenses: faith referring to our acceptance of Christ as our personal Saviour in the past —the beginning of our Christian life, often spoken of as conversion, or, as being born again. Love has to do with our relation to Him Who first loved us, manifesting itself in turn daily in love to our fellow-men. As Christians we are to walk in love, to walk even as He walked, going about doing good. Hope is the looking forward to the climax of our Christian experience as sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself even as He is pure. This is a hope that will not be disappointed, a hope that maketh not ashamed.



THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS IN ONTARIO

By G. ELMORE REAMAN

The concept that the only place the Pennsylvania Germans settled or made any impact on Ontario was in the County of Waterloo is altogether too circumscribed. Furthermore, it is misleading to have the Amish played up in picture and story as representative of the Pennsylvania Germans. This is not to disparage the colourfulness of, or contribution which the Amish have made, particularly to agriculture, but to point out that there were other groups which have played a much larger and a much earlier part in the development of the province.

Actually there were practically no Amish who emigrated from Pennsylvania to Ontario. Those now in the province arrived in 1824, almost fifty years after the first migration of Plain Folk, migrating directly from Germany and settling in Waterloo County, which had had twenty-five years' development by their co-religionists from Pennsylvania. Hence we cannot include the Amish in Ontario under the heading of Pennsylvania Germans.

The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario were part of a Palatinate group which comprised Lutherans, Reformed, Moravians, Huguenots, Mennonites, and Dunkards. To these we may add the Quakers who, although English, subscribed to many of the beliefs of this ethnic group. Some, like the Quakers, Moravians, Mennonites and Dunkards, were pacifists; others, like the Lutherans, Reformed and Huguenots, were non-pacifists. The Huguenots were French while the rest, with the exception of the Quakers, were German. Many Quakers and Huguenots and some Lutherans and Reformed came to Ontario from New York State and New Jersey; the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland provided many Lutherans, Reformed, and all the Mennonites, Dunkards and Moravians.

There were two groups from an economic standpoint: the one which, either from active participation on the side of the English, or for failure to actively support the revolutionists, lost everything they owned. These people arrived in Upper Canada penniless. There was the other group which brought money, farm animals and equipment.

It is not so easy to state the reasons for migration held by the latter group. Many of these had suffered little or no persecution; because they left behind them brothers and parents who carried on without molestation. My own ancestor had a father who, beginning in 1773, acquired eight hundred acres of land in Somerset County near the city of Berlin, and yet when his father died in 1804 he, although the oldest of the family, sold his share of the property to his brothers and came to York County with the Cobers, the Keffers, the Bakers, the Shunks, all of whom had possessed many hundreds of acres of land in Somerset County.

Probably the reason is to be found in the fact that the Palatinate is a born pioneer. He left Europe for America when many stayed, and he left New York and Pennsylvania when members of his own family remained behind. Nor did he emigrate blindly. It was customary for two of their number to come ahead and spy out the land, hence they knew what they were going in for.

In suggesting that the Pennsylvania German has an "itchy" heel, I am not minimizing other factors such as the wish to live under the British flag, or the right to worship as one pleased without being forced to take oaths or be non-pacifist. Nor am I forgetful that good land was available at lost cost but I contend that, without the pioneering instinct, life in the wilderness of Canada would have had little attraction.

Now as to when they migrated and their importance in opening up the province. Actually the first settlers came from New York State and they were definitely English sympathizers, although a number of them—in fact the first persons we have any record of—were Huguenots from New Rochelle who fled to Fort Niagara in 1776. Laura Secord, one of the heroines of Canadian history, had an ancestor amongst this first group. Many of the soldiers in Butler's Rangers who fought out of Fort Niagara were Palatine in background, and when they were disbanded about 1780, became some of the first farmers in the Niagara district.

Thus the first settlement in Upper Canada was from 1776 to 1780 in the Niagara Peninsula. About the same time settlers—mostly prisoners redeemed from the Indians—came in at Detroit, later to settle in Essex County. In 1784 some of the other English regiments were disbanded in Eastern Ontario from the Bay of Quinte to Dundas County. Many of these were Lutherans who built in 1790 the first Protestant church in Ontario. Many Quakers came into this district as well as into Bertie Township in Niagara.

Because Governor Simcoe (appointed in 1792) had been billeted with his regiment one winter near Philadelphia, he knew what good farmers the Germans were, consequently he advertised in the Philadelphia papers a free gift of two hundred acres for each new settler.

From family histories one discovers that many Germans left Pennsylvania after 1780 and settled in the Niagara Peninsula and along Lake Erie. These were squatters and, because no deeds were obtainable until 1794, we have no record of them except in these family records. Simcoe's offer provided a great impetus to the migrations which were further motivated by the Whiskey and Fries Rebellions in Pennsylvania.

Although Simcoe left in 1796, he had given great help to the province for he had opened up the Dundas Road from York (Toronto) to Detroit; also Yonge Street from York north fifty miles to Lake Simcoe. He had also encouraged the Moravians to bring their Delaware Indians from Ohio and settle them at Fairfield on the Thames River not far from London. Here the Moravians carried on missionary work from 1792 until 1903, and here they introduced the first bees into Canada.

After 1796, many incoming settlers passed through the Niagara district and went to York County. In 1794 Simcoe had encouraged William Berczy to settle 64 families in Markham Township. Vaughan, York, Etobicoke and other townships of York County were opened up to settlers. The Quakers established a strong colony in Whitchurch Township about 1801.

Mabel Dunham, in her Trail of the Conestoga, has given a graphic picture of the first settlement in Waterloo County which began in 1800 and continued until about 1812, when the war stopped most of the emigration from the south, replacing it with large groups coming from the British Isles. As mentioned before, the Amish came from Europe in 1824 and settled in Waterloo County.

The point I want to make is that although Waterloo County at the present time is the best example of ethnic solidarity, the influence of the Palatinates and other Plain Folk has extended throughout the whole of Southern Ontario. In most of the communities through intermarriage with other nationalities and union with other religions, the Pennsylvania German strain is sometimes not apparent. However, it is impossible to get any group of people together that you will not find several of them admitting to Pennsylvania German ancestry, no matter how anglicized their names have become. The interesting part is that no longer is anyone ashamed to admit his background, though this was not true a few years ago. We are coming to see that the Pennsylvania Germans were the original settlers of Ontario, those who cut down the trees and taught other nationalities how to live in the bush. They also set the pattern for our agriculture which, if it had been generally followed, would have made our present conservation schemes unnecessary. Our debt culturally although great has never been appraised.

So we can confidently state that the contribution of the Pennsylvania Germans has been province wide, and when you consider the number of outstanding Canadians who trace their ancestry to these people we can also say that it is national in influence.

Dr. G. Elmore Reaman, Professor of English at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, Oontario, has for many years carried on studies in the history and the culture of the Pennsylvania Germans in Canada. He has also been very active in making the present generation of Canadians of Pennsylvania German origin conscious of their ancestral backgrounds. The Inter-Literary Society of Ontario on last October 12th presented a program "Our Pennsylvania Dutch Backgrounds," on which occasion Dr. Reaman introduced the speaker of the evening, Grant Stoltzfus, Editor of The Mennonite Community. Canadians who also participated in the program bore the familiar Pennsylvania names of Hallman, Bender, Fry, Witmer and Gingerich. — We also refer our readers to Arthur D. Graeff: THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS IN ONTARIO, CANADA (The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Vol. XI, 1946).

IM BUSCH WANN'S SCHNEET

Was iss doch alles so ruhich un schdill!
Mer heert ken Laut net im ganse Busch hie,
Net mol es Gebiebs vumme glee Tschickadie,
Kee Grabb un kee Schkwaerl, mer harcht wie mer will.
Ken Lifdel riehrt sich; un 's gebt em en Gfiehl
As wann die Welt mit allmechdicher Gwalt
Uff eemol nau sich der Odem halt.
Noh kummt der Schnee! Awwer net imme Gwiehl;
Die Flocke kumme wie Feddere so leicht,
Un eenseln zuerscht; awwer ball imme Gwaerr,
Ass die Luft demit wimmelt. Dart drowwe nau schleicht
En Nachteil darch die dick Luft, as eb's waer
En Gschbuck, so weiss un so schdill. Un im Schnee
Waerd alles im Busch wie'n Geischderwelt schee.

—J. MAX. HARK.

HOLSEBBEL BEEMELEIN

Some time ago one of our constant readers, Mrs. Stanley Arthur, East Mauch Chunk, sent us the following lines which are presumably a fragment of an old folksong. She writes: "It was often sung by my dear father, Thomas L. Snyder, of Walnutport, who died in 1902. Maybe some reader would know the rest of this song and the tune."—Who among the readers of the ECK can render the desired information? Here are the lines, taken down from hearsay and apparently faulty in spots:

Holsebbel Beemelein,
Bidder iss die Kaern,
Schwazbraunes Meedel
Was sehn ich dich so gaern.
Heide odder marye
Bin ich noch bei dir;
Un wie die neegschde Woche kumme,
So reis ich weck vun dir.

Please address replies to the Editor of the ECK, Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

DU SOLLSCHT NET SCHDEHLE

Weesscht, wann mer ebbes nemmt vumme annere Mensch, ass net zu em gheert, noh hot mer gschdohle. Wann mer Kaddu verkaaft, messt der Daume nei, un gebt yuscht fimfundreissich Zoll fer en Yord, noh hot mer gschdohle. Wann mer en Mann umschlaggt un nemmt sei Geld, sell iss ewwe aa gschdohle. Es gebt alle Wege fer schdehle un 's Schdehle iss gege em Haerr sei Gebot "Du sollscht net schdehle."

Hett dihr die alt Schdori gheert, wu en Mann Hinkel gschdohle hot un iss Sundaags in die Kaerrich? Sei Naame waar Tscheeck. Der Parre hot gsaat, "Es iss en Mann in de Kaerrich heit un der hot Hinkel gschdohle." Der Parre hot en Schdee aus em Sack grickt un hot gsaat, "Do hawwich en Schdee in meinre Hand. Nau will ich den Schdee an der Hinkeldieb schmeisse." Wie der Parre uffgezogge hot fer schmeisse, hot em Dieb sei Fraa gsaat, "Bick dich, Tscheek, er drefft dich gewiss."

En annerer Kaerl, ass Abraham gheesse hot, der hot en gross Schdick Warscht gschdohle uff em Weg noch der Kaerrich. Er hot die Warscht vanne in sei Hemm gschdeckt. Em Parre sei Text waar, "Abraham, was hoscht in deim Bussem?" Wie der Parre der Text es dritt Mol iwwerholt hot, schdeht der Abraham uff un nemmt die Warscht aus seim Bussem un saagt, "Wie der Deihenker hoscht du gewisst, ass ich die Warscht gschdohle hab?"

Lang zerick, im Schdumpeschdedtel, imme Schdor, hot en Kaerl en gleeni Roll Budder genumme, hot sie in sei Schtitzhut, un hot der Hut uff. Er hot hinnerm Offe ghockt. Der Offe iss rotheess warre. Glei is der Budder weech warre un die Brieh iss ihm iwwers Gsicht nunner gerollt. Noh waar's haus.

Es hot en Kaerl mol gfrogt fer mit me Mann faahre in seim Auto. "Was iss dei Politicks?" hot der Mann im Auto gfrogt.—"Republican," saagt der Erscht.—"Du kannscht net mit," saagt der Mann im Auto. So iss es etlich Mol gange. Endlich saagt er zu eem imme Auto, er waer demokratisch. "Tschump rei un geh mit," saagt der Mann im Auto. Glei gehne sie amme Schdick Wassermelone verbei. "Geh nei un grick eeni," saagt der Mann im Auto.—"Nee," saagt der anner, "Sell waer gschdohle."—"Dann geh naus un laaf." Der aarem Kaerl iss dann doch nei un hot en Wassermelon abgeroppt. Noh hot er der Kopp gehenkt un hot gsaat, "Liewer Gott, vergeb mir. Ich bin erscht fufzeh Minutte en Demokrat un in sellre karze Zeit hawwich gelogge un gschdohle."

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL

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Editorials

Cold Shoulder for Reds

General Eisenhower is completing his swing around Europe in order to survey the military and political situation since he is the accepted commander-in-chief of the forces which the western democracies propose to set up as defense against the inroads of Europe's Communists.

While he will not be able to bring home report of any considerable armies, already equipped and in training for any eventualities, he will be able to bring good report on the attitude of the people in the western countries not only toward himself as their commander but also toward the prospective enemy, Communism.

This latter attitude was reflected thruout Gen. Eisenhower's trip. Everywhere that he went upon a well advertised schedule, he not only had official committees to welcome him but the Commies felt it their bounden duty to send everybody they could muster to be a committee of protest against his very presence in Europe.

The official welcoming committees were supported by manifestations of public approval on all hands, altho there was no effort to drum up demonstrations. On the other hand, despite the application of the whip to the members of the Communist party in the various countries and appeal to the general public to protest Gen. Eisenhower's errand, the Red turnouts were scanty and shabby.

In Paris generous estimates as to the number of demonstrators who turned out at the Red call fixed it at about 5,000. The Reds numbers were so small that they took no chances as to roughing it with the Parisian police who had been martialled in strength to handle the boys if they tried to get tough. In Marseilles, which the Reds have considered pretty much their own and to do with as they please, there were little more than ripples of demonstration. It reminded observers of the days when the dockworkers, despite Red appeal to them not to do so, unloaded ammunition ships from the United States. In Lille, a manufacturing city twice as large as Allentown in population, the Red demonstrators were said to have numbered only twenty.

So there cannot be much to crow about in Moscow relative to the West European situation. It is not to be expected however that Moscow will be effectively discouraged. Rebuffs simply mean that energy will be directed along some new line or that there will be patient waiting for a more favorable turn in events.

Newspapers Best Ad Medium

A long-time subscriber and reader of the Morning Call, as well as a consistent advertiser therein for decades, has shaped an opinion from his experiences in the following words: "No matter what you have to sell, odd and unusual tho it may be, you can find a buyer among the readers of the Morning Call. No matter what you want to buy, you can find some one among these readers who has it and is willing to sell it to you."

In a general way this expresses the opinion and the experience of people as to the value of newspapers in bringing buyer and seller together all over these United States.

This opinion is reflected in the figures for all national advertising in the United States during the past two years, as reported at a meeting of the Newspaper Advertising Executives Association in Chicago early this week. These figures show that newspapers during that period of two years topped all other media employed by advertisers to reach the people and sell them their goods.

This is all the more remarkable in that newspapers year by year get into rougher and tougher competition than they ever have experienced. It will be remembered that radio entered the field of American advertising and proved very attractive and that Television inside of two years has become a veritable giant.

However it would appear from the complaints that people make about the "commercials" in both these fields that advertising therein is not universally popular altho it is dismissed with the saying: "They are paying for it, aren't they?"

The newspaper continues to be the principal medium of communication in the American market place. It is the big quotation board. It can be reexamined and consulted as often as a buyer or a seller desires. It presents figures that admit of no misunderstanding and no dispute. It provides descriptions which can be studied at leisure instead of being comprehended in a flash of the senses of hearing or sight, or both.

The advertising executives have a good thing to sell and their program for the year 1951, as announced by their president is thus described:

"Stripped of all high sounding titles, this plan simply outlines a procedure showing newspapers, large or small, in big cities or in small towns, how to lay before manufacturers, district managers and their salesmen—the very people who most influence the placing of national schedules — the true and startling facts about newspaper coverage, local influence and sales power."

Price Control at Last

Altho advised and urged for the past seven months, or since the earliest days of the Korean War, only now have wage and price controls been established. Effective at midnight of January 25, the order establishes all prices at the point where they were just a few short hours before this paper went to press.

At the immediate moment it would appear that the stable has been locked after the horse has been stolen. Saddle and bridle may have been left behind but not much more.

Prices have risen by leaps and bounds to record figures and to the threat of many phases of our economic system and those who depend upon them.

The system of "voluntary controls," so hopefully and optimistically voiced out of Washington failed signally, as it was widely predicted it would fail and as historical example indicated it was certain to fail. Of all the machinations and schemings back of that "voluntary controls" curtain during the past seven months, there can be much tale-telling now and in the future. Suffice to say that the inflation spiral has risen by a number of turns to about twice its former height and that, like a frightened Aladdin the American people behold this lowering, foreboding genie that has arisen from the lamp of war, a lamp rubbed by the avid fingers of greedy human nature.

Pattern of Television

Fifteen women survived an exhausting ordeal when they kept watch for a week over seven television screens in New York.

Their report reveals the pattern of television, and some serious thinkers may find it unsatisfactory. Drama accounted for 25 per cent of the programs; homemaking, 16; sports, 10; popular music, four.

If President Truman had not made a speech to Congress there would have been almost nothing on the screen concerning important public affairs. Nobody saw the United Nations at work. For five per cent of the time the weary watchers were told the news, and two per cent was spent in discussion of public issues. Religion got one per cent and the weather a little less.

Architecture, serious music, sculpture, economics, child care and American history got no time at all.

The watchers had a tough time counting the commercials. Some were considered "continuous" and others were so mixed up with the programs that it was difficult to sort them out. Leaning backwards to be fair, the observers agreed that not less than ten per cent of all television time is given over to advertising.

Obviously, advertising pays the piper for television entertainment. But who calls the tune?—Evening Bulletin (Phila.)

It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

The United States is beginning to ask various governments directly whether their attitude of procrastination in the United Nations means that, in the event of an aggression committed against their respective territories, America is to be released from obligation to act promptly in branding and punishing such aggression.

To say that the American government is astonished by the strange behavior of various member governments of the UN is to put it mildly. It is doubtful if some of these governments themselves realize the extent to which they are jeopardizing the prospect of American protection for their interests in the future.

The United States went into Korea and has suffered 46,000 casualties in the belief that the members of the UN who voted to resist aggression in North Korea were sincere in that vote. If they did not mean what they said, then, in all candor, a resolution should be adopted at once rescinding and revoking that step and announcing to all the world that the members of the UN do not intend to resist any aggression in Europe or in Asia. This would give the United States a free hand.

Would Relieve Taxpayer

The American taxpayer would be relieved, moreover, to discover that the $200,000,000, for instance, which India wants from our government for food is something that need not be spent, after all, because India's prime minister, having allied his government with the Moscow government, presumably could receive such aid from the Soviets.

The policy of the American government has never been one to tie in its financial or economic aid with any military alliance, but the 46,000 casualties in Korea in the face of the willingness of India to write off that entire adventure as an American blunder, and not a UN action at all, has aroused members of Congress. It is unlikely that India or any other nation will find Uncle Sam generous hereafter to governments that are unwilling to risk their troops in support of American troops.

The speech of Indian delegate Rau at the UN delcaring that, since a lull in the fighting has occurred, there should be more and more palavering with the Chinese Communists, produced a sickening impression here. It could not have been worse if India had openly stated her intention to become allied with Moscow.

Strategy Upset

Allied sea power has, temporarily at least, upset Communist China's strategy in Korea. This, more than any intentional suspension of hostilities on the battlefront, accounts for the lull in the fighting.

The Chinese face the prospect of an amphibious landing or the threat of such a maneuver, and they recall that a large number of North Korean troops were caught in a similar trap before.

As long as allied warships can move freely up and down the west coast of Korea and interfere with the landings of any supplies from Chinese ports and destroy not only port facilities but vital roads along the coast, the Chinese high command must face a serious menace to its rear.

Our naval power, incidentally, is not confined to bombardment from cruisers. Plenty of planes are flying from the decks of aircraft carriers, and their bombers are inflicting damage to supply lines as they operate alongside U.S. Air Force land-based planes which range the northern area, too. The Air Force is doing a wonderful job.

The average American who has been gathering defeatist impressions from the recent headlines about the strategic withdrawal of UN forces does not have a real conception of the extent of the damage done by sea power and air power in the last few weeks. The optimism which has been emanating from Washington and Tokyo in the last few days about the improved situation of our forces is based primarily on the tremendous losses being inflicted on the supply lines of the enemy.

In the course of reoccupying some of the areas which have been recently abandoned by the Communists, an opportunity has been afforded to make an actual count of some of the soldier dead of the enemy. In one place alone 2,200 dead troops were accounted for, and hence the belief has developed that Red China cannot indefinitely stand the losses, especially since she has her crack field army in Korea.

UN Can Win

The UN can win in Korea, but the battle now is with the faint hearts and the craven intriguers in its own ranks.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE CARRIE HUT GABLAUDER'D: Da onner dawg sawga sie, wear 's gore heftich shtormich gawest in Seiberlingsville-die Carrie Heilman wor in der hinkel shtol g'shlossa wor. Wons sei sot os mohl ebber 'n hinkle kauft fer shlochta-'n hinkle os ferleicht werta sawga maich'd wons die ox sehnt kumma os net gute gucka dada in shwartz un weiss, sel wor ains fon da Carrie ihra hinkle. Eb sie in der shtol wor fer die hinkle feedra odder oyer ous hava, kenna m'r net sawga-uns mocht aw ken dreck ous. Wie sie drin wor, is die dier tzu gonga un der driller hut sich rum gadray'd, un darta wor die Carrie ei-g'shpart fer die nagshd shtun unna halb.

Die barichda sin, sie het gagri sha un gayohl'd os gross ordich gawest wear, ihr'm George rufa fer kumma sie ous 'm hinkle shtol lossa. Sie hut evens wedder die wend gaglobb'd, un die dier bol nous gadraida, ow'r der George hut sie net k'hoert, uns sis ra aw shunshd niemond tzu hiff kumma. Endlich hut sie tzu ma gnarra loch nous gaguck'd, un ferhoftich sei won sie der George net sehna hut tzu da shire rous kumma-noh hut sie nocha mohl ferarnsht awfonga yohla, un er hut sie k'hoert, un sie ous 'm shtol galust. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Carrie die socha aw net hous howwa, un wolla don nix may weiter fertzaila so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

* * *

DER FRITZ UN SEI GROB: Doh shwetza fon da Carrie Heilman so arrick blauderra wie sie in der hinkel shtol g'shlossa wor, kenna m'r net helfa os wie tzu denka on der Fritz Schmidt fon nagshd on Rockdale, wie er un sei shwar der Charlie German fon nagshd on Shlatedale mit nonner noch da Krumsviller fendu worra. Fer die socha recht sawga, der Fritz hut 'n grob tzawm gamocht, un wohs hais'd er wot sie larna shwetza -ow'r niemond hut gawist ferwos-net bis er un der Charlie tzurick kumma sin fon da fendu. Now hais'ds, der Fritz wot die grob larna shwetza so won sei altie 'm mohl widder der kabittle runner laisa dade in siva unnershittlicha shprocha, os er ebber het fer tzurick moula-er selwar huts hartz net kot fer "bohna" sawga.

'M Fritz sei fraw hut gagnutter'd os er noch ra fendu wothut howwa wolla er sot dahame bleiva un mit ihra fert gae. Er hut ow'r g'sawt er gang'd mit 'm Charlie, un sie kent der Ford yusa, un allas wear ol recht. Uns wear aw gawest won sie der Ford shtarta het kenna, ow'r ever their fancy takes them, choose to stay in our cold New England climate.

I can read the minds of birds—if they have any — even less than I can read human minds.

But I wonder whether it might not be their attachment to home that makes them put up with all the rigors of the northern winter or could they be in a rut and just be too lazy? Could it be that there is a bird-housing shortage in Miami or St. Petersburg or Key West?

It certainly can't be that they stay amid the ice and snow for the same reason that we do.

We stay home because we can't afford to go south. We have the road maps, all righ. We can afford to buy the gasoline and the oil.

Even the weatherman's gloomy forecast wouldn't scare us.

But oh, those prices when you do get down there!

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we humans could perch in trees, and if the Florida Chambers of Commerce hung out feeders for us tourists and filled them with steaks and coffee and cream?

In the meantime we'll enjoy our Connecticut home and our sun lamp.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 1:1-13

After Jesus had given the promise of the coming of the Holy Spirit, as recorded in John 14-16, the events connected with His passion are recorded by John, as indeed by the four Gospel writers, as the climax of the purpose for which He had come into the world. After Jesus' resurrection and ascension, the Holy Spirit came on Pentecost (a Greek word meaning '50,' that is, 50 days after Jesus' resurrection), the birthday of the Christian church. It is therefore logical that the book of Acts, recording the descent of the Holy Spirit, should follow the Gospel of John as the fulfillment of those promises. Luke closes his Gospel with a brief reference to Jesus' ascension, and opens his book of the Acts of the Apostles, with more details concerning it. From the Mount of Olives Jesus took leave of them and returned to the Father (John 17:11). After two men in white apparel (perhaps Moses and Elijah) promised His return, they gathered in their place of meeting in Jerusalem, where in the attitude of prayer, they await the coming of the Holy Spirit. In v. 13 occurs the last mention of Mary, the mother of Jesus; never referred to in the story of the early church, neither in Acts, nor in the epistles.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

As I was sitting at my typewriter, trying to think of a column that didn't deal with war, trouble, anxious forebodings and disaster, I noticed that it was time for the news on my radio.

So I turned it on and there was a lovely commercial. It was all about gasoline.

In dramatic tonefulness the announcer told about the birds, those wonderful, carefree, intelligent birds that fly south every winter and always unerringly find their way to the necest spots without direction or road maps.

* * *

"Why aren't you like the birds" he asked. "Of course, you cannot fly, you cannot go without directions. But —"

Then he told us how, with his company's wonderful road maps and still more wonderful gasoline, we could practically fly down to Florida in our automobiles and have just as good a time as those little birds.

The broadcast concluded with the weather report:

"Cold and snow. Icy road conditions anticipated. Drivers are warned to be very careful."

I heard a knocking downstairs, right under my work-room window.

I looked out.

There was a woodpecker, picking away at the suet cake in the feeder my wife had put out.

On another feeder three chickadees were lunching, and on still a third one a nuthatch was pecking away.

On the ground, under one of the feeders a pair of junkos were enjoying the seeds that had fallen down.

I was wondering why the chickadees, the nuthaches, he junkos he blue jays and he four or five oher varieties of birds that live around our house in winter, forego the pleasures of Florida when, according to the radio announcer, it is so easy for them to "get away from it all" and bask in the plentitude of the southern sunshine rather than live on the pickings put out for them by kind human landlords.

Don't expect any philosophy out of these observations.

It simply struck me funny that these birds who can fly where-

25 Years Ago

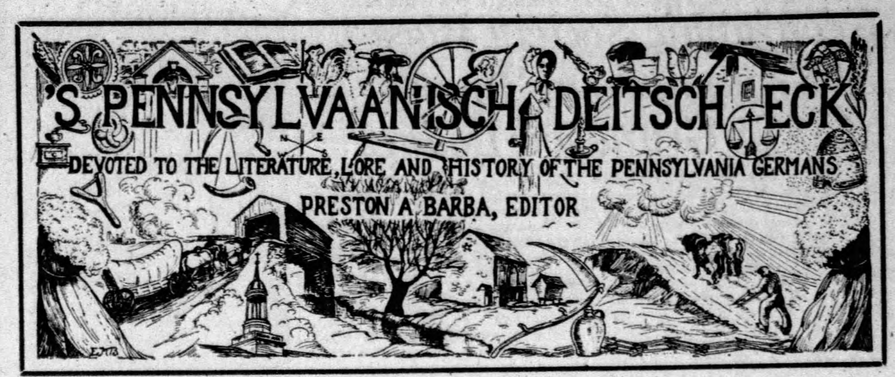
From The Morning Call of Jan. 27, 1926, a Wednesday

Dr. Henry I. Klopp, superintendent of the Allentown State hospital, drew a line between the asylums of former years and the present institutions as he addressed members of the Four Square club in Hotel Allen. Dr. Klopp pointed out that the day of harsh and abusive treatment of patients had passed.

John H. McDermott was reelected president of the Security Building and Loan Assn. at the 43rd annual meeting in the association office, 523 Linden St.

Horoscope

It may be that you are beginning one of the happiest, busiest years of your life. Born under these influences, a child may achieve much success.



BOOK REVIEWS

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH ART. (The American Arts Library). By Ruth Adams. Cleveland and New York. The World Publishing Company, 1950. Pages 64.—$1.00.

Some may wonder why another book about our Pennsylvania German folk art when the more authoritative books by Lichten, Stoudt and Kauffman are readily accessible. And yet it would have been a grave error if this little book had not appeared in The American Arts Library among the other delightful booklets on American Silver, American Glass, Currier and Ives Prints, American Rugs, etc.

The general reader who may not yet be initiated into the larger domain of our folk art can perhaps do no better than to take in hand such a beginners' primer as Ruth Adams has prepared. One must not look for any original contributions or new theories, or solutions of old problems and controversies. On the other hand one does better to marvel at the virtuosity the author betrays in combing over the wearisome labors of others and reiterating them in felicitous phrases.

The contents of this charming booklet fall into the customary pattern. It opens with a compact, neatly compiled chapter about The Pennsylvania Dutch People. One reads with interest the fairly accurate generalities, provided one is not too badly diverted at page 14 by the beautiful color plate of that pretty chalkware stallion, which might at a rapid gallop transport the reader straight back to Staffordshire in Victorian England. The following chapters offer a brief treatment of the usual subject matter: Houses and Barns, Furniture, Pottery, Glass, Textiles, Wood-carving, Metal Work, Illuminated Writing, Barn Signs and Their Meanings, and other Diversified Crafts.

At the end of the first chapter the reader is informed that "the terms Pennsylvania German and Pennsylvania Dutch are now accepted as interchangeable," as though it were just as simple as that. The two terms have always been in use—but hardly by the same person. One is habituated to the one or the other, one even may have an opinion in the matter! Whether at the suggestion of the publishers or with fine commercial understanding on her part, the author offers a sweet palliative by using now the one, now the other, in fairly regular alternation, throughout the text.

We note that this little book is called "Pennsylvania Dutch Art." Why not folk art? Perhaps after all the author was honestly puzzled about definitions and wondered whether Stiegel glass, for example, was art or folk art. Or did it belong under the category of the arts and crafts?

What is offered in these pages is in the main correct and has been repeatedly said by others. However, we venture to take exception to the following: On page 62 we read that "the tombstones that crowd the old graveyards are significantly different from such relics in other parts of the country, because they do not display the motifs used by other colonial stoneworkers. There are no lugubrious death's heads or weeping willows." Having studied tombstone designs in more than a hundred rural Pennsylvania German graveyards this reviewer is able to say that the death's head does appear as a memento mori and there are enough weeping willows to cause an inundation were they not weeping on cold marble.

This little book of 65 pages, with ten beautiful color plates and 27 black-and-white illustrations is a credit to the publishers and well worth the price. —P.A.B.

PENNSYLVANIA'S SUSQUEHANNA. Interesting history, legends and descriptions of the "heart river" of Pennsylvania—its surrounding hills and mountains, its broad valleys and narrow gorges, its canals and railroads, its towns and cities and, above all, its beauty. By Elsie Singmaster. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. J. Horace McFarland Company, 1950. Pages 236.—$6.00.

Although there is relatively little in this book about the Pennsylvania Germans as such, we nevertheless believe a review of it is quite in place in this column, for its author is one of our most distinguished Pennsylvania Germans. Elsie Singmaster has long ago enshrined herself within the hearts of her people. Like no other contemporary literary figure in Pennsylvania she has displayed in her many stories and novels a happy commingling of the historian, the scholar and the literary artist. The very nature of her work implies a painstaking study of the history of the Pennsylvania Germans and it is a logical sequence that she should in this book have stepped out of the more limited confines of the Pennsylvania German counties to celebrate the larger and more inclusive realms of her native state.

PENNSYLVANIA'S SUSQUEHANNA should be in the hands of all lovers of Pennsylvania, wherever they may dwell. We have in the last decades as a nation become river-conscious. Rivers were the early arteries of our national history and culture. For us in Pennsylvania it was the Susquehanna that was the bloodstream which flowed from out its heart. With the meticulous care of the scholar and historian and with the golden pen of the literary artist Elsie Singmaster has in this book set down the history and the legends and the beauty of this "heart river" of the Keystone State of our nation.

Those who have followed the long literary career of Elsie Singmaster will rejoice especially in this book. Few contemporary authors have so constantly grown in their literary art. It is indeed a far cry from the simple little genre pictures of Pennsylvania German life which appeared in Century, Harper's and the Atlantic Monthly forty and more years ago (and which the author has so graciously permitted us to reprint in the ECK from time to time) and that monumental colonial Pennsylvania epic A High Wind Rising and the more recent so beautifully executed juvenile I Heard of a River.

In Pennsylvania's Susquehanna the author has risen to new heights. Nothing has been overlooked and all has been touched and illuminated with the loving pride of one who is an inseparable part of the whole. In exquisite prose she has touched upon the prehistoric civilization of this river valley, later Indian settlements there and Indian place names, the appearance of the first white men, the German emigrants from the Hudson Valley floating down the North Branch to find a new home in Penn's protecting woods, Lewis Evans, early maker of maps, Count Zinzendorf, Moravian missionary, Bartram, the botanist, Wyalusing and nearby Asylum so hopefully prepared for the fated Marie Antoinette; further, to the sparsely inhabited forests of the West Branch and its association with Conrad Weiser, the half-Indian Montour family, the forest wealth of lumber transported from Cherry Tree to the Chesapeake, the story of Jerry Church, founder of Lock Haven; about the Juniata, beautiful tributary and Bedford Springs, once a place of recreation of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and other famous men; or again the Main River from Northumberland, home of Joseph Priestley, discoverer of oxygen, and of the fair, never-to-be-realized dream of the poets Southey and Coleridge; of Shamokin, abode of Chief Shikellamy, sachem of the Iroquois, where Thomas Edison erected his early electric plant; of Selinsgrove, partly on the Isle of Que, once owned by Conrad Weiser (remember the famous dream story?); of New Buffalo and Amity Hall, with their old inns where travellers have been stopping for more than a century; of Clark's Ferry and Rockville Bridge, the longest stone-arch railway bridge in the world, of the old Harris Trading Post and Ferry, now Harrisburg; continuing down the main river to the Maryland border, past Middletown at the mouth of the Swatara, that eastern waterway followed by those early German refugees from New York who thence crossed over into the fertile Tulpehocken, among them the Weisers and the Rieths; past Hill Island, where in 1843 hundreds of Baptists awaited the second coming of Christ; of the weird potholes in the river bed at Conewago Falls and the petroglyphs on river cliffs; Marietta, famous in rafting days; the Pequea, with its early settlements of German "plain people" from Switzerland; the Cocalico and the Conestoga Creeks with their asspications with Conrad Beissel, founder of the Ephrata Community; of Columbia and the wooded hills that border on the fat farms of York and Lancaster Counties; past the power dams at Safe Harbor, Holtwood and Conowingo; and the beautiful view looking from Cutler's Point toward Maryland and Mount Johnson Island, sanctuary for the bald eagle, that emblem of American freedom. It would be hard to think of anything overlooked or forgotten. It is evident that the author has assiduously gathered river lore and history from many sources. But all this is interlaced with fine understanding and artistic delineation of the beauty of landscape and of the rich flora and fauna of the Susquehanna Valley. Here Elsie Singmaster is in her element and here she sometimes reaches heights attained by those lofty American naturalists John Burroughs and John Muir. Let us quote a few sentences from this notable book:

"To select any one area of the river as the most beautiful would be folly. The traveler is like a child filling his hands with wild flowers, only to discard them for a more inviting harvest. Here are green meadows, fertile with the silt of ages; there is a mounain split at a right angle. Here, down perpendicular cliffs, course delicate streams; there springs well in caves, or in deep glens in which there is sunlight for only a few hours.

"From the New York to the Maryland border the river banks are tapestried with bloom. In early spring, against pines and hemlocks with foliage almost black and against bare branches of deciduous trees, the shadbush displays its delicate bloom. Far less known and less admired than it should be, the witch-hazel puts out its yellow flowers from Potter County to York County when all its leaves are gone.

"In April, moving north along the river, the American redbud displays its incomparable color. Everywhere on dry wooded hillsides, on banks of culm, laurel sturdily persists, and in moist ravines the evergreen rhododendron abounds, a joy in both summer and winter. On all the hillsides dogwood spreads its cream-white shelves of bloom. The hollows in the southern area are carpeted with mertensia, blue, rose and white all in a single blossom. One observes mournfully a lowland deposit of river coal dust, but is quickly attracted to beds of Dutchman's breeches, exquisite in flower and foliage, of hepatica and anemone. Before May is over, the wild sweet azalea perfumes the forest."—

Complementing all this beauty of text are the many full-page illustrations of wide expanses of landscape as well as more intimate scenes and details of trees, shrubs and flowers,—done, most of them, from the fine photographs of R. B. McFarland or the J. Horace McFarland Company.—P.A.B.

'M DINKEY SEI KNECHT

Dart drunne an der Weide Krick,
Im scheene Lillidaal,
Hot mol var lange Yaahr zerick—
Wieviel hot yeders Waahl—
En reicher Bauersmann gewuhnt,
As Knecht un Maad gedingt.
Er hot sei Leit net baddich gschunt,
Wie's Knechtlied immer singt.

Un doch ans Yohri Dinkey's hett
Schier eenich ebber gschafft;
Druff neigeraast, sell hen sie net,
Mit Hend un Fiess gerafft,
Wie's efters geht so do un dart,
Wu Knecht un Maad zu Haus;
Wu's heesst, wann ebber 's Maul uffschparrt:
"Dart kummt die Faulheit raus."

Wann ewwe net des Schaffe waer,
Was het mer's noh so gut!
Noh waer em's Haerz net gans so schwer,
So voll vun schwitzich Blut.
Wann alles selwer wachse daet,
Dann waer der Bauer froh;
Er daet aus lauder Luscht un Freed
Sich rolle uff em Schdroh.

Noh kennt des Maad-up Knechtgeding
Zum Bocksloch-granny geh,
Far Leit zu dinge, 's iss en Gschpring—
'S will nimmand schaffe meh,
Ecksept mer gaebt die Bauerei
Un noch die Fraa dezu;
Noh misst mer noch so newebei
Die Aerwet selwer duh.

Ya, wann des ewich Schaffe mol
Der Schdickfluss griege daet,
Dann waer net immer des Geyohl,
Wann's net der Gallop geht.
Ya, waer's net far des narrisch Geld
Un's daeglich Budderbrod,
Ei, 's waer ken Knecht meh uff em Feld,
Lewendich odder dot.

Ya, ya! der Bauer hot sei Klaag
Un brummelt in die Fausch;
Der Knecht hot aa sei Reggedaag,
Wann's Grummelwasser rausch.
Die Fraa, die grickt die Ungeduld,
Wann's Waerkelhols net schafft;
Die Maad?—Die gebt der Katz die Schuld
Wann als der Rover blafft.

Well, ennihau, der Yohri hot
Sich widder 'n Knecht gedingt;
Sie hen so rumgschafft uff de Lot,
Die yunge Sei geringt,
Die Gschaerre gschmiert, die Fense gflickt,
Der Mischt un 's Schdroh uffs Land,
Un gschafft so wie sich 's ewwe schickt
Beim liewe Baeureschdand.

"Wie gleichscht du dann dei neier Knecht?"
Frogt mol der Nochber Tschann;
"Ei," saagt der Yohri, "gut un schlecht—
'S kummt aa uff WIE un WANN.
Ich waar doyetz mol noch de Miehl,
Noh hawwich gsaat: 'Nau, Tscho,
Die Schtee faahrscht weck, laad net zu viel;
Mer sin dee-ich zeitlich do'."

Mer hen die Fuhr noh uffgerickt
Un ab, ich un die Fraa;
Noh hot er dann der Schubbkarch grickt
Un geht dann eifrich draa.
'S nemmt immer lenger ass mer meent
Noch Schdor un Miehl zu geh;
Die Weibsleit hen sich so verwehnt,
Mer gengt als besser lee.

Mer sin die Leen so langsam ruff,
Der Schubbkarch hot gegraahnt,
Noh lacht die Betz: "Saag, bass mol uff!
Weescht wie mich sell gemaahnt?'
Der Dinkey kummt noch laa-ang net,
Er kummt noch net, raah-ie-!
Der Dinkey kummt noch net, I bet,
Er kummt net, sweet Marie."

Er hot uns iwwerdem erblickt,
Noh hot die Betz gelacht:
"Guck, was der Tscho net Eifer grickt!
Heerscht wie der Schubbkarch macht?
'Der Dinkey kummt! Der Dinkey kummt!
Ta-rie! ta-rie! ta-rie!
Der Dinkey kummt, 'r 'umt, 'r 'umt!
Hurraah far Tschin'rel Lee!' "

Der Tschann der hot sich krumm gelacht
Un uff die Knie gekloppt;
"Ich saag dir, Yohri, wie mer's macht,
Sell Lied iss hendich gschtoppt.
Do schickt mer, dascht sei! Fraa un Knecht
Der Bissniss noh zu geh;
Noh schmiert mer sich der Schubbkarch recht
Un faahrt dann selwer Schdee.

ASTOR C. WUCHTER
1856-1933

The above verses, by one of the ablest of our dialect writers, first appeared in THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, Vol. IX, No. 2, 1908. The original manuscript is in the Pennsylvania German Archives of Muhlenberg College.

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Editorials

Groundhog Myth Goes On

It does not matter how many individuals, scientific and otherwise, nor how many institutions attack the credibility of the groundhog as a weather prophet, the Pennsylvania Dutch thru their growing number of Groundhog lodges laugh at them all and persist in a harmless and delightful fiction.

Formation of such lodges, which for the most part met last night, has proven to be the agent for crystallization of sentiment as to the folklore of this people who constitute the basic, racial stock in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

While the dialect has been spoken widely, the formation of these lodges has served to bring together those who cherish it most deeply. They enjoy in such organizations the stimulating value and a sense of common bonds thru periodic enjoyment of their peculiar folklore.

It long has been obvious that one local organization, which has been meeting in this city since its formation, could not possibly satisfy the desire of all who might wish to enjoy its programs. It has become a saying in Lehigh County that "you cannot become a member of Lodge No. 1 unless some one dies or resigns, but few die and none resign." In other words, there is a waiting list which craves membership much as society climbers seek entry to the Social Register in big cities.

The alternative to waiting for someone to die or resign has been found. Lodges are springing up thruout the Pennsylvania Dutch country. There are so many in fact that it should be possible in another year for simultaneous meetings thruout Eastern Pennsylvania on the evening of Groundhog Day to hear the report of the most famous weather prophet of them all.

In fact, it may be possible to link up some of the meetings or all of them for some phases of the program by short wave radio. Thus, thru a modern invention, all the devotees to the groundhog idea could gather as it were under one roof — a condition that materially has been impossible of realization by reason of limited accommodations, in any places of public entertainment hereabouts.

China Hanging on Ropes?

Adoption by the Assembly of United Nations of the resolution stamping Red China as an aggressor nation by reason of its invasion of Korea and waging battle with United Nations troops has gone a little farther, altho not far enough as yet, than mere name-calling.

The resolution makes these points:

1. Decides that Communist China engaged in aggression in Korea.
2. Requests a committee on collective security to study what to do about meeting this agression, but authorizes it to hold up its work if a good offices committee reports progress on a peaceful settlement.
3. Approves creation of the good offices committee to consist of Assembly President Nasrollah Entezam of Iran and two others whom he will name.
4. Calls on the Peiping regime to withdraw its nationals and forces from Korea and to stop fighting U. N. forces.
5. Affirms the determination of the U. N. to continue its action in Korea to meet the aggression.
6. Calls upon all states and authorities not to help the aggressors.

Unless all signs fail and so-called information coming from behind the Chinese curtain proves t be misinformation, then Red China, despite the insolence of Mao, may see fit to do something to sneak out of its present plight — world condemnation.

There are a lot of indications that China should wish to get out with face scratched not more than is absolutely necessary. United Nations' troops have been wreaking terrific damage upon the Chinese forces by air and on the ground. Weather, which has been unkind to our American troops, cannot be any kinder to the Chinese who, furthermore, are not generally so well clothed, shod, fed and otherwise provided for as are our forces. Cold affects our soldiers who do not take care of their feet after getting wet or do not have the facilities at hand to make a change. Cold affects Chinese ears, noses, fingers and hands too. In addition to all this discomfort and harm to Chinese fighting men is disease to which the Chinese are not immune either. If reports be true, then dreaded typhus is debilitating much of the Chinese army and cutting up its regiments even more severely than American artillery and airborne bombs of explosives and fire.

So the apparent withdrawal of the Chinese northward may be of necessity, not the wile which military men have feared. The Chinese may be withdrawing their forces not by reason of smart at being called aggressors nor of desire to conform with United Nation wishes but by reason of dire military necessity.

The situation of the United Nations forces may easily be far more favorable than a lot of American defeatism — an emotion not displayed by General MacArthur — fears it to be.

Cast Out All the Thieves

Northampton county authorities have announced warfare against slot machines of the kind that pay off in cash, a procedure which is of course correct but very well can and should be extended to the machines which, ostensibly at least, pay off in merchandise, and to the punchboards. All are robbers of the people who play them. All are contrary to the law. All should be outlawed and cast out.

One-armed bandits the slot machines have been termed. In truth, they take far more money from the pockets of the American people, and particularly from those who least can afford to be robbed, than do all the armed highwaymen, the skillful pickpockets and the sneakthieves combined.

A current feature article in Collier's will undoubtedly be read by millions of people and many thousands thruout our area. It is an expose of what many may believe is the "lowly" punch board. The writer however shows it is a device that takes over a billion dollars annually out of American pockets and may return as much as one per cent to the players, which one per cent is almost certain to go right back into unsuccessful play to find those lucky numbers.

The writer in Collier's shows how these little boards are "rigged." That is to say, they are sold with a "key" to the location of the very few lucky numbers on the board. With this "key" the proprietor of the establishment, who surreptitiously (in this community at least) offers them for play, can remove the lucky numbers. Unless the board be an absolutely fresh one with no removals, the player will be none the wiser. Even with a fresh board, the chances of the player for winning are as one in several hundred.

There are many very serious phases of this evil. The encouragement to children to play their nickels and cents, some of it budgeted by the child for his lunch, can result in the undernourishment of the child. At the same time the punchboard is rearing a new generation of gamblers who will become bigger players as they grow up. As to adults, the stories of men who spend their paychecks or the family's food money to play these boards without a mite of success are heartbreaking.

The entire business is rotten to the core. Slot machines and punch boards are twin evils and there is no extenuation for either one that may be the lesser in its predatory effects. They benefit only three groups — the manufacturers, the handlers and the public officials who thruout these United States in untold numbers are paid protection money in huge sums out of the fabulous profits of these twin billion dollar businesses.

The Shadow



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Already the United States has made a capital investment of $3,000,000,000 in atomic developments. It is estimated that within a few years, this amount will be doubled. Thomas E. Murray, a member of the Atomic Energy commission, says of this:

". . . Large as this may seem it is ridiculously small when compared with other, less essential national expenditures. For your atomic energy plants and their products are our greatest national asset and cannot be measured in dollars. Piling up gold reserves at Fort Knox will never stop the Communist strategy of world conquest, but stockpiling bomb-level material—material that does not rust like tanks and guns nor become obsolete overnight — may well be the only barrier, outside of prayer, that pan-communism, cannot scale to steal fires to enflame the world."

Interesting Problem

At present, this amazing power is government-owned. Applied to peacetime uses, atomic energy can revolutionize the means of production and distribution. Is the government to own the new power permanently? Then the means of production and distribution will be government-owned. It is an interesting problem to speculate. Shall we purchase atomic energy from the government as folks in cities buy water from municipalities? Such a revolutionary process would bring us socialism, which is essentially government ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange.

Mr. Murray describes these amazing developments:

". . . Jules Verne dreamed that men could penetrate 20,000 leagues under (the sea). He did not in the wildest spasm of his imagination foresee a submarine which could cruise the submerged kingdoms for untold periods without the need of returning to port for refueling. Yet, this is precisely what an atomic submarine will be able to do. The atomic airplane will follow. Aircraft capable of circling the globe for long periods of time without refueling are also within our reach."

Once we are through worrying about Stalin and his Russians, imagine what the application of the principles involved in the atomic submarine and atomic airplane will do to our railroads, automobiles and airplanes! Also, what will the elimination of coal, gas and oil from our economy do? Thomas Murray describes this:

"From present day knowledge we know that stationary nuclear reactors can be loaded with uranium to generate heat for power continuously for periods of years without the necessity of having to look at the fuel gauge.

A New World

It is a new world we are moving into, a world conceived in war that may alter all our ways of life. We can hardly envisage this new life nor what it will do to our environment. But shall we in our new world have new and different ideas about life? Will it make any real difference to us as human beings in our relationship to each other?

The Roman rode a chariot or walked; we have forgotten how to walk. We ride even short distances. We ride planes, buses, trains, automobiles. Our soldiers use jeeps. But have we had a single idea different from the Romans on the fundamentals of life? Confusius never heard of rayon or nylon or any such commodities, but have we progressed far beyond Confucius in his conception of the relations among members of a family? We have general, even universal education, but have we greater wisdom than Job?

None of us shall really live to see what this revolution has wrought, but this we know, that there has been no improvement on the Ten Commandments, which are about 3,500 years old in their present form, and no greater wisdom appears anywhere than in the Sermon on the Mount, which is nearly 20 centuries old.

Few Real Changes

Time marches on but it makes few real, fundamental changes. No matter what our environment or tools, we come back to the same problems of what is right and what is wrong and where we shall restrain ourselves and how we can gain and hold freedom.

Atomic fission has, in a way, shocked this generation by its fearful drama; yet, in essence, its application and discovery can mean no more than the first use of electricity or steam or fire itself. Even as a weapon of war, the dread of it is no longer as horrible as it was after Hiroshima. Man adjusts to everything — and comes out of his fears, still the same man.

(Copyright 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

You will pardon me, please, if I am too, too flustered this morning to write a column dealing with general matters of importance.

What has happened to me is too personally important to let me think of world-events.

What has happened to me shouldn't happen — and probably never will — to a dog!

* * *

On my desk lies a most elegantly conceived and most heavenly-blue mailing piece from Los Angeles.

Or rather, I should say a mailing piece consisting of five pieces, all with the sky-blue (or society-blue) motif.

I opened the envelope in keen anticipation.

In the upper left corner it said "The Committee for the Blue Book, Seven One Five Five Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 6, California."

It did not say 7155, but Seven One Five Five — which, in society, makes all the difference in the world.

* * *

First I found a letter on delicate blue paper, emphasizing the fact that it was a personal letter, although it was multigraphed and only the "My dear Mr. and Mrs. Brandeis" was filled in by typewriter.

This "personal" letter was signed "Thomas Larkin III" — an impressive signature, you must admit — even, if it was a rubber stamp signature. But who knows? Perhaps Mr. Thomas Larkin III in person put on the rubber stamp!

In four pages the letter notified us that "The Committee" had instructed Mr. Larkin III to send us an invitation to be listed in the "Blue Book of America. A Social index of our Foremost Families."

To be entitled to this "honour," (and please note carefully that we "society folks" spell "honour" with a "u"), one must have several qualifications, according to the beautifully printed brochure.

* * *

One must be a leader in our cultural growth.

One must belong to a family "whose mores and customs are identified closely with our basic social structure."

One must signify one's "higher accepted social standards and positions."

One, or one's family, must have "used their properties or income to some degree, in assisting our foundations, arts, education, geographical exploration, and our worthy institutions."

There are a number of other qualifications, too numerous to mention — and there is also a wonderful privilege attached to the invitation:

* * *

We socially elect who have been "honoured" with this invitation — and there are only 30,000 of us, according to the brochure — can save $6.00 from the published price of $24.00 (shipping charges included), or $1.50 more if we send our check now!

* * *

"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Brandeis" are also requested to furnish three pages of "Social Data" including genealogy, family name connections, heraldry and collections.

* * *

On the invitation it says "R.S.V.P.".

For this purpose a blue reply envelope, without stamp, is enclosed.

Since I haven't a stamp handy I shall reply here and now:

"My dear Mr. Larkin III:

Thanks for the honour. But all our genealogical and heraldic records have long ago been chewed up by our late dog Deuce. So we must respectfully decline."

* * *

But can you see why I am too flustered to write a column today?

(Copyright 1951)

Horoscope

Unexpected benefits will probably materialize, so expedite all matters. An infant born today should enjoy robust health and be popular and successful.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ICH DENK OW'R WOS: Yar, ich denk ow'r wos, die leit wissa now mohl wos m'r fer uns hen fer die nagshda sex wock-ols noch mainer winder wedder. Mit 'm fiela umwedder free'r in da woch worra ol shure die Grundsow kaimt heit net rous, dale hen evens bahabt, won sie dade, sot sie ains gongs niver noch Rittersville uf der hivel ganumma werra. Wel, die Grundsow wor housyusht woh un wie, is net fer uns tzu sawga weil m'r des schreiva fer da tzeit fon da Grundsow Lodge Nummer ains on da Lechaw fersommling-un woh die richdicha wedder barichda danovet gewwa werra.

'N lot leit -soicha os net besser wissa-maina allas tzu duh uf Gundsow Dawg wear, fer worta sehna eb die sun sheina dade odder net, noh kent m'r shun sawga wies wedder werra dade fer die nagshda sex wocha. Yar wie hoy os m'r kon. Dawaig wie die Gundsow Lodges hinnich die widdering gaina is 'm lot may datzu wie yusht gucka fer sunna sheina. Evens ae grundsow loch watcha maint nix, ow'r kommittee leit bardich aw g'shteld fer nous gae, hen shier so fiel socha nunner tzu nemma un ous tzu rachla, wie aw is bis m'r fartich is fer 'm Unkle Sam sawga wie fiel eikum tox os m'r 'm shuldich is.

Die wedder barichda missa bei gabrocht werra fon ol da hivla un dailer wohs breeder grundsi hut, darta darrich gonga werra un reports un ols noch mainer reports, ous g'schriva werra, bis es endlich nunner kumt tzu da ainta report, woh ei gadray'd mus werra won die Lodge sich fersomm'ld hut in regelmaesich arder. Fer sella barichda now shun ous gewwa, wear 'n uniglichkeit, un won m'r evens ferleicht rota wot wos g'sawt maich'd werra danovet won der Milt Herber fon Bull Frock un Seipstown die folla barichda gebt, maicht m'r ous da Lodge g'shmissa werra.

Des yohr wors net unser glick fer mit nous gae die Grundsow watcha-'s wor gatzailt m'r sotta owwich Rockdale nous uf 'm Solly Boyer sei bauerrei gae, ow'r der grib is ei garissa un hen net mit gadarft. M'r hen noh gatzailt kot fer der Freddie Newhard shicka, ow'r er shoft uf 'm shtawdt waig un hut net ob nemma darfa, un hen noh der "Shpiegel "Ritter g'frok'd fer unser blotz nemma. 'M "Shpiegel" sei Blanch hut sich noh ow'r gahairich uf gablosa-hut g'sawt der "Shpiegel" wear tzu shteif baenich fer laenich darta on da hivla rum groddla, un er darft net gae, mit ous 's wear ebber shunshd dabei. Endlich hut der Charlie Horwith fershprocha fer mit gae, un sin alla weil drous Fridawg farmie dawg die Grundsow watcha, un gewwa uns die folla barichda so halb nommy dawg, fer ei draya tzum Rawd fon da Lodge.

Ich sawg eich, 's kent ken tzeit sei woh 'n mensch aryer g'shtrof'd kon werra mit 'm grib, os wie tzu Grundsow Lodge tzeit. Geshtrovet hen m'r in Quakertown sei solla, un hen net gae kenna-un woh der Porra Brendle fon Egypt unser blotz ganumma hut. M'r hen so weit ow'r shun ganunk pilla un bree ei ganumma -Dr. Merkles' specials, so os m'r da nommy dawg nous kenna allas helfa in arder griega fer die gross fersommling danovet in da Frolics Ball shtub, Union Boulavard.

So weit os m'r wissa, worra m'r 's aintsich'd ous da drup os ous bumble wor, -wear sel net shrackelmaesich, won noch onnerra der grib grick'd hetta, un m'r hetta danovet hen rechda barichda fer ei draya won die lodge sich fersomm'ld. Unser rote is, halta ich weck fom grib so wohl wie aw fon soicha os die Grundsow ferrochda wolla ols 'n wedder brofate-ich geb ken drei cent fer kens dafon.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won 'n lot leit die welt wwer tzu dawg mainer on die Grundsow un socha wie sel denka dada, wear 'n lot wenicher aeland un druvel gaeich wos m'r so hen.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:105, 130

In yesterday's lesson Jesus was spoken of as a 'light' to lighten the Gentiles, who had been living in spiritual darkness. God had called Abraham, so that through his descendants, Israel, the Gentiles might be blessed with the revelation given to Abraham, and, in the course of time, to the prophets. What God thus gave to His people became the Word of God (the Law of the Lord), which in its complete form, the Old and the New Testaments, is the light in which individuals and nations who accept it are walking. 'Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' And this light we need, because the world as a whole, is morally dark. The difference between 'enlightened' nations and those whose people are backward, illiterate, and immoral is merely in that the latter do not have the Word or are not allowed to read it. Here is the reason for the Christian missionary movement, for 'the entrance of Thy Word giveth light.' The printed Bible in the language of the people always accompanies a real Christian missionary to the field. We can never praise the work of the American Bible society too highly.



THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS AND GRAPE CULTURE

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

A CLOSE observer visiting the ancestral home of the Pennsylvania Germans along the Rhine finds many customs and habits that remind him of Pennsylvania, but the differences are greater than the likenesses. The greatest difference lies in the extensive vineyards, of which there are none in Pennsylvania. On first thought this seems very odd, but a quick glance at the history of grape growing in America shows a number of good reasons why the Pennsylvania Germans completely abandoned an industry in which most of their ancestors were skilled. Certainly it was not from lack of desire, or failure to see the possibilities, or lack of effort that grapes were never successfully grown for wine on a commercial scale. For more than a hundred and fifty years sporadic efforts were made to raise grapes and produce wine, but all failed for the same reasons.

Foremost, and the main reason why all these efforts failed, is the fact that everybody insisted on growing Old World varieties which could not be grown successfully in America. Second, was a complete reversal of living conditions as far as land and labor were concerned. Germany was a country of plenty of labor and a scarcity of land. America was just the reverse, a condition not conducive to the cultivation of a crop that requires much manual labor like raising grapes. The Pennsylvania Germans were "subsistence farmers," that is, each family had to work to raise sufficient crops for its own immediate use. Even though the families were large there was not enough labor available for commercial farming of any kind. Their English neighbors, who came from a non-wine producing country, planted apple orchards and drank cider. The German settlers quickly saw the advantage of this, as apple orchards, before the increase of insect pests and diseases, required little or no attention. After the first generation our ancestors all but forgot the continental custom of drinking wine.

When America was discovered native grapes grew in abundance and at a very early date efforts were made to grow them in vineyards and make wine. However, in their unimproved state wild grapes did not make a wine that appealed to the European palate. All the early efforts to make wine from native grapes were abandoned, mostly because of the problem of labor and the competition with Madeira, Lisbon and Bordeaux wines for which there was a decided preference in the markets of Philadelphia and other cities. American grapes were not developed into suitable cultivated varieties until after 1820, by which time the third and fourth generations of Pennsylvania Germans had come along and the Rhineland was only a memory to those of the original settlers who were still living.

These, and other minor reasons, tell why Pennsylvania never became a wine country. Certainly it was not because, as some one suggested, the religious groups of Pennsylvania were too strongly opposed to alcoholic drink. On the contrary, the Pennsylvania German's reputation for sobriety has not always been an enviable one. Schoepf, in his travels in 1783, found the tavern at Wind Gap full of farmers drinking "cider eil" on a Sunday when they should have been in church. In Lancaster County alone, in 1830, there were 183 distilleries. At the same time in one township in Lehigh County there were eight legal apple jack stills, to say nothing of the "home distilling" that was going on. A congregation in Lehigh County included three and a half gallons of "brandwein" in the cost of repairing their church and paid for "die Bottel die ihm verbrochen wurde." The numerous books on how to make Branntwein, which appeared from the German press of Pennsylvania, are an indication of the popularity of that drink. On the other hand, there is evidence of some early temperance movements. Charles Cist in 1783 printed a translation of an early Quaker temperance booklet under the title "Branntwein und Verderben." Also the evangelistic church groups helped to improve conditions considerably, but these did not grow rapidly until after 1830, and in fact these movements had no effect on grape growing, as the making of grape wine was advocated to lessen the evils of distilled liquors.

A short review of the history of grape growing and wine making in America is necessary to understand the part the Pennsylvania German played in this history, even though his part was a relatively minor one.

Grapes and grape wine were so important in the economy of the Old World that the abundance of wild grapes and the possibilities of wine making in the New World made a great impression on all early discoverers, explorers and settlers. There is an old legend that a German, named Tyrker, accompanied the Norsemen. One day, after being missing for several hours, he returned laden down with wild grapes. He was in a joyful mood because the grapes reminded him of his homeland. Whereupon Leif, the leader of the Norsemen, is said to have called the newly discovered land "Vinland."

There is hardly a book of early exploration and travel that does not mention the wild grapes that seem to have grown abundantly everywhere. Some of the tales would seem unbelievable were they not substantiated by reliable botanic observers. For instance, there was a vine six feet in diameter and spread out over the tops of four large forest trees, twenty or thirty bushels of grapes on one vine were common, etc. All these stories were played up in the literature circulated in Europe, intended to promote emigration to America. William Penn's letter to the Free Society of Traders (1683) spoke of the fox grapes and said they needed only cultivation to make excellent wine, and told of his intention "to venture on it with my French man this season, who shews some knowledge of these things." In his "A Further Account of Pennsylvania" (1685), which was printed in German for circulation in the Rhineland, he said "upon the experience of some French people" the wild grape would, if cultivated, produce an excellent wine. Gabriel Thomas in "An Historical and Geographical Account of Pennsylvania and of New Jersey" (1698) lauded the "choice wine, being daily cultivated by skilful vinerons." Joris Wertmuller wrote home from Germantown (1684) "you can find as many wild grapes as you wish, but no one troubles himself to look after their safety or take care of them. The vines bear so many bunches that from one vine many hundreds of bottles of wine should be made." Pastorius in his "Sichere Nachricht" (1684) which was circulated in Germany wrote "after I had on October 24th laid out the town of Germantown and on the 25th had gone back there with seven others, we found on the way a wild grape-vine, running over a tree, on which were some four hundred clusters of grapes, whereupon we then hewed down the tree and satisfied all eight of us and took home with us a hatful apiece besides." Further on he said "William Penn intends very especially to establish weaving and vine culture. Send us, therefore, when you have a good opportunity some good vines of whose bearing there will be no doubt." That there were high hopes for Germantown as a wine producing center is further evidenced by the fact that they adopted as a motto "Vinum Linum et Textrinum."

Of course Penn's experiment and the Germantown vineyards were failures and were soon forgotten. As our ancestors, from a country where the vine grew only under careful cultivation, journeyed inland from Philadelphia to their new homes, the sight of wild grape-laden vines must have filled their hearts with the fondest hopes, only to be doomed to disappointment.

One of the first to mention the impracticability of vineyards in the pioneer settlements of Pennsylvania was Gottlieb Mittelberger in his "Reise nach Pennsylvanien im Jahr 1750" (1756):

> "In Pennsylvania, as throughout North America from Acadia to Mexico, plenty of wild black and white vines may be seen, which grow in the forests around the oak trees and along the hedges. Many a vine is at the bottom as thick as a tree, and it often is so full of grapes that the boughs of the trees bend beneath them. In the blossom time the grapes have a very strong odor, and in October they are ripe. They make some wine of them, but it costs much sugar. Large quantities of grapes are taken to the market of Philadelphia. Such grapes would be much better if the vines were cut as in Europe; but as the people live so far apart, and as the wild animals and birds would do much injury to the vines, there will be no vine growing for a long time to come . . . The Germans who have migrated to America miss many good things there, the Wurtembergers and the Rhinelanders especially the generous juice of the grape."

Peter Kalm, the noted Swedish botanist and traveller, a contemporary of Mittelberger, asked John Bartram, the famous Philadelphia botanist, about the lack of grape culture and Bartram told him "the necessary labor was too scarce and it was therefore more rational to make agriculture their chief employment." Kalm added an opinion of his own "that the wine which is pressed out of most of the North American wild grapes is sour and sharp and has not nearly such an agreeable taste as that which is made from European grapes."

As long as there were new arrivals from Germany every year the efforts to grow grapes were kept alive, but the average farmer soon learned that with clearing the forest and with trying to raise the necessary food and flax and wool for his family he had his hands full. The French and Indian War and the Revolutionary War put a stop to mass immigration for almost a generation and during that time whatever grape growing there was in Pennsylvania completely disappeared. The two most careful observers who travelled through Pennsylvania German territory during the post-Revolution period were Johann David Schoepf (**Reise durch einige der mittlern and suedlichen vereinigten nord-Amerikanischen Staaten, etc., in den Jahren 1783 and 1784.** Erlangen, 1788) and Theophile Cazenove (**Journal, 1794**). Cazenove was an agent for the Holland Land Company and made careful observations of all farm activities. He observed neglected vineyards in New Jersey, near Easton, but neither Schoepf nor Cazenove mentioned any grapes among the Pennsylvania Germans.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DER SCHNEE MANN

Es schdeht en Mann so schdrack un weiss
In unserm Hof, darch Schnee un Eis
Am Paad denewe;
Er brauch ken Haus un waerd net kalt,
En alder Mann, doch waerd net alt,
Wie im Lewe.

En grosser Kopp, en langi Naas,
Sehnt schier aus wie 'Santy' Klaas,
Un graad so dick;
Sei Kleeder sin vun Schnee gemacht,
Er schdeht so ruhich, macht ken Yacht,
Un schwetzt net z'rick.

Setzt uff seim Kopp en alder Hut,
Draagt en Besem wu kehrt net gut,
Im Maul en Peif;
Er brauch ken Hitz, er frogt ken Schpeiss,
Er waerd net darschdich unserweis,
Er's kalt wie Reif.

Kohle machen Knepp un Aage,
Er guckt gut, ich kann dir saage,
Doch scheint er mir
So bleech un weiss un unne Schmuck;
Im Mondhell guckt er wie en Schpuck—
Varschreckt em schier.

Dart schdeht er dann so schdeif un weiss
In unserm Hof, darch Schnee un Eis,
Wie'n alder Block;
Noh kummt en Daag waerd's bissel waarm,
Dann fallt der Besem vun seim Aarm,
Die Knepp vum Rock.

Schwecher waerd er, wie im Lewe,
Kann sei Kopp ball nimmi hewe,
Wie die Schdolse;
Un in re Woch, vleicht bissel meh,
Iss unser scheener Mann vun Schnee
All varschmolse.

8. Feb. 1934 —RALPH S. FUNK

EN GUDER BAUER

"Guder Bauer mit de Sens,
Wie verkaafscht du heit dei Gens?
So-iche ass mei Maage droscht—
Ich gleich sie gfillt un brau geroscht."

"Hab scheene Gens, sin all gans weiss,
Verkaaf sie heit am gleene Preis;
Sie gehn bei Lewe odder gschlacht,
Wie du sie gleichscht so waerd's gemacht;
Es erscht der Kopp un noh es Gnick,
Un's iwwerich geht noh Schdick bei Schdick.

Es neegscht bescht Schdick, des sin die Fiess,
Es Fleesch dart draa iss zaart un siess;
'S iss ebbes Gudes, wann 'd sie hoscht,
Die gewwich dir an wennich Koscht;
Wann die gekocht sin, ei du ye!
Du wotscht, du hettscht en duzend meh."

1949 —D. GEO. KNECHT

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Editorials

Keep Cool Tho Siren Wails

Some time this afternoon between the hours of 2 and 4, or tomorrow afternoon (same hours), or both, sirens in this community and surrounding country will wail the first air raid warning test to be sounded for our people in the current emergency, which is preparation for what is feared may become a very real emergency.

It is to be emphasized that today's and tomorrow's demonstration is merely a "test" and that there is no apparent danger of an air raid by enemy forces. At least this is the national hope and prayer.

Accordingly the public is asked by our civilian defense coordinator, Judge James F. Henninger, to keep a cool head and behave rationally. In fact, the public is asked to do just nothing about all the noise and perhaps some excitement in those areas where members of the organized civilian defense units are springing into action. Judge Henninger, and leaders in this defense program thruout the State, want to know how the defense units are functioning. The test is to provide the answer.

However the public can do one thing, as Judge Henninger suggests. It can do some sound and earnest thinking. Such thinking should be along the lines of what would and should be done in the event that the sirens had sounded an alarm against a real and an imminent attack.

This is the kind of mental and emotional training that can be begun by the public today or tomorrow, or both, when the sirens suggest that attack by enemy planes is the opening gun in an undeclared but very positive and determined war by a bitter and powerful enemy.

People's Vote to Decide

There can be no quarrel with City Council's decision to submit the matter of issuing bonds to cover the cost of swimming pools and bath houses at Cedar Beach and Jordan Park to a vote by the people at the forthcoming primary elections. In a democracy there never can be complaints when the people are asked to decide for themselves exactly what they wish to do and to have done for them by their elected public officials.

Hitherto there had apparently been little question as to the desirability, the virtual necessity for these long-desired improvements. In fact, the matter of a Cedar Beach improvement has been hanging fire so long that there was a great public sigh of relief when Councilman Alexander Peters announced decision to build a pool and bathhouse there at long last.

There is little doubt that tremendously increased building costs have shocked members of City Council. This also gave impetus to a good deal of privately expressed opinion that a referendum would be in order.

Council has so decided and, inasmuch as the improvements could not have been completed this summer under present conditions even if contracts were awarded today, it would appear that no practical delay will be occasioned by submitting the question to popular vote.

Liners to Outrun Subs

In the undoubted preparations which Russia is making for war, one of the most disturbing factors is her almost certain possession of the greatest number of submarines owned by any one nation today.

It is known that Russia took over the Germans' submarine shipyards on the Baltic after the war and that with them went a lot of the engineers responsible for advanced German design in the field of submarines. It is also believed that a lot of officers of the German navy, who were trained in submarine handling and warfare, were given jobs by the Russians. Many estimates have been made about the strength of the Russians as to submarines. Just about all agree that they must have well over three hundred operating vessels, altho it is believed that as few as thirty or so are modern in that they are equipped with schnorkels.

The point of course in all such preparations is that the foes which Russia is likely to pick out or which will make a war upon her are those with huge merchant marine organizations. A war against Russia, no matter where it may be waged, will require the ships in these merchant marine services for the transportation of men and arms. Russian subs can be expected to be awaiting merchant ships just about everywhere on the Seven Seas. Having virtually no merchant marine, Russia is not vulnerable at that point. Time may come again, as it was during World War II, that the Atlantic will have to be "bridged" with ships.

There is apother approach to this submarine problem and, if Russia be dissuaded from striking too soon, it may be the answer to the menace of the sub.

This is the construction of cargo ships fast enought to outrun an enemy sub, no matter how modern, and be able to operate without convoy as the fast liners did during the recent war.

Congress already has voted $350,000,000 to build fifty greyhounds of the sea, ships 575 feet in length with a speed up to 22 knots. They are to be designed to carry troops and move without escort but protected by helicopters which can take off from the decks, scout the seas for miles around the ship and drop bombs upon any subs that may be sighted either on the surface, or submerged.

There is no disposition on the part of the military planners to operate ships in convoys, first for protection and secondly on the theory that if attack come, some ships will get thru. That was the theory ten years ago and thousands of ships went to the bottom under German sub attack.

Chain Stores Profit

American housewives, and all other members of their families who discuss food prices more nowadays than any other family topic, know better than our governmental bureaus who announce "Cost of Living" indices that prices of food have risen to heights that threaten the family at its very foundations.

There can be no surprise therefore anywhere that the current war scare, the inflation of food prices and a lot of "scare buying" has resulted in extraordinary rise in the sales volume of chain food stores thruout the country. It is not indicated that the smaller, neighborhood shops have suffered from this but it is likely that it is so, and that the myriads of small shopkeepers, who are an important part of the American economy, are hurt badly in the process.

Chain Store Age magazine in a recent survey of sales, covering 103 food chains, operating 16,241 stores, revealed a national average sales increase of 15.8 per cent in December, 1950, compared with December, 1949.

All regions registered increases in December, 1950, Chain Store Age reported, with the East Central states leading the nation with an 18.8 per cent gain over December of the preceding year. The West Central and the Middle Atlantic regions each showed a gain of 16.7 per cent.

The Southeast gained 14.0 per cent, and the Mountain states were close behind with a 13.9 per cent increase. New England and the Pacific Coast showed increases of 12.3 per cent and 12.2 per cent respectively, while the Southwest registered an 11.7 per cent gain in sales.

In another line, that of chain drug stores, somewhat similar, tho not so pronounced, increases have been noted as to sales.

On a nationwide average basis, sales by these stores in December were 6.1 per cent higher than in the previous year. A report based on information from 68 chains operating 1925 stores show such increase.

The West Central states reported sales 7.1 per cent higher in December, 1950, than in the same month of the preceding year. Close behind in sales increases were the Southwest states, with a 7.0 per cent gain for the period, the East Central region, with a 6.9 per cent increase, and the Middle Atlantic states, with a 6.8 per cent rise in sales for December, 1950, compared with December, 1949.

Both the Mountain region and the Southeast region reported gains of 4.3 per cent for the month. The Pacific Coast registered a 2.3 per cent increase, and the New England states a 0.7 per cent gain.

Pull for the Shore



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

The build-up of American military power in Korea plus a well-coordinated operation has turned the tide there. United Nations forces can stay in Korea indefinitely. Without enlarging the area of hostilities beyond Korea to include the territory of China itself, the UN armed services can inflict such damaging losses on the Communist Chinese as to raise seriously the question of whether the Red Chinese will wish or be able to stay in Korea.

Far Different Story

This is a far different story than the American people were hearing a few weeks ago when a wave of defeatism swept this country. Even now there are insidiously disparaging suggestions broadcast that the UN forces are not winning because of military prowess but because typhus and disease are decimating the ranks of the enemy.

Somehow there are defeatists who would rather have everybody believe that the UN forces are incapable of overcoming the Red Chinese. Thus, the facts about what is happening in Korea have run up against a counter - propaganda which would have the nation believe that the Korean war is bound to go against us.

The impression that the UN forces had a tough fight on their hands was, of course, intensified by the withdrawal that occurred in November just after Red China sent its big armies across the Yalu river. Some dispatches talked about the danger of being "pushed off the peninsula." But in the Pentagon building here, there was no such defeatism at any time. It was recognized that a decision whether to stay or withdraw might become political in UN circles but that, if it remained a military question only, then the UN forces could inflict severe punishment on the enemy for a long time to come.

In these dispatches on Dec. 27, this correspondent, referring to the completion of the evacuation of the Hungnam beachhead, stated that the decision to stay in Korea had been made many days before and that this meant the fight would be carried on intensively by air power and ground power and that severe punishment would be inflicted on the enemy.

Mighty Demonstration

Since then, there has been a mighty demonstration of what can be done by the Army with artillery and tanks and by the Air Force with its fire bombs, aided by battleship, cruiser and destroyer bombardments and the destructive raids by planes from naval aircraft carriers. The most important step taken, of course, has been the uniting of the two UN armies under Gen. Ridgway's command — a plan that Gen. MacArthur had formulated before Gen. Walker was killed. Another effective step is the use of an intensive method, introduced by Gen. Ridgway, to clean out guerrillas behind the UN lines.

But notwithstanding these constructive achievements and the fact that the enemy has been gradually pushed back, propagandists have been feeding the American people the rumors that actually the Red Chinese were falling back voluntarily so as to aid the peace negotiations. It seems as if every reason is always suggested by hostile critics except the simple truth, which is that the UN forces, largely American, have been giving the enemy a terrible licking.

Illustrating this point comes a Tokyo dispatch in the last 24 hours that an official spokesman remarked: "Do you realize that the 4,880 casualties we inflicted yesterday represents more casualties than the entire allied army suffered on D-Day in Europe?"

Not all the pinpricks against the American Army have come from enemy sources. Some of the British press have disparaged the effectiveness of American troops and have been particularly critical of Gen. MacArthur, notwithstanding the fact that he led his armies victoriously to the Yalu river and cleaned out the North Korean Army only to meet a new situation when the Chinese Reds intervened.

Don't Recognize Parallel

Now that the Communist Chinese are getting an awful beating, there is more talk from defeatist quarters suggesting that the UN troops must not cross the 38th parallel. Actually the UN forces do not recognize such a parallel as in existence any more. They will move north toward strategically defensible positions and whether this carries them a few miles north or south of the old imaginary line is not a problem that concerns the military. Nor will it concern the UN, whose orders are to gight the aggressors within Korean territory. For the present, the UN forces have plenty to do in harassing the Red Chinese armies — and that will be the rule until the Communist regime cries out for a "cease fire" that means surrender to a UN control of all Korea.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DRILLER DRUVEL: So g'shwind os Seiberlingsville paar mainer eiwohner hut mit paar mainer gabeier mit driller fer die dierra tzu halta, wolla m'r wetta os es 'n neier ombtsmon gebt in da gagend—'n driller inshpecktor. Net long tzurick hut shunna mohl aenie driller druvel kotta in selra gagend, un now ferhoftich sei huts da Libbie Eberts da onner dawg aw ei g'shloga. Sellie onner hut sich in der hinkle shtol g'shlosse, un die Libbie—wel die Libbie wor mohl shure net im hinkle shtol, sie wor imma onnerra gabei woh aw 'n driller on da dier is.

'S wor 'n keeler dawg, doch net nagshd on noll, odder die Libbie het ferleicht fiela aryer gayohl'd fer rous wie sie so hut. Doch won m'r mohl fer 'n shtun odder so dies tzeit fom yohr in so'n glainer koshda 'gshpart is die lut drunna, un kon net rous—sel is ganunk fer aenich ebber ungaduldich mocha. Noh wears noch besser gawest won neia tzeitinga rum gawest wear, ow'r allas darta tzu laisa wor shtae alt, un fer die wohret tzu sawga, 's kumt aw net tzu fiel helling darrich so'n glainer halb mond in da dier nei. Sie wor uf kours laenich drin, un hut blenty blotz kot fer hucka, un fer blauderra hut sie niemond gabreich'd—sel hut die Libbie ol selwar duh kenna, won sie aw ferleicht ken so grafticha werta gayus'd hut wie die nochbers fraw kartz dafor im hinkle shtol.

Wel aenicha waig, der wind mus der driller rum gadray'd howwa, onnishders kons net sei. Won winscha 'n uf kours rum draya het kenna, het die Libbie langshd rous gakent eb so—un wear aw ferleicht fer paar dawg danoh net so rau helsich gawest wies hais'd os sie so wor. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Libbie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns. Unser rote wear, die Libbie sot mohl gae fer der fendu groyer Alton Knerr on Lanark p'sucha. Der Alton hut aw so'n driller gabei, ow'r hut die socha gamocht os m'r der driller shoffa kon fon inside rous, so wohl wie aw fon outside nei.

TZU FIEL HITZ: So kalt os es die ledshda paar dawg wor, wolla m'r wetta os der Hen Reitz fon Ironton froh wor fer die tzwae heaters uf seinra mashine. Ow'r wons wedder eisht galind is—noh boova nevelds.

'M Hen sei Mary hut shun long gagnutter'd—hut gore net sehna kenna ferwos sie immer so'n kalter si shtol fon ra mashine hetta won sie shpotzierra gae wotta. Sis fershtohna os es Hens' ordlich drous rum kessla, ebs wedder shae odder wiesht is, nix halt sie tzurick.

Der Hen hut uf kours aw shun fer 'n longie tzeit gawist os der heater uf ihra mashine net recht shoft, un doh weil tzurick ous gamocht fer noch 'n onnerer heater druf duh—un wie aw hut. Glei wors wunnerbore hase uf da mashine—so hase os sies bol net shtanda hen kenna, un hen's airsht gamaint 's wear der nei heater os die hitza shmeissa dade. Ow'r wie der Hen mohl recht gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won der alt un der nei heater net alla bait bol rote gleadich worra, un hut now 'n lot may hitz uf da mashine os notewenich.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der airsht Somshdawg im Augusht is widder die tzeit fer der Hudson nuf gae—odder woh ever os es manshd garn onna wotta mit unserra nagshda Pennsylfawnish Deitscha train un boat exkursion.

War mainer wissa wil fon da exkursion blawns, hoericha morya nei iwwer WHOL om fartel noch da tzwelfa, won m'r uf da luft sin.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It's much too early to think of next Christmas.

Many of us have not even exchanged all our-to-be-exchanged presents as yet, and all the thank-you letters have not yet been written.

But, nevertheless, I want to ask you to put something for Christmas 1951 on your calendar —or, better still, in your heart.

I have just received a letter from a lady who lives in a hotel in Hollywood, Calif.

She is quite apparently a cultured lady, and, to judge by the hotel in which she lives, she is not poor nor is she rich.

I should say she is about average in worldly goods.

After paying me a very much appreciated compliment about my column in general, she writes:

"....and I want to tell you how much I appreciated your recent article on the great killer of humanity—'the uselessness of advanced age.'

"Never did I think when young what a tragedy it would be to grow old. Not so much from the financial standpoint, as there are hundreds of millionaires who experience that uselessness and unwanted position.

"You cannot buy friendship, honesty and companionship. It is terrible to have that feeling that no one cares a hoot about what you do or what becomes of you.

"It is that which drives so many people to drinking or associating with undesirables,—or perhaps to the desperate stage of jumping off a high bridge.

"I was very active during the other two wars. Now that I am old my blood isn't even wanted.

"During the just passed festive holidays the public was so kindly looking after the unfortunate children, the poor families and the veterans (who should certainly head the list).

"But down at the very bottom of the list there should at least be some thought for the thousands of old people who are all alone.

"There should be some decent place where they could associate with one another, especially a dining room. No one likes to eat alone at any time, least of all on holidays.

"Probably nothing will be done about this.

"But I can dream, can't I?"

* * *

Why should this be only a dream? Why can't it be made into a reality?

And, come to think of it, why must we wait until next Christmas? Why not get started on something now?

Hardly a day passes that you and I are not asked to contribute to some charity.

Have you ever noticed that very, very seldom we are ever specifically asked to give anything for the old people?

Certainly we should contribute to heart funds, to cancer funds, to the Red Cross.

But of all the diseases on this earth the most incurable one is old age.

The only wonder drug for that is kindness, sympathy and understanding. While this drug cannot cure, it can at least ease the pain.

Let us do that much for our old folks. Let us remember that it is the one disease that normally none of us can escape.

(Copyright 1951)

Horoscope

A successful business career and happy social life are envisioned for your next year. An eventful and successful life is probable for the child born today.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 25:31-46

With no intention to exegete this passage, we call attention to the positive (v. 40) and negative (v. 45) aspect of it; a reward for doing what was right, but punishment for not doing it. This brings up the matter of sins of commission and of omission, for, as in our lesson, the failure to do what should have been done was severely punished. It reminds us of the story of a lad who came to school one morning and asked his teacher whether it was right to punish a person for something he had not done. Of course not, said the teacher, that would not be fair. The lad then told the teacher that he felt much relieved, because he had not done his lesson! To be in the will of God is peace of mind and heart. To be conscious of ever having said No to God will always maaendistrubed con -T always mean a distrubed conscience and a troubled mind. To seek to know God's will and then to do it, is always the secret of a happy life. Paul's question: 'Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do?' should be the one question every Christian lass and lad should ask as they begin life's journey. And to him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.



THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS AND GRAPE CULTURE

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH
(CONTINUED)

A renewed interest in the culture of grapes occurred around the turn of the 19th century, which eventually led to the development of suitable varieties of native grapes. The revolution in France had driven to America large numbers of citizens of that country and in nearly every instance this renewed effort at grape growing and wine producing was by a Frenchman. These newcomers had to learn all over again the lesson of the early settlers, namely that European grapes would not grow in America. One of these men, Peter Legaux, should be mentioned here in particular because his activities received such wide attention that they must have been known to every Pennsylvanian. Legaux organized a company for the growing of grapes and the making of wine at Spring Hill, Montgomery County, near Philadelphia. His company was chartered by the legislature of Pennsylvania in 1793. He was a "promoter" of the first order and his prospectus painted his venture in the rosiest colors. His only trouble was that he insisted on planting Old World varieties. In 1800 it is said his company had 18,000 producing vines and a hundred thousand cuttings. Because of his prejudice the whole venture was a failure and some years later the property was sold by the sheriff with a total loss to all stockholders. The only good that came out of this venture was a new grape called the "Cape," which Legaux claimed he imported from Cape of Good Hope, but which all authorities agree was really a variety of native American grape—the first of its kind successfully developed.

The "Cape" grape was the basis of the partial success of the French-speaking Swiss colony at Vevay, Indiana, a few years later, and the success of Vevay indirectly led to the establishing of the vineyards at Cincinnati by Nicholas Longworth. Longworth operated his vineyards with German labor imported for that purpose, leasing tracts of about ten acres to a family, with the whole family working in the vineyard in Old World fashion. These vineyards were completely successful for more than a quarter of a century, the best years coming just before the Civil War.

Andre Parmentier and Alphonse Loubat were Frenchmen, both of whom had vineyards on Long Island, New York. Both of them also operated nurseries for the sale of grape stock, and they are mentioned here only because their stock was sold among Pennsylvania farmers, particularly in Lancaster County. Loubat published a book "The American Vine Dresser's Guide," one of the early books in America on this subject.

The success of the Cincinnati vineyards was accomplished mostly through planting Catawba and Isabella grapes, both developed from the native American fox grape. The Catawba grape had been discovered in 1820 by John Adlum, a member of an old colonial family from Frederick County, Maryland. Adlum had petitioned the Congress of the United States for help in his experiments but when unsuccessful in this he carried on the work of his own account at Georgetown, District of Columbia. In 1823 he published a book "The Cultivation of the Vine" in which he boastfully claimed that his discovery of the Catawba grape was equal in value to paying off the national debt. The Catawba grape was indeed important, perhaps not so much in itself but it led others on to developing numerous American grapes, many with temporary success but others are still grown today.

There is only one more venture that must be mentioned here and that is the grape-growing colony at Hermann, Missouri. This is mentioned because Reverend Johannes Helffrich, Doctors Hering and Woesselheft and others in Pennsylvania who attempted a wine making experiment in Weisenberg, were among those interested in th Hermann settlement. Part of the story of Hermann is told in a book which was sold throughout Pennsylvania, "The Cultivation of the Native Grapes and the Manufacture of American Wine" by George Husmann (1866), which is still sometimes found in Pennsylvania German attics. William A. Helffrich in his "Lebensbild" gives an excellent description of Hermann which he visited in September, 1847, at a time when they were celebrating their annual "Weinfest" in typical Rhineland fashion.

With all these activities elsewhere in the United Staets, it could not be otherwise but that here should also be a revival of inerest in Pennsylvania. This revival was further stimulated by a renewed immigration from Germany, among whom were men who kept alive the German press of Pennsylvania and who printed at least half a dozen books on grape growing and wine making.

In 1809 Christian Jacob Huetter published at Easton a small book, "Unterricht fuer Amerikanische Bauern, Weinberge anzulegen und zu unterhalten." This was fourteen years before the Adlum book (mentioned above) was published. Adlum's book has heretofore been mentioned by writers on horticulture as the first book on grape culture in America. Also from the Huetter press, in 1829, came a 57-page book, "Das Ganze des Weinbaus und der Wein-Bereitung nebst einem Anhang . . . . von Wilhelm zur Megede." "Der verbesserte praktische Weinbau in Gaerten und vorwueglich auf Weinbergen" was a book printed in Reading in 1829, dedicated to American grape growers. Also from Reading, undated but probably in the 1820's, came a book called "Kurzgefasste Anweisung ueber Weingaerten, mit besonderen Ruecksicht auf die Vereinigten Staaten von einem praktischen teutschen." A similar undated volume, but of about the same period, was called "Unterricht fuer die Amerikanische Bauern, Weinberge anzulegen, von erfahren deutschen Weingaertner." At Lebanon, in 1810, Sage published his "Goldgrube," one edition of which contains an appendix on grapes and wine making. The German newspapers, too, were continually publishing articles on the subject during this period.

All this activity on the part of the German press shows that there was much more interest in grape growing through the Pennsylvania German country than is now generally remembered. Hedrick, in his "Grapes of New York," traces the origin of a number of varieties to York and Lancaster counties where the interest first was the greatest. Among the leaders in York County was Thomas Eichelberger who, in 1818, began on a small scale and was so successful that his neighbors followed his lead and York became one of the first successful grape-growing centers in the United States. A grape associated with his success was called the "York Madeira," which is said to have been the same as the "Cape" already mentionel. The Catawba and Isabella were also planted extensively around York. Another successful grower was Charles Barnitz who is mentioned in Gordon's Gazetteer (1832), which says of York County, "the cultivation of the vine has been carried on in this county with great and growing success."

In Lancaster County the Susquehanna grape was discovered and propagated by a Mr. Deininger in 1827. In Berks and Lebanon counties, in spite of all the literature, the first successes must have been temporary. Rupp in his "History of Berks and Lebanon" (1844) makes detailed mention of agricultural and horticultural products but mentions no grapes whatsoever. However, in 1853, the U.S. Patent Office report said "in the neighborhood of Reading on the Schuylkill the Catawba and Isabella grapes do well." In Lebanon, one of the leaders was Samuel Miller, who was also the publisher of "Ceres" (1839), the first German farm journal in America. Miller developed two new varieties—the "Martha" grape and the "Louisa" grape, both of which received recognition in Downing's "The Fruit and Fruit Trees of America." The U.S. Patent Office report for 1858 mentions the "Orwigsburg" grape as very popular at that time and the "Maxatawny" grape, developed by Jacob Levan of Eagle Point, Berks County, which was first brought to notice that year. There is a tradition that Jacob Levan, the first, who settled in Maxatawny about 1734 had a vineyard at that early date. William Waring's "The Fruit Growers Handbook" (1851) mentions the success of a "Mr. Zieber of Reading" who has made 42 gallons of pure grape wine from one Isabella vine, in a season," an amount which at $1.50 per gallon and six percent interest would make the one vine worth $1050. These are typical examples of which one finds mention of Pennsylvania German grape growers, scattered through various sources.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SAAME

Hoscht du dei Lewe draa gedenkt,
Wie in Nadur geht nix vermengt?
Es macht nix aus, was mer varwaahrt,
Schlagt alles aus sei eegni Aart.

Dart schloft der Saame in de Aerd,
Wachst zum Schdock un iss varmehrt;
Karne klee un uffgedrickelt
Hen Lewe in de Schaal gewickelt.

Un 's macht nix aus wie mer browiert,
Un was die Sach mer zamme riehrt;
Mir hen noch net gelernt so weit
Es Lewe mache, wu im Saame leit.

'S iss gschpassich aa, im gleiche Grund
Wachst deel Sach klee, deel gross un rund;
Deel Blumme rot un ann're blo,
Deel geel un scheckich, weiss un gro.

So'n kleeni Sach, un doch so gross,
Ken Obscht, ken Frucht, ken Graas, ken Beem,
Wu macht die Welt uns so genehm.

'S iss wunnerbaar wie alles schafft
Far unser Lewe, Gut un Kraft;
Un wie oft geht es uns vargesse,
All der Sege uns gemesse.

21. Mai 1934 —RALPH S. FUNK

BOOK REVIEW

MYSTICISM IN THE GERMAN DEVOTIONAL LITERATURE OF COLONIAL PENNSYLVANIA. By F. Ernst Stoeffler. Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society (1949). Volume XIV, 1950; pages 195; Schiechters, Allentown, Pa.—$5.

While this work is not a child of my own borning I feel very keenly a part of this study of Pennsylvania German mysticism because it has been a lifelong interest and, primarily, because it was my pleasure to introduce Doctor Stoeffler to this largely untapped field of research when he was a graduate student of mine at Temple University. He has done a very thorough study and very fairly presents the life and religious spirit of these people.

Doctor Stoeffler found the material so abundant that for his doctoral dissertation he limited the field to colonial Pennsylvania; it is devoutly to be hoped that he will continue to probe the sources, ever more widely distributed, during the next 75-year period. In the preparation of this work the author was helped immeasurably by Doctor Wilbur H. Oda, whose extended supplement to the bibliographical work of Oswald Seidensticker provided the guide to the literature available. All students of this field wait hopefully for the publication of Doctor Oda's work.

Mysticism is much older than Christianity and is known in every period of Christian history, notably in those periods when Christianity has been at its best. Very correctly, then, the author gives his first chapter to a consideration of the meaning of mysticism. Here he shows a familiarity with the best literature available. In the nature of the case 18 pages is hardly an adequate space in which to portray the true and full meaning of mysticism, but Stoeffler does here a rather remarkably thorough analysis of the European conception of mysticism, carefully documented from the source out of which its American counterpart developed.

The weakest point of perspective here, as well as in the later treatment in the American scene, is the lack of material on the Reformed pietism, characteristic of the Zwinglians and Calvinists, in Holland and the Rhineland. The author does mention some of these Calvinists but only as among the reading of Tersteegen (p.104).

The second chapter is devoted to the religious background of colonial mysticism. In 23 pages the author sets out in sharp relief the various centers of religious mysticism in Europe, even including the often forgotten Wittgenstein center of the Dunker movement. Here again, however, Stoeffler forgets Herborn (this Reformed center is entirely forgotten except for a passing reference on p. 93) and the Leyden scholars who lay back of it. The other centers of European pietism are so well and sympathetically set out that one might suspect that Stoeffler is more favorably impressed with the European beginnings than with the American outgrowths of the pietistic spirit.

The Ephrata Community is separately set out in Chapter III. The hymns and religious literature of Beissel, Miller, Eckerling and others are studied in detail and rather fairly analyzed. Stoeffler has read all this material and combed it thoroughly for all possible varying points of view. Unfortunately he concludes with a negative attitude, seeing more erotic expression and ethical sterility than real religious genius among these mystics of the Cocalico. In this judgment one fears he has been influenced unduly by Klein's study of Beissel and perhaps the attitudes of Seidensticker and Jacoby. While one need not ignore the obvious weaknesses of this group one may hardly with fairness regard the healing ministry during the Revolution and the educational and publication accomplishments of Ephrata as negligible. While one need not rhapsodize with Sachse it seems to me that proper appreciation of Ephrata and its mysticism remains to be done.

To the Moravians the author gives more sympathetic treatment, in the fourth chapter of the book, even though at the outset he finds it necessary to read mystical interpretation into the major theological tenets of Zinzendorf and depends on Zinzendorf's lack of confidence in reactionalism to carry this argument. In the Moravian hymnology Stoeffler is on surer ground and has a better case.

Arndt and Tersteegen provide the major materials for consideration in the fifth chapter. Here is the basic material which led most of the devout souls of Colonial Pennsylvania to a deeper religious life. The major writings of these two men were probably more often printed and more widely read in this and later periods than any others. Stoeffler, tracing the origins of their similar experiences, shows quite satisfactorily a common agreement between Arndt and Tersteegen, in contrast to Albrecht Ritschl's view, although allowing much more of resultant tranquillity in Tersteegen.

The last 25 pages of the thesis proper are given to a study of other evidences of mysticism among smaller groups and individualists. The analysis of Kelpius would have been aided a great deal if the author had had access to the only known manuscript hymnal of Kelpius now owned by Henry Borneman. Stoeffler has the highest praise for the work of Jacob Kimmel, once a dweller at Ephrata. The work and influence of Law, Scougal and the Philadelphians might well have come in Chapter Two rather than at the end of the work.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the entire work is Stoeffler's thirty page biblography largely devoted to an analysis of the primary sources from which he has worked. In each case he gives the full German title, his own translation, and the location of known copies. The date of the Wunder-Spiel on p. 160 should be 1766. In the secondary sources Stoeffler twice quotes J. H. Dubbs, but misses his Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, which is most important for this study and as a bibliographical guide as well. Among the Lutheran sources he ignored both Wolf and Wentz and there is no reference to the literature of the Brethren even though their work was begun before 1770.

Dr. Stoeffler's work is a comprehensive study and will long stand as a guide to those who seek to understand the religious genius of the Pennsylvania Germans.

Albright College —RAYMOND W. ALBRIGHT

(This book, of interest to clergymen and students of the religious backgrounds of the Pennsylvania Germans can only be acquired from the Financial Secretary of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Prof. Robert P. More, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.—ED.)

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Editorials

To Keep City Really Clean

Allentown's streets are generally clean but it is a matter of no accident that it is so. It is the result of plan and of hard and patient work.

Long before most of our people have stirred from their beds in the early morning a force of men equipped with brooms and carts are out on the streets to sweep up the refuse, shovel it into carts and remove it to a disposal point.

It is no fault of these men that much street area is rather messy by the time that our citizenry gets on the early morning move. Into streets that they have cleaned hours before many householders and janitors have swept sidewalk litter and perhaps the leavings of garbage packages which were opened and strewn about by cats and dogs. Then too there may be litter which was covered thruout the night by parked cars. No street cleaning inspector has yet considered it necessary for the man with the broom to creep under these cars that have been parked all night along the curbs.

New York City had somewhat the same problem for its street cleaners could do nothing about the strip of street next to the curb because cars were parked there almost bumper to bumper all night long. New York believes it has arrived at the answer.

Six months ago an order went into effect in a 90-block test area on the lower west side of Manhattan. It provided that no cars should be parked on the north side of numbered streets and the west side of avenues on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and on the south side of numbered streets and the east side of avenues on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. With these restrictions, the street cleaners could make a clean sweep of one side of each street every other night. If the cleaners found a car in their way, it was legal to have the car moved at the offending owner's expense.

The scheme has worked so satisfactorily that New York is planning to extend its alternate-side-of-the-street idea to the up town area.

The idea would appear to have enough merit to warrant consideration in this city. The City prides itself on clean streets but finds itself defeated at all too many points by practices which the cleaners cannot overcome.

38th Meaningless Myth

General MacArthur has previously said that the matter of crossing the 38th Parallel in Korea is merely "academic" and has no important bearing upon military matters in general or his own maneuvers in particular.

Now President Truman, who has displayed courage in all matters and at every stage in the Korean war, has told everybody who wishes to hear that General MacArthur is not committed to respect that imaginary line.

President Truman was a good soldier and officer in World War I. He and the commander-in-chief of the United Nations forces give every indication of understanding each other. As soldiers they know that to fix the 38th Parallel as a line beyond which their forces will not move would be an act playing right into the hands of the Chinese Communists and North Korean forces. Conversely, establishment of such a deadline would be costly to our troops. It would mean greater loss of lives than normally would be sustained.

In war you cannot except with disadvantage to yourself tell your enemy where you intend to halt your advance. In the present instance the Chinese would be encouraged to move vast hordes southwardly to the 38th Parallel in the confidence that they would not be attacked but that they could prepare without interruption for movement over the line at any time and at any point which they might choose.

So the proposal of Mr. Attlee that MacArthur's hands be tied again behind his back by order to him to halt at the 38th appears as a most asinine proposition, one which President Truman very promptly and properly has rejected.

Stampede for Free Air

From time to time, figures which are estimates at the best emanate from western Germany to report the large number of Eastern Europeans who become disgusted with the material and spiritual life in Communist-dominated countries and flee to a haven of freedom in the western areas. Always it is indicated that the defections undoubtedly would be far greater in numbers were it not for the fact that many disgruntled people will weigh the impact of their flight upon relatives whom they leave behind. They know the unconscionable reprisals which are likely to be meted out against them. They know that all whom they leave behind immediately become hostages to the enemy from whom they have fled.

The same impulse to flee from beneath the dark cloud of Communism comes to quite a number of diplomats who leave the Iron Curtain countries to represent their nations in the democracies. There they breathe the free air and decide never to return to their homeland prison.

Early in the week the second highest diplomat in Poland's delegation to the United States sought permission from the State Department to remain in this country. He had cast himself adrift from the Polish embassy and could return home only to face imprisonment, perhaps a firing squad. He desires to remain in this country and seeks haven as a political exile.

His appeal is being studied and if it be genuine it will certainly be answered favorably. It has been the tradition of the democracies to be sympathetic with those who hate injustice and resist human slavery in any form in which it may manifest itself.

Sharecropper



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—President Truman and his Cabinet have begun to deal decisively with the two major questions that have been the subject of international discussion. Mr. Truman announced unequivocally that the question of crossing the 38th parallel in Korea was not up for revision and that our forces were going ahead on the basis of the authority already granted by the U.N. At the same time he authorized Secretary of Defense Marshall to state to Congress that six American divisions of troops would be stationed in Europe.

By removing all doubt concerning our future operations in Korea, the president disposed of the incipient controversy which began the other day with a speech in the British Parliament by Prime Minister Attlee who seemed to want to have a lot of debate on that issue. What the president's statement means is that the U.N. forces are going ahead as planned and that they will cross the parallel when and if they find it militarily desirable to do so.

Frightful Punishment

Many people who are watching Korean developments have not yet come to realize what a frightful punishment is being inflicted on the Chinese aggressors. A popular fallacy exists that the Chinese have an unlimited supply of troops and that more hordes can swarm in when tens of thousands are killed. The truth is that the Chinese Communists have a very limited number of trained troops and that, if the battle continues as sanguinary in the next few months as it has in these recent weeks, the flower of the Red Chinese Army may be decimated. Then a counter-revolution in China would have a chance of success. Is it estimated that Mao does not have more than 500,000 crack troops who could be spared in the north. The rate at which casualties are being encountered means that the Red Chinese cannot go on much longer against the type of warfare being waged against them. The enemy toll has been estimated as more than ten losses to our one.

The U.N. commanders are not seeking to gain ground but merely to kill as many of the enemy as possible and break up their formations. This tactic is succeeding. It is being asked where all this will lead. The answer is that in due time the Communist regime will have to withdraw and abjectly seek a "cease fire."

One reason for this will be the breakdown of the supply line. It is costing the Red Chinese not just manpower but a large amount of money to keep their armies equipped and supplied with ammunition and weapons. If the Russians are furnishing these munitions, then the Soviet Union is under a tremendous strain, too. So far as America is concerned, the Korean war, of course, is expensive. But if it teaches the Soviet-Chinese alliance that there is no intention to appease an aggressor and that the fighting will be continued indefinitely in the Far East until there is a chance for a respectable settlement, the operation as a whole will be more than worth while.

Bold Decision

The Communists in Moscow will also be impressed by the bold decision in Washington to announce publicly the addition of four U.S. divisions to the two already in Europe. This should dispose of the controversy over the number of troops and the percentage. As Secretary Marshall himself explained, there should be no limitation written into the law because the situation is self-limiting. Thus if Gen. Eisenhower at any time were to render a formal opinion to our government that six divisions could not be successfully maintained in Europe because these were not adequately supported by troops from our allies, the question could arise as to whether any divisions should remain. That would be the extreme of the case. But it gives Gen. Eisenhower considerable leverage for negotiating with our allies.

Conversely, if the Europeans who are more concerned about their own defense than we are examine the meaning of America's contribution of six divisions, they will come to realize instantly that there must be a lot more supplied. To put it another way, America is in a better position to bring about the mobilization of a larger continental army derived from our allies now that announcement has been made concerning six divisions than would have been the case if the debate for the next several weeks had shifted back and forth on the basis of some hypothetical percentage or ratio.

Hits Ten-Strike

Secretary Marshall really accomplished a ten-strike by announcing the exact number of divisions. For, while, as he says, this is telling the potential enemy something that perhaps for security reasons shouldn't be told, there is nevertheless a greater advantage in telling it than in trying to handle the problem any other way. The truth is that a force of six divisions can hardly furnish Russia with any real excuse to grow nervous, even though her propaganda may heap a lot of abuse on us for even so small a number as six. All in all, progress is being made toward an eventual solution of the troops controversy in Congress.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A Northwestern university college professor asked a number of people which one of all speeches ever made they would have liked to hear in person.

Eighty-eight per cent named either Christ's Sermon on the Mount or Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

* * *

I wonder why they chose those two.

Could it be that in all these surveys people say only what they think they ought to say or what the questioner wants them to say?

Or do people really, deep down in their hearts, have the longing for nobler and more worthwhile things than those by which they live?

* * *

After reading the dispatch about the professor's survey, I sat down to refresh my memory both on the Sermon on the Mount and the Gettysburg Address.

And then I wondered why it is that when both of these are so readily available to all of us, we have gone so far astray from both?

I wonder why it is that when we all admire both of them so much, we do so little to live up to them?

* * *

Take the Sermon on the Mount.

Part of it is the Lord's Prayer. We all know it. Most of us say it often. Many of us recite it just before going to bed.

I purposely said "recite." What more is it to most of us than a recital?

Do we hallow His name in our daily lives?

Do we forgive our debtors as we ask Him to forgive us our debts?

Do we resist temptation as we want Him not to lead us into temptation?

* * *

Christ said in the Sermon on the Mount — that sermon which we pretned to revere so much—"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

Yet, just think how much the great majority of us do think more of what to eat and drink and what to put on than we ever think of the spiritual life of which Christ said "Is not the life more than meat?"

* * *

How about Christ's warning about laying up treasures?

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

How we pay lip service to Christ's teachings and how hard we try, at the same time, to lay up for ourselves as many treasures as we possibly can!

* * *

Abraham Lincoln ended his Gettysburg Address with these words:

"—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

* * *

Eighty-eight per cent of those asked said they would have liked to hear these two speeches when they were made.

It isn't the words or the rendition of a speech that counts. It is its meaning.

Those two speeches are as alive today as the day they were made.

Their meaning speaks as loudly today as it did then — for all to hear.

The trouble is that many hear but few listen.

(Copyright 1951)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 4:12-16

We were listening yesterday to Paul's discussion concerning the diversity of spiritual gifts within the unity of the church of Christ, consisting of all believers in Him, whatever the denominational name of the group to which they may happen to belong. One of the many terms used to name the church of Christ is 'the body of Christ,' V. 12, He being the head, v. 15. Since the church is not an organization but an organism, it is subject to the laws of health and growth. In order to maintain such health and growth, special gifts are given to those chosen as evangelists, pastors, and teachers for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying (building up) of the body of Christ, so that all may come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, and that they be no longer children, tossed to and fro by false teaching, nor carried about with every wind of doctrine (sometimes tempted to read it as 'every doctrine of wind,) but that they may grow up into Him in all things Who is the head of the church.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOR TZU GUTE TZUM: M'r wolla wetta os 'n gutie lang fergait bis der Charlie Hartzell fon Kutztown mohl widder 'n fremma truck fohrer unnich der fliegel nembt. Doh net long tzurick is der Charlie 'n kerl bakont werra beim "Fats" Leinbach om wertshous os g'sawt hut sei truck wear 'm tzomma gabrocha, er wear frem, un wist net woh onna tzu gae fer hilf.

Now der Charlie shoft on da Caloric offa facktory in Topton—is ebbes fon ma fohrmon, un die weil os effa sin fer warmichkate shmeissa, hut er ous gamocht ols 'n offa shoff mon, sot er aw abissel abissel warmichkate im hartz howwa fer 'n fremmer mon, un hut 'm kerl 'n aryie gutie tzeit gawissa. Woh er 'n ol iwwer rum ganumma hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r die weil os der frem kerl g'sawt hut er het ken shpondulix, hut der Charlie batzawlt wie sie gonga sin, un hen 'n aryie gutie tzeit kot.

Allas wear fermuthlich freedlich ob galoffa wons net gawest wear os der Charlie kartz dafor 'n bond g'rick'd het kot on da arwet, un woh er owwa in da mashine shtecka hut kot. Der bond wor ous gamocht im Charlie seim nahma, un wohrhoft won der bond net fliegel grick'd hut bis sie widder tzurick tzum "Fats" kumma sin, un wor naryads may tzu finna.

Die barichda sin, der Charlie het lose gatzoga os gross ordich gawest wear, ow'r die weil os er net fershure gawist hut im awfong woh der bond onna kumma sei maich'd hut er abissel sochda shwetza missa. Endlich hut ow'r ainer beim "Fatz" om wertshous, der frem kerl shena ebbes fon ma bobier waisa owwich ra peif nei shtecka, un ferhoftich sei wons net 'm Charlie sie ferlorner bond wear.

Soicha os fer 'n weil danoh gamaint hen 's wear 'n shtorm om ous bracha beim "Fats" in da bar shtub, worra gross ordich badroga. Die widdering drous wor glore, ow'r die luft inside drin woh der Charlie seim "freind" der kabittle runner galaisa hut in siva unnershittlicha shprocha wor blitza bloe mit shwevel shmoke, un winsch fon alla orta os gore net gute gawest wear fer 'n fremma kerl sei g'sundhate won sie wahr wear werra.

Wel aenicha waig, der Charlie hut sei bond widder tzurick grick'd, un wolla wetta os 'n gutie lang fergait eb er mohl widder so'n fremmer kerl unnich der fliegel nembt, un fohrt 'n im gonsa county rum fer 'n gutie tzeit. Ferol os m'r ow'r wissa, wil der Charlie die socha aw net hous howwa—wil ferleicht net howwa os die boova in da offa facktory ous finna fon seina shtraich, un wolla don nix may weiter fertzaila, so os yoh nox dafon rous kumt carrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Is es now net wunnerbore wie die wedder boova in Washington 's wedder dreffa kenna—wons uf sie aw kumma wear, hetta m'r die gons woch shlitta fohra kenna.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 17, 1926, a Wednesday

In a report to Allentown's mayor and city council, Herbert A. Guth, superintendent of public safety, and Fire Chief Kranzley were of the opinion that the disastrous Lafayette hotel fire which took a toll of 13 lives started as a result of a carelessly discarded cigarette.

Eleven-hundred taxpayers of the 14th and 15th wards notified city council by petition that they favored the increase of the city's bonded indebtedness to afford construction of a bridge at Tilghman St. over the Lehigh river. The petition was presented by Elmer W. Osenbach, Dr. R. B. Klotz and Ezra E. Fetzer.

The Friendly Bible class of Salem Reformed church set Fasnacht history locally with the baking and selling of 15,228 doughnuts during a two-day sale at the church. The class broke its own 1925 record of 13,000.

Alfred E. Jacoby was elected captain of Co. E, SVR, at a meeting of the recently reorganized 2nd Regiment. The regimental band was organized at the same meeting.

Horoscope

Financial gain is likely for you, so cultivate optimism. Today's child may be original and studious.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

THOUGHT

Just to make it snappy.
Thus it seems to me:
If the home's not happy,
Happiness can't be.

CHOICE

If I had been born a girl—
'Stead of writing verse,
Had my name been May or Pearl
I might have been a nurse.

IN FULL BLOOM

Although outside are sleet and fog
And skies grow glummer,
In every garden catalogue
It's now mid-summer.

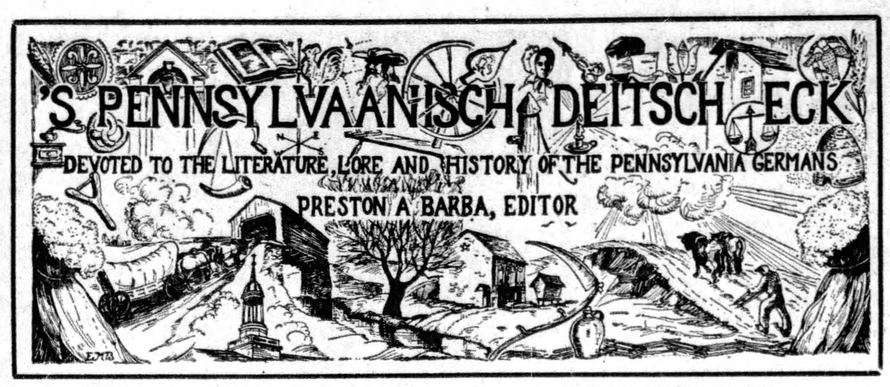
FAILURE

I do not as great failure view
What, if I could, I would do.
But know I've failed when I don't do
What, when I can, I should do.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

On the historic Storm King highway, not far from West Point, there stands a weather-beaten, comfortable looking old house with a big sign in the front yard. One side of the sign reads, "Tourists welcome," the other, "Funeral Parlor." Can you imagine the confusion that ensues when both ends of the business start booming simultaneously?



THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS AND GRAPE CULTURE

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

(CONCLUSION)

In Lehigh County the story of grape culture centers around the Reverend Johannes Helffrich and his friends. William A. Helffrich, in his "Lebensbild," writing about the period of 1837, said "at this time for a period of five years our house was a small classical Deutschland." Dr. Constance Hering of Allentown and Dr. Woesselheft of Bath and their friends, most of whom were recent arrivals from Germany, frequently met at the Helffrich home in Weisenberg and in this assembly it was said "der deutsche Wein fehlte." The answer was—plant a vineyard. Accordingly Woesselhoeft brought cuttings from Bethlehem and with the help of books a vineyard was planted according to the best practice. After four years the outlook was so promising that an additional 12 acres were purchased, five acres of which were planted with vines and a German "Weingaertner" was hired. Helffrich says the yield was good but the wine was "sauer, zu sauer." They decided it must be the location and therefore purchased 20 acres on the "Pinikel" in Albany Township which every one agreed was without doubt the best location in the county. Four acres were cleared and planted with Isabella, Madeira and Catawba grapes and everything was done in the most approved manner, but here too the wine "war sauer und blieb sauer." The failure was now attributed to the varieties planted, but later in his "Lebensbild" Helffrich mentions the real reason—a dishonest "weingartner"—"er riss die Weinstoecke wieder aus, verkaufte sie and verschwand."

An interesting account of this period appears in L. A. Wollenweber's "Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben" (1869). This is written in Wollenweber's style of Pennsylvania German and is quoted in full:

"Manche Bauer, besunners in Berks County, habe a Weinberge angelegt, un habe von Jahre z'rick gut ausgemacht, un's ware in dem ene County schier 500 Acker, un do wars e Vergnuege wann in der Herbstzeit der Wein gepreszt worre ischt, un mer hot die schoene Traube esse koenne, aber do ischt Anno 1844 a Krankhet an die Traube kumme, die jetzt noch immer so arg haust, dasz Viele ihre Weinstoeck ausgehaue hent, un jetz nimme viel Weinberge in Berks zu finne sin.

"Der Alte vom Berg hat emol a schoe Lied, about 15 Jahr z'rick, fun die Berks County Weinberge gesunge, wo ich mich noch ene Vers erinnere kann:

"In Berks! in Berks, da wachsen schoene Reben,
Gesegnet sei der Wein, gesegnet sei der Wein,
Do waechst er bald, wir werden's noch erleben,
So gut als wie am Rhein, so gut als wie am Rhein!

"Der Alte vom Berg hat awer a Huk gefunne un singt nix meh vom Berks County Wein."

Wollenweber touches upon this subject again in his memoirs "Aus meinem Leben" (**Mitteilungen des Deutschen Pionier-Vereins von Philadelphia. 14. Heft, 1910**), when he relates his wanderings in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania in 1834, soliciting subscribers for Woesselhoeft's weekly "Die Alte un Neue Heimat." He writes (we translate from the German): The road from Reading to Kutztown is a very romantic one. Near Kutztown I was astonished to see the hills stretching westward planted with vineyards that were already bearing abundantly. In Reading and Kutztown one could purchase a pure light wine produced from Isabella grapes for 25 to 30 cents a gallon. In the taverns one got a big glass of the same for a 'fip' (6 cents)."

The "Krankhet" referred to was the black rot, which about this time very badly attacked the Catawba and Isabells grapes, the most popular kinds at that time. The Concord grape, which is practically immune to this disease, had not yet been introduced into Pennsylvania. Until this was done a number of years later, grape culture in Pennsylvania came to a stand still. Knowledge of insect pests and plant diseases was very limited up to this time and it was only after 1860 that it was finally discovered that the real reason why no one could grow Old World grapes in America was a tiny plant louse, the phylloxera, which attacks the roots of the grape. The native American grapes have a tougher root covering and are not so susceptible, but the European grape dies quickly unless grafted on native root stocks.

Some time after the Civil War the Concord grape and the Clinton grape were brought into Pennsylvania and there was a revival of grape growing. The Clinton grape came from western New York and is said to have been developed from the frost grape—**die reif draub** of the Pennsylvania Germans. The Concord grape was discovered at Concord, Mass., about 1853, and was developed from the common fox grape—**Schpeck draub.** Among the fruit growers who introduced these two varieties into Pennsylvania was Christopher Shearer, of Muhlenberg Township, near Reading—one of the most noted Pennsylvania German horticulturists of all time. Shearer's activities received nationwide recognition, a good account appearing in the report of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture for 1880. Shearer in a poor year made 600 gallons of wine from his own vineyard and 5000 gallons more from grapes purchased from his neighbors. Others mentioned as having vineyards near Reading were Benz, Wagner and Herbein.

Generally speaking this was the last attempt at wine making on a commercial scale in this territory. However, within the memory of most of those now living there was a time when no Pennsylvania German farm yard was complete without a grape arbor over the well at the kitchen door, or an arbor over the garden walk. There was a time when there was hardly a cellar without its grape wine—for use on special or social occasions, never for daily use as in Europe. There was a time when many a family boiled some of the excess grapes into "drauwe lattwarrick." Today all these things are a part of a rapidly passing Pennsylvania.

(The writer is indebted to Dr. W. H. Oda for the information on German books mentioned above).

THE END

NOTE

Since the appearance of the first installment of "The Pennsylvania Germans and Grape Culture" in the ECK for Feb. 3 the editor has received a communication from the Reininger Wine Cellars, Stony Creek Mills, Berks County which contains interesting supplementary material to Mr. Hollenbach's valuable article concluded in this issue of the ECK. We quote:

"The Reininger Wine business was begun in 1863 by George Leonard Reininger, our grandfather. He came to America in 1858 from Wuerttemberg, Germany, where he had operated the village winery. It might be interesting to note that in Germany each family had its own grape vines but they were not equipped to make their own wine. Instead, they would take their grapes to the village winery where the wine would be made for them. With this experience it was natural that George L. Reininger would turn to wine-making in his new home.

"He bought the farm which is the site of the present Reininger Wine Cellars because of its close resemblance to the hillside vineyards in his native Germany. About ten acres of sloping hillside was cleared and planted with grape vines. These same vineyards were maintained until the advent of Prohibition in 1919.

"While on the subject of vineyards, mention might also be made that from the turn of the century until Prohibition, a large vineyard was located on the site of the old Hessian Camp. This was owned by Theodore Benz who also converted his grapes into wine for sale. Also at Vinemont, Berks County, the Shearer family had a vineyard and made wine for commercial sale. Another fairsized vineyard and winery in this territory was located on Neversink Mountain on the site that was later occupied by the first Berks County Tuberculosis Sanitarium. This was owned and operated by Moses Graefe.

The Reininger wine became very popular and the demand was greater than could be supplied by the Reininger vineyards. A great many grapes were bought from local farmers who had small plantings and also from local commission houses.

"In 1892 George Leonard Reininger, the founder of the business, died and it was taken over by the two sons, John L. and Daniel J. Reininger.

"In 1919 the vineyards were destroyed and the huge casks and vats were taken apart and stored in a vacant barn as there was no sale for them.

"During these years the second generation Reinigers passed away and the business was now in the hands of the third generation who also bear the names of John G. and Daniel H. Reiniger.

"In 1933 when Prohibition was repealed it was decided to again pick up the original family business. All the casks, etc., that had been stored away in the barn were brought out and reconditioned, as were the presses and other equipment that had been set aside. However, there are now no vineyards (on the farm) and all grapes must be bought. All the grapes obtainable in this vicinity are bought but the bulk are again bought from the Hammondsport, N. Y. area. It might be mentioned that because of the small acreage of grapes grown in this section in recent years the damage from birds is too great to make it profitable.

"While there is quite a lot of sweet wine bottled and sold by the present Reiniger Wine Cellars, most emphasis is still given to the Red Wine which is made as nearly as possible like the original wine produced by George Leonard Reiniger in 1863.

(Signed) DANIEL H. REINIGER

BOOK REVIEW

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. by Fredric Klees. Illustrated. 451 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1950.—$5.00.

What, another book about that most colorful, most fascinating minority folks in America?—Yes, but one that was sorely needed. There was a time when the Pennsylvania Germans received little or no attention at the hands of historians who were themselves either ignorant of or impatient with first-hand German source material. But that time is no more. More than half a century has passed since serious-minded investigators found that the history and culture of the Pennsylvania Germans offered fertile fields. Notable spade work was done by Oswald Seidensticker, Marion Dexter Learned and Julius Sachse, followed later by such men as Edwin M. Fogel, John Baer Stoudt and Harry Hess Reichard. Since then other scholars, researchers, historians, philologists, art historians and artists, dramatists and writers of fiction have investigated, explored, exploited, illuminated, obscured and legendized until today we Pennsylvania Germans are the most bewritten folk in these United States of America.

But whither does one turn to find an all-over, full-bodied treatment of the Pennsylvania Germans between the covers of one book? There were such early endeavors as William Beidelman's "The Story of the Pennsylvania Germans" (1898) and Oscar Kuhns' "The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania" (1900); later, Ann Hark's "Hex Marks the Spot" (1938), "The Pennsylvania Germans" (edited by Ralph Wood, 1942) and Edwin Valentine Mitchell's "It's an Old Pennsylvania Custom" (1947), each with its own timely values but none any longer adequate. Today scholars have explored the lengths and breaths, the heights and depths of Pennsylvania German life, past and present. It is difficult to conceive of any untouched material (unless it be that as a folk we still remain unpsychoanalyzed!)

The time was ripe for a comprehensive treatment of this vast, piled-up material. Unless someone possessing the necessary over-all view, the ability to sift, select and synthesize, and to present it with a literary style that would appeal to a general, but intelligent, public, the wearisome labors of scholars might continue to remain buried in obscure places. The task was a prodigious one which required a combination of talents and skills that few could supply.

Fredric Klees entered upon that task and carried it to its completion in a manner that can only elicit the highest praise. Himself a Pennsylvania German, an enthusiastic Berks Countian, Fredric Klees was educated at Bowdoin and at Exeter College, Oxford, and has for many years been active as Professor of English Literature at Swarthmore College. He unites with his inherent racial traits and his understanding for his own people, Anglo Saxon urbanity and literary style—indeed a happy combination of talents and training that few if any who have worked in this field have possessed.

What a bounteous repast the author has spread throughout the 451 pages of THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH! An enumeration of the divisions and chapter headings will give some intimation of what is in store for the reader. After the introductory "Forward Glance" follow PART ONE: RELIGION (The Mennonites; The Amish; The Brethren; The Schwenkfelders, and Other "Plain People;" The "Church People;" The Moravians; A Hotbed of Religions—Ephrata and Other Curious Religious Societies).—PART TWO: THE PAST (The Broad Atlantic; White Men, Red Men; The French and Indian War; The Eve of the Revolution; The Revolution; "Johnny Reb").—PART THREE: BY THE SWEAT OF THEIR BROW (The Fat Earth; Forge and Mill; Wagon Road, Canal, and Railroad).—PART FOUR: THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE (The Dutch Country; "A Local Habitation and a Name;" Town and City; Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggarman, Thief).—PART FIVE: FOLKWAYS (Dialect; The Three R's; Powwowing, Hexerei, and Other Pennsylvania Knowledge; Upcountry Dutch; High Jinks and Divers Capers; Holiday).—PART SIX: THE ARTS (Music, "For Fancy;" Church, House, Barn, and Garden; Furniture and Other Household Gear; Swan Song; Food—and More Food).—The Charming EPILOGUE (Round the Year: A Pennsylvania Dutch Calendar) is worthy of Cornelius Weygandt and Hal Borland. The 33 pen and ink drawings which head the chapters are by the author himself. They show fine sensitivity to that which is characteristic of the beauty that lies spread over our Pennsylvania German countryside.

Nowhere else can one find such an array of facts and information about our people between the covers of one book. Where else can one find so concise and detailed a picture of the Amish; or so inclusive and appreciative a presentation of the Moravians within thirty pages? But this book is far from being a mere listing of facts gathered from the ossuary of the past. It pulsates with the living present. The author is at home among our people as they are today. No phase of our ways of life is foreign to him. Compare such admirable short chapters as "The Fat Earth," "Town and City" and "Holiday." Fair and sympathetic in his treatment he is at the same time just and does not gloss over existing frailties. On the other hand he is not slow to debunk some of "the weird beliefs about the Dutch that the rest of the country cherishes so fondly." Powwowing, hexerei and witch signs, so vulgarly exploited by outside writers, are relegated to their proper place and space.

Here and there one senses in the author a greater at-homeness in England than in the continental backgrounds of the Pennsylvania Germans. Despite the mass of material balance and proportion are remarkably maintained. Some may feel that Christopher Ludwig, baker-general of the Continental Army, receives too spacious a treatment, and that Dr. Bodo Otto, chief surgeon of the Continental Army, and some of the scientists like Gotthilf Ernst Muehlenberg, foremost American botanist of his day, Frederick Valentin Melsheimer, father of American entomology, and Samuel S. Haldeman, great naturalist and ethnologist, have fallen short.

Professor Klees modestly recognizes the enormous debt he owes to the host of scholars and researchers that have preceded him, perhaps too modestly when he writes at the end of "A Forward Glance:" From many I have borrowed so freely that at times it seems to me that nothing is mine. From one flower after another I have stolen the honey; only the hive in which I have stowed it away is my own." In his Acknowledgements and Bibliography the author indicates those to whom he owes most.

The reviewer lays this book aside with the feeling that it would be folly for anyone again to undertake doing an all-over book about the Pennsylvania Germans. He is fairly well acquainted with those who are working in this field but he knows of none who could have done this book so well.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

A Life Devoted to Peace

There are a lot of other persons — twenty-seven, in fact— who have been nominated by organizations and friends for the 1951 Nobel peace prize, but the people of this Lehigh Valley will certainly be hoping that the Norwegian Parliament will see fit to award it to Allentown's most widely known son, Rev. Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman.

As travelers, who go out of this community to many parts of the world, are very likely to learn, the name of Dr. Buchman seems to be as widely known in the Orient, Europe and even Africa as it is in this community to which he returns for rest and relaxation at his every opportunity.

For decades he, and the splendid people who associate themselves with him wherever he goes, have been the subject of controversy, and their simple, universal doctrine and practices have come under the closest and most critical examination in many countries.

Buchmanism, the Oxford Movement in the period of his association with it in England, and today, the Moral Rearmament ideal, have become words and connotations that are spread thruout the world and used by people of all races and religious beliefs while being praticed in more than sixty countries.

As is well known, Dr. Buchman and his followers have directed their especial attention to peace, but it has not been the kind of peace that is the antithesis of war and may be in fact merely a period of preparation for war. It is the peace of mind which man can have with his Creator and his Redeemer. It is the peace of mind which men and women can enjoy with their immediate associates and their community. It is the peace which Labor and Capital can enjoy thru understanding of one another's problems, thru constant consultation, thru strict integrity in their dealings with one another and complete cooperation for the welfare of both.

There is no doubt that Moral Rearmament, as expounded by Dr. Buchman and his followers, has become the guiding philosophy in human relations in many segments of life in England especially and thruout the union of British commonwealths. Especially is this true in the field of labor relations.

Moral Rearmament has been tremendously effective in the Scandinavian and the Low countries. It is credited with being one of the major agencies, if not in fact the most important agency in the shaping of a new philosophy for the future of the German people and their country.

For two successive summers, Dr. Buchman's European headquarters on the mountainside at Caux - sur - Montrose overlooking Lake Geneva has been thronged daily by two thousand or more leaders in all fields of human thinking and action in Germany, the Scandinavian and Low countries and the British Isles. As one group leaves Caux another arrives to keep the big hotels' population steadily at close to their capacity, some two thousand. They leave Caux at the end of their holidays in the beautiful Swiss summer resort and return to their homes to carry Dr. Buchman's Moral Rearmament program to their people.

For more than forty years Dr. Buchman has been striving to turn men's hearts and minds to peace. Sometimes his efforts have been subjected to ridicule. Certainly he has been like the prophet of Holy Writ of whom it was said that he is not without honor, save in his own country. Humbly this community may honestly confess that it has been guilty of this lapse.

For more than five years now, or since the ending of the war, he had been performing the greatest work in his long and honored career, particularly in Europe at this time, but with large and useful American activity presently centered in Los Angeles.

The Norwegian Parliament's prize committee will have his name and his work under consideration when it assigns the next Nobel Peace Prize. Great as that honor would be, it could only in small measure recognize the work done by Frank Buchman, thruout more than two score years.

Before It's Too Late

Again Judge Henninger, in the interest of truth, finds himself compelled to tell the people of this entire community — Lehigh County — that response of volunteers for the Civilian Defense program is inadequate. He observes that the people are apparently indifferent and lethargic to the desireability of making preparations not alone to help others but to save their own hides in the event of war and attack against this community.

While Judge Henninger can not know what targets an enemy may choose in attack upon this country, we know from others that the Allentown-Bethlehem area is considered No. 3 target in Pennsylvania, the other two being Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

Furthermore it is believed from the results of atom bomb tests and the experiences with block busters that, despite all the talk about "pin-point bombing," aviators are more likely to hit something not aimed at than the target itself. Furthermore it is known that explosion of an atomic bomb can have serious effect over many square miles, depending of course upon the heighth above the ground at which the explosion occurs.

So if Bethlehem Steel be picked as a target by an enemy bomber it does not follow that the plant will be hit and nothing else will be affected. Anything in this area may lie within the cone of an atomic explosion and experience its devastating effects.

Judge Henninger believes that a lot of people may be fatalistic about all this. They of course are hopeless. But there must be lethargy on the part of many others who must know that despite its deadliness the atom bomb will not wipe out everybody hereabouts, even if it should drop somewhere between here and Bethlehem.

Judge Henninger wants these people to prepare as reasonable persons for defense against the enemy raiders. If the raiders be not diverted or shot down, then there is necessity for employment of firefighting equipment, mobilization of police forces, first aid for the injured and hospitalization of those for whose lives there is hope.

There may be no time to lose. There is a persistent rumor coming out of Europe that there will be attack on March 31. Another rumor agrees as to the attack but fixes April 15 as the date. Certainly any warlike attack will not be announced by the aggressor. He will choose his time for attack upon us. All we can do is be prepared for the worst whenever it may occur.

But preparations means training. Time for such training is too late when the bombs begin to fall.

New Bids for Pools

City Council has decided to ask bids for the construction of swimming pools and bathhouses at Cedar Beach and Jordan Park and avoid delay, by awaiting the results of a referendum. Such delay almost certainly would forfeit the advantage that the City enjoys thru the Federal Government's permission to get the materials for this job, providing however that it get under way before the end of April.

Expectation now is that with some modifications in plans, building costs for the pools and bathhouses can be held within the earlier estimates.

The many thousands of citizens who have been anticipating these improvements for all these many years will hope that Council can go ahead without any further interruption. While no one will expect that the pools can be readied by the Fourth of July and be used thruout the summer, it will be a satisfaction to know that they are on the way and that the summer of 1952 will be the happier for thousands because of them.

Far, Far, into the Knight!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Maybe the United States Senate should investigate every election among its members and let the loser come in and complain about the statements made by the victor. Maybe the so-called "liberals" want a national board of censorship which shall pass upon what the candidates say and what their overzealous managers and supporters write or print during a campaign.

Maybe the "liberal" of today isn't much different under the skin from the totalitarian who wants to regulate everything by a law and who doesn't really at heart believe in free speech or a free press unless the views expressed happen to agree with his own.

But, unfortunately, the hullabaloo which has been started by Sen. Tydings of Maryland, Democrat, because he was defeated by John M. Butler, Republican, isn't going to resolve any of these questions. It is merely going to prove that Mr. Tydings is a bad loser—which in politics is rather unpardonable.

It is also going to open up for debate in a congressional committee the whole question of free speech and a free press. Unfortunately the senators who gave the go-ahead to this inquiry cannot have read the major cases decided by the Supreme court of the United States and the lengths to which freedom of expression may go without violating constitutional rights.

In one instance, the editor of a weekly newspaper in Minnesota printed the most vitrolic stuff imaginable, but the court held that free speech doesn't depend on the severity of anybody's denunciation and that, if anything truly slanderous or libelous is written, there are state laws which can protect the aggrieved individual.

It was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, associate justice of the Supreme court and a true liberal who said that freedom of speech is "freedom for the thought we hate." Few "liberals" today show that degree of tolerance in defining freedom of speech.

Unsatisfactory Job

Now, there is no doubt that the attacks on Sen. Tydings were bitter. But he let himself in for much of it by his own vitriolic condemnation of those who had sought a fair and impartial inquiry by the Senate into the alleged Communistic influences in the government. The Tydings report had in it many statements which were unfair and might even be called scurrilous in relation to those who had asked for a fair investigation. The report itself was so unsatisfactory that the job now has to be done over again by a new committee.

Hardly an election contest occurs in which one side doesn't argue the other side is unfair. The laws of libel and slander protect a candidate against extremes. Sometimes during the campaigns a threat to sue for libel is made and usually these suits are never heard from again or filed.

But the spectacle of a United States Senate committee inquiring now into election literature and trying to set itself up as a judge as to what is "fair" or "unfair" in a political campaign is something startling. It represents a trend which began with the recent interference with the right of petition under the Constitution.

It certainly is puzzling just why under a so-called "liberal" concept there are such frequent attempts to muzzle free speech or to question it. Thus, it is the "liberal" of today who wants to abolish congressional immunity and make it possible to intimidate a member of Congress and prevent him from exposing fraud and crime. The gamblers and racketeers would certainly have made short shrift of the Kefauver committee if congressmen were subject to libel suits for what they say in speeches or reports on the floor of Congress.

No Crime

Campaign literature has no immunity from suits. If anything libelous was said about Sen. Tydings in the last campaign, he has a right to file suit against his opponent or anybody connected with his opponent's campaign. But to denounce somebody in public office whose views are unpalatable is not yet a crime or an offense for which the laws inflict punishment.

If the Senate committee means merely to give publicity to the nasty methods used in campaign that's a worthy objective. But, to be honest about it, the committee must not hesitate to go into Ohio and take a look also at the campaign literature circulated against Sen. Taft. Some of the stuff would hardly be covered by such a gentle word as "scurrilous."

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 24, 1926, a Wednesday

"Emblems of Love" opened at the Lyric theater. The widely acclaimed seven-reel film was made especially for the Loyal Order of Moose and featured the work of well-known actress, Jane Jennings. The local Moose lodge sponsored the film showing.

The "rapid transit handshake" was completed according to schedule. The "handshake" was the arrival by rail and almost immediate departure of 45 members of the Lancaster Chamber of Commerce. The trip was arranged to commemorate the opening of railroad service between Allentown and Lancaster via Reading and the Reading railroad. Mayor Malcolm W. Gross extended the official welcome of the Queen City.

Horoscope

Your life probably will be what you make it during the next year. Be willing to help others—always an enriching experience. A remarkable personality is the prediction for today's child.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A reader, who signs herself only "Mrs. K. of Charlotte, N. C.," is very much incensed, and sends me a clipping to show why.

It is a dispatch from Tokyo, telling that a silk tapestry portrait of Buddha is on the way to New York and will be presented to the United Nations. It will be hung in the new UN headquarters building.

The portrait is a gift from the Japanese Buddhists, an organization representing millions of Japanese who want to express their gratitude to the United Nations for the generous help they have been getting since the close of the war.

* * *

"Now what do you think of them hanging a portrait of Buddha in the UN?" she asks. "Do you suppose they would accept a picture of Christ, too?"

I don't know, Mrs. K., but I don't see why not.

In the first place the UN is made up of many nations of many different creeds and ideologies.

What difference does it make what the portrait actually shows? It is the spirit of the thing that counts, much more than the subject.

Furthermore, nothing can happen at the United Nations that is any queerer or stranger than the things that have already happened there.

So don't let us get excited about as unimportant a matter as that.

* * *

A portrait of Buddha in the UN building certainly is not as queer as the 23 plaques of "great lawgivers" adorning the remodeled House chamber in Washington's Capitol.

There is Thomas Jefferson, and there is George Mason, author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights.

So far, so good. There may also be justification for the plaques of Moses, Blackstone and Solon—although it seems to me that they should have used only Americans in the American Congress.

* * *

But why Lycurgus? True, he was a great lawgiver.

But what was the constitution he devised? It created two kings counterbalanced by a Senate. It confined the native race of Lacedaemonians to the pursuits of trade, commerce and agriculture; the Helots, or slaves, to all menial employments which a freeman would consider a disgrace. The Spartans became the warriors of the state.

Is that sort of class differentiation a shining example to American lawmakers?

* * *

Then there is a plaque of Justinian, who was responsible for the Justinian Civil code.

Of him the Encyclopedia Americana says:

"He so flattered the Senate and dazzled the people that he was made consul, and took the title 'Nobilissimus.'"

I wonder whether whoever put that plaque in there did so with tongue in cheek.

* * *

Then there is Edward I, who was called the "English Justinian."

A great guy, sure enough, but look at this note in my encyclopedia:

"His frequent expedients to raise money at length produced great discontent among the nobles and people also."

Maybe those plaques belong there after all!

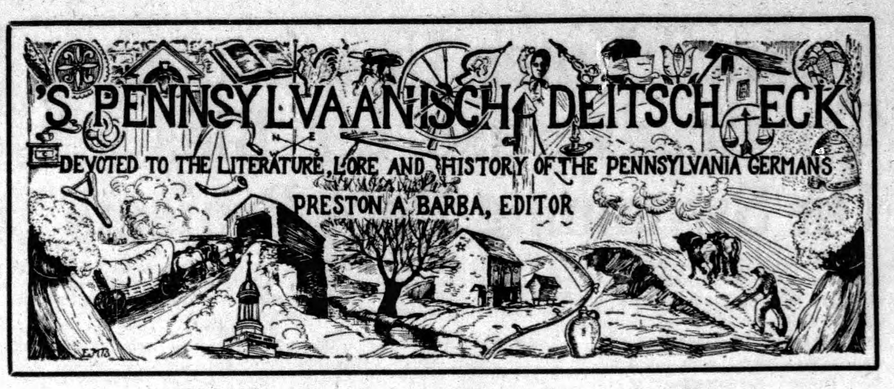
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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 30:18-26

We have in this passage an indication, by way of promise and prophecy, of God's gracious dealings with His people Israel, v. 18, although the full manifestation of His kindness may have to wait until their restoration as a nation, living under His blessing in the land, v. 19. Prosperity shall be their protion, the ground bringing forth abundantly, their cattle feeding in large and luscious pastures, v. 23. But there will also be spiritual blessing and guidance for His people, expressed in these words: 'And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.' For a week we have been examining the passages which speak of the life of the godly man as a walk. Naturally, this figure of speech implies a way, or path, or road in which to walk, as the way of the righteous in Ps. 1:6. It is a narrow way, a strait as well as a straight path, which leads unto life. The inner voice of the Spirit is ready to guide us in the right way, if we are willing to Obey Him.



EBBELBOI

Es gebt nix Schenners zu meim Aaag
Wie'n Ebbelboi, gewiss ich saag!
Der zackich Ranft, schee brauni Gruscht,
Ken Wunner gebt's eem grossi Luscht;
Aus Gawwellecher owwe druff
Kocht Budder, Zucker unne ruff;
Un ei, du Welt! der gut Geruch!
Was wessert's Maul fer en Versuch!

—RALPH S. FUNK

* * *

There's nothing that will please the eye
Quite like old-fashioned apple pie.
The good brown crust, edge crimped a bit,
No wonder that we long for it;
Through fork holes in the lid there toils
The butter, sugar ,as it boils;
When baked, the smell is sheer delight—
My mouth just waters for a bite.

—Translation by MARTIN BIRMELIN

BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY. A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba. Drawings by Eleanor J. M. Barba and Edward C. Smith. 258 pp. Allentown, Pennsylvania: Schlechter's, Publishers for the Pennsylvania Germans since 1810.—1950.—$3.50.

There have been so many Pennsylvania Dutch cookbooks published within the last score of years that at first one is tempted to ask what need there is for yet another; but even the most cursory examination of **Pennsylvania German Cookery** by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba will settle such doubts at once. This is not merely another Pennsylvania Dutch cookbook; this is a cookbook with the tide of history sweeping through it. Its authors have taken pains to collect recipes from old almanacs and cookbooks, recipes that Great-great-grandmother back on the farm may have used. There are even recipes from Palatinate cookbooks, for in **Pennsylvania German Cookery** Miss Hark and Dr. Barba trace the descent of some of our prized Pennsylvania Dutch recipes from their sources in Rhineland town or village. As Dr. Barba so happily puts it, "Our daily lives and those of our remotest ancestors are reflected in these recipes."

The two authors are so well known to everyone interested in things Pennsylvania Dutch that they stand in no need of an introduction. To introduce Dr. Barba to readers of the **ECK** would not only be impertinent but the height of folly; while Miss Hark is well remembered for **Hex Marks the Spot,** her book dealing with various phases of Pennsylvania Dutch life and culture, as well as her articles that appeared in **House and Garden, The Ladies' Home Journal,** and several other magazines.

The emphasis in **Pennsylvania German Cookery** is on the traditional, and that is where it should be, for most of the recipes are old ones that have been handed down from mother to daughter ever since the good ship Concord brought the first load of Rhineland immigrants to Pennsylvania. Yet since there are more than 500 recipes in this book, which is 258 pages in length, living cooks too are represented, some who have won local fame and some who have been hiding their lights under a bushel. Here are recipes from Gertrude Meyers Hillenhand, from Carrie Haas Troutman, from Katie Spangler and Mary Elizabeth Spangler, from Mollie and Lottie and Emma Gable. Elsie Singmaster has contributed a favorite recipe, and Mrs. Arthur D. Graeff two or three, and so has Mrs. Preston A. Barba. There are recipes from Mrs. Irwin Maurer and Mrs. Stanley Arthur, from Mrs. Milton E. Staudt and Mrs. Wayne Keller, from Mrs. Paul de Schweinitz and Mrs. Harry Hess Reichard. Unfortunately, there is not room to name all the cooks whose cherished recipes appear in the pages of this book; there are at least a score or more names that might be added here.

There are eighteen sections to the book, from "Herbs and Greens" on through chapters on breads, soups, meats, cheese, vegetables, and salads to "Noodles, Dumplings and the Like;" then there is a chapter on pancakes, waffles, and fritters and one on sweets and sours and still another labeled "Dunkes," a veritable treasure house of recipes for fasnachts, shoofly pie, Moravian sugarcake, Schwenkfelder cake, and even **strumpbaender.** Another chapter treats of loaf cakes and "high cakes," and there are two chapters on cookies, one of the ordinary cookies of this workaday world with some cupcakes thrown in for good measure and the other of the cookies for Christmas. There is a long and wonderful chapter on pies and tarts and one on other desserts, a chapter on candies, and last of all one on beverages—from Grandfather Bute's blackberry wine to pipsissewa beer and Easter Monday eggnog.

But a mere listing of the chapters conveys to the reader only a hint of the richness of the book. Many of the chapters are headed by little informal essays. There is a delightful and unusually comprehensive essay on herbs, and another on greens—most enlightening!—which discusses in considerable detail the use of wild plants as food, not only watercress and dandelion and pokeweed, but sorrel and dock and purslane and even burdock and stinging nettle! The essay heading the section on vegetables is a mine of information on the proper signs in which to sow different seeds and to do or not to do various garden chores. Sow beet seed in Leo, the lion, to ensure a good red color; plant pole beans under an upturned moon, else they will not take to the poles. Between Good Friday and Easter no work at all should be done in the garden lest the repose of Christ in the tomb be disturbed. On the day of Seven Sleepers (June 27) turn over the onion tops; on the day of Peter in Chains (August 1) or the day of St. Lawrence (August 10) sow turnip seed.

This is a cookbook wonderfully rich in little known recipes. There are recipes for **hutzelbrot,** for **strietz** and **hunnichbrot,** none of them easy to come by. Among the tempting array of Christmas cookie recipes there are not only the more usual ones for sandtarts, **lebkuchen, springerle,** and white and brown Moravian cookies but also a number of uncommon ones—for **zimmtsterne,** bellylaps, white **lebkuchen, leckerli, belsnickelkuche,** and **speculatius.** There are recipes for sorrel soup, for **drauwekuche,** and for **kugelhopf**—to be baked in an old earthenware Turk's head mold; for pap and **zitterli;** for preserved ground-cherries and currant catsup and quince snow; for **offe schlupper** (oven sneak!) and **die verbabbelt Suss** (tell-tale Susan). Was it your grandmother or your great-aunt Kate or the hired girl Sadie who used to make these dishes? There are three recipes for mead, and since two out of the three are based on honey, these may be very like the drink that so delighted the ancient Britons long before they were converted to Christianity and more sober ways of life. There is a recipe for elder blossom fritters—fried in deep fat till a golden brown and then tossed in a bag with some powdered sugar. "The blossoms should be eaten while still hot and nice and crisp," advise the authors. "You can really eat and eat!" My mouth waters as I read. This recipe is followed by two dishes of which I had never even heard: black locust blossom fritters and grape-leaf fritters, the first of native growth and the second an old recipe from Gotha. In describing the locust blossom fritters the authors are so transported as to wax lyrical: "Taste and fragrance not of this earth! Poetry reduced to food!" Nor do they come down to earth in writing about the grape-leaf fritters; "a springtime rhapsody," they call them. These personal notes to a number of the recipes are a particularly happy feature of the book and add much to the reader's pleasure. Nor are these notes merely enthusiasm. There is much historical information tucked away in them: that **riwwelsupp** is so popular a dish in the Palatinate that it has become the hallmark of the inhabitants of that land, whether they stay at home or go east to the Banat and the Batschka or cross the seas to Pennsylvania; that in 1556 the Abbess of Rosenthal sent her brother, the Count of Nassau, a New Year's gift of **lattwaerrick** and **lebkuchen;** and that the Dunker communion bread is marked off in 2½ inch squares and each square marked with five nail prints to commemorate the five wounds of Jesus.

Of certain foods there is a choice of recipes. There are nine recipes for potato soup in one form or another, and five ways to make onion pie. There are five recipes for **fasnachts** too. This cookbook is especially generous in its recipes for pies—and rightly so, for if pies are not Pennsylvania Dutch, what is? There is apple pie plain, apple tart, apple crumb pie, and apple pie on cabbage leaves, not to mention snitz pie and applebutter pie. There is a veritable host of custard pies: apple custard, cherry custard, peach custard, lemon custard, rhubarb custard, and applebutter custard among others.

Occasionally a recipe calls for enormous quantities. An oldtime repice for "potent cider" requires 40 gallons of cider, 40 pounds of sugar, 20 pounds of raisins, and 10 pounds of honey. The authors observe of this notable concoction, "Er hockt sich hart uff die Aagedeckel." It sits heavy on the eyelids! One can well believe it.

If the book has any fault it is that Miss Hark and Dr. Barba have been overly generous in admitting recipes that are dubiously Dutch. The great problem that faces any compiler of a regional cookbook is to decide which recipes are regional and which are not. If Lady Baltimore cake is baked today by women of Bethlehem and Emmaus, should it be included even though it is not Pennsylvania Dutch in origin? For the most part Miss Hark and Dr. Barba rigorously exclude recipes that are not characteristically Dutch. There are no recipes in their cookbook for ice cream, for instance. But occasionally they fall from grace. Such a sin, however, is very minor and easily overlooked, especially in a book so rich in virtues. For this is a book to whet the appetite, to entice you to bake a batch of Moravian love-feast buns, to cook some **gschmelzte nudles,** or whip up some funnel cakes for supper. In this book is reflected the richness of the Pennsylvania Dutch countryside, the fat farms with their great bank-barns, the laden stalls of the city markets. This is a book with God's plenty. Those poor souls on a diet should avoid it like the plague. The rest of us can read it and rejoice.

One last word: the book is diversely and most appropriately illustrated. There are drawings of springhouses and summer kitchens and bake-ovens by Eleanor J. M. Barba; chapter headings by Edward C. Smith; several old prints, especially Lewis Miller's amusing sketches of life in the Pennsylvania Dutch country; and two or three photographs of old utensils—**springerle** molds, bread trays, and saffron boxes.

FREDRIC KLEES

Fredric Klees is the author of THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH (The MacMillan Company, N.Y.), reviewed in the last issue of the ECK.—ED.

PIE AND THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By PRESTON A. BARBA

THE eastern counties of Pennsylvania constitute the piebelt of America. In this area more and better pies are eaten in greater variety than anywhere else on this terrestrial globe. We Pennsylvania Germans eat pie at breakfast, at dinner, at supper, and the midnight snack is not without it. And yet pie is an anomalous item in the Pennsylvania German cuisine. It was unknown to our forefathers before they arrived in Pennsylvania. "The pie," writes Harriet Beecher Stowe (Oldtown Folks, 1869), "is an English institution, which planted on American soil, forthwith ran rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species." The word crept into Middle English literature as early as the 14th century as pye, meaning perhaps a mixture (compare the adjectives **piebald** and **pied,**) and was probably first applied to a pastry dish of meat or fish or fowl. In English usage today pastry with fruit is called "tart" from the Latin past participle tortus, twisted, some twisted form of dough.

The nearest approach to pie in the German fatherland were the Obstkuchen, large wagon-wheel flats made of yeast dough, on the top of which were baked the fruits in season, cherries, apples, plums, which continue to this day to add a festive note to the afternoon coffee table. Although our pioneer Hausfraas no doubt baked these yeast-dough fruit Kuchen of their native land during the early period in Pennsylvania, English pie seems to have made rapid inroads into our rural areas and become a very popular dish. The Reverend Israel Acrelius, Provost of the Swedish congregations on the Delaware (1749-56) finds the early settlers in Pennsylvania baking pies of apples, cherries and peaches.

Since our dialect had no word for pie, an English adaptation in the form of **Boi** came into usage. This poses a fascinating problem for the philologist. Since the English dialect form **poi** is found in Yorkshire, Leicestershire and in the Midlands, it is to be assumed that this form was also prevalent in the American colonies in the 18th century and that our Pennsylvania German settlers heard this word from their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. Be that as it may, the fact is that English pie in its new environs took its own course of development.

It is in the baking of pie, not indigenous to her kitchen, that the Pennsylvania German housewife has outdone herself. Here her genius has asserted itself as nowhere else. Here she creates with the fancy and imagination of the artist. The home economist's attempt at scientific standardization has not yet inhibited the style of the **Hausfraa** of the older generation. Her touch is sensitive to the degree of grittiness of her flour, whether of winter or of summer wheat, and to the richness of the shortening she cuts into it. Nothing is measured, but all is mixed with the subtlety of long experience. The prepared filling at her side is of the greatest variety. She nimbly fits the pastry into her scalloped pattypans, and with the aid of her brass or bone **Boiraedel** (pie-wheel) she crimps and curls and twists and performs surface arabesques and initials worthy of the Fraktur-artist of an earlier day.

Who will name the endless varieties of pies and tarts that went forth from under the hands of our grandmothers? But for lemons and raisins the fruits came from the nearby gardens, fields and orchards. There were pies for all seasons of the year. With the breath of spring came rhubarb and the now extinct sorrel pie, followed in time by strawberry and cherry pies, both of the red sour and of the native black and red sweet cherries, currant and gooseberry, used both green and ripe, with their sweet dough strips or floating "dollars," raspberry, blackberry, elderberry, and early apple; and always there were plain custard and cheese pies; late fall and early winter brought the pumpkin and the mince meat, diluted with good Yankee rum. But the provident housewife during the long winter months drew upon her large store of fruits and berries she had during the summer months carefully dried in the oven after her weekly bakings or, in later days, canned and stored on cellar shelves.

It is a congenital weakness of the human male to remind his mate of the pie mother used to bake. There are those who remember with nostalgia the pies that used to be baked in the great outdoor ovens in gently-sloping earthen pie dishes and with the fragrance of applewood ashes clinging to them. Those days are no more. The modern housewife prefers to bake in smaller quantities and abhors a pie that has "slept over night." Her pie may lack in variety but not in quality.

The English-speaking housewife who chats with her Pennsylvania German neighbor hears in wonderment a most confusing pie terminology. In English "pie" is a general word applied both to meat and fruit pies, and if to the latter then a pie with a top crust is implied. If it is an open fruit pie, then the word "tart" is in order. But the Pennsylvania German **Hausfraa** speaks of apple cakes and pumpkin and cheese cakes, for the simple reason that she has been accustomed to speak of them in the dialect as **Ebbelkuche, Kaerbsekuche** and **Kaeskuche,** which is quite understandable when we recall that the yeast-risen dough flats on which fresh fruits were baked were known as **Obstkuchen.** So also when a cake batter is baked in a pastry shell it is for her Shoofly Cake and not Shoofly Pie.

The above is one of numerous sketches and essays scattered through the Hark-Barba PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY (A Regional Cookbook), reviewed elsewhere in this issue of the ECK.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DRUVEL UF 'M SHQUARE:

Pennsville is ken grosser blotzdoch gross ganunk fer alla gabut druvel howwa uf 'm shquare won die socha net gaina wie sie sotta. Mohl fers alter airsht, hut der wert Harland Smith 'n shnuffel fol kalt grick'd, un etlicha dawg tzu gabrocht im bed, die weil os sei Emma die wertschoft garunn'd hut. Die Emma wor uf kours aw mohl weil uf "vakation," un denk der Harland hut ous gamocht won er net mohl tzeit ob nemma dade, kaimt er kartz so weit os "vakation" tzeit aw gang'd.

Driwwa uf 'm onnerra eck fom shquare wohna 's Harry Bartholomews' -des is der Harry un sei Jennie, un woh doh kartzlich aw shier may wie ihra share druvel kotta hen. Der Harry is 'n kerl os immer gleich'd glot g'shtrail'd tzu sei. So weit os sel aw gait, er hut nimmy so fiel hoar os er shun kotta hut, ow'r gleich'd arrick gute ocht tzu gewwa uf wos er noch hut. Ebber hut 'm mohl g'sawt, der beshd waig fer paar hoar weit gae mocha, sot m'r sie ragler shmeara mit ebbes fon ma hoar ale.

So wie m'r fershtaina, hut der Harry sich noh ebbes gons arbadiches grick'd fer uf sei hoar duh-ebbes os sie immer shae in arder halta hut solla. Allas is shae ob galoffa, uns het gore ken druvel uf der shquare gewwa, won der Harry sich da onner dawg net ferhudd'ld het mit da buddla, un hut "Mineral Oil" uf der kup gariva inshtadts fom hoar ale, woh er yusa hut wolla. Noh het er die socha ferleicht net os g'funna won die Jennie net gawunnert het ferwos sei hoar so arrick glitzerra dadasie hut g'sawt sie dada sie farblae ferblanna. Wie der Harry gaguck'd hut, wohrhoft won er net on da letza buddle wor.

Die Jennie hut da onner dawg uf kours aw net gons shlecht gaduh wie sie wunners gamaint hut wos fer 'n shae essa os sie rishda wot fer die nei "dining suit," eiqela woh sie yusht dawgs dafor grick'd hen kot. Fer die socha ols noch shlimmer mocha hen sie p'such kotta-'m boo Luther sei maid'l wor darta, un die Jennie hut 'n recht shae essa uf duh wolla.

Die Jennie hut tzwae orta milich uf hond kotta-ragler milich, un chocolate milich. Die wersht worra gabroda un allas shunshd ready fer uf der dish duh wie die Jennie shtarta hut die grumbierra masha. Allas wear noh ol recht gawest won sie net die letz milich buddle ferwish'd het, Yar bei jupps won sie net chocolate milich in ihra grumbierra hut, un hut net fershtae kenna ferwos ihra gamashda grumbierra so kotza groe werra dada bis sie ihra buddle mohl recht gadrocht hut. Die barichda sin, der g'shmock wear ol recht gawest, ow'r die grumbierra hetta weit fon gaguck'd wie wos gamashda grumbierra gucka sotta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die free yohrs blumma sin shun om sheeva nava on unser'm Fegelskoshda-wohrhoft m'r hen uf na krokus kot 'm ledshda Sundawg.

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Editorials

The World's Steel Center

A highly important era for Pennsylvania business and for Allentown in large measure began the breaking of ground at Morrisville on Thursday for a $400 million steel plant to be built by United States Steel Corporation.

This plant promises to be the first of three to be erected by as many steel companies along the Delaware river. It is entirely possible that other companies will find it convenient and economically advantageous to expand their operations to that area.

Today vast quantities of iron ore are being brought to the United States from South American countries. Location of steel mills at tidewater therefore becomes economically advantageous. The Delaware is near enough to the soft coal fields and the great coke ovens, as well as the limestone deposits of the East, to make steel manufacture along the Delaware profitable.

Accordingly in the vast program for expanding American steel production, now in excess of 100 million tons annually, emphasis seems likely to be placed on the Delaware as to site.

A vast industry is going up within a hundred miles of Allentown and much of it within fifty miles. It is an industry which has been noted generally for its high wage scales. It is an industry which undoubtedly will produce a lot of new business. For this business Allentown merchants will be ready to compete, even tho Philadelphia will have considerable advantage as to travel, time and distance.

The aggressiveness and progressiveness of Allentown's merchandising centers can be expected to attract and hold a lot of business. We can be sure they will go after it with vigor and intelligence.

Sentimentally, the people in this vicinity likewise will take much interest in the development of this vast new industry—the biggest steelmaking unit ever built in this country at one time, according to Pres. Fairless of U. S. Steel. This is because steel is returning to one of its early historic homes for, as President Fairless at the ground-breaking exercises pointed out, the raw materials for the weapons that were used by Washington's Continental Army were turned out in this part of the country during the days of the Revolution.

The banks of the Delaware will be crowded with steel mills in the near future. Thus Pennsylvania's prestige in steel, already great because of Pittsburgh, will be further enhanced. It will make this state alone a producer of the modern world's basic material — steel — in amount exceeding that of any country in the world, not excluding Russia.

Getting Best Men for Jobs

Appointment of Admiral Fechteler, an American, as commander of the North Atlantic Treaty sea forces raised quite some feeling in England when Winston Churchill protested to the Labor government against what the old bulldog regarded as a slight to the British Navy.

Churchill's intense nationalism is generally known. Likewise his admiration for the British Navy is unbounded. Just as he fought valiantly against the liquidation of the British Empire, when foreshadowed in the liberation of India, so he is determined to fight in order that he may sustain the splendid traditions of the Navy which for two centuries has protected the island empire and policed the seas in the interest of all nations.

But the controversy appears to have been a tempest in a teapot. Certainly Americans, who keenly admire this sterling statesman and who derived encouragement and cheer from him in every crisis of World War II, hope that he can be mollified and that the entire matter can and will be resolved favorably to all parties concerned and favorably to Churchill's proper pride in Britain's fleet.

This appears likely from the Labor government's explanation that Admiral Fechteler will be responsible for the transport of aid from America to Europe in the event of a war. He will not be the commander of the home fleet—a job for a Briton.

It is entirely likely that other naval commands, such as that for the Mediterranean, will be put in charge of Britons for there will be no desire on America's part to fill the highest posts except where the Atlantic Treaty nations best interests dictate. These interests already have commended the appointment of General Eisenhower as supreme commander of land, sea and air arms, Field Marshal Montgomery of England as deputy supreme commander and General Juin of France as head of the Central European command with its armies.

British leaders wish to do nothing that may split them from the United States. Nor do the other nations which have been feeling the stimulus of the blood transfusions supplied to them since the war by and thru the Marshall Plan.

Our Important Airport

When 443 operations were handled at the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton Airport on Sunday, February 18, a record was achieved by the local field and a volume of business was indicated that compares with the biggest fields in the country. In fact, there are very few airports in the country which ever handle so many operations in a single day.

This indicates the importance of the location of the local airport as to aviation. It lies astride a number of busy air routes. It is close and convenient for others. It is large and attractive for the sportsmen in the field of aviation. It is likely to be clear and open when seaboard fields are weatherbound and many pilots prefer to avoid them.

What the airport's business is likely to be in the event of a war can only be guessed at but it undoubtedly would be very large. To the record figure of 443 operations, military on that Sunday contributed only four. Commercial airlines provided 34 operations. The great bulk of work was provided by 209 itinerants—tourists of the skies — while local aviators evidenced their importance in numbers and activity by providing 196 operations.

Yes, it's a busy airport and it was timely indeed that a new traffic control tower was established on the field last October to handle in safety the great volume of business that is flying into the local airport.

Whoops!

There are now, says the Census Bureau, more women than men in the United States. And that, we would opine, rings some sort of knell—but not for the men. If history means anything, feminists should begin viewing with alarm and all the Casper Milquetoasts should take heart. For a new revolution may be in the making.

The time bomb — for the women — is concealed in one of those arithmetical portraits that statisticians delight in: The average American, the Census Bureau reveals with beguiling innocence, is now a woman, aged 30.1, and already married. And we submit: The moment the American woman becomes average, something earthshaking is in store.

Suppose she now can outvote the men. Who gave her the vote in the first place? The men of such states as Wyoming, Colorado, and Idaho, a half century ago, where and when women were few and far between. Who dragged their heels on the 19th (woman suffrange) Amendment? The men of Connecticut, where a woman hadn't been a curiosity for two centuries.

Want to go back to the day when any woman was good for a seat on a crowded streetcar? Then make yourselves scarce, ladies! Take a look at that news picture of 600 GI's at the New Hampshire air base standing back while the lone Waf on the post trips to the head of the chow line.

Was this written by a misogynist? Far from it. We love 'em. Just by a guy who, up to this morning, thought he was the average American, and who, thanks to the Census Bureau, discovers suddenly he's unusual. Whoops! — Christian Science Monitor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 37:23-28

When Joseph came to his brethren, they took from him his coat which his father had given him in token of his affection, and then threw him into a pit, as Reuben had suggested in v. 22, when he interceded for his life (so did they strip Jesus also, Mt. 27:28). This pit was one of many reservoirs which shepherds in that country provided to catch the rain during the wet season, so that the sheep might have water during the dry season — the 'still waters', instead of rushing streams, of Ps. 23:2. There was no water in this reservoir at this particular time, v. 24. As they were eating their lunch beside the pit, as heedless of their brother's feelings as the Roman soldiers playing dice at the foot of Jesus' cross, they observed a caravan of Ishmeelites (better, Ishmaelites, as in Judges 8:24), merchants on their way home from Gilead (the territory east of the Jordan) to Egypt to sell their wares there. Judah suggests that they sell Joseph to these men, which they do, selling him for 20 pieces of silver to Midianites, forming another section of the caravan. Judas (the Greek form of the name Judah), in the New Testament, sells Jesus for 30 pieces of silver.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 3, 1926, a Wednesday

Contributions of $10,000 were reported by members of the finance committee of Jacksonville Reformed church, according to the pastor, Rev. Clarence Rahn. Henry F. Kistler, building committee chairman, was in charge of the drive for funds with which to erect a new church building.

An old - fashioned community "town meeting" of all civic bodies and interested individuals was sponsored by the Lehigh Valley Motor club, John Rupp, president and meeting chairman, in the Elks club. Guests at the mass meeting, the purpose of which was the consideration of finance of construction projects within the city limits, was attended by prominent guests, including Mayor Malcolm Gross, members of city council and the county commissioners.

H. H. Dent was elected to fill the vacancy of recently resigned president, Col. E. M. Young, on the board of trustees of the YWCA at a meeting held in the organization's quarters. Newly elected trustees were Mrs. S. A. Butz, John Henry Leh, Judge Claude T. Reno, Charles O. Hunsicker, Col. C. J. Smith and and Robert Mosser.

Horoscope

Travel seems to be in the books for you, with unexpected social opportunities. Born today, a child may expect a happy life.

It Makes Such a Difference—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Nature must take its course. That's about what President Truman has decided is the way to meet the latest crisis in the defense program — the strike ordered by the major labor organizations against membership by labor members on any boards in the Office of Defense Mobilization.

This means the president will await the opinion of the country. Do the rank and file members of the labor unions approve of the action taken by their leaders? Do the soldiers in Korea approve of any group which deliberately boycotts the defense operation and refuses to aid it after having been so requested by the president of the United States?

Do the American people think the American Federation of Labor, the CIO, and the railroad union representatives are acting patriotically in refusing to sit on government boards when they have been formally invited to serve?

The statement issued by these organizations gives as the main reason that they do not like the decisions and rules made by Charles E. Wilson, director of the Office of Defense Mobilization. A bitter attack is made upon him as being "arrogant" and unwilling to see the needs of labor as the unions see them.

Dictatorial

This is tantamount to saying that the labor groups feel they can dictate who shall operate the defense program. It is apparently of no concern to them that the president, after canvassing the possibilities, came to the conclusion that Mr. Wilson, by virtue of his experience as president of the General Electric Co. and in management positions for many years, was the man best qualified to do the job. Can any mobilization program really succeed if the president of the United States cannot choose his own executives?

Mr. Wilson severed all business connections and resigned from his company to accept the position he now occupies. The labor unions claim that they have nobody on the top-level staff but, when Mr. Wilson invited them to name a man, they refused to do so apparently because one of the conditions stipulated was that the labor man should sever all connections with his labor union and become a full-fledged servant of the government of the United States and not of his private business.

Entitled to Voice

Labor unions are entitled to a voice in public affairs but, until they come up with a man good enough to do a management job such as Mr. Wilson has on his hands, they can hardly expect to be given the responsibility for directing the entire program. But they will be the first to concede that they don't want that responsibility. So it all boils down to the fact that labor union leaders still think of Mr. Wilson as they think of all big business men — just someone to insult and denounce, someone to characterize with invectives, and someone to harass at a time of world crisis when the responsibility of such a man is bigger than that of anyone else in the government, with the possible exception of the president.

Reason for Concern

If that's a sample of the kind of cooperation America is going to have from its economic groups, then maybe there is reason to be concerned about the success of the mobilization program. For, when the leaders proclaim dissension as their slogan, the rank and file takes up the cry and America is in for precisely the kind of internal disunity on the labor front which Communist agents would give their eyeteeth to bring about.

The labor union leaders say they will let their representatives return to another kind of wage stabilization board but they openly threaten the government unless such a new board is set up as they want it. The penalty they prescribe is refusal to sit on any other boards in the war effort, even though those boards are not at all connected with the issues that have arisen over wage stabilization policy.

Won't Go Unanswered

It certainly is a novel development — something unprecedented — to see the nation's foremost labor union leaders telling the government they will not serve it anywhere else unless they can have their way on a matter of self-interest materialism. Such a challenge will not go unanswered either by the government or by the patriotic citizens of America, including the workers whose sons are among those who will do the fighting with the weapons and supplies which the Office of Defense Mobilization has been expected to assemble.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It would be a very good thing if not too many youngsters of school age reads the report by Prof. Henry D. Ogden on the subject of headaches.

Educated people get more headaches than the less educated, he discovered in a survey—and if you want to be almost completely free of headaches, be a farmer.

* * *

Surveys are a wonderful institution.

But they can be just like statistics.

They can be very accurate and they can be awful liars.

To our government they are a blessing.

Thousands of men and women on the public payroll are kept busy on nothing but surveys, and thus political debts are conveniently paid off. By the same statistics many different things can be proven.

However, I was talking about headaches.

* * *

Another fact the good professor discovered is that bachelors have more headaches than married men.

He doesn't seem to know why. I do.

I certainly had more headaches when I was a bachelor than I have now.

Nine times out of ten they were the morning - after - the - night-before kind.

They were easy to cure. A good night's sleep usually did the trick. The headaches I have now—and you probably have the same experiences — are not so easy to remedy.

They occur regularly each year around March 15th, and often around the first of each month when the mailman brings the bills.

I am afraid there will be quite a general increase in headaches if Mr. Truman sends many more requests for tax increases to Congress.

* * *

The professor also found that women have more headaches than men.

You know, of course, that most women's headaches are caused by men.

And, undoubtedly — although the professor didn't say so—married women have more headaches than bachelorettes.

An unmarried woman is not as apt to tell her man that he gives her a headache as a wife would.

A man can give his wife a headache merely by complaining that she hasn't boiled his eggs long enough.

* * *

Young persons, according to the survey, get more headaches than older ones.

Since there are more bachelors among young people than among ones, that is quite understandable.

Next to a hangover, being in love is quite apt to give one a headache.

Now that I am almost at the end of this highly educational article you naturally want to know how to avoid headaches.

Well, according to my interpretation of the professor's survey, the best way is not to have a head.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

PAAR ALTA G'SHICHTA: Da onner dawg hen m'r paar Til Eilenshpiegel g'shichta K'hoert, ferol os der fertzailer, sie gewwa hut wie " 'M Bauer Sei Aryer Knecht." Die uhrsoch os m'r 's Eilenshpiegel g'shichta haisa, is, weil die gawainlicha Til Eilenshpiegel's wissenheit shprich werta dabei sin.

So wie die g'shichta uns fertzailt sin werra, hut der bauer sei knecht nous in der bush g'shick'd fer huls hocka mit ea arya shtumba ox. Wie der knecht shtarta hut hocka is die ox ols yusht in die hae gajump'd, un er hut net gawist wie aw tzu gae. Endlich hut der knecht tzu da ox g'sawt, "Won duh jumpa konsh'd, kon ich aw jumpa," un is ols frei fom budda in die hae gajump'd alla shtraich os er k'hock'd hut, un hut sella waig 'n wunnerborie lot huls k'hock'd bis middawg.

Wie der bauer middawgs g'sehna hut wie fiel huls os der knecht k'hock'd hut kot mit ra shtumba ox, hut er g'sawt tzu sich selwar, "Ei ei, wos het der mensch ow'r net noch 'n lot mainer huls k'hock'd won er 'n sharfie ox kotta het." Noch middawg hut er 'm 'n ox gewwa os hoar sharaf wor, un wunhers gamaint wie arrick os der knecht nommy dawgs huls hocka dade.

Der airsht straich os der knecht ow'r k'hock'd hut mit seinra sharafa ox, is sie im blug shtecka gabliva, un hut sie nimmy mooka kenna. Noh hut der knecht die ox abissel aw gakuck'd un g'sawt, "Wel, won duh ruga konsh'd, kon ich aw ruga," un hut sich datzu k'huck'd, un ken shtraich may g'shoft.

Noh hut der same mon aw fertzailt wie der same bauer 'm sama knecht g'sawt het er sot sich dummla fer 'n load hoy ob lawda, 's wear 'n raya om unna ruf kumma. Der knecht wear noh nei gonga wie 'n ux uf ma hoy borer, un hets hoy alla pieces ufs shire doch gagov'ld, un wohs darrich nei nos wear werra.

Der bauer het noh awfonga shelda, un g'frok'd, wos die uhrsoch wear fers hoy dart nuf duh. Noh het der knecht g'sawt, "Duh hosh'd mich baloga, duh hosh'd g'sawt der raya kaimt unna ruf un woh shunshd wie uf 'm doch het m'r 's hoy drucka halta wolla won er sella waig kumma wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S hut ols noch 'n lot so alta barichda un g'shpicht rum har, ow'r sie werra dawg fer dawg wenicher, un annerra sich alla mohl os sie fertzailt werra.



DIE DIEHLEBACHER ARGEL

Vum JOHN BIRMELIN

We take pleasure in offering to our readers this hitherto unpublished poem by the late John Birmelin. It is in his best manner. The poet, who was himself a leading organist in our community for nearly half a century, has with fine sensitivity, but also with characteristic humor and irony, traced out for us the thorny path that an organist walks between bargaining deacons and elders on the one hand and his own high ideals and musicianly standards on the other hand, when a new but inexpensive organ is to replace the old one.—ED.

Die Diehlebacher Argel waar
Schun sechzich Yaahr gebaut;
Un hot gewiss, in ihre Zeit,
Aa zimmlich gut gelaut.

Doch mit de Zeit losst alles noh,
Es will re nimmi geh;
Un des Geyaemer was mer heert
Iss waerklich nimmi schee.

Die holzne Peife aus em Leim,
Die Schtopper daerre aus;
Un wie do eener runner fallt,
Do blost's en owwe naus.

Un annre sin so weech wie Blei
Un hen sich grumm geboge;
Sie hen mit ihrem falsche Hauch
Der Gottesdienscht bedroge.

'S hot Peife dart vun sechzeh Fuss,
Die hen yuscht so gegnattert;
Die Schpeckmeis hen die sechzich Yaahr
Dart owwe runner g'flattert.

Em Blosbalg iss es aa verleed,
Ken rechti Luscht am Lewe;
Am Ledder iss er rott un faul,
Noh flatscht er viel dernewe.

Die Meis waarn in de Glaffe drin,
Hen g'fresse un gewiehlt;
So find mer Blacke, hie un do
Wu's ewwe nimmi schpielt .

Der Argelschpieler blogt sich ab,
Er weess schier nimmi wie;
Bei allem fischble find er doch
Ken rechti Melodie.

Noh hot er als so sachte g'flucht,
En gaschdich G'sicht gemacht;
Un deel vun denne Kaercheleit
Hen noch dezu gelacht.

Des hot ihn dann erscht recht verzaernt,
Noh hot er fehl gegriffe;
Un uff der Bordkaerrich waar en Rilps,
Der hot dezu gepiffe.

Do hot der Parre 's Maul verpetzt,
Sei Backe waare bleech,
Er saagt de Leit, 's waer Gottesdienscht,
Ken Blatz fer Deiwelschtreech.

Dann hen sich vun de beschte Leit
Versammelt nooch der Kaerrich.
Es muss en nei-i Argel bei;
Sie dresche's Ding mol daerrich.

"Herr Organischt, wu du net bischt,
Dart schweigen alle Floete."
Un do iss seller Organischt
Mol hardich uffgedrede.

"Vier Dausand Peife," hot er g'saat,
"Fer zwanzich dausend Daahler!
Mer hen yo reiche Leit genunk,
Do fehlt's net an Bezaahler!"

En Elteschter, der schloft im Eck
Un hot so bissel g'schnaerrickst,
Doch wie er "Zwanzich Dausend" heert,
Do hot er glei gewaerrickst.

"Fer'n Dudelkaschde so viel Geld?
Sell iss, verflammt, zu deier!
Sell kaaft yo'n grossi Bauerei,
Mit Geil un Kieh in Scheier!"

"Un Glaffe," saagt der Organischt,
"Vier Roiye, ganz gewiss!
Un noch en Roi am Boddem naus,
Fer schpiele mit de Fiess.

Uff yedre Seit, Regischtergnepp,
So 'baut en halwes Hunnert;
Un wann mer die uff eemol ziegt,
Dann heer'n ihr mol wie's dunnert!

En Bass vun zwee un dreissich Fuss,
Do waerr'n ner awwer gucke!
So Peife sin yo dick genunk
Fer'n grosser Mann nei schluppe.

Un dann sin Peife, winzich glee,
Die heesst mer Piccolo;
Die zwitschre so, mer meent gewiss
Der Biwwi waer schun do!

Die Vox Humana (Mensche Schtimm)
En sanfti, feini Aart;
Die zittert recht, var lauter Lieb,
Wie aus me Geessebaart.

Dann kummt noch, was mer heesst, Mixtur
Un Sesquialtera;
Do hupse dausend Grickselcher
Uff eemol aus de Faltere.

Do reisst dem Parre die Geduld;
"Mei liewer Mann, halt ei!
Dir scheint, bei alle Grickselcher,
En Schraubche los zu sei!

Zwee dausend Peife sin genunk,
Mit sechsundreissich Schiewer;
Des kaemt aa net so grisslich hoch
Un waer mer viele liewer."

Noh hen sie ewwe rum geguckt,
En Argelbauer g'frogt;
Glei waare fimfe an der Hand
Un hen die Leit geblogt.

Acht Dausend Daahler froogt der Eend,
Der anner dutt's fer Siwwe;
Sie hen's aa ehrlich, recht gemeent,
Sin uff em Preis gebliwwe.

Dann waar so'n gleener Bicherglaerrick,
Nemmt's uff mit denne Leit;
Der saagt ne graad, "An sellem Preis,
Do kumme ihr net weit!

"Drei dausend Daahler sin genunk
Fer eenich Argelg'schpiel;
Un wann ihr des net nemme wott,
Uns iss es ewweviel."

Was hen die Argelbauer g'schtaunt!
Do waar die Luscht verbei.
Wer wott dan noch an so 'me Preis
En Argelbauer sei?

Doch waar en annrer Argelmann,
Der waar so recht gewichst;
Er waar mit alle Dricks bekannt
Un hot die Buwe g'fixt.

Er saagt, "Des iss en leichti Sach,
Do wees ich, was zu duh mit;
En grossi Argel baut mer glee,
Des dutt mer imme 'Unit.'

"En Windlaad baut mer 's aller erscht,
Brauch net so gross zu sei;
Un schteckt paar hunnert Peife dart
In Roiye zamme nei.

Drei Roiye Glaffe gewwich eich—
An Glaffe iss ke Not—
Un des waerd alles zammeg'henkt
Mit bissel Kupperdrot.

Uff selle Roiye schpielt mer dann,
En yedri mit Brofit;
Weil yedri schpielt die Argel voll,
Do iss ken Unnerschitt.

Im Kaschde muss en Bourdon sei
Vun finfunachtzich Peife;
Un selli schaffe iwwerzeit,
Des kennt ihr kaum begreife!

Der Bourdon macht en Flute D'Amour,
Nazard un Quintadena,
En Schtopper Flute un Piccolo;
So dutt er sechsmol diene.

Vum Acht Fuss Diapason grickt
Mer'n Vier Fuss Principal;
Viola, Violina nemmt
Mer vum Salicional.

Salicional un Zwelfdi Flute,
Die sin yo, so wie so, do;
Un wann mer die yuscht zamme petzt—
En noochgemachtes Oboe!

Un des waerd alles, roiyeweis,
Verknippelt un verkoppelt,
So was mer schpielt uff eenre Glaff,
Iss zwanzich mol verdoppelt.

Dann grickt ihr aa'n Cornopean;
Wann alles schunscht net reecht,
Der reisst en Schtraahle daerrich die Luft
As wie wann's wedderlecht!"

Saagt eener dann, vum Kaerricheraat,
"Mir basst nau seller Schtraahle!
So'n Argel waer yo laut genunk,
Un breicht net viel bezaahle."

Ya, well! So 'baut en halwes Yaahr,
Do kummt die "Unit" Argel;
Deel hen's var'n Wunner aageguckt,
Deel mache dumme Schnaerkel.

Die alde Peife misse raus,
Die grosse owwe runner;
Verschtummt iss nau fer alle Zeit
Ihr sanfter, hohler Dunner.

Die neie Peife gehne nei,
Dart wu die alde waare;
Doch fiehle sie sich net deheem,
Sie hen sich schier verlore.

En gleeni Argel in de Mitt,
Der Kaschde viel zu gross,
So aarm un nackich hockt sie dart,
Wie'n Kind, gebletscht un bloss.

Doch vanne, wu die Glaffe sin,
Sin achtzich Gnepp un Gneppche.
Un rode Lichter, blo un grie,
Un anner so Gezeppche.

Am Sunndaag kumme dann die Leit
Fer mol des Ding zu heere;
Der Schpieler hockt sich uff die Bank
Un fangt sich aa zu wehre.

Am erschte zwickt er uff die Naas
Die doppelguckich Brill,
Noh guckt er an de Gnepp drahie
Fer sehne was er will.

Noh schpielt er Peife, hoch un dief,
Wie Feggel singe deel;
Un annre mache wie Babbier,
Geblose daerrich en Schtreehl.

Dann guckt er mol fer mehner Graft,
Er ziegt noch meh Regischter,
Schpielt owwe, unne, in de Mitt,
Net viele meh verwischt er.

Noh ziegt er der Cornopean,
Des hot so recht geblaerrt!
Es laaft em kalt der Buckel nuff,
Mer sehnt, es hot en g'schnaerrt.

Dann schpielt er noch so bissel G'fraes,
Des hot so schwach gezittert;
Un drauerich kummt er dann zum End,
Die Sach waar ihm verbittert.

Ya, well! Noh geht die Kaerrich aa,
Der Parre breddicht schee;
Un wann er dann der Sege schprecht
Iss alles uff de Bee.

Dann schtimmt der Argelschpieler aa,
"Doxologie" zum Schluss;
Er weess aa ass es do am End
Recht grefdich schalle muss.

Mer hot gemeent ass all die Leit
Mol waerklich singe wodde;
Die Argel halt ne Wedderbart,
Doch hen sie sie gebodde.

Dann schpielt der Argelschpieler noch
Die Leit zum Tempel naus;
Nau wehrt er sich mit Hend un Fiess
Doch kummt net mehner raus.

Er waar aa bis an's End gedrei,
Sei Gleeder nass vum Schwitz.
Er schliesst der Argeldeckel zu
Un rutscht sich daan vum Sitz.

So schteht er darde, mied un matt,
Er hot der Schtarm geweddert;
Doch fiehlt er dief in seinre Seel,
Do waar er mol geleddert.

Dann sagt er noch en schtill Gebet
In seinre Kimmernis;
"Ich hoff net as im Himmelreich
En Unit Argel iss!"

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Editorials

Save Your Vision

Altho man's loss of any one of his five senses is a calamity it is pretty well agreed that loss of sight is the greatest of the five possible afflictions. Society has indicated that belief in many ways. Conspicuous is the virtually automatic provision of pensions for the blind.

Likewise women and men have long known, (altho not all heed the advice), that there is nothing more important for their happiness than the care of the eye so that it remain in health or be eased and cured in the event of illness or injury to that organ.

All this made the local observance of Save Your Vision Week during the past six days highly important for our people. It could have been immensely, perhaps even vitally valuable to those who have been harming their eyesight or have been neglecting their eyes. They now may have resolved to correct their troubles whether by medical or surgical means or by the swifter means provided by correctly fitted glasses.

Scientific knowledge about the eye has expanded so greatly, even within recent years, and training of the medical men, the surgeons and the optometrists has advanced so greatly and has developed such a large body of scientific experts that there is widest opportunity for virtually everybody to live in happiness with their eyes.

Local optometrists, who during the past week pleaded with the people to take care of their eyes and sought to reach the sufferers by every medium of communication they could employ, told a truthful and a useful story. "Save your eyes" they told our people. It is an injunction which profitably can be considered and adopted not merely during "Save Your Vision Week" but during every week of the year.

The Way of Dictators

If a proposal that Evita Peron, wife of the dictator of Argentina, be elected vice president of that country were a move in the interest of women in general; if it were a sign that women are to be accorded equal rights with men in that country, it would be good.

It appears to be nothing of the sort but rather another step toward absolute totalitarianism and complete enslavement of the people by a very much inflated personality.

President Peron gradually has taken over powers in the manner of dictators. His latest struggle has been with the one newspaper which has been holding out against him and has been trying to tell the truth about the situation in Argentina.

Like other dictators, he almost certainly is surrounded by a host of sycophants. If they have not already told and convinced him, ultimately they will persuade him that he is deity or closely akin to it; that his thinking and his actions are infallible and that nothing and nobody must be permitted to stand in his way.

Inasmuch as Evita Peron has been a personality strong and conspicuous as her husband, the toadies cannot very well deny to her the attributes and power attributed to her spouse. It is a good old hieratic custom to provide a feminine counterpart or mate for the character who is to be deified. So Evita probably will be introduced into the Argentine republic's dictatorial government to make official what already and for a long time has been a fact.

One can almost see the beautiful blushes of the blonde Evita as modestly, like Caesar, she thrice is offered and thrice refuses a kingly crown. It does not take very much tempting to make a "Veep" in the United States. It probably will take even less tempting in Argentina where the serpent again is offering delicious fruit to vain woman.

Fallen Among Thieves

The extent and the variety of ways in which Uncle Sam is made a sucker even tho he is assured to be a very smart fellow, is reemphasized in a report which the General Accounting Office made to the U. S. Senate on Thursday concerning just one lone individual.

According to these top bookkeepers for Uncle Sam, a resident of Indiana founded a school ostensibly to train aeronautical students. Altho he never opened the school and never had a student, he established qualifications under which he could bid for the purchase of surplus Government property. It appears that he had also fortified himself so as to secure advance, inside information as to the availability of surpluses.

According to the Accounting Office, the aeronautical school got almost $4,939,117 worth of property from the War Assets Administration and $566,047 from the Air force and paid under $12,000 for it all. Altho the War Assets Administration requires that permission be asked and accorded to resell any such assets, the aeronautical school sold a lot of the goods without bothering about such a formality.

This is along an entirely different line from the questionable operations in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but both show that Uncle Sam is being swindled not alone by those abroad who can manage to dig into his pockets but even by his supposedly loyal and patriotic nephews right here at home.

No Time for Strikes

There is nothing that will blacken labor in the eys of the people and in the eyes of the government more than unauthorized, so-called wildcat strikes and, in the same sense, I can fully understand the reason for those stoppages which are harmful to those engaged in the walkouts, seriously injurious to the unions as a whole and dangerously serious to our nation now, in what I consider the most serious crisis since the days of the American Revolution.

If the masses of our people would only understand that their liberties and those of their children are involved in this question, they may be prevailed upon to see the light and try to abide by law and order and rules within their union as well as try to lend themselves to the task of protecting the safety of our nation and its institutions. . .

I therefore strongly appeal to my people and to the organized workers of the nation to stop all strikes, if humanly possible, and I appeal to the employers of the nation to endeavor to see the light, the light which penetrates and exposes the dangers confronting us, and endeavor to reach agreements (even at some sacrifices) with their employes. —Daniel . Tobin in the International Teamster.

To the Cleaners



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Congress has a right to say whether troops shall be sent to Europe but the members will be making a grave mistake if they attempt to substitute their judgment for that of the commander-in - chief in determining how many soldiers, sailors or airmen shall be sent abroad. The situation here is becoming tangled because fundamentals are being lost sight of.

Government by debating society is all right for civilian problems but debating societies cannot run armies, navies or air forces.

Congress two years ago passed a law declaring that the joint chiefs of staff are the principal military advisors of the commander-in-chief. No democracy can survive in a critical emergency if it has to submit military operations, plans and movements to a legislative body for approval or disapproval.

Proper Question

There is a proper question for Congress to decide — not one House but both Houses — and that's the question of whether troops shall be sent to Europe at all. The issue in a sense has already been resolved because the North Atlantic treaty has been ratified, and this plainly implies that America must do her share to withstand attack in Europe on any signatory nation. This means that every member nation, including the United States, must supply adequate forces not merely to repel an attack but to deter an attack.

Wrong in Principle

Once Congress has decided to give the president authority, therefore, to send troops to Europe or to defend the American troops who are already there, the question of how many reinforcements is a military matter. Even the ceiling imposed by Congress on the entire armed services at 4,000,000 at this time is wrong in principle. It can be justified, however, only on a tentative basis as a means of fixing budget requirements and only if the figure is well in excess of what is needed, assuming no outbreak of large-scale war.

Much of the present confusion could have been avoided if the president had met at the outset of the crisis the challenge with respect to the authority of the executive to send troops outside continental United States. There are dozens of precedents but no two of them present identical circumstances.

Even if there were a thousand precedents, the president would be well-advised to lay the issue before Congress and ask for a simple grant of power from both Houses to send to Europe whatever troops are necessary to carry out the North Atlantic treaty obligations. The phraseology doesn't have to be any more specific because nobody really knows how many troops will be necessary if an emergency does arise.

Such a resolution by Congress, moreover, would confront every member with a decision as to whether he wants to leave the present American forces in Europe undefended and subject to sudden attack there. It is probable that both Houses would go on record giving the necessary authority, though a preamble—an expression of purpose—might accompany it saying it was hoped that the use of the troops would become unnecessary. It could declare an intention to review the authority granted in the event that a peaceful settlement of existing disputes is accomplished.

Many Examples

There are many examples in legislative history whereby Congress has passed an armament bill but accompanied it with a proviso that the armament would be reduced in the event international settlements satisfactory to this country were some day achieved.

The effort in Congress to limit the number of divisions which may be sent to Europe really may not prove the incentive it is intended to be to other nations. The western democracies will naturally raise as many divisions as they can, consistent with their economic situation, and they will not be impressed by the limitation anyway. For they know that in an emergency the Congress of the United States will authorize the executive to disregard it or will ratify any action he takes in such an ergency.

Break for Dictatorship

About all any limitation does, therefore, is to notify the Communist world that American military strategy is neither firm nor farsighted and that it isn't in the hands of the military chieftains but in the hands of the legislators. This is an ideal break for an organized dictatorship which scorns democracy as unorganized and futile in the pinches. An organized democracy can defeat a dictatorship but public opinion will have to influence Congress to begin soon the task of organizing our military effort on a more effective basis.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What a refreshing change it is these days to hear somebody say "I don't know!"

And, if you investigate, you will discover that the person who admits that he doesn't know, really knows much more than the windbags who think that they are the epitome of wisdom.

* * *

On my desk this morning is a little "house organ" entitled "Staff News."

It is published by the Waldorf-Astoria hotel for its more than 2,000 employes. It contains the usual personal stuff, such as Ruth Field, secretary to Mr. Vas Dias, having spent a vacation with her family in Buffalo, and Mrs. Alice Newman, 11th floor housekeeper, having recuperated from a virus infection.

* * *

But what interests me most about the "Staff News" is the monthly editorial by F. A. Ready, general manager of the hotel.

As you know, a big city hotel is one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world.

Not only the guests come from all corners of the world, but so do the employes.

For instance, names mentioned in this month's "Staff News" are such as Vito Fontana, Gus Rothmaler, Anna Peltokangas, Joe Procanyn, Helen McCarthy Cohn, Walter Strycharz.

That will give you the general idea.

So Mr. Ready talks to his employes in plain, every-day easily understood language — without wind, without bombast, without great, big words — and what four-flushers words can be!

In this month's "Staff News," he writes about the outlook for the year ahead.

He admits that he doesn't know.

But what he says is plain and simple.

I wish Mr. Truman and Mr. Dewey and Mr. Taft and Mr. Hoover would read the editorial, and the next time they make a speech, be as simple and as clear as Mr. Ready of the Waldorf.

* * *

"At the present time," he writes, "one can only conjecture as to what may or may not develop; but there would seem to be little doubt that changes are imminent.

"In the face of that possibility let us all determine to do these things:

"Remain steadfastly loyal to our country.

"Conform in every way to all rules and regulations that may be decreed.

"Take an active part in public safety plans for national emergencies.

"Redouble our efforts to protect and promote the interests of the Waldorf - Astoria, thus protecting our own interests and job security."

* * *

Now just a short quote from his closing paragraph. I am going t have it set in capital letters so that some of our so-called leaders may easily memorize it:

"IT IS MY CONFIRMED BELIEF THAT ANY PROPOSED PLAN OF ACTION, IF CLARIFIED, IS DOUBLY ASSURED OF ACCOMPLISHMENT."

* * *

This may be corn. But corn is ever so much more digestible and nourishing than hogwash.

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Horoscope

Present vibrations augur well for your future; tensions should drop away, and new strength and mastery prevail. The child born today should be a happy person.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 10, 1926, a Wednesday

Dist. Atty. Orrin E. Boyle was elected exalted ruler of Allentown lodge of Elks. The Muhlenberg college Glee club entertained the members at the conclusion of the meeting. Dance music was furnished by Mickley's Fantasy Seven.

The Lehigh Valley Beekeepers Assn. held election of officers at the annual meeting held in the Colonial building. C. D. Ruch, of Emaus, was reelected president while other officers included E. N. Berkey, Easton, vice president; and Prof. O. H. Urffer, Emaus, secretary - treasurer.

Clad in a galaxy of multi-colored gowns, the Cedar Crest Glee club presented an equally colorful concert at the college. Alta Welton and Elva Knouse were featured soprano soloists in the program, based primarily on the miniature opera, "Hansel and Gretel." Musical director was Agnes Hawkinson.

Alfred C. Lewis, for ten years instructor in bookkeeping and accountancy at Allentown High school, was named secretary of the Lehigh Consistory, Scottish Rite Masons, at a meeting of that body. Lewis had long been active in the work of the Masons, particularly in Porter lodge of Catasauqua.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HETS SHIER INS GNICK GRICK'D: Da onner dawg hut 'n salesmon fon da Harrisbarrick gagend 'n aryie erfohring fertzailt os er net long tzurick kotta hut im unnerra dale fon Pennsylvania darrich Maryland nunner. 'S sor drous beim Milt Herber in da bauerra 'shar offis on Bullfrock os er 'm Milt, 'm Harry Knittle fon Kutztown, un uns, fertzailt hut wie die hoar 'm gaea barrick g'shtonna hen darrich 'n gute gadress'd'r kerl haisa fer mit fohra uf seinra mashine.

Wie er der kerl aw gadroffa hut im unnerra dale fon unserra shtawdt, wor er eiferich om lawfa, un hut die tzwae arm g'shlanker'd wie 'n mensch ewwa dut wons shiend er dade sich blessierra, lawfa. Die weil os der salesmon laenich wor, un die tzeit is 'm long werra, hut er g'shtopt, leit nava om waig haisa mit gae so os er ebber het fer blauderra — ow'r nimmy so tzitter os er den gawissna kerl uf da mashine kotta hut.

Wie sie weil g'fohra worra, hut der salesmon g'sehna os der kerl sei rechtsie hond im ruck sock shtecka hut kot—hut sich k'hova mit da linxa won sie um 'n dray rum sin. Darta hut der fuhrmon nix gadenk'd dafon bis der kerl gawunnert hut ebs aenicha grossa bish om waig nunner het, woh sie darrich tzu gae hetta. Wie der mon hinnich 'm rawd g'sawt hut 's het ken bish in selra gagend, hut der kerl navich 'm weil danoh gawunnert eb ken police leit rum wears — er het noch naryads kennie g'sehna. Bei selra tzeit hut der Harrisbaryer g'sawt, hetta die hoar uf seim kup sich shtarta in die hae shtella, un het numma gawinsch'd 's kaimt aryads 'n "kop" ums eck rum, un het aw g'sawt 's het policeleit, ow'r wist net woh sie weara os sie noch kenner aw gadroffa hetta.

Ol die weil os sie om fohra gawest weara, het der kerl navich 'm der kup sheb k'hova so os er 'm net ins g'sicht sehna het kenna. Noh wear 'n mashine hinna noh kumma os fohr gawolt het, un er het 'm kerl g'sawt, sie wotta mohl g'shpass howwa, doh wear ainer os fohr wot, un er dade 'n net fohr lossa. Der kerl navich 'm het noh arrick gabid er sot net shtarrick fohra, sot 'n fohr lossa, sie wotta ken axident howwa. Doch hut er g'sawt wear er farna har, 50 mile, noh 60 bis nuf tzu 70 mile die shtun. Der kerl hinna draw het endlich noh galust un wear ob gadray'd, un sie weara inna glae shteddle kumma. woh er k'hoff'd het os 'n "kop" rum wear.

'S wor ow'r ken gross shteddle un naryads ken "kop" tzu sehna, un is noh midda im "town" navich der waig g'fohra, un hut g'shtopt. Der kerl ols noch mit da hond im ruck sock, hets gore net gaglicha os sie g'shtopt hetta — wear so base gawest os er uf die tzae gabissa het, un het howwa wolla sie wotta weiters gae. Der salesmon hut ow'r g'sawt er het bisnis tzu fersehna un gang'd nimmy weiter, un sel wear 's airsht mohl os er 'n kerl recht ins g'sicht gucka het kenna. Bletzlich hut er gamaint er dade der kerl kenna, — wor shure os er 'n dafor g'sehna het, ow'r hut net gawist won, un woh.

'S wor net bis 'n woch odder so danoh os er aryads on ra poshtoffis nei g'shtopt hut, os er ous g'funna hut war sei passenger wor. Darta on da wond hut dem sama kerl sei pickter k'honka, 'n marder unna bank rawwer — 'n aryer g'fairlicher mon huts g'sawt, ainer os sich ferlossa dade uf sheesa, won er in druvel wear.

Sis leicht tzu denka os selar gawissa salesmon neimond fremmas may hais'd fer mit fohra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des is die tzeit fom yohr woh die Red Cross 's lond iwwer on da arwet is gelt uf mocha fer soicha in da note mit helfa — un won ebbes is os 'n yaders halt draw awshloga sot, un allas gewwa os es kon, don is es die Red Cross.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 40:20-23.

We learn from Joseph's interpretation of the butler's dream that he would be back on his job again in three days ("Pharaoh shall lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place," v. 13), but as to the baker, in three days Pharaoh 'will lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat they flesh from off thee,' v. 19). All this came to pass when Pharaoh, three days later, celebrated his birthday. In vs. 14 and 15 Joseph had asked the butler to speak a good word for him to Pharaoh when he got back on his job, claiming correctly that he had done nothing that they should have put him into the dungeon. But, according to v. 23, the butler forgot Joseph — showing that human nature hasn't changed much in thousands of years. It will at this point be interesting to note his parallelism: as at the time of Joseph's humiliation he was thus associated with two prisoners, one spared, the other slain, so Jesus was crucified between two malefactors — one saved, the other lost!



DER LETSCHT MANN

Somehow, unser Volk dutt nimmi die grosse Familie uffziege, wie var alders. Yohre zerick waar's en kammen Ding far Mann un Fraa vun sex zu zwansich Kinner hawwe. Far sell is die Biwel mehner gelese warre, ass wie nau. Es hot sie bissi ghalde schriftliche Naame finne far ihre Buwe un Meed.

Awwer alleweil sin blendi im Land un Schdadt ass gaar ken Kinner hen, un wann's net annerschter geht, maag's sei, ass es Menschevolk endlich gans ausschdarrebt. Es kann en Zeit kumma wann yuscht meh paar Leit do in de Welt rumschdolbere, un iwwerweil iss varleicht yuscht meh eener do—der letscht 'sardine' in de Bax. Der aarem, verlumpt 'bachelor.' Der muss unne Lieb, unne Droscht, unne gebosst, unverschulde un haerz-verhungert en Rumleefer sei in re unhaerrliche Zeit bis in die Ewichkeit, Welt unne End, Amen! Er kann mit niemand grageele, mit niemand fechte, un wann er schdarrebt, kummt net en bedriebter Freind an die Leicht. Niemand weint iwwer sei Graab. Was en Aussicht!

Ich wett liewer graad nau der Vadder sei vun re grosse 'orphan'-schul odder 'manager' vun re Altweiwer-heemet, as wie der letscht Mann.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

NIXNUTZ IN DER SCHUL

Mol drauss im Land, weit vun de Schtadt,
Datt hen sie Dischdrickt Schul als ghatt;
En Schul fer Buwe un fer Meed,
So wie's im Land gewehnlich geht.

So arrick wusslich waar'n die Meed,
Die Buwe waare all so bleed;
Die Meed waar'n uff zu alle Drix
Die Buwe net, so duhn sie nix.

En Bu beim Naame Uri Gate
Bekimmert sich nix um die Meed.

In sellre Schul waar's gege Rul
Fer iwwer die 'aisles' zu schwetze;
Doch wann der Meeschder als net guckt,
Duhn sie der Uri retze.

Die Peggy pischpert: "Bischt verdreht!
Du bischt yo bang fer gleene Meed;"
Sie zaerrt der Uri, guder Drobb—
Er hett ken "kiss' fer'n scheeni Bobb.

Der Uri hot sich net lang besunne,
Er hot ihr Meening graad genumme;
Do hot er no sei Sitz verlosst,
Schniekt hinne bei, hot sie gebosst.

Sell hot der Uri nau in Gfaahr,
Der Schall em Meeschder kummt ins Ohr;
Ass wie vum Schlof waar er verschdeert,
"Was waar sell was ich nau hab gheert?"

En gleener Bu saagt graad wie's iss,
Der Uri gebt der Peg en 'kiss;'
Er hot die Peggy lieb gedrickt,
Sie hot sich gaar net bees aagschickt;
Sie schdreicht ihn bissel an seim Baart,
Fer noch en Boss hot sie gewaart."—

Der Meeschder saagt, "En schrecklich Ding!"
Der Uri bang er greecht sei Schwing;
"Des iss yo en gottlosi Gschicht!"—
Nau kummt der Uri fer's Gericht;
"Ken Bu, ken Meedel, brecht mei Rule,

'S watt net erlaabt in daere Schul;
Es iss en Schand, en grosser Bu,
So ebbes letztes do zu duh;
Was waar dei Absicht, saag du's mir,
Ass du kummscht do in so en Gschmier?"

"Wer waar's hot dich do uff dezu?"—
"Die Peggy selwert hot 's geduh;
Hot gsaat ich waer en guder Drobb,
Doch het ken 'kiss' fer'n scheeni Bobb,
"Weil ich do bissel 'nervous' waar,
Do hot die Peggy yuscht gelacht;
No gewwich re en grosser Boss,
Sell waar was hot so laut gegracht.

"Ich hab gemeent des waer so edel,
En siesser Boss fer so'n schee Meedel;
Sie hot gemeent du hettscht 's net geheert,
No hot sie sich aa net gewehrt.

"Sie waar so lieblich, scheeni Peg,
No bin ich sacht zu ihre gschliche;
Ich hab mei Aarm no um sie rum—
Sie hot's so arrick gut gegliche!

—D. GEORGE KNECHT
(The theme of the above verses was adapted from an old reader, The Lawrence Speaker, 1872.)

MEI NOCHBERS BU

Graad newich uns, do wunnt en Bu—
Er's yuscht so'n gleener Keffer—
Sei Gsicht iss friendlich un dezu,
Mer findt ken schmaert'rer Scheffer.

Die Gleeder, das er deeglich draagt,
Sin net moll vun de feinschte;
Mer heert nix, dass er sich beglaagt,
Sell nemmt en Mann, nau meindscht du.

Die Eldre, scheint's sin net gut ab,
Un Koscht nemmt 's fer die Kinner;
So viel ernaehre iss en Tschapp,
Mer blogt sich wie der Schinner.

Net hendich dass do iwwrich iss—
Ken Geld fer Leit zu dinge—
Do misse Kinner helfe, gwiss,
Fer'n Leewe raus zu zwinge.

Was mich verwunnert nau iss des—
Was macht ihn so blessierlich?
Mit Schtreewe un mit scharf Gemess,
Sei Gschmunsel kummt nadierlich.

Des hawwich ihn doyetz mol gefroogt,
Ee scheener Summermarye;
Die Ausfroog hot ihn net gebloogt,
Secht: "Arwet macht ken Sarye.

"Im Friehyaahr fangt die Arwet aa,
Muss Frucht un Sache blanse;
Ferbei iss nau der Schlittebaah,
Mer fiehlt aa net fer danse.

"Im Summer kummt die Hitz un Aernt,
Muss Frucht un Obscht noo leese;
Do waerd mer alsemool verzaernt
Mit all dem Schtofft un Weese.

"Im Schpootyaahr, ya, do dankt mer Gott—
Verkaerzt sin nau die Daagge—
So wammer iwwrich Zeit noo hot,
Dann geht mer'n wennich yaagge.

"Weil nau 's die Zeit fer in die Schul,
Mer laernt so viel im Schtille;
Der Meeschter schtend ken Rumgefuhl—
Wann 's gaebt, dann kann er drille.

"Un winters hot mer's doch so gut,
Drei Iems der Daag sin sicher;
Do iss mer immer ausgeruht
Un schpend sei Zeit mit Bicher.

SEI BEI MER

Sei bei mer uff meim Lewespaad
Un hiet mich var de falsche Schritt;
Verloss mich net—ach, geh doch mit!
Noh hot's ken Gfaahr—noh laaf ich graad.

Sei bei mer wann mei Glaawe schwecht
Un Gottes Sache leppisch sin;
Wann ich uff letzte Wege bin
Saag mer wuhie un schtell mich recht.

Sei bei mer in de letschte Not
Wann sich die Seel vum Kaerper drennt,
Sei bei mer, nooch em dunkle End,
Im ewiche Daag sei Maryerot.

1887 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

The above is the tenth of that lofty sequence of nineteen songs, ZUM DENKMAL, dedicated to the memory of the poet's mother.—ED.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By EDNA BEILER

(Through the courtesy of Miss Edna Beiler, a student at Arizona State College, we are permitted to present this introspective account of a young person, who, removed from her Pennsylvania German background, pauses to survey that background in relation to other cultural patterns which have come into the scheme of things in her life. We feel that the following essay contains much that is frank, some that is obvious and much that may be helpful to those who have not yet encountered the impact of the mores of other communities.—Arthur D. Graeff.

I

MY CHILDHOOD was such an inextricable jumble of events and places that it is hard for me to sort out any particular thread to follow in this narrative. By the time I was thirteen years old, I had lived in five different communities and had called eight different houses home. So I have chosen to write about the one thing in my childhood that was fixed and unchanging,—my cultural background, which was Pennsylvania Dutch.

Many books and articles on Pennsylvania Dutch practices and traditions contain untruths, complimentary and otherwise. These authors make mistakes because they are on the outside looking in, and because reticence has been so bred-in-the-bone of most Pennsylvania Dutchmen that outsiders must be content with inferences and surmises which are often wrong. Only a Pennsylvania Dutchman can adequately interpret his own people, and he not always.

My home had certain unspoken traditions or conventions. No one ever told me that extravagance of expression was poor taste, but it just wasn't done. With a child's quick perception, I soon learned to respect and imitate my parents' quiet self-restraint. If something was lovely or good, one said so and let the matter drop. In this kind of atmosphere, a single commendatory statement meant more than another's unbounded enthusiasm.

A similar taboo called for restraint in demonstrating affection. We children were genuinely fond of each other in spite of hasty tempers that led to frequent quarrels. We also possessed a fierce kind of loyalty to each other so that an attack on one was an insult to all. Yet this affection was, for the most part, undemonstrative. Kisses were pretty much limited to reluctant ones given at my mother's stern command after some violent quarrel.

I never entirely got rid of this indoctrinated aversion to lavishness in speech and affection. While attending a boarding school I suffered a great deal because I roomed with a girl who gushed over me. She repeatedly told me how sweet I looked, how talented I was, how wonderful I seemed. When, after less than a month's acquaintance, she came in one day and kissed me, I was not so much horrified as revolted. Also, I had only contempt for the school girl crushes going on around me, and no wish to become involved in any of them.

Another convention of my childhood outlawed boasting. We children leaned over backwards on this issue of saying, loudly, that our productions were ugly when we privately considered them good. There was the historic occasion when, in response to some praise of one of my embryonic masterpieces I said, "Oh, that ugly old scandal!" With time we learned to avoid even this negative type of boasting. Not all the results of such a discipline were good. For instance, I have never learned to accept compliments graciously. Yet sometimes when I am forced to listen to long discourses about supposed accomplishments, I feel that the good far outbalanced the undesirable in this case.

II

I CANNOT give a true picture of my childhood and ignore religion. The Pennsylvania Dutch culture has been nurtured by religious conviction, just as it has in turn helped to mold the religious practices of the plain people. One can never hope to understand the Pennsylvania Dutch people unless one also knows something about their religion. Religion was the central pivot around which my home revolved. It was not a hit or miss item to be mentioned only in times of catastrophe, but something of everyday importance. The morals advocated by it were simple and direct, easily within a child's comprehension. Right was right, and wrong was wrong in the smallest detail as well as in major issues.

My parents never invalidated their basic honesty in our eyes by petty lies or minor thievery. This honesty kept them from confusing us with the Santa Claus myth or threats of a "bogey man." Also, the shadow of divorce never touched us. I distinctly remember the healthy horror I experienced when some woman my parents knew deserted her husband and children. Divorce and separation were only words to us—words dimly understood, which have became painful realties to too many of today's children.

I suppose there were people who wasted some sympathy on our family during my childhood. Our clothes were simple in design. We never went to shows or circuses or fairs. We attended lengthy church services and sat through family worship once a day (I have never quite forgotten the thrill I used to get from the reading of those incomparable Bible stories). But I never felt sorry for myself nor realized that I was in a position for pity. My days were too full of companionship and fun and interest to leave much time for repining. When I see today's neglected, insecure children I can hardly fail to see the value of our own way of living.

Looking back from the pinnacle of adulthood, I can see two basic traits fostered by my cultural background. First, it gave me something to believe. God was as sure as the slow revolutions of the earth or the seasons. Through the mist of fear caused by insecurity which hovers over our modern age, this belief rises strong and firm for me. Paradoxically, my childhood training also gave me something to doubt. I am often amazed at college students because so many of them seem to accept any printed word or any teacher's statement as if it were divinely inspired. I expect to find statements and interpretations that I cannot accept because they conflict with some basic truth of my religion. This has given me a watchful attitude, a question mark mind, which after all is the basis of the much vaunted scientific attitude.

My childhood was not perfect. Perhaps too little attention was paid to our individual talents. We were too poor, and we moved too often. Yet I received a golden legacy, not so much from my parents as from the cultural structure which in turn had molded them—the legacy of a mind that knows doubt, but still retains the faculty of faith.

"Mit all de schweere Schafferei,
Mer kann sich leicht blessiere;
Es Hundel mit seim Blafferei,
Lacht aus die ann're Diere."—

Dann denk ich: Ah, en Philosof!
Sei Kopp iss in de Schtaerne;
Un du—du dummes altes Schof!
Kannscht aa noch bissel laerne.

Feb. 2, 1951 —MARTIN E. BIRMELIN

We are happy to welcome the son of the late John Birmelin into the ranks of the contributors to the ECK.—ED.

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Editorials

Look Into Skilo Also

While the police continue their war upon punch boards and their robbery in effect of the thousands who play them—children included — higher authorities well may be doing some thinking and taking some action relative to another popular form of gambling — bingo, now humorously masked by the term skilo.

There is every reason to believe that the operators of these pleasant parties at which many women and a few men disport themselves almost nightly and during many afternoons of the week, are overreaching themselves in their greed for business and effort to meet the competition of others.

The game is admittedly gambling, under the law, and operators are subject to prosecution and punishment if convicted. But there has been a reasonable working agreement in this city that in effect was favored by law enforcement officials and the public even tho they scorn gambling.

It has been accepted as a fact that thousands of people like the game and the social opportunities which playing it affords; that they can gain an evening of amusement and society with their friends at moderate cost—if they so wish—and that they are almost as ready to fight for what they believe is their right to play the game as for their freedom, or any other undisputed human right.

Looking at the problem in this light quite some time ago, those with the authority to do so evidently gave the green light to the skilo operators but subjected them to controls to be carried out of their own free will and accord. Those controls concerned payment of cash and the establishment of high stakes in the games.

There is every reason to believe, without entering a skilo parlor, that the spirit and the letter of whatever agreements were made are being violated. The caravans of busses that arrive in this city almost nightly from fairly distant points and bring hundreds of passengers even from another State are an indication almost certainly that grand prizes are being offered and that they lure people from distant points. As to the matter of cash awards, that hurdle long ago was negotiated thru payment by check, which checks can be cashed without question or identification very conveniently by nearby business concerns that are corollaries of the skilo business itself or of its operators.

The police have a hard job ahead of them in efforts to root out all the punch boards which can be under-the-counter wares. Skilo is right out in the open of brightly lighted halls. Its agents are few and its places of play even fewer in numbers. In ten minutes it should be possible for the authorities to rein in the operators and upbraid them.

Undoubtedly the operators have broken faith with the powers which permit them to operate, even tho their operations be illegal. Included in that group of powers is the public which decided to accept what appeared to be a necessary evil but insisted that it be kept within reasonable bounds.

Skilo was given a finger. It undoubtedly is taking a hand. Skilo proves its gambling heritage. Such heritage is greedy to the point that it defeats itself ultimately. Unless all signs be wrong, skilo is riding for a fall.

K. O. Blow for Underworld

The American people will be greatly disappointed if the Kefauver committee of the U. S. Senate does not "rock and sock" the insolent gambler and ex-bootlegger, Frank Costello who on Thursday walked out of the committee's sessions in New York and refused to answer questions.

Costello, an immigrant whose right to be in this country at all is a matter of serious question, has used and abused the privileges of U. S. residenceship for years according to his own admissions. He has been a consistent lawbreaker, a top gangster and a commander of the lawless forces of the American underworld. It is because the U. S. Senate wants to know about this underworld, its subtle powers and its vicious deeds in enforcing its authority, that Costello is under examination.

It has been established that this underworld has dictated party slates in many States and controlled public officials after they were elected to high public office. It has been established that it has controlled the richest forms of gambling and financed its operations from the products thereof. It is known that the underworld not only has the suave, well-dressed (of course), illiterate leaders like Costello but also the lowest type of criminals — the thugs and assassins.

Costello has been wont to have his wishes as "the boss" carried out by many men high in public life. It can also be believed that commands to his lieutenants have been carried out and that, if necessary, troublesome people have been wiped out, albeit most of them could well be spared by society.

But, when Costello collided with the Senate committee, wishes and commands no longer could be expressed. The Senators did not cringe under the glares of hate from the witness box. They did not have to fear the physical reprisals from the underworld even tho "the boss" was being pushed around pretty unceremoniously because he acted among Senators as he was wont to act among his mobsters.

It must have been a disturbing emotional experience for Costello. He was wont to say "come" and they came and "go" and they went to hoodlums, sycophants and cheap politicians. He had to exercise some measure of control when he confronted U.S. Senators. The primitive, jungle type anthropoid, tough as he has tried to appear and undoubtedly has acted thruout the fight with other tough men to become their boss, broke under the fire of the Senate Committee.

It will be an excellent example, to be pondered by big and little gangsters, racketeers and professional gamblers everywhere in this country if Costello, proud and selfconfident and insolent hitherto, be prosecuted, punished and deported. Thruout the investigation humiliation should be heaped upon him for his long defiance and violation of the laws of the country that gave him haven. All too many of the racketeers and gangsters regard their leaders as supreme over all social and government forces. By the same token they feel they share in the superiority and favored position of their "big wheels" in gambling of all sorts and crime of varied category.

It will be good if Costello and all other rulers in the empire of gambling and crime in this country be completely abased and humbled. The country all too long has suffered from their depredations and has been mocked by their insolence. Jail is too easy for them. Pride in themselves likewise must be broken.

A Taxing Time

If there ever is a revolution in the United States, it very likely will occur on or about the 15th of March. It is on this day, above all others, that citizens are inclined to regard the government most sourly, much as they turn a baleful eye on the waiter when he drops the check alongside the peach melba. The troubles that Julius Caesar had on the Ides of March were distressing, but they ended right there; the evils that are done to us live after.

At any rate, it's all over now. The forms have been filled out, the scratch paper disposed of, the table top cleared, and, worst of all, the check mailed out — not forgetting the final humiliation of the three-cent stamp. The sole consolation, and it's a mighty poor one, is to try to picture the puzzled expression of the statistician at the other end when he tried to make heads and tails out of our calculations. Auditing Costello's books are a cinch in comparison. And, when you come right down to it, we still have a few bucks left. Not that this is a matter to be publicized, of course, for the government's intention plainly is to see that we have none at all. In this we have defeated it, although it was a near thing. But we can't help feeling that our contribution of itself should be enough to assure the government's solvency for the next ten years. Having personally provided a fulcrum for balancing the budget, we regard it as our bounden duty to keep a close eye on this Federal expenditure business. From now on we will feel absolutely no compunctions about taking the politicians to the cleaners, since they have shown us the way.—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 41:54-56

When food is scarce, prices are high, or, as we say, dear (in price), whence the word dearth (in v. 54 and in Acts 7:11) for famine. Because of the decreasing yield of the fields during the seven years of famine, people appealed to Pharaoh for bread, but he could do nothing for his people but to tell them to 'go to Joseph, and what he saith to you, do', the same words which Mary the mother of Jesus uttered when the guests at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee spoke to her about the wine which had run short. She referred the servants to Jesus and said: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Even today Mary would request any one who appeals to her, to go to Jesus, Who alone has the power to help us. Pharaoh had voluntarily delegated all authority to Joseph, and not a peck of wheat could be moved except over the name of Joseph. So God the Father delegated all authority to His Son Jesus, and whatsoever we ask of the Father in the name of His Son we shall receive, for He delights to honor the Son — and, says Jesus, 'No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me,' John 14:6.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 17, 1926, a Wednesday

City and county officials, members of the Allentown school board and representatives of the Allentown Fair Assn. met in Mayor Gross's office and discussed the possible purchase of the fair ground as a recreational center.

Announcement was made that within three months the first Montessori school of Allentown would be known as the Wright school, taking its name from the founder and head of the institution, Mrs. Ada Wright.

Col. E. M. Young appointed a special committee to work out a program of civic activities in cooperation with city and county officials. The appointment of the committee was the result of a resolution by the Chamber of Commerce urging the city to give attention primarily to the sanitary sewer system's completion and the subsequent endorsement of a similar program by the Lehigh Valley Motor club.

Horoscope

Clear and generous judgment should expand your mind and affairs to a worthwhile level. Born today a child should be original and witty.

Wonderful Wizards of Washington



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—American leadership in the United Nations will have to be exerted promptly if the military expedition now in Korea is not to become enmeshed in a strait jacket of political inhibitions.

The spectacle of a military force hemmed in by political considerations in the midst of a battle is unprecedented in history—and what is worse, the considerations which are influencing the outcome are hidden from view.

When MacArthur, in his cabled answer to the question propounded by Hugh Baillie of the United Press, states to all the world that neither the 38th parallel nor any other line across the peninsula favors "positional warfare," he is, in effect, declaring that there must be a continuous war of maneuver "unless the situation is radically altered." He adds that the "problem involved requires more fundamental decisions than are within my authority or responsibility to make as the military commander—decisions which must not ignore the heavy cost in allied blood which a protracted and indecisive campaign would entail."

Two Things Left

The general has always chosen his words carefully in answering queries, and there is vast significance in the idea he has sought to convey by his latest message. For unquestionably, if there is no place to take up a position defensively on any line across the Korean peninsula, the only two things left to do are to continue indefinitely an indecisive war of maneuver or to push ahead to the Yalu river with enough troops and air bombardment of bases across the Manchurian border to protect our advancing armies.

What Gen. MacArthur is saying, from his long experience as a strategist, is that the offensive he undertook last November was logical on the assumption that Red China would stay out but that, without the right to strike at the enemy's bases and supply lines across the Manchurian border, it would be a mistake now to try this. He implies, moreover, that the UN cannot indefinitely subject allied armies in Korea to a long war without defining more explicitly its objectives and without removing some of the barriers that stand between the UN forces and ultimate victory—namely, as he calls it, "the accomplishment of our mission in the unification of Korea."

Inexplicable

The principal barrier is the supposed unwillingness of a majority of the UN to permit UN forces to achieve their real objective, which is to drive the Red Chinese out of Korea even if it means fighting the Communists north as well as south of the Yalu river. Just why Red Chinese troops cannot be killed north of the boundary but can be killed in large numbers south of that line is inexplicable.

It is important also to bear in mind that, if permission to bomb bases north of the Manchurian border is not to be granted by the UN, then our forces must remain far enough south of the Yalu river to allow for a field of fire for our airplanes against enemy supply lines. This is but another way of saying that, without the right to bombard across the Manchurian boundary, the UN forces are committed indefinitely to what Gen. MacArthur calls a war of maneuver.

What then will happen? Must the UN forces stay there for months and perhaps years? The answer will be forthcoming in a few weeks when the snow thaws and the mud bogs down the movements of troops and when the enemy will be able to move without so much fear of air attack, inasmuch as flying weather gets bad seasonally soon. A decision will come then and if the Red Chinese get a beating, peace may ensue.

Capital Viewpoint

The viewpoint held here in high quarters is that Red China already has been checked in Southeast Asia, in Formosa, and in Tibet and cannot indefinitely keep up the fight in Korea and that, before the end of 1951, another negotiation will develop on Chinese initiative and that then a settlement which will vindicate the UN will be forthcoming. But, until that time, it is important that no obstacles be placed in the way of Gen. MacArthur's forces to move up and down across the 38th parallel and even beyond within safe range of his protecting air support.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT SICH FERSEIM'D: Won der "Franc" Roth fon Ledder Eck Poshda in seim lebdawg gabutta wor, don wors 'm onnerra Midwoch owet wie der Charles-Walcott fight wor. Midwoch owets is die tzeit woh der "Franc" un sei Gertie gamainlich noch da Siegersville Fire kumpany ihra nummerra un welshkern kerna partie gaina, net weit fom Guy Schwartz seimwertshous drous.

Den gawissna owet hut der "Franc" sich net long ferweil'd im fire hall, ow'r is ains gongs tzum Guy so os er yoh nix ferseima dade uf da luft bilder mashinel. Die Gert, un kindskindt Janice Werley sin ow'r gabliva fer shpiela, un der "Franc" hut fershprocha fer kumma sie hola fer hame gae, so on da fartel bis elfa rum.

Der fight hut 'n lot langer aw k'halta os 'n lot gamiant hen os er dade, un die welshkern partie wor feriwwer eb der "France" kumma is fer die Gert un Janice hame nemma. Die weil os sie shtarta hen die lichter ous draya om fire hall, sin die weibsleit noh nous tzum Guy galoffa, un hen sich aw nei on der bar k'huck'd.

Der fight wor iwwer rous gute, un wie die 8d round feriwwer wor un die 9d is kumma, hut der "Franc" g'sawt, "Wel, ich hob so long k'huck'd watcha, un besser bleib bis allas feriwwer is," un sich 'n frish glaws "buck" gaarder'd. Die Gert unna ebbes sawga hut noh aw ains gapetzt, uns aw selwar batzawlt.

Wie die ledshd round feriwwer wor, hut der "Franc" sei glaws darbber lare gamocht, un is ob tzu da dier nous wie won der hund hinnich 'm wear. Bis er noch 'm fire hous kumma is wor allas shticha dunkle, un er hut net denka kenna woh die Gert un die Janice sei maichda — net mit ous ebber shunshd fon owwa drous het sie haisa mit hame gae.

Mit ous may weiter denka, is er uf sei mashine gagrodd'ld un hut sich alla orta socha ei gabild os die Gert gawiss tzu sawga het won er hame kaimt fer net in tzeit noch 'm fire hous kumma fer sie hame nemma. Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, wie er hame kumma is, wor allas shticha dunkel, un hut net onnishder denka kenna os wie die Gertie wear shun im bed—un denk 's hut 'm gagriss'ld fer uf der shpeicher gae — hut gaglawbt 's dade shtormich werra.

Glei is ow'r der telefone gonga, un ferhoftich sei wons net 's kindskind die Janice wor woh uf garufa hut fon Siegersville, beim Guy Schwartz, wunnerra ferwos er na fert g'shprunga wear un het sie hucka lossa. 'S hut der "Franc" gore ken lang ganumma fer die fier mile tzurick noch Siegersville fohra, un won er net graiser gawest wear wie er g'fiel'd hut, het er gute tzum shlissel loch nei shluppa kenna. Tzu all 'm glick hut der "buck" sich noch net ous gadoabt kot, un die glasser hen frish nei shtarta robbla. In kartza werta die rounds os noh rum kumma sin worra kartzer wie der fight, un der "Franc" hut die Gert un Janice hame grick'd bredsees om halb nocht.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Harvey Koch fon nagshd ons Bucks Shule hous klaimt, 'n Elvin Schaffers fon Wescosville breichda net gross fiela os sie hinkle hetta os may wie ae oy dadawg laiga dada — er hut 25 hinkle un ae hawna, un hut da onner dawg 26 oyer ous k'hova.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There is a fellow going around delivering lectures on why he quit crime.

I have no intention of going to hear his lecture, because I don't care why he quit crime or why he went into it in the first place.

But I take it for granted that he gets money for his talks. A fellow has to eat, hasn't he?

* * *

Personally I haven't much use for reformed crooks or those who suddenly get religion when they are about to meet their Maker.

I know, because I reformed once.

I stopped smoking.

But I assure you that I didn't do it for moral reasons. I was afraid.

The doctor told me that smoking might accelerate my demise, and I preferred life to cigarettes or pipe.

* * *

Then another — more expensive — doctor came along and told me that the first doctor was wrong.

Wanting to smoke and not being allowed to, said the new doctor, set up an emotional resistance. That resistance, he said, was worse for my heart and nervous system than the smoking.

So now I have turned right buck into a smoking chimney again and feel quite happy about it.

When I was in college we had a song that went:

"Of course, you know, that may be so, but then it sounds blame queer.

"Of course, you know, that may be so, but the d—n thing don't go here."

Not very good grammar,but good common sense.

* * *

We had a dog once who was a pretty mean cuss.

I was warned by the veterinary who sold him to me that there wasn't much I could do with him.

But, considering myself something of a dog expert, I took him and trained him with love and patience.

He was only a pup at the time and grew up into a very fine animal.

I laughed at the vet and imagined that I had proved psychology more effective than veterinary science.

* * *

One day this dog, Skipper was his name, bit my mother-in-law on a finger when she took a slipper he was tearing up away from him.

Not being particularly fond of my mother - in - law, I didn't pay much attention to his misdemeanor.

Then, a few days later, he bit me. Still a few days after that he bit another dog, then a little boy.

I went to the veterinary who recommended that we destroy the animal. "What's the matter with him?" I asked.

Nothing special," was his answer. "He's just reverting to type."

(Copyright, 1951)



DER YUNG BREDDICHER

Beim JIM BRENASEL

John Wesley von Nieda, who wrote under the pen-name of "Jim Brenasel," was one of the most prolific of our dialect prose writers. Unfortunately few of his novels and stories are accessible to us today. The following short story came to us through the courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. Bertha von Neida Miller. It was written expressly for the weekly newspaper, The Ephrata Reporter, where it appeared in January, 1898. It was reprinted in the same paper 25 years later (Jan. 5 and Jan. 12, 1923).—ED.

"NAU VERZAEHL uns en rechdi gudi Schdori, Jim," saagt der Schtitz, wie mer all mol ee Owed unser usual Sitz im Daadi seim Schreinerschapp genumme hen ghatt un waare bissi am tschaawe un schmooke.

"Ya, ennihau," saagt der Jonathan, "geb uns ebbes recht exciting."

"Well, sell iss hart zuduh," saag ich: "Ich hab eich schunn so viel Schdoris verzaehlt, ass ich ewwe really schier net weess, wu material bei zu griegge fer noch meh zu 'manufacture'e. Ich kennt eich of course verzaehle wee-ich em yunge Breddicher Swanton un wie er so en wunnerbarri Zeit ghatt hot bis er mol en Fraa ghatt hot, awwer ich hab en idea, ass so en Schdori wie sell net yuscht so arrick interesting waer zu eich—dihr seid zu partickler."

"Raus mit," saagt der Schtitz; un ich hab genotist bei seinre expression, ass er aa net lang rumgfuhlt sei hot welle. Wann ich die Schdori net graad aagfange hett, dann hett er mich undoubtedly arrdlich wiescht gewarrickt odder hett mer annere bodily injuries inflict, wie die reporters saage in de Zeidinge.

"Dihr hett der young Breddicher Swanton of course net gekennt, hett dihr?" frog ich.

"Nee, of course net," saagt der Schtitz; "geb uns die Schdori un fool nimmi lenger rum."

* * * *

DER Paul Swanton waar yuscht about so en neiser yunger Kall, as mer eener aadreffe hot kenne, un wie er appoint iss warr als Breddicher an eens vun de Kaerriche in Lawnstown, dann waare die Leit apparently all gut g'saettisfeit. Die Kaerrich hot immer en arrigi gleeni membership ghatt, fer die Ursach, ass sie immer alde ausgeworene Breddicher datt ghatt hen—gutmeeniche, grischdliche Menner, of course, awwer Menner, as somehow ker recht Lewe in sich ghatt hen, un as net yuscht so en arrigi attraction waare fer yunge Leit beizuziehe.

Die leading members vun de Kaerrich hen druff insist fer en yunger Breddicher zu hawwe, un endlich iss dann der yung Paul Swanton appoint warre zum charge.

Der Breddicher Swanton waar en grosser, feiguckicher Mann mit helle grolliche Haar, en scheener, heller, grosser moustache, rode Backe un en Poschdur, as simply immense waar. Er waar noch leddich, un so weit ass die Leit gewisst hen, dann waar er aa noch net engaged fer zu heiere.

Die differente details wee-ich em neie Breddicher sin of course schtarrick in de community rum ge-'travelled," un viel vun de yunge Maed im Schtedtel hen ewwe positively schier gaar net waarte kenne bis der Sunndaag beikummt, so ass sie en chance greechte fer ihn zu sehne.

Un was waar selli Kaerrich drum ge-'crowd' seller aerscht Sunndaag! Es waar die greescht crowd es noch eemol dart waar, un viel Leit hen schteh misse. Die yunge Maed hen sich so weit vanne hiegschafft, ass sie annerscht hen kenne, so ass der nei Breddicher en gudi chance ghatt hot fer sie all recht gut zu bedrachte.

Es eensich Maedel, as sich apparently net viel gebaddert hot, waar die Mollie Saborn. Sie hot ihre accustomed Sitz genumme mit ihre Maemm so aardlich weit vinne un hot gaar ken efforts gemacht fer em Breddicher sei attention zu "attract'e.

Die Mollie waar bei weit es schensch Maedel im Schtedtel, un viel vun de annere Maed waare farrichterlich jealous wee-ich ihre. Die annere hen ihre Haar gegrollt un hen ihre Backe rot ge-'paint' un sich schunscht uffgfixt, awwer die Mollie hot des gaar net duh breiche. Sie hot nadierliche rode Backe ghatt wie Rose, scheene schwatze Haar un Aage, un Zeh wie vum schenschte ivory. Un die Mollie waar aa yuscht so gut wie sie schee waar. Sie hot yuscht about scheene Wege ghatt, un die Leit, as sie gekennt hen, hen all en gudi opinion ghatt vun ihre. Es eensich Ding, as de Mollie gfehlt hot, waar Geld fer sich so schee uffdresse, ass wie die annere Maed. Sie hot ken Paepp meh ghatt, un sie un ihre Maemm hen en Lewe gemacht der bescht weg, as sie hen kenne am Dressmache.

Die Maed wu vanne ghockt hen seller aerscht Sunndaag, hen nau yuscht about melancholy Gsichter gemacht—evidently mit de idea fer der yung Breddicher impresse mit ihre gude qualities un yeders hot sei Bescht's geduh fers anner zu biete im Singe. Awwer de Mollie Sanborn ihre scheeni 'clear'-i Schtimm hot sie all gebodde.

"Harrich yuscht emool, was selli Moll Sanborn en Gegrisch hot!" saagt die Suss Blaus so schpeitvoll zu de Peggy Rossert; "sie meent nau wunners, wie sie singe kann. Sit dutt's yuscht wee-ich em neie Breddicher."

Der nei Breddicher waar en guder judge vun music, un er waar yuscht about gepliest, wie er de Mollie ihre gut Singe gheert hot. Awwer er hot die Mollie net gut sehne kenne vum Breddichschtand, un hot of course net gewisst, wer sell waar mit sellere wunderbaare scheene Schtimm.

Wie die Breddich verbei waar, dann hot der Breddicher of course hands gscheekt mit viel vun de Leit. Un was hen selli Maed drum gschmunselt un hen em Breddicher sei Hand so affectionately gedrickt!

Die Mollie un ihre Maemm hen sich ewwe net lang uffghalte, un die Mollie hot sich off course net dumm aagschickt wie sie hands gescheekt hot mit em young Breddicher.

Es hot der Breddicher net lang genumme fer zu sehne, ass die Maed all im Schtedtl ihre minds uffgemacht hen fer ihn zu "capture"e, awwer er hat kens vun ihne at all any encouragements gewwe. Er is die Mollie aa in Zeit bekannt warre, awwer sie waar so schtill un modest in ihre Wege, ass er graad zu de conclusion kumme, ass sie en gans different Maedel waar vun de annere un as sie gaar net die seeme ideas ghatt hot wee-ich ihm.

Seller Winder hot der Breddicher Swanton en revival gschtaert, un es waare ennihau ebbes in de dreisisch yunge Maed as an die Bank gange sin, un sin endlich uffgenumme warre als members. Die Mollie hot die Kaerrich schunn lang devor getschoint ghatt.

Die alde Kaerriche members waare of course arrig gepliest mit em neie Breddicher, un waare schur ass sie ken besserer Mann griege hette kenne fer ihre gleeni membership uffzubaue.

Awwer die yunge Maed waare schlecht gepliest. Es waar nau schun iwwer en Yaahr, ass der nei Breddicher dart waar, un in all sellere Zeit hot er net eens vun ihne so viel as en glance gewwe, ass sie glaawe kennt mache, ass er eens odder es anner vun ihne gleicht, un ass er verleicht mool eens vun ihne rauspicke daet fer en Fraa. Un was waare sie drum als so bees wie er alle Owed nooch de meeting die alt Mammi Clews carefully heemgfiehrt hot iwwer die gladde pavements, un hot net eemool geoffert fer en yung Maedel heemzunemme, fer all des ass sie all arrig patiently gewaart hen fer ihm die chance zu gewwe.

Die Mammi Clews waar laahm, un waar gans allee in de Welt. Deel Leit hen geglaabt, ass sie aardlich viel Geld hett, awwer niemand waar schur devun.

Der yung Breddicher waar farrichterlich geblogt mit denne yunge Maed, awwer er hot ewwe yuscht gaar net aagelosst, ass wann er's at all sehne daet, un hot ewwe als regular die ald Mammi Clews heemgenumme.

* * * *

Mool ee kalder Marye seller Winder iss en zottlicher Dremp am alde Blaus sei Haus kumme un hot hinne an de Kichedier geglobbt. Die Dier iss glei uffgange, un die yung Suss hot fer em Dremp gschtanne. Sie hot sich noch net gscheehlt ghatt, ihr eender Schuh noch net gebunne, un sie hot en dreckichi, schmutzichi Dress aaghatt.

"Was witt?" greischt die Suss, wie sie gsehne hot ,ass es yuscht en Dremp waar.

"Why, daetscht du mir verleicht e wennich ebbes zu esse gewwe?" frogt der Dremp; "ich bin arrig hungerich un schier gaar verfrore."

"Nix zu esse do!" greischt die Suss, wie sie ihre Naas in ihre schmutzichi Dress geblose hot: "datt scharr dich yuscht ab so schtarrick ass du kannscht! Kumm, Wasser, Wasser, sick em!"

Un der aarem Dremp waar yuscht safely darrichs gate gange gewest, wie en wieschter grosser Bullhund darrich der Gaardeweg ruffkumme iss, reddi fer ihn in Schtickere zu verreisse.

"Es iss net viel christian charity in sellem Haus," saagt der Dremp zu sich selwer, wie er widder die Schtross nunner geloffe iss.

Am Deacon Rossert seim Haus hot der Dremp drei odder vier mool globbe misse eb mol endlich ebber kumme iss. Endlich hot die yung Peggy die Dier uffgerisse. Sie waar yuscht aus em Bett kumme gewest, un waar noch net gewesche odder gschtreehlt. Sie waar yuscht so halwer gedresst—odder, radder ihre Gleeder waare yuscht so about halwer zugegnibbt.

"Kennscht du mir e wennich ebbes zu esse gewwe?" frogt der Dremp.

"Net ee Maulvoll!" greischt die Peggy, "dihr Dremps seid yuscht zu faul zu schaffe, un duhne uff annere Leit depende fer eich zu fiedere awwer mer fiedere eich net!" Un mit sellem iss die Dir zugange mit em e bang un der aarem Dremp iss fatt.

Der Dremp iss selle Weg vun Haus zu Haus gange, awwer schier an alle Blatz hot er en arrigi kuhli reception grickt. Er hot yuscht 'certain'i Heiser rausgepickt, un wie er endlich an de Mrs. Sanborn ihre glee Heiseli kumme iss about nein Uhr, dann waar er apparently noch so hungerich, ass wie er waar frieh seller Marye.

Er hot an de Kichedier geglobbt, un die Mrs. Sanborn iss graad kumme un hot uffgemacht.

"Kennscht du mir verleicht e wennich ebbes zu esse gewwe?" frogt der Dremp; "ich bin arrig hungerich."

"Ya, ich kann dir ebbes gewwe," saagt die Mrs. Sanborn; unser Marye-esse iss schunn lang verbei, un ich hab fix Waarmes, awwer ich kann dir doch e wennich ebbes gewwe."

"Loss der aarem Mann do rein kumme in die Kich," saagt die Mollie, wie sie an die Dier kumme iss; "er guckt, ass wann er schier verfrore waer."

Der Dremp iss nei, un die Mollie hot ihm en Schtuhl gewwe naegscht am waarme Offe, die Weil, ass sie gschwind e wennich Kaffi gamaahle hot.

Die Mollie un ihre Maemm hen glei guder heesser Kaffi un ebbes zu esse uff em Disch ghatt fer der Dremp, un die Weil, ass er am Esse waar, dann hot er en critical examination gemacht vun de Mollie un vun de surroundings.

Die Mollie waar schee gschtreehlt, un hot yuscht about neat geguckt, un alles in de Kich waar neat, schee un sauwer. Es hot der Dremp lang genumme bis er gesse hot ghatt, un er hot zwee Kopplin-voll vun de Mollie ihrem gude Kaffi gedrunke.

"Sell halt dich waarem," saagt die Mollie; "un ich kann ennihau net verschteh, wie dihr aareme Drebb es schtende kennt bei dem wieschde, kalde Wedder unni ebmools ebbes waarmes zu drinke."

Der Dremp hot sich arrig bedankt un iss ab. Awwer dihr kennt denke wie serpriest, ass die Molli un ihre Maemm warre, wie sie en fimf Daaler Not unnich em Deller gfunne hen, wu der Dremp devun gesse hot. Die Mollie iss gschwind naus fer der Dremp derick zu rufe, awwer sie hot gaar nix vun ihm meh sehne kenne.

"Des kann ich gaar net verschteh," saagt die Mrs. Sanborn, wie sie die Not exemment hot; "der Dremp hot des Geld of course do gelosst fer uns awwer es iss ebbes so gans unusual, ass es mich nau fer schur baddert."

"Well, mer lege es weck—er kummt verleicht mool widder zerick," saagt die Mollie.

"Un wu iss seller Dremp so gschwind hie kumme, ennihau?" frogt der Schtitz.

Wie der Dremp vun de Mrs. Sanborn ihrem Haus fatt gange iss, dann iss er geschwind darrich en alley hinneri gange bis er an en anneri alley kumme iss. Er iss denoh darrich die alley nuff geloffe, un yuscht wie er um en Eck rumdrehe hot welle, dann hot er zwee anneri Dremps sehne in so en alt Heiseli schnieke, as datt gschtanne hot un as net in use waar. Die Dremps hen ihn net gsehne ghatt, un hen die Dier carefully hinnich sich zugezogge, wie sie drin waare.

Der Dremp iss denoh so softly ans Gebel gschniekt un hot gharricht. Er hot die zwee inside heere ebbes schwetze wee-ich re burglary, as sie selli Nacht kommitte wedde, un so naegscht ass er ausmache hot kenne, dann hen sie en aldi, laahmi Fraa gemenschent, as aardlich viel Geld hawwe hot selle, un as sie schur waere, ass sie hendle kenne unni Drummel, weil sie gans allee wuhne daet.

Der Dremp hot noch e Weil datt gharricht, un denoh iss er ab in die direction vum Haus, wu der yung Breddicher gebort hot.

"Un er hot undoubtedly em Breddicher die gans Schdori verzeehlt—graad wie en ehrlicher Dremp duh hett selle," saagt der Mawny.

Seller seem Owed iss der yung Breddicher Swanton an de Mammi Clews ihre Haus kumme un hot en langi conversation mit ihre ghatte. Yuscht was sie gschwetzt hen, kann ich net exactly saage, awwer der result waar ennihau, ass die Mammi an ihre usual Zeit nuff ins Bett gange iss, un der yung Breddicher iss dunne gebliwwe im Dunkle. Er hot zwee revolvers newich sich uff em Disch leie ghatt.

Selli Nacht about zwelf Uhr sin die zwee Dremps an de Mammi Clews ihre Haus zu schnieke kumme, un e paar Minutte noochderhand hen sie en Fenschder uffgforst ghatt un sin in die Schtubb gegraddelt, wu der Breddicher patiently am Waarde waar. Yuscht wie sie recht inside waare dann hot der Breddicher gschwind en bulls-eye Laddern uff sie gflaescht un hot die seem Segund die zwee burglars gekowwert mit seine zwee revolvers.

"Wann dihr en Schritt weider muft, dann seid dihr dode Leit!" saagt der Breddicher; "nuff mit eiere Hend!"

Die Dremps waare of course completely bei surprise genumme, un hen graad duh misse, wie der Breddicher gsaat hot.

Der Breddicher hot denoh dreimool laut gepiffe, un zwee officers sin zum Fenschder nei kumme un hen die Dremps graad securely gebunne.

"Sell waar schlick geduh," saagt der Schtitz; "seller Breddicher muss aardlich schponki gewest sei."

"Unquestionably so," saagt der Mawny.

Die zwee officers hen die Dremps denoh graad noch em lock-up genumme.

"Un wie iss es mit em Breddicher gange?" frogt der Jonathan; "hot er dann aa endlich en Fraa grickt?"

Dis Maed im Schtedtel hen sich hendvollweis Haar rausgerisse un sin gans grie warre fer lauder jealousy wie sie uff eemol gsehne hen, ass der Breddicher die Mollie Sanborn regular heem genumme hot un waar arrig attentive zu ihre.

Die alt Mammi Clews iss about die seem Zeit grank warre un iss gschtarwe. Sie hot en Wille gemacht, ass all ihre Geld un property zum yunge Breddicher geh sett, fer des, ass er sie immer so schee getriet hot. Ihre estate waar ebbes wie sex dausend Daaler waert.

Endlich iss es 'announced' warre, as der Breddicher un die Mollie mit naegschtem heiere daete, un denoh waare die Maed awwer recht jealous.

Well, wie der Breddicher un die Mollie mool endlich gheiert waare, un wie der Breddicher die Mollie in sei Aarem genumme hot un hot sie wer weess wie oft gebosst, dann saagt er:

"Mollie, ich hab mool en investment gemacht vun fimf Daaler, as mir die beschte Indresse gebrocht hot, as en Mann winsche kennt defor."

"Wie so?" frogt die Mollie, wie sie ihre scheener Mann beguckt hot mit ere gut gsaetisfeite, admiring expression.

"Why, ich hab en fimf Daaler Not unnich em e Deller gelosst, wu ich mool wunnerbaar schee getriet bin warre als en Dremp, un hab darrich sell en glee Weiwli grickt, as niemand vun mir griege kennt fer en hunnert Mool ihre Gewicht in Gold!"

"Bei Tschimini—sell waar der Breddicher, wu rum gange waar, als en Dremp un hot selli different Maed so critical uffgseist," saagt der Jonathan. "Ferwas hoscht du uns sell net graad gsaat, Jim?"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" greischt der Mawny. "Let her go, Buwe!" Un mir hen geyohlt un gedobt un nanner in die Howwelschpee rumgerollt wie en set rechte narrische Kelwer.

ES END

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Editorials

Greatest Life Ever Lived

The saddest season in the Christian year came to its close yesterday with the observance of Good Friday. Today is the interlude before the celebration of Easter tomorrow which, in sharp contrast with Good Friday, is the most joyous day in our religious calendar.

During the past six weeks there has been the centuries-old annual review of the most potent ministry that ever has been sent to mankind. There has been a rededication of millions of hearts to the eternal truths which had their greatest exposition in that ministry.

Like the refreshening of life upon our part of the planet at this season of the year comes the culminating chapter in the story of the greatest life that ever was lived.

Millions of words have been written, millions of sermons have been delivered regarding this life. The names of these writers and orators have been or will be forgotten and it is proper that this be so. And it is natural likewise for all to become lost in the brilliance of the life itself that was lived. In fact, one of the most eloquent attempts as to a biography in our modern era already has been cloaked in anonymity altho generally attributed to a famous American divine.

Never will it be important to know who wrote it. Always it will be important for human souls to ponder the powerful, oft-quoted biographical essayette entitled "The Man Jesus."

"Here is a Man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was 30, and then for three years was an itinerant preacher.

"While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went thru the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two t h i e v e s. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying — His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave thru the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

"I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon the earth as powerfully as has that one solitary life."

Who can ponder those words with scorn or forget them in cynicism!

A Penitent Offender

Admission by Larry Parks that six years ago or so he was a member of a Communist cell in Hollywood and that the membership included other motion picture people is not surprising for it has been hinted at before. Now however, the actor himself has left no doubt about it. At the same time there would seem to be no doubt that he is sincerely sorry for his associations with the Reds, that he left the organization shortly after the war and has had nothing to do with it and its members ever since.

There probably will be debate as to whether the confession of this youthful error will harm or help the career of this fine young actor or whether it will simply be forgotten after creating a brief stir.

What should not be overlooked in any such discussion is the radical change which has come about in our entire American society as to Communism in general and to Russian Communism in particular since the war.

For a number of years it appeared to a great many, who like "to be different" and affect esoteric garb etc, to be "the smart thing" to join the Communists. That accounted in part for so many fledglings in colleges and universities turning Red. They were too young to know the kind of fire with which they were playing.

The attitude of society in general was tolerant toward this so-called "liberal" thinking. Furthermore American good will poured out toward Russia and everything Russian for she had been an ally in the war and had borne tremendous losses that were assumed had reduced our own losses in lives. After the war she continued for a brief period to be trusted as an ally. Then she revealed her greed and rapacity and unsheathed the dagger of her hatred for everything American.

When the scales fell from American eyes, Russian Communism was revealed as to its true character. A lot of American dupes—Larry Parks appears to have been one of them—got out in a hurry and made no revelation of the shame that they felt at having been so cruelly deceived.

Chaps like those involved in the big Red trials stubbornly clung with loyalty to Russia which they had espoused. They continued to be ready to sell their own country down the river while unashamedly attempting to escape punishment behind the skirts of beneficent American institutions.

There is a bottomless chasm between a former Red like Larry Parks who, in the immaturity of youth, elected to join a social group that may have appeared to him to be as innocuous as a college fraternity, and the convicted Reds—eleven in number—who never renounced Communism but persisted in its work and advocacy thereof before a succession of U. S. Courts.

The American people can be expected to be eminently fair and capable of seeing this vast difference.

Hopeful News From Korea

With the big inquiry into presumed alliance between politics and the American underworld about ended, at least as to television reporting, news of the war in Korea can be expected to get back to the first pages and leading headlines of American newspapers.

Always of course the war over there has been of superior importance. Temporarily public interest was attracted to the parade of criminals and thugs which marched across the television screen and their nemesis, the Kefauver committee.

Returning to consideration of events in Korea it is satisfactory to hear from the battlefield correspondents that events appear to be going well there. Advance by United Nations troops has been steady and, apparently, attended by minimum losses. Distinctly aggressive warfare appears to be in progress with the report of operations by parachute troops whose effort it is to surround and wipe out or bring about surrender of large numbers of the enemy.

Accompanying all this are evidences of lack of interest in China as to the war. If a lot of new strength is being put into the fight by the Chinese, there is no evidence of it. No word is coming out of China which seems to have hung up a curtain as dense as Russia's. There are rumors of civil war in the great country and of mass executions but there is not a whisper from the Communist leaders who may be sick or dead or in exile.

The hope will be that in addition to important and successful military developments there will be important political developments in that part of the world. General MacArthur seems determined to press toward the former. Our diplomats in the United Nations well may be pressing toward the latter.

I'll Do All I Can, Kids



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

What the Kefauver committee hearings are to the public is just a show — gamblers and politicians squirming under severe questioning — but what the millions who are watching the affair on television probably don't realize is that they themselves are primarily responsible for the very conditions now being exposed.

Also what the millions of voters who have been observing the proceedings probably don't realize either is that the federal government has no constitutional jurisdiction over gambling or political corruption which arises within any state or city and that the responsibility rests only with state, county and city governments to exercise police power over such matters.

Problem Local

There are some interstate phases of gambling and crime which might be reached through federal law but, for the most part, the problem is local. It is a sad commentary on local government that it took a Senate investigating committee to bring into the open what has been going on in many cities under the noses of the voters. In some instances, the newspapers in local areas have published the sensational facts but the people or their legislatures have not seen fit to become aroused over them. Some repercussions may occur now, but it is still a reflection on local government that these belated inquiries are prompted by a congressional expose.

It is an open question, too, whether all the television excitement means much more than morbid curiosity. The gangsters of prohibition days attracted attention, as do criminals always. If a notorious Dillinger or a Capone were to be exhibited to public view at a movie theater or the Yankee stadium, that probably would pack the house, too.

The public likes a show and television furnishes a spectacle, but it remains to be seen whether the show has not really endangered to some extent the opportunity of a congressional committee to cite witnesses who may have committed perjury or who refuse to answer questions.

Could Affect Prosecution

Two of the important witnesses before the Kefauver committee have already refused to testify before the television cameras. Judging by the way the courts split hairs nowadays on the matter of constitutional rights, it could happen that what gave the people a good show this week also may have lost for the same people an opportunity to prosecute persons accused of wrongdoing.

Thus the American Bar Assn. in 1937 adopted as one of the canons of judicial ethics the following:

"Proceedings in court should be conducted with fitting dignity and decorum. The taking of photographs in the courtroom, during sessions or recess between sessions, and the broadcasting of court proceedings are calculated to detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, degrade the court and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted."

If the above, which refers to still camera pictures, is accepted generally by the courts — and most judges have accepted it — it could mean that television broadcasts could be ruled to be a violation of constitutional rights when witnesses enter an objection thereto.

In one sense a congressional committee hearing is not a court proceeding, but a witness might claim undue interference with constitutional rights and be upheld by a court if our judicial system happens to frown on the practice of interfering with the processes of thought of a witness at a trial or committee hearing.

Main Purpose Attained

The O'Dwyer-Costello episode has been given wide publicity by the press, the radio and television and the primary object of Kefauver committee was to call public attention to abuses. Hence the main purpose has been attained. But once the congressional hearings are over, the gamblers and the politicians can go back and do it all over again unless, of course, an awakened public opinion begins to inquire into how state, city and county governments are beset with evil influences and undertakes to set in motion investigating machinery on a local basis to find out what state laws have been violated and why local enforcement officers have failed to do their duty.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER OSHTER OYER BAUM:

Hen die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit ols 'n Oshter Oyer baum kotta, odder hen sie net — sel is die froke. Dale wolla bahabta sie hetta, un onnerra, woh mier ainer dafon sin, glawwa die socha net. Oh yoh, now fershtaina uns recht, m'r sawga net os es net Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit kotta hut os yohra tzurick Oshter Oyer bame kotta hen, weil m'r wissa woh so bame worra — un so weit os sel aw gait, ols noch tzu sehna sin alla Oshterra. Ow'r die woh sie hen, un kotta hen, hen die socha net grick'd fon ihra fohr elterra, ow'r so gore, hen die socha g'sehna im magazines un woh der gabrouch ferol os m'r wissa, fon Deitsch lond gabrocht hen, weinich noch da 1900.

Eb sie Oshter Oyer Bame kotta hen in Deitschlond wissa m'r net — ow'r all 'm noh hen sie, selra postal kort noh im Mondawgs Morning Call. 'N lot Deitscha leit os m'r die woch darrich g'frok'd hen wissa nix dafon, uns gait uns aw nix aw wos sie dart driwwa kotta hen — doh hiwwa sin m'r shure os naryads niemond nix gawist hut fon ma Oshter Oyer baum fer da 1900. Wons 'n gabrouch gawest wear fer bame deckorata mit ous gablosna oyer shawla yohra longa yohr tzurick, ferwos wear der gabrouch gons un gore ous g'shtarva, un os es paar Fildelfier ganumma het fer widder draw denka?

Die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit hen 'n lot alta gabreicher os shun fer 200 yohr un noch langer doh sin—dabei die Grishdawgs kichelcher, der Belsnickle, Nei Yohr winscha, Grundsow Dawg, Karra Fridawg, der Oshter Haas, Oshter Oyer, Pingshta, Himmel-fer-Dawg, un noch 'n lot mainer. Ferwos weara ol die socha gabliva, un der Oshter Oyer baum wear fergessa gonga — evens der Grishdbaum is gabliva, net so iwwer maesich alt? Oh shure 's hut Oshter Oyer bame kotta doh in Allentown, tzurick on da 1920 rum — un ol woh m'r g'frok'd hen dawaiga, sawga, sie hetta die socha g'sehna in Magazines.

Mohl fers aller airsht, der graish'd un shanshd Oshter Oyer Baum wor selar wohs Milt Lauba fon Hanover Avenue, Rittersville ols kotta hen. 'M Milt Laub sei fraw die Ida hut der airsht Oshter Oyer baum g'shtart so on da 1916 rum wie sie noch nagshd on Shoenersville uf da Steckles' bauerrei gawohn'd hen, un der Milt hut milich g'fohra. Mohl ae dawg hut er 'n bind'l magazines mit hame gabrocht, un in ains dafon hut die Ida 'n Oshter Oyer baum g'sehna ob gamohl'd. Die dochter Dorothy wor noch glae, un sie hut ous gamocht 's wear shae fer ebbes wie sel howwa, un hen der farm yairich grishdbaum gabutzt fon nodla, der baum weiss gapaint, un 1 dudsend ous gablosna oyer shawla druf k'hank'd mit glaina drode. Die shawla hen sie g'shteam'd fer sie hase mocha, un g'farab'd wie Oshter oyer.

Noch der baum bout sex yohr howwa uf da bauerrei, sin sie uf Hanover Avenue gatzoga, paar dierra weck fron da Rittersville kerrich. Darta uf ra tzuna porch, hen sie der baum fer sex odder siva yohr yairlich uf g'shteld, un hen om end 'n 100 dudsend oyer shawla druf hanka kotta. Der baum hen sie ols im kaller k'halta iwwers yohr, un die oyer shawla in shmaltz shtanner. Wie der baum awfonga is shpruck werra fon da elt hen sie 'n weck, un bout 20 yohr tzurick hut ihra dochter Margaret ihra mon Clayton Yeakel, die oyer shawla in der Lechaw Kanol galairt, un sel wors end fons Milt Lauba ihr'm Oshter Oyer Baum woh sie larna hen mocha ous ma magazine, un net fon da elterra odder gross elterra, wie old die onnerra gabreicher runner kumma sin.

Noch 'n Oshter Oyer baum doh in da shtadt, wors Maurice Laffittes' ihrer uf da East Hamilton shtross, Allentown. Sie is dote, ow'r ihra mon hut uns g'sawt, sie het aw die maining grick'd fer 'n Oshter Oyer Baum mocha, ous ma magazine.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Onnerra maiga glawwa un sawga wos sie wolla so weit os die Oshter Oyer Bame aw gaina, so weit os uns aw gait sawga m'r "Gross Donk," tzu da gonsa bisnis — der Oshter Oyer Baum hut gore ken blotz unnich alta socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 43:23-34

Not only did that word 'Peace be unto you; fear not' ease their minds, but they rejoiced when their brother Simeon was released to them. They were then escorted into Joseph's house, and treated with the utmost courtesy. When he arrived, they gave him the gift they had brought (as in Isaiah 60:6 gifts will be given to Jesus when He returns, gold and incense). Again he asks them about conditions at home, especially as to the health of their father. Several times 'they bowed themselves to him to the earth,' vs. 26,28. Seeing his brother Benjamin, he is overcome with emotion, and weeps. Recovering his composure, he orders the banquet to be spread, offering Benjamin five times the portion given to the others. He probably did this to see whether they would show any jealousy, as they had done at home when special favor had been shown him by his father. This scene at the dinner table, set to entertain the very ones who had plotted his death, reminds us that Jesus also prepared a table (the Lord's Supper) for all who believe in Him, although members of the race which crucified Him.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Everybody is kicking about inflation.

Everybody is complaining about high prices.

But nobody is doing anything practical about it.

Yet the solution is so simple that in four weeks prices could be made to come down to where they ought to be.

Who could do it?

You and I.

* * *

All over the country professional and amateur economists are sitting around conference tables with poised pencils and furrowed brows trying to find a way out of this ever increasing spiral.

Many women's clubs, PTA's, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Elks, Eagles and Masons have high prices and inflation on their agenda.

Many of these clubs discuss the problem at their luncheon meetings.

I have sat in on quite a few of them.

What do you think they serve at these luncheons?

Goodly portions of the very meat about the price of which they complain.

Butter, coffee, cream — those very commodities about which they ineffectively debate.

* * *

They orate and figure and scribble and complain, but they never seem to think of the one and the only remedy that would really be effective — to stop buying at high prices.

I ran into a woman who had just come from a PTA meeting and was doing her shopping in one of our local stores.

She looked indignant.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"Oh, those prices they charge are outrageous! We just had a discussion about them at our meeting. Most of us just simply can't afford to keep this up much longer."

What do you think she had in that shopping bag of hers?

A thick steak for which she had paid $1.25 a pound. Two dozen grade A eggs at 71 cents a dozen. A pound of butter at 83 cents. A pint of cream at 39 cents.

There were many more articles in that bag — all bought at outrageous prices.

Washington has raised ceiling prices on automobiles.

Will that make people hold on to their old cars another year or two?

Not if they are like a fellow in our neighborhood.

His 1942 car is in perfect mechanical condition. He paid around $1,400 for it. But, unfortunately, the Joneses next door have a 1950 car which is much shinier and more modern looking. And if the Joneses have a 1950 car he naturally must have a 1951 model. Else, what would people think? So he'll pay about $1,900 for a new car of the same make he has now.

* * *

The remedy for high prices is not buying at those prices.

But that takes a little sacrifice, a little self-denial.

When, during the last war, the government inflicted meatless days upon us we went without meat whether we liked it or not.

But would we dream of meatless, eggless, butterless, automobileless days voluntarily? We would not.

That's the solution — so put up or shut up!

(Copyright 1951)

Horoscope

It might be wise to change your routine as everyone needs a change occasionally. If today's child has to fight hard for success, the ensuing victory should be double sweet.



ZUM BLOOFOGGEL

Ich willkumm dich, mei liewer Freind,
Ich heer dei Friehyaahr Schdick!
Waarscht fatt so long, es hot mer gscheint
En Ewichkeit zerick;
Nau sing dei halleluya hymn
Un mach dich graad deheem;
Ich heer so garn dei freehlich Schdimm
Hoch in mei Ebbelbeem.

Bin froh dich sehne—liewer Grund—
Der Winder waar so rau,
Un darcheweck waar net en Schdund
So siess wie die graad nau.
Du bringscht mer frischer Mut un Luscht
Un neier Eifer bei;
O waer ich uff de letschte Kruscht,
Waer alle Krimmel dei!

Du hoscht uns net fargesse, gell?
Un kummscht zum alde Blatz!
Mer sin wie alde Freind, ya well,
Ich lieb dich aa im Hatz.
Far manchmol waar's mer gans ferleed,
Hab net gewisst wu naus,
Dann kummscht un gebscht mer'n serenade
Iwwer alle Sarye draus.

Aus SOLLY HULSBUCK'S G'SCHBOS UND, ARNSHT

A NEW JERSEY "PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCHER"

The aged author of the following article, Mr. Edwin Wesley Hammer of Montclair, New Jersey, was prominently associated with Thomas Edison as construction engineer in the years 1884 to 1896.—We are grateful to Mr. Hammer for this article which possesses a twofold value. It will be of interest to genealogists, but more significant is the letter it contains, a letter written by a sixteen-year-old schoolboy in the Moravian Academy for Boys at Lititz, Pa., more than a hundred years ago.—ED.

IT interests me to see how one's surroundings color impressions. For example, Jackie Robinson's little son thought he was a Jew, because he was being brought up in a Jewish neighborhood on Long Island. And I was born and brought up in Newark, New Jersey, without being conscious of the debt I owed to my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry! It remained for a reading of Fredric Klees' delightful and instructive book, THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH, to give me realization that I was blessed with Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry on both sides of the house: on my mother's side from Michael Hillegas, first Treasurer of the United States; on my father's side from George Frederick Hammer, who came to Philadelphia from Germany in 1763 and settled at Hamburg, Berks County, Pennsylvania, where he established a school which won an excellent reputation. His grandson, Joseph Hammer, of Orwigsburg, Schuylkill County, attended this school, and spoke of its high character and advanced methods of instruction.

Joseph Hammer was my grandfather; he was born at Orwigsburg on Feb. 4, 1801, and died there on July 6, 1862, being buried there in the Evangelical Cemetery. Joseph Hammer kept a general store in Orwigsburg, at the southeast corner of Warren Street and Center Square. His father, John Hammer, had also been an Orwigsburg merchant, whose wife had been Elizabeth Helwig. John Hammer was a Lutheran, but Elizabeth had been reared in the German Reformed Church. Joseph had married Phoebe Huntzinger, daughter of Jacob and Susanna Huntzinger; Jacob was born in Brunswick Township on Nov. 16, 1778, and died Nov. 29, 1862. He is buried in the Lutheran Cemetery at Orwigsburg.

Joseph Hammer had two sons by Phoebe Huntzinger, William Alexander, born Jan. 11, 1827, at Orwigsburg, and died Aug. 10, 1895 (buried at Newark, N. J.); and Wesley, for many years a merchant at Pottsville and Mahanoy City. William A. Hammer was my father.

When my father was sixteen years old he was sent to school at John Beck's Academy for Boys at Lititz, Pa. I have the first letter he wrote to his parents at Orwigsburg after reaching Lititz. I have always regarded it as a somewhat remarkable letter for a sixteen-year-old lad to write, and of perhaps unusual interest because of its picture of the new school home and the conditions of life there more than one hundred years ago. So I will quote the main parts here, ignoring the few most personal items:

Lititz, Sept. 5th, 1843.

Dear Father and Mother:

I had intended not to write till the end of the week, but I thought you were anxious to hear from me. We came from home to this place (Lititz) in one day. We hired an omnibus at Reading to convey us over, which did not leave till near 3 o'clock, and we arrived here at nine, a distance of twenty-four miles. We did not enter school till Thursday morning, when Mr. B. examined us. There are four different rooms, but three are only occupied at present on account of absence of one of the teachers; I was placed in the second room and Louis in the third, but when I am a little advanced I will be put in the first. The name of my teacher is Mr. Christ. Mr. Beck in person is not large but strong built and a fine and intellectual man; and if the boys do what he bids them he is very good to them. There are some very wild boys here, but Mr. Beck, who is one of the cunningest men I ever saw, watches them so close that they have very little chance to do mischief. Lititz is a very quiet and beautiful town, not quite as large as Orwigsburg and not as lively. There is only one tavern, a church, a large brick building for the girls' school, where they are closely confined; also a sister house where the single women are kept who are poor and unable to maintain themselves. We have two school houses for the boys, viz., a brick and a stone building. There are two stores here and many other tradesmen. There is a beautiful square in front of the school house, in which are planted nice trees and flowers. There is also a fine, large spring a little below the town. At the spring there is a nice little fountain resembling the fountain in Franklin Square in Phila., and constructed on the plan like the water works on a small scale. We board at Mr. Keller's where we do not live very high. I will now give you a few of our regulations. We rise generally at half-past five. Breakfast at six, when Mr. Beck inspects the scholars, whether they are clean or not. If they are not, they are sent home to clean themselves. We stay in the school room to study from half past six to eight, when the school opens and the lessons are recited, till eleven, when the school closes till one. We eat dinner as soon as school is out and at one we go to school again and remain there till four when school closes. We supper at six and after supper we go to the play ground and take a little exercise till dusk. Then we can go where we please till nine. Mr. Beck is always along with us at the play-ground, so that the boys cannot quarrel and make mischief. We have at present but thirty boys at a distance. There is English service every Wednesday for the boys. There is also English preaching every four weeks on Sabbath morning for the inhabitants and scholars and on the other Sabbaths there is German preaching. The preacher seems to be a fine man and preaches very well. I have not many studies yet, but in the course of a week I shall have plenty . . .

With regard to the accordion you may buy one or not just as you please. There is no teacher here at present who teaches to play on the accordion. Mr. Beck says that if one can play the piano they can soon learn to play the accordion.

I am very well at present and I have been so since I have been here and I hope you are the same. I like the place very much. Louis is also well. Mr. Bolt's son was homesick the first day he was here but Mr. Beck petted him up a little and now he is doing very well. Miss Catherine Levan and several other ladies from Reading visited us yesterday. If you see Shoener tell him to get ready till Christmas when I intend to come home and then he can go along.

When you write or send a paper you will put it in the post office so that it goes down on the Tuesday or Thursday mail. The stage goes only three times a week from Reading to this place, viz., Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I wish you would send a paper now and then. I can hardly do without reading them. If you see Mr. Lewis tell him his son is well.

My best respects to all my friends and comrades. You will see by the receipt below that my quarter comes to forty dollars. My respects to grandfather and my comrades.

I remain your obedient son,
WILLIAM A. HAMMER,

P.S. I have been writing in a great hurry, it being late.

It may be of interest to know that one important result of this school attendance was that this young man married (as his first wife) Martha Ann Beck, daughter of John Beck, a girl a little younger than he was; this was on April 21, 1850, at the Moravian Church in Lititz. They had five children. The oldest son, John Beck Hammer, was educated for the Moravian ministry at Bethlehem and Nazareth, but died just before ordination. He was a talented musician. He was a co-student with his cousin, James M. Beck, who prepared for the law and ultimately became Attorney General of the United States. John Hammer's younger brother, Edwin, the author of this article, was an electrical engineer, long associated with Thomas A. Edison, and later Major in World War I.

THE THORNY LOCUSTS

AN EASTER LEGEND

LEGENDS are persistent factors in human experience. They have a way of emerging from the dim horizons of human memory to vex the historian who searches for a thread of truth through the maze of conjecture and romancing which clouds the story. Frequently there is just enough substantiation of fact to forbid the complete discarding of the tale and there is always the suspicion or the hope that it may be true. The Legend of the Thorny Locusts of North Heidelberg is one of these.

We have heard the tale most recently from William H. Williams, whose farms adjoin one which belonged to Adam G. Stump in North Heidelberg, Berks County. Williams heard the tale from Stump who vouched that he had heard it from the Kalbachs, a venerable family associated with the "Little' 'North Heidelberg Church. And to add substance to the story Mr. Stump actually found thorny locust trees on the John Focht farm, located in the same township.

Two hundred years ago the present site of the North Heidelberg Church was occupied by a Moravian congregation, organized by Count Nicholas von Zinzendorf, in 1744. Because this Moravian congregation was midway between the two large settlements of Moravians, at Bethlehem and at Lititz, there were numerous visits by the churchmen from the two Moravian centers. Bishop Camerhoff, one of the outstanding Moravian clergymen of that day, held services at North Heidelberg.

So far the story is supported by facts that can be proved. The remainder of the tale is the part which makes the telling worthwhile at Easter time.

The great Moravian Bishop was delivering the Easter sermon at the little church. Among those who listened to him were several Indian converts who knew the surrounding country very well. The sermon centered upon the Crown of Thorns which was placed upon Jesus' brow as He was being led away for the crucifixon. The bishop waxed strong in his condemnation of those who had tortured our Lord.

The Indians nodded as if they understood. Quietly they left the church auditorium and disappeared for a time. At the close of the service they reappeared carrying branches of the thorny locust trees.

The Indians were sure that the culprits who had pressed the thorns upon the brow of Jesus had secured their instruments of torture from the nearby trees of the thorny locusts. They wanted to join in an expedition to avenge the injustice which the bishop had described.

Probably we shall never know whether the story is a fact or whether it is only fiction. It is true that there were a number of Indian converts to the Moravian faith and that these Indians frequently accompanied the clergymen as guides in those early days. However, it is hardly likely that Indians who lived in Northampton, from whence Camerhoff came, would have known of the location of the Thorny locusts in North Heidelberg. The tree is not, and never was, common in that area. They could hardly have passed the trees enroute because the location of the Focht farm is out of line for either Bethlehem or Lititz.

Could these have been local Indians, still residing in Berks as late as 1755? Hardly. There may have been a few elderly redmen, living near the foothills of the Blue Mountains, but by that date all active Indians, all families and tribes had moved to the north country.

Did such actions fit the Indian character? Not for the roving redman. But the Indians attached to the Moravian settlement in Bethlehem were capable of becoming zealots in a Christian cause.

Are there any written records to substantiate the story? We know of none.

Then why tell the tale? Because, as one historian once wrote to us about a questionable statement he had made: "If it isn't true it ought to be!"

—Told by ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

BOOK REVIEW

THE EGG TREE—Story and Pictures by Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1950. $2.00.

Katherine Milhous, Philadelphia artist, has long ago endeared herself to parents who enjoy buying artistic juvenile literature for their children.

As in her delightful SNOW OVER BETHLEHEM and LOVINA Miss Milhous has again chosen a Pennsylvania German motif and milieu for her latest creation.

The German custom of decorating an evergreen tree at Christmas time has been accepted throughout the length and breadth of our nation, but the idea of decorating the bare limbs of a small tree or suitably chosen branch of a tree with Easter eggs has never taken hold in wider areas. Indeed there ars some who refuse to believe that it is native to eastern Pennsylvania. The fact that most Pennsylvania Germans themselves have never seen an Easter egg tree of course does not prove anything. The reviewer in his own childhood had never seen an Easter egg tree in Lehigh and Northampton Counties, but he has known Pennsylvania Germans who remembered Easter egg trees. The decoration of trees with eggs at Eastertide is known in various areas of Europe. In fact the reviewer was pleasantly surprised during the Easter season of 1950 when he was journeying along the Italian Riviera and stopped in a village cafe in the neighborhood of Spezia to see there a good-sized tree with bare limbs upon which were hung all sorts of gayly colored eggs. Both egg and tree (compare the idea of the tree of life) are immemorial symbols of life and the resurrection of life after the winter entombment.

This is a beautiful book. It must have been very gratifying, both to the artist-writer and to Charles Scribner's Sons, when the fourteenth annual Caldecott medal given by the Children's Library Associate, a section of the American Library Association, was awarded to THE EGG TREE as the most distinguished American picture book for 1950. The medal is to be presented to Miss Milhous at a dinner at the time of the conference of the Library Association to be held in Chicago in July.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Time to Spank the Brat

General MacArthur, the "chief" in the "police action," (euphemistic term for the war in Korea) has made an attempt to arrange a talk over matters in that troubled area of the world with whomsoever is in command of the "volunteers" from China.

Up to the present moment he has received no answer except from anonymous Chinese sources. This answer is to the effect that the General's proposal is something to laugh about and not to consider seriously. The reply thru the medium of the Peiping radio, if not official, in almost all likelihood represents the attitude of the Chinese government. That attitude is indicated in the field where there are no indications of continued retreat but rather that the Chinese are contemplating a new offensive after being battered around for the past six weeks.

Unless the Chinese leaders have not a shred of compassion remaining for their men and boys on the fighting front they could not look upon MacArthur's proposal as a joke. The commander said that he stands ready "at any time to confer in the field with the commander-in-chief of the enemy forces in the earnest effort to find any military means whereby realization of the political objectives of the United Nations in Korea, to which no nation may justly take exceptions, might be accomplished without further bloodshed."

MacArthur offers peace. The Chinese even refuse to consider talking about peace with him altho they have been shouting protestations for months.

The world need not be surprised at the action for the Chinese also refuse to talk to the United Nations. They refuse to talk even to such obsequious diplomats as the British who have been cringing and fawning upon the Chinese Reds in order to save the shreds of the British colonial empire and prestige in Asia.

So the United Nations now should know with complete positiveness that you can't handle the Russian-led Chinese Reds with kid gloves. It is time for that body to be getting tough and to be talking in direct and forceful terms to the Chinese leaders.

The Chinese Reds do not hold all the trump cards. In fact, the United Nations holds most of them but refuses to play them. General MacArthur has been restrained in military action by the politicians. Generalissimo Chiang is kept penned up on Formosa altho he indicates desire to invade the main land. Embargoes and sanctions against China have not been invoked and she continues to get imports necessary to her conduct of the war from countries which are represented in the aggrieved United Nations.

Red China all too long has been pampered like a spoiled child. It has acted like a spoiled child by raving and fuming. Indulgent parents have hesitated about a thoro spanking. They disagree as to the severity of the slappings that the big, unruly boy should be getting. And the brat gives promise of kicking up again in Korea because he had not been slapped down sufficiently when the United Nations had him pretty well in hand.

Certainly MacArthur has done a far better job in this military field than the diplomats have been doing in the political field. And yet at every turn the latter discourage him and throw obstacles in his path. One wonders how long the American people will tolerate it before demanding that, unless diplomacy changes, the Korean job be given over to the British who shape United Nations diplomacy so generally as to China. Then we shall see what they can do about it in the military field as well.

Snub for "Sweet Adeline"

The recent death in New York of Harry Armstrong did not receive the wide publicity that Armstrong, as the author of the popular "Sweet Adeline," might have been expected to get in a nation where hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of men, are wont to gather in groups of four to harmonize.

For full half a century "Sweet Adeline" was perhaps the most nostalgic number that was sung wherever four men could bow heads together. Then came sudden and, to the uninitiate, inexplicable change. Altho so-called "barbershop singing" came into new favor and quartets with national affiliations and organization were formed in every city and hamlet in the land, "Sweet Adeline" was never sung by them. On the programs of every Barbershop Festival that has been held in this community you will find no mention of the famous old song.

Always the public has sought the answer to this apparent oversight and anomaly. Always the answer has come that Armstrong, despite appeals, had insisted upon receiving royalties for use of the song by any organizations and the barber-shoppers were making up their programs with songs upon which copyright privileges have expired.

So it well may be that this famous quartet number will virtually pass out of memory altho the most vital and widespread medium for continuing its popularity has sprung into being.

A pity that would be for "Sweet Adeline" is identified with a distinct period in American life, the days at "the turn of the century." That was before the motor car had come into use, when gas lamps were the order of illumination, nickel beer and free lunch were served in every saloon and America's idea of feminine pulchritude was embodied in the Gibson girl.

The song not only recalled the writer of some three hundred ditties but also an editor of the words of "Sweet Adeline," namely the late Jimmy Walker, one-time mayor of New York. It likewise recalled Adelina Patti, popular opera singer who gave her name to the song after it had been peddled unsuccessfully for five years under the title of "Sweet Rosalie."

More Machines, More Jobs

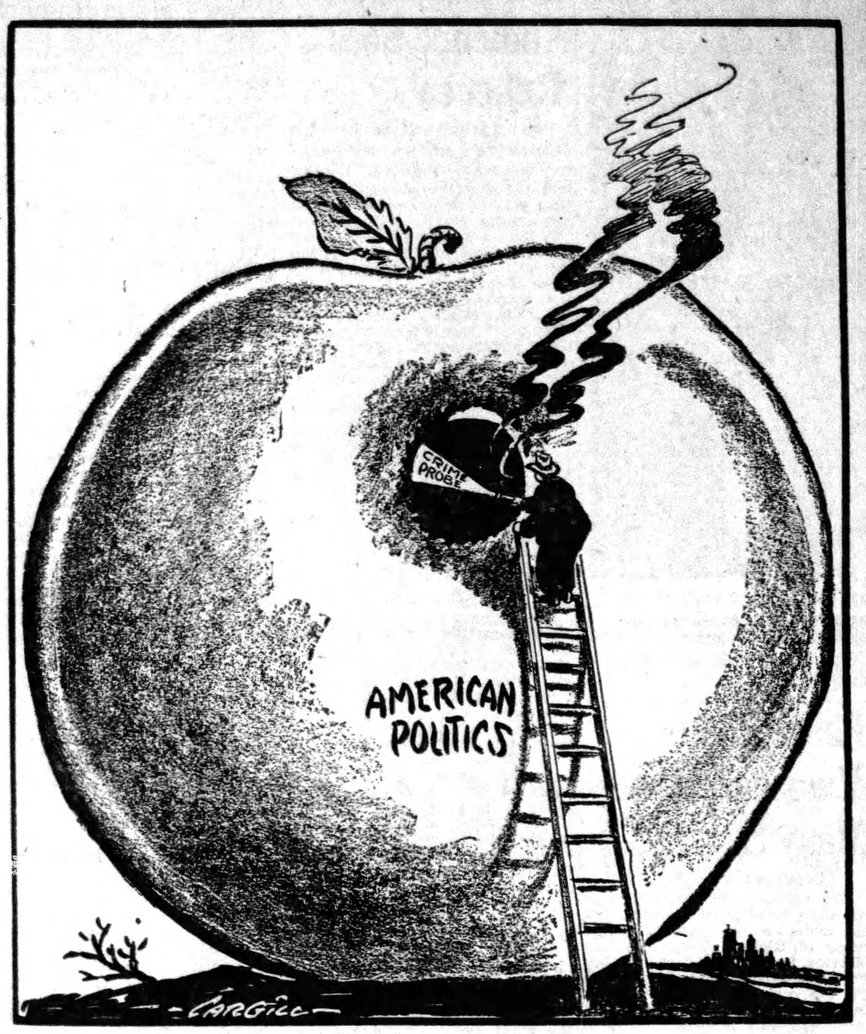
Prof. Norbert Wiener of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has written a book, "The Human Use of Human Beings." His analysis, showing the advance of labor-saving machines, provokes the old question: Will routine workers ultimately be displaced by machines? From the day the first wheel was invented to the present, there is no indication that machines will do other than improve conditions for the worker, according to National Patent Council.

This machine age should prove the point. Never were there more machines to do a "man's job" than today. If machines have pushed so many persons away from their benches, there must be multitudes of people looking for jobs. But were are they? Our statistics show over 60,000,000 are employed and there are more jobs than workers.

It works like this: Only 80 years ago a photographer had to mix his own chemicals, apply them to a plate and then hurry to take his slow-exposure picture while the plate was still wet. Along came an American inventor who patented a machine to coat emulsion on plates, let them dry, then pack the plates in boxes. Other machines were invented to mix developers, make film, and produce improved cameras. Today, millions of persons are employed in the various phases of photography, and anybody can take a picture. The same can be said of most other phases of American industry.

In all phases of industry the answer is the same. More machines, capable of doing more work than anything that preceded them, oddly enough seem to provide more jobs, if not directly, then indirectly. The American formula has worked with high satisfaction, up to this time at least, and in spite of dire predictions just about every time a new invention to ease men's labors has been made.

The Mammoth Cave



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Way over there in Peiping where they listen to the hourly broadcasts of news from the United States, the Chinese Communists must be having many a chuckle as they learn how scared the UN and various American spokesmen seem to be about crossing the 38th parallel. It certainly doesn't persuade the Red Chinese that they should quit. Rather it encourages them to keep on harassing our troops.

Just about the time that the forces of Gen. MacArthur have inflicted considerable punishment on the Chinese divisions and the way is opened for a "cease fire" or further military movements to carry out the mission of the UN to liberate all of Korea, press dispatches from Washington say that the UN commander doesn't have this or that authority and the impression is given that the UN commander has been reprimanded, if not discredited.

Started by Truman

President Truman began the present chapter of comment with the statement that Gen. MacArthur didn't need any additional instructions about the 38th parallel. No sooner had he said those words than he was pounced upon abroad as having said something indiscreet. It seems that whenever anybody talks publicly about fighting the Red Chinese and the Russian-inspired North Koreans and punishing them for their aggression and their atrocities in Korea, the conversation must be suppressed as indiscreet.

The next episode came when Secretary of Defense Marshall tried to explain to the press that MacArthur had orders to protect the security of his command and he could go anywhere he pleased to protect it. Anything like a general advance, however, up to the Yalu river would require further consultation by the UN governments with troops in Korea. The secretary did not say that such an advance would or would not be ordered. Obviously, any broad advance would require reinforcements and large-scale activity and perhaps the bombing of bases in Manchuria. It was this contingency which Secretary Marshall properly spoke of as one that would need further consideration on a political rather than a military level. When he uses the word "political," he doesn't mean "political" in the ordinary sense but high-level "policy" about which the civilian heads of government would consult.

View Confirmed

Confirmation of the Marshall view has since come from President Truman, who told his press conference that Gen. MacArthur has the power to go across the 38th parallel as he sees necessary but said that this does not necessarily mean authority to go all the way to the Manchurian border on the Yalu river.

The foregoing is plain enough, but it is the very discussion of military plans which must make the Red Chinese feel that they have nothing to fear by continuing to kill American troops and their UN allies in Korea. Nothing more serious will happen to the enemy evidently than a patrol type of counterattack within a limited area.

On top of these impressions of weakness and hesitation among the UN countries comes the amazing declaration by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, a member of the American delegation to the UN, that UN troops "should not ever have crossed the 38th parallel, and we should not cross it now."

Mrs. Roosevelt thinks that the UN should stabilize their defense line at the 38th parallel and demand negotiations with China. The Peiping radio has just rejected our latest peace overtures, as it has repeatedly rejected last approaches. Mrs. Roosevelt thinks the UN should answer those rejections now by moving our forces back into South Korea and that the UN should then start a rehabilitation program designed to demonstrate the UN intentions toward North Korea. One might infer that these intentions had never before been demonstrated and that perhaps, as the Red Chinese allege, the UN itself has been guilty of aggression. One wonders what assurances anybody can give that South Korea will not be attacked again.

Goal Still Stands

Above all the confusion stands Mr. Truman's statement, repeated on Thursday of this week, that our goal is the establishment of a free Korea with a free government. Clearly this cannot be accomplished by recognizing any Communist authority in the north of Korea or any such boundary as the 38th parallel again.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 31, 1926, a Wednesday

Herbert W. Guth, Allentown's superintendent of public safety, gave members of the Four Square club at a meeting in Hotel Allen an insight into the procedures of his department of the city government. Present with Guth was W. E. Kranzley, chief of the fire department.

Rev. Wayne Channell, for five years pastor of Asbury Methodist Episcopal church, was transferred to the pastorate of Haws Ave. church, Norristown, at the closing session of the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in Philadelphia. He was to be succeeded here by Rev. Alonzo S. Fite, of Philadelphia.

Horoscope

Dynamic influences should help you in your undertakings in your next year. Go forward with renewed resolve and faith. Today's child may have to overcome some difficulties, but should conquer them by personal charm and competence.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOH SIN DIE G'SHPUCKER:

Is es net wunnerbore wie die g'shpuckerrei om ous shtarva is in da ledshda paar yohr? Net monicha yohr tzurick hut m'r shier in aenichie gagend gae maiga, un aryads, odder aryads shunshd net weit aweck, wors 'n blotz woh net allas sarwer wor. Ferleicht wors 'n blotz woh 'n weldlicher mensch unna badenk'd ums lava kumma is, ebber dote gamocht is werra, odder woh gelt un onnerra socha g'shtola sin werra. Evens 'n "korner shtae" feshtairra wor ganunk 'm alta glawwa noh, fer ma mensch sei ruh nemma bis ebber der geisht wos der shtae nochts rum har drawga hut missa wunnerra, "Woh sol ich 'n hee duh, woh sol ich 'n hee duh" erlais'd hut fom seina pine, sawga "duh 'n hee woh duh 'n grick'd hosh'd."

Hob shun gadenk'd wons wear os die ledshda socha ous halta dada-won 'n yaders os 'n "korner shtae," fernicht hut, wie 'n momcher waig maishder ferleicht tzu lawfa het, gute mocha wos er letz gaduh hen die "korner shtae," rous reissa. M'r kenna uns noch gute erinnerra wie m'r mit pick un shib uf 'm waig g'shoft he nfer der Mandus Musselman in North Whitehall township, wie der "Mandy" sei shoff leit grund um die "korner shtae," rum shebba hut mocha, so os sie yoh net fershtair'd dada werra. Sellie "korner shtae," hen 'n lot gamaint tzu da lond aigner in da freea 'tzeita. 'N monichie nochberschofts fechterrei hut g'shtart darta dadarrich, un warf ferwish'd is werra 'n shtae wie sel rigga, wear ferhoss'd gawest sei gonsie lavens tzeit, un noch seim dote het er g'shpucka missa.

Lara Heiser, doch bricka, kreitwaiga, kerrich hafe, un shule heiser worra bardicha ferhoss'da bletz darrich die nocht. 'N monicher yunger kerl wear owets langer bei seim maid'l gabliva won er sich net g'farrich'd het fer noch da halb nocht on gawissna bletz ferbei gae, un 'n monicher is liever weight outside rum galoffa wie im dunkla laenich on g'shpuckicha bletz ferbei. Wenich sin sel tzeit aw galoffa won sie tzu foos gonga sin, — sie sin g'shprunga allas os sie ous 'm libe rous shpringa hen kenna, un glawb os monicha fon na, in ol ihr'm lava may nochts fon hame weara, won da nagshda dawg die dawgs helling na net widder die ongsht ganumma het un sie hen die nagshd nocht die sama socha iwwer gaduh.

Dale fon sella kerls hen uf gaaigen'd os sie nix g'sehna hen, un onnerra worra shure sie hetta mohl 'm mon sehna lawfa mit ous ma kup, hund sehna darrich globboard fensa shlubba unna da globboard shawda duh-der hund wor yusht 'n shodda, doch hen sie 'n hoerra gnarra. On monicha bletz hen ketta garobb'ld, bedder gagrax'd won niemond drin wor, odder unardlicha tzuchta sin tzu gabeier odder shtubba rous kumma-socha os nix wie g'shpucker duh hen kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzu sehna un hoerra wie yunga leit heit tzu dawg oi iwwer in druvel un dumhata sin, wunnerts em alsa mohl ebs ferleicht net gute sei maich'd won ols noch mainer in g'shpucker galawbt dade werra wies heit tzu dawg dut-yusht fer die yunga awenich besser in roy halta.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 45:25-28

The articles of clothing which Joseph gave his brethren in v.22 remind us, as a type of the robe of righteousness which Jesus gives to those who receive Him, for 'our rightousness is as filthy rags.' The neatest touch, approaching humor, is his injunction in v.24, 'that they fall not out by the way.' He most likely refers to the situation in the family of his father, who had four wives and four sets of children. (A story tells of a widower with children who married a widow with children, who then had children of their own. The story goes that one evening, while the father was reading the evening paper, there was a disturbance in the yard. Upon asking his wife the cause of it, she said that he should not be disturbed—that it was only a case of his children and her children fighting with their children). Such may have been the case in the family of Jacob, so Joseph, perhaps with a twinkle in his eye, reminds them of past days. Now think of Jacob's feelings when they come home and tell him that they found Joseph in Egypt—still living!

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

When the delivery boy brought the groceries this morning, he left on top of the basket a gaily colored booklet entitled "Flibbity Jibbit." In the lower right-hand corner is the name of the man who wrote the little book, Vernon Grant.

My wife brought me the booklet.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said. "A nice piece of advertising."

* * *

I was attracted to the brochure by the picture on the cover — a little duckling, all dressed up in high hat, cutaway coat, a gold chain across his stomach. He reminded me of a congressman.

So I started to read. I read further. I couldn't stop.

And then I decided to write to the people who got out the booklet — they make "Junket," a rennet powder — and ask them to send a copy to every senator, every Representative, every Cabinet officer, and to the president.

Because here in this advertising booklet is the remedy for many things that are wrong nowadays.

It seems that the king's keykeeper was a very sad man. He lived in the great big castle but he had nobody with whom to associate.

There were many crooked halls and each of them had heavy doors "for the King and the King's helpers."

When he was through with his work, the keykeeper went to his room, ate his supper and was lonesome.

One morning he saw a little bird huddled way up high on a window sill.

"What are you doing there, and what is your name?" the keykeeper asked the little fellow.

"My name is Flibbity Jibbit," said the bird, and told the keykeeper that he was looking for a home. He had been set out only yesterday from his nest to face the world.

The keykeeper took the little bird into his room and they became fast friends.

One evening after supper they went down to the water and the keykeeper accidentally dropped one of the keys into it. It was the key to the king's rennet-custard refrigerator.

That was a terrible catastrophe, because the next day the king was giving a party, and without rennet custard the party would be no good.

The whole court was called in, all the king's advisors and Cabinet officers — there was much hollering but no action. Nobody knew what to do.

The keykeeper was put in jail.

* * *

Suddenly little Flibbity Jibbit had an idea. He remembered that his mother had taught him how to swim and dive before turning him loose.

He ran to the water, shouted "Wowie-kee-flowie" and dove in. Up he came with the shiny key, ran to the palace and laid it before the king.

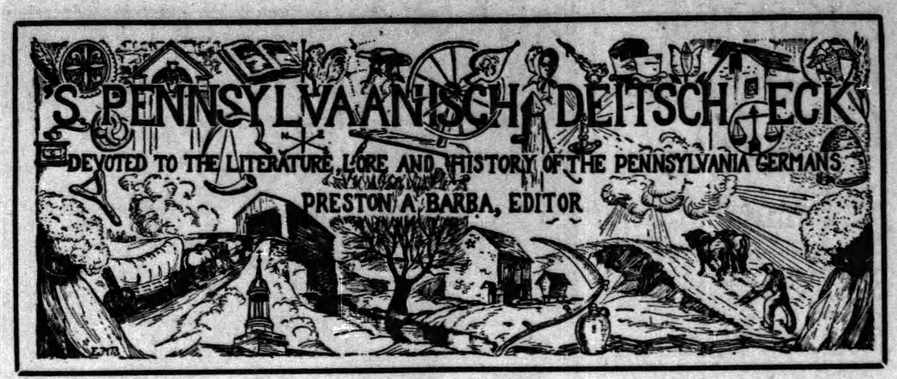
Everybody was happy. The party was grand. The keykeeper was released.

Flibbity Jibbit had saved the day because he was an expert.

* * *

Wouldn't it be nice if we could have some Flibbity Jibbits in Washington?

(Copyright 1951)



EN ALT SPRICHWART

"DER ABBEL FALLT NET WEIT VUM SCHTAMM,"
So hot der Daadi gsaat;
Mer folgt em noh so gut mer kann
Un bleibt im enge Paad.
Un iss mer mool vum Paad gerollt,
Des hot der Daadi net gewollt;
Ich denk so muss es sei—
Un dass mer yo ken Fehler aerbt,
Fer sell hot er uns als gegaerbt;
Des leicht mer nau erscht ei!

—JOHN BIRMELIN.

The proverb which John Birmelin used for his theme in the above poem is one of the most familiar of the many homely Pennsylvania German proverbs. And we are fully justified in calling it ours because it does not exist in any of the older American cultures except the Hollandish and they borrowed it from the Rhineland. But we must be careful that we do not claim too much; it did not originate in the Palatinate or even in Germany. Richard Jente, in his scholarly treatise on "German Proverbs from the Orient" includes this bit of wisdom among the philosophical gems imported into Germany from the Arabic after the Crusades.

There were many proverbs relating to the apple in early medieval times. Old English, French and Swedish had variations of the Biblical proverb found in Matthew 12:33: ". . . . . for the tree is known by his fruit." Or from Luke 6:44 "For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of bramble bush gather they grapes." The earliest German version is "Der Apfel schmeckt nach dem Baum." Various forms are found in Finland, Esthonia and Hungary.

In modern Greece the same form of the proverb exists but instead of an apple it is a pear that does not fall far from its tree. It is suspected that the Greeks borrowed and adapted a Turkish proverb in which the pear is featured. Mr. Jente is of the opinion that the origin of our proverb is Asiatic, for he finds, among the Tamil people of India, "The fruit of a tree will fall at its foot." It is pointed out that this concept fitted into the Biblical proverb which was already known in Germany and the adaptation was made into "Der Apfel faellt nicht weit vom Stamm."

As has been pointed out, the culture of the Palatinate was vitally affected by the migrations of the crusaders whose routes crossed in the Palatinate. All of the countries in which the proverb exists today lie east of the Palatinate. There can be no doubt that our forebears brought this bit of lore to the New World.

The earliest appearance of the proverb in German literature was in 1585; "Der Apfel faellt nicht gerne weit vom Baume," in Michael Neander's Deutsche Sprichwoerter. In 1699 J. G. Seybold listed the proverb in its present form, "Der Apfel faellt nicht weit vom Stamme." His work was published in Nuremberg. One century earlier the line formed a part of a couplet:

Der Apfel faellt nicht weit vom Stammen;
Das Kind behaelt des Vaters Nammen.

In the opinion of Mr. Jente, a phrase does not rise to the status of a proverb until it is listed in a dictionary of proverbs and that the Seybold collection forms the first actual recognition of the popularity of the phrase.

Perhaps we need not be too much concerned about the origin of such bits of wisdom as we find stored up in proverbs, but it does behoove us to be careful not to claim too much for ourselves in evaluating our Pennsylvania German lore.

Adapted from "Scholla" by courtesy of Arthur D. Graeff.

DIE ERSCHT AMSCHEL

Ya, ich hab dich gheert mit deim Friehyaahr Schdick,
Un ich bin schur froh du bischt widder zerick,
Far es waar so dot darrich der Winderdaag,
'S waar mer oft ferleed, so gewiss ich saag.

Sehnscht, 's iss alles blott un ken sign fun grief
Denkscht net alsemool bischt e bissel frieh?
Far du bischt ahead vun Zeit die trip—
'S iss mer ehrlich bang, ass du grickscht der grip.

Uffkors, dei Rock daer iss gut un waarm,
Wie en wollicher Wammes heemgschdrickt aus Gaarn;
Un dei roder jacket, wie's bescht flannel,
Daer helft aa fiel far dich waarme, gell?

Awwer meind, es kumme noch hatte Schdarrem,
Un im Winderschnee findt mer nix wie Warrem;
Un in so re Zeit, mit de Koscht so raar,
Bin ich bang iss dei Leewe grooss in Gfaahr.

Doch in alle Druwwel, des find mer aus,
Gebt's immer en Weeg somehow far raus.
Mit me schwere Hatz, wann mer hockt un weint,
Schickt Gott unne fail en guder Freind.

So ferloss dich druff, ich schteh der bei;
Mei Scheier iss gut un waarm, kumm rei!
Ich geb der 'n Bett in meim beschde Schdroh,
Un die Koscht geht mit, so bleib graad do.

Nau sing mool widder sell freehlich hymn,
Far es dutt mer gut, so en siessi Schdimm;
Un ich meen somehow, in deinre Schprooch
Kummt en Schall fum Himmel als hinnenoch.

Sell's fei, gewiss!—alle note am Blatz!
So Musick wie sell geht graad zum Hatz.
Do macht's nix aus, was die Zeide sin,
Der Summer kummt immer in deinre Schdimm.

Mach dich graad deheem. Ich brauch Freind wie du,
Far du hoscht mer oft blendi Gfalle geduh.
Wann's ans Bauere geht, bischt du immer debei,
Un fun Frucht un Obscht iss en grooss Deel dei.

Net en halwer crop hett ich grickt letscht Yaahr,
Wie so fiel Ungeziffer uff allehand waar;
Awwer du waarscht fleissich alle Daag uff em Tschapp,
Un nau bischt aa willkumm zum Bescht ass ich hab.

So hock dich graad uff der Schparre datt,
Far niemand yaagt dich fun dem Blatz fatt;
Un sing mer widder sell Friehyaahr Schdick,
Dieweil ass ich nau mool dei Middaag grick.

O sell iss es very bescht Schdick in deim Buch!
Ei, es bringt yo en Sart vumme Friehyaahr Geruch!
Die Blumme fum Moi un der sunnich Tschulei,
Des hoscht du yo all in deim Schdick zamme nei.

Gross willkumm, mei Freind! Was bin ich so froh,
Ass du, die erscht Amschel, bischt nochemool do!
Ich geb der en Bett un die Koscht noch dezu—
Des duhn ich gans garn far Kummraade wie du.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey Miller, 1871-1939)

BOHNE

With each succeeding week our readers will be getting more garden-conscious. Many will be tempted into action by the attractive seed catalogs that have been invading our homes since the holidays. Horticulturists have performed miracles in the creation of new varieties about which our forefathers knew nothing. But those whose memories go back over many years will remember kinds of peas, radishes, beans and other vegetables, which one no longer sees in the gardens of today. Some few may also, in their judgment, have been of superior flavor, but were no longer found commercially profitable.

In this connection we seek information about bean varieties that were once raised in our Pennsylvania German fields and gardens.

How many different kinds of beans do you remember? Do you have Pennsylvania German names for them?—Did you call pole beans **Schdeckebohne?** And did you have dialect names for different sorts of pole beans?—Were bush beans merely called **Schdockbohne,** or do you remember hearing any of your older friends or relatives call bush beans **"zwaerrick"** or dwarf beans? Or did that term "zwaerrick" or dwarf refer only to beans that bore unusually small bean kernels?

Do any of our readers recall a pole bean with wide green pods that were called **Graiks Bohne?** They were eaten in the pod. If so, what does the word **"Graiks"** mean in this connection? Was it pronounced with a long vowel sound, or short as in **"greckse"** (Sie iss immer am Greckse!).

Do most of the people you know say **Bohne** or **Buhne?**

We shall be very grateful to our readers for answers to the above questions about bean varieties and any other bits of information about beans in our Pennsylvania German gardens.

Please address your letters: Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

DO YOU ALSO KNOW?

Today the public is right well informed about the many "firsts" which the Pennsylvania Germans have contributed to our national life. Our readers will have read repeatedly:

THAT the German Bible which the Dunkard printer, Christopher Sauer, printed in Germantown in 1743 was the first complete Bible to be printed in America;

THAT the paper mill built on a branch of the Wissahickon, near Germantown, by William Rittenhouse in 1690 was the first in America;

THAT Francis Daniel Pastorius, founder of Germantown, established the first night school in America;

THAT the astronomer, David Rittenhouse, great-grandson of the above-mentioned William Rittenhouse, in 1769 made the first accurate measurement of the distance from the earth to the moon;

THAT Christopher Dock's **Schulordnung,** written in 1750, was the first pedagogical work produced in America;

THAT a German almanac published in Lancaster, Pa., in 1779 first called George Washington the father of his country;

THAT the Moravians in Bethlehem built the first waterworks in America; and established the first drugstore;

THAT the first Continental Treasurer was Michael Hillegas;

THAT the first speaker of the United States House of Representatives was Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg;

THAT his brother, Gotthilf Heinrich Ernst, was the author of the first botanical catalog in North America;

THAT Frederick Valentine Melsheimer was the author of the frist book on American entomology; and so one might continue.

But there are many less known, but most interesting and notable achievements on the part of our Pennsylvania German people.

DO YOU ALSO KNOW?

THAT the German presses in Pennsylvania turned out more books, and for the most part better books, than the presses of Boston;

THAT the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike, that triumph of 18th-century road building, was the first paved road in America and the main road leading westward;

THAT both York and Lancaster once served as the nation's capital;

THAT no other churches in America have insisted so vigorously on an educated clergy as the Lutheran and Reformed Churches;

WHY all America drives to the right, while England drives to the left; you will find the answer in Fredric Klee's THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

THAT the oldest tunnel in the country is near Lebanon, Pa.

THAT probably no other 18th-century town of such size in America had so many and such ambitious industries as Bethlehem;

THAT in 1738 Ludwig Hoecker started a Sunday School in Germantown, the first in America, more than 40 years before the first Sunday School in England;

THAT on the occasion of a Schwenkfelder wedding baskets of food are given to the poor of the neighborhood;

THAT except for the Episcopal Church, the Moravian Church is the only Protestant Church in America with an Apostolic Succession of its bishops;

THAT it was the Mennonites who first evolved the principle of religious freedom which was borrowed by Roger Williams and established in the Providence Plantation—the establishment of complete religious freedom for all for the first time in the history of the world;

THAT there is a school in Lancaster County in which for the last ten years 95 to 100 per cent of the children (and teacher included) bore the family name of Stoltzfus;

THAT it was the various branches of the Mennonite Church, although comprising only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the U.S. population, that were, by the middle of 1947, sending 40 per cent of all non-government relief supplies to foreign countries;

THAT the Moravian missionary society, known as the Society of the United Brethren for Propagating the Gospel Among the Heathen, organized in 1745, is the earliest missionary society in America;

THAT the garden of medicinal herbs planted by Johann Kelpius and his group (The Woman in the Wilderness) along the Wissahickon in 1694 was possibly the first botanical garden in America;

THAT as early as 1780 there were more free negroes in Pennsylvania than there were slaves;

THAT before forts were built to protect them against the Indians it was necessary for the Pennsylvania German frontiersmen to drag the dead victims of the Indian massacres bodily before the Pennsylvania Assembly in order to stir the Quaker members into action;

THAT Berks County claims that it sent a larger proportion of its men to fight in Washington's armies than any other area of similar size and population in all the thirteen colonies;

THAT in the 18th century it was the German newspapers in Pennsylvania that printed the best articles on agriculture to be found in the country;

THAT Reading was the early center of the auto industry. Here the Duryea auto was made from 1892-1902, of which the King of England, the Czar of Russia, the German Emperor and the Vanderbilts and the Astors owned models;

THAT Lancaster has the oldest tobacco store and the oldest hardware store in America;

THAT there were no redemptioners among the Moravians, for they had ships of their own to bring their people here.

All the above and much more the reader will find scattered among the pages of that fascinating narrative, Fredric Klees' THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH, reviewed in the ECK for Feb. 17.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Lessons from Spy Trial

A husband and wife, convicted of betraying the secrets of the atomic bomb to Russia, have been sentenced to die and, if the sentence be carried out after all the appeals and other legal procedure have been exhausted by their counsel, they will be the first persons ever to have paid such a penalty for treason.

Generally when there have been trials for treason, relaxed public mood has dictated mercy and imposition of comparatively light sentence. The American people do not like the idea of taking life and any excuse to avoid it, even when the law demands it and criminals have asked for and earned it, is eagerly accepted.

But in the recent case, which was tried in a Federal Court in New York, a different public mood developed in the atmosphere of the trial. The crime of treason began to appear in its truthful character. It is almost certain that the defendants themselves got a new perspective of the heinousness of their crime which was committed under the influence of a wild ideology and petty sums of money.

As the trial judge pointed out, after a jury had decided for conviction, possession of the secrets of the atomic bomb well may have prompted Russia to stir up the war in Korea. If the act of treason by native-born Americans in New York encouraged the men in Moscow in any manner and emboldened them to the current program, then the lives of American and other United Nations soldiers which have been taken in the course of the war in Korea were lives lost in part thru the perfidy of these Americans.

The trial judge expressed the belief that the course of history had been altered by these acts of treason in a way unfavorable to our country and resulting up to this time in some sixty thousand casualties. "I have searched the records and my conscience for mercy. But I am convinced I would violate a sacred trust were I to show leniency," said the judge as sentence was pronounced.

Many a person in affairs small and great have noted with horror how misdeeds, apparently trivial at the time, have richocheted in dangerous and unexpected directions to smash reputations, destroy happiness or even take life. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenberg could not have been thinking about Korea and thousands of American boys hiding in foxholes, freezing feet and hands in zero weather and losing their lives in desperate battle with the fanatic hordes of Asiatics when, in 1944, they were peddling vitally important scientific information to Russia. For a few dollars they were giving away information that had cost the United States several billions (not millions) of dollars. In crazy devotion to a foreign ideology they were ready to sacrifice not only their own little children but their country, and, as it apparently has turned out, thousands of soldiers of their country.

The verdict and the sentence must be sending shudders down the spines of every uncaught spy in the United States. If some of them make immediate effort to escape from the country there will be no surprise.

And, if Congress takes immediate steps to tighten the law on this matter, it will be taking advantage of the lessons learned in this most recent trial. The most important lesson, as pointed out by Judge Kaufman, is that the death sentence could be imposed in this case only because the treason had been committed while the United States was engaged in a war. Had the treason been committed in time of peace, even tho the results of the treason had brought our country into the present costly war, the maximum sentence could have been only twenty years.

A lot of lessons have been learned thru this trial. A wise nation will avail itself of them.

Foxholes—Stuffed Shirts

Because it is all foreign to the informality of so many American public affairs and also so alien to our democratic thinking and action, the hearts of our people will "bleed" in sarcasm at the reported plight of UN Secretary General, Trygve Lie, who is said to be peeved because he is being pushed farther and farther down the line at official dinners in New York.

Americans do not have much use anyhow for those who ambitiously push toward what is regarded as the top at social functions. There is pretty much contempt for the attitudes and the poses and pretensions of those whom we like to describe as "stuffed shirts."

Of course it is a very limited society in which there are secretaries of protocol who decide that one ambassador must precede another in the formal entry of a parade of notables or that Duchess So-and-So, wife of some impecunious pretender to a nonexistent title, must precede a lot of other dames in the receiving line. And as to dinner arrangements, we like the old adage that where there is a woman or a man with brains and wit, there is the head of the table.

But what must the doughboys and sailors and marines in Korea think about Mr. Lie's petty squabbles if perchance they should hear about them! What does the man who is being shot at over in that miserable land care whether Trygve Lie or the UN delegate from India is sitting next to President Auriol of France at dinner or is at a cover six removed from that distinguished visitor and only four from the end of the dais!

Furthermore, the American soldier in Korea and the American citizen at home would far rather hear about successful work in the United Nations to end this senseless war — and war in general — than to hear about the snobbery and the petty squabbles of the social climbers. These climbers are where they are only because men like our soldiers in Korea are willing to stake their lives for the perpetuation of the institutions that the brass, tinsel and stuffed shirts represent.

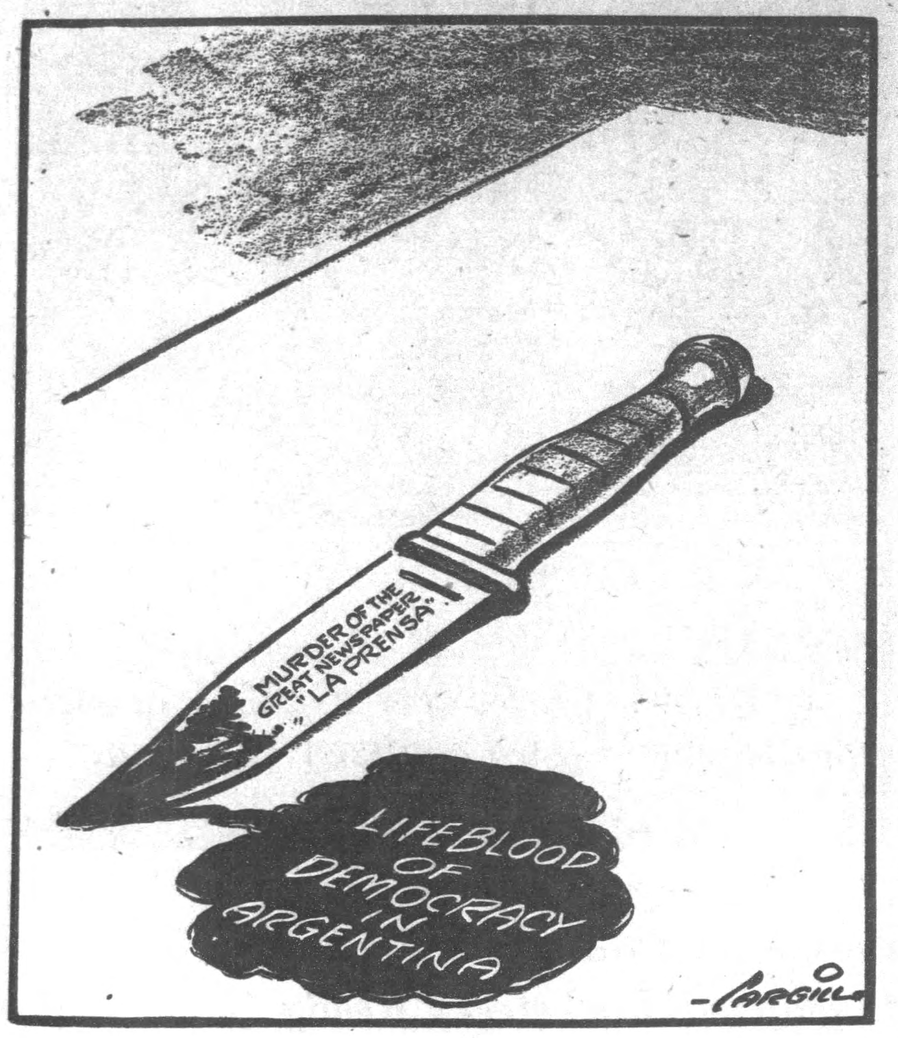
Welcome to War Mothers

Allentown welcomes the three hundred delegates to the fourth annual convention of the Pennsylvania Mothers of World War II who are with us this weekend and are holding sessions in the Hotel Traylor.

While mothers, particularly the mothers of service men, are honored guests wherever they go, Allentown feels particular kindness to this state body which had its foundation in Allentown.

It is a good organization because it is made up of good people, of the best people in fact — the mothers of the young men who have and who presently are serving their country.

Printer's Ink



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Thirty-four years ago this week the United States entered World War I, and President Wilson shocked Congress by his message demanding conscription and the use of "force without stint." But he got overwhelming support at once from both political parties in Congress.

Confusion Today

Today the issue of conscription is debated again, but this time the councils in both political parties are confused. There are Republicans and Democrats who haven't wanted to send any more troops to Europe, and there are members of Congress from both parties who would like to see our forces brought back from Korea, too, and to have all our effort concentrated in defending territorial United States.

In the middle of all this comes a rather emphatic statement from the Republican leader in the House of Representatives, Joseph W. Martin, of Massachusetts, who demands to know why the armed forces of China on Formosa are not being used to open a second Asiatic front against the Communists. The Formosa armies owe allegiance to President Chiang Kai-shek of the government of China which is still recognized by us and by the United Nations as the legitimate government of the Chinese republic.

It is, however, by the order of the United States government that the Nationalist forces on Formosa are not permitted to land on the Chinese mainland. This was ordered last June at a time when the American government hoped to localize the conflict in Korea and keep the war confined to a battle between the North and South Koreans.

Since that time, on the other hand, the Communists of China have entered the fray. They have enjoyed immunity from attack on their Manchurian bases, from which come airplanes and armies regularly to attack the United Nations forces in Korea. America has already suffered a large list of casualties.

"Why, in God's name," shouts Rep. Martin, "aren't the forces of Chiang Kai-shek being used?" The minority leader then produces a letter from Gen. MacArthur, the UN commander in chief in Korea, who says there is no conflict of "logic or tradition" in using the troops of the Nationalist government.

Full of Meaning

The two words—"logic" and "tradition"—have lots of meaning in this connection. It is logical from a military viewpoint for the Nationalists to be encouraged to open a second front on China's mainland and thus draw Communist troops away from the Korean battle area.

It is traditional, too, for the United States government to assist a recognized government which requests military aid. The precedent had been established in Greece and in many other countries even before the Truman doctrine was announced in 1947.

The problem of using the Nationalist forces has been up again and again here. The Department of State has counseled against it on the theory that the Nationalists are not strong enough or that they would require American aid which would amount to intervention by us on the mainland of China and that this would assuredly bring Russia into the war.

Isn't Persuaded

Gen. MacArthur evidently has heard these arguments and is not persuaded by them. He thinks apparently that the diplomats have been bluffed into a timid state and that Russia, conscious of the weakness of the diplomats and their fears, is moving ahead aggressively to help the Chinese Communists in Korea anyway. Gen. MacArthur has a right, of course, to testify before Congress and answer any questions its members may ask. In his reply to Rep. Martin he says forthrightly that global war has begun in Asia and that this is the place to meet the challenge.

"Here in Korea," he writes, "we fight Europe's war with arms while the diplomats there still fight it with words."

The reference undoubtedly is not to American diplomats but to European diplomats, so many of whom have been criticizing MacArthur and trying recently to hamstring him by declaring that he wants to make war on China. In truth, MacArthur realistically points out that the Chinese Communists have made war upon us and that the only question to be answered is whether America will meet the challenge or let her own troops in Korea be chewed up as a consequence of a limited strategy and a refusal to use "force without stint."

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Since time immemorial man has tried to 'get something for nothing."

Usually, in his attempt, he has to find a sucker, as all of us who pay taxes, well know.

However, in New Guinea's Mandang district and neighboring islands, the primitive natives really believe that getting something for nothing is ordained for them by a higher power.

* * *

A so-called "cargo cult" has sprung up down there in which the natives imagine that an ancestor is coming back with rich cargoes of supplies, and that they don't have to do any work to get everything they need.

The Australian government has studied the problem, according to John H. Jones, representative for the New Guinea territory. As told by him to the Trusteeship council of the United Nations, the whole thing started by the appearance of lavish Army supplies during World War II, when these natives saw and got many things they had never seen before and began to enjoy the fruits of what we call "civilization."

Only to them it wasn't civilization at all.

They didn't know that those precious cargoes were articles manufactured by men and machines.

Like so many others who attribute everything they don't understand to supernatural forces, these islanders came to believe that it was a form of magic to which only the whites had access.

* * *

But somehow they also concluded that in order to get these magical supplies they would have to give up everything they have, and that the magic would work only if they had nothing themselves and did nothing. (Sounds familiar, doesn't it?)

Had they not seen those World War II supplies come to them when there was destruction and war?

So they went out and destroyed their gardens and their houses, their coconut stocks and whatever else they had.

Then they sat back and awaited the cargoes from heaven.

But the cargoes did not come and now the Australian government is confronted with the problem of looking after those people.

That is where the United Nations comes in—just like the United Nations seems to come in almost everywhere nowadays when there is trouble.

* * *

Incidentally, speaking of the United Nations, have you read the inventory of United Nations activities which Sen. O'Conor of Maryland has just submitted to Congress?

His committee, he reported, "has found that in the United Nations there has been a continuous increase in growth and activity which is clearly reflected in steadily increasing budgets and expenditures, projects undertaken, personnel employed, conferences, meetings and documentation.

This, according to the report, has "become a serious drain and burden upon the financial and manpower resources of many of the member governments . . . and may ultimately impair the effective operation of the entire system."

* * *

You know, of course, that the United States pays 38.9 per cent of the entire cost of running the United Nations, while France pays six per cent, the United Kingdom 11 per cent and the loud-mouthed Soviet bloc 9.25 per cent.

In the meantime the New Guinea islanders are waiting for their miracle cargoes, and thousands of our soldiers are dying in the name of what is jocosely called the "United" Nations.

(Copyright 1951)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 48:1-22

In this chapter we have 'the blessing of the crossed hands.' Joseph, with his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, pays a visit to his father, who confers upon him a final blessing. Joseph also wishes a patriarchal blessing upon his two sons. So he places Manasseh, the older, at the right hand of Jacob, and Ephraim, the younger at the left hand of his father. Strange to say, Jacob takes his right hand and places it on the head of Ephraim and his left hand on that of Manasseh, to which Joseph offered a protest, saying that Jacob (Israel) was making a mistake. No, he said, I know what I am doing, for Ephraim, the younger, will become the greater and stronger tribe. Thus the spiritual order took precedence over the natural order of birth, as also in the case of Esau and Jacob, Esau having been the older, but Jacob, the younger, having become the greater. Ephraim became next in importance to Judah, and the strongest of the northern tribes. In Numbers 13, Caleb of the tribe of Judah and Joshua of the tribe of Ephraim, being full of faith, bring back a favorable report as to the possibility of entering Canaan.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

St. Louis, Mo.
Halver finfa nommy dawgs,
da 4d Obril, 1951

My Lieva Laiser:

Yusht sin m'r aw galond in St. Louis, ow'r sin heit garawbt werra in Richmond Illinois-hen 's shtun tzeit ganumma grick'd. Die widdering wor da morya feranderlich wie m'r Springfield, Ohio ferlossa hen, ow'r hut sich wunnerbore shae gadray'd—die sun sheind hei un glore. In gons'm hen m'r 937 mile gamocht fon Kutztown mit yusht aim glaina axident nagshd on Indianapolis, Indiana. 'N Ohio mashine is kartz fer unserra bus riwwer un der Harvey Reitenhoer unser fuhrmon, hut net onnishder duh kenna wie 'n dreffa hinna uf 'm bumber. Die bus hut 'n nevel licht ferlora, niemond hut ken kritzer grick'd.

Die londschoft darrich Ohio, Indiana, Illinois bis noch St. Louis wor wunnerbore shae. Paar bauer worra om howwer saya, 'n lot noch om welshkern boshda, un si hen m'r g'sehna bei da hilly un filly. Geil huts aw dale kot-der Davy Schwartz hut gamaint 's weara louder laedich grumbucklicha ketzer, un die Minnie Leibold hut druf g'shtonna, m'r dada immer die sama shimmel sehna. Der Mellis Leibold uf kours wor om gucka fer aisel, ow'r hut kenney sehna kenna. Un sei gamohnt uns yusht draw os die Annie Schwartz so halver hame wae grick'd hut wie m'r on so ra grossa welshhawna bauerrei ferbei sin. "Ich hof numma der John fergess'd net sei baby beef fersarya, un wunner wie der Warren un sei Myra aw kumma mit da glaina hinkelcher."

Die Minnie Leibold hut noh galocht wie die Annie g'sawt hut 's gang'd 'm John moryets so hard fer rous, iwwer ihra boo Russell woh tzwae wecker uhra grick'd hut, so os er un sei Helen sich net fershlofa dada uf da baueerrei. Fermuthlich wert die Helen wol 'n lot tzeit tzu bringa uf da gounsch wons wedder shae is. Un shwetza fon hame wae, die Audra Miller is shure der Paul Bastian bei da drup, het so halver hame wae fer Lechaw kounty-secht sie kents 'm on da auga aw sehna. Danovet won m'r supper nemma, wil sie wenich omma dish bae ob shauva uns 'm in budder brode gewwa fer essa, so os er sei hame wae fergess'd.

M'r hen 'n shaenie trip kot owwa runner, ow'r's wor 'n arrick excitement wie m'r unser shtrossa map net finna hen kenna. Die Katerinah hut sie ow'r glei kotta—m'r hen sie ol die weil im sock shtecka kot. Wos hen die onnerra net galocht, un wase alla weil noch net ferwos sie galocht hen. Der Allen Stephens un sei Salome hen shweara indressa ganumma in fee, der Allen hut g'sawt 's dade 'n on die Allentown F'air gamohna alla mohl os er fee g'sehna hut—un hut noh aw ols on der Louie Lichtenwalner gadenk'd.

Sie hen uns damorya ol garufa uf 'm fone on finf uhr om Shawnee wertshous in Springfield, Ohio, so os m'r ferlossa kenta bis sexa. Wie der "Shtivlie" Rex der fone paar mohl hoerra hut goe, secht er het er der fone ons ohr k'hova fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Ebber het ebbes nei gahrumm'd, un die weil os er shure wor ebber wot der fone yusa, hut er 'n uf k'hank'd unna ebbes sawga un 'sie fert bella lossa. Won der Shoemaker net so shpote bei kumma wear, wear der "Shtivlie" un sei shlofe kummerrawd Woody Peters 's ledshd gawest fer uf die bus.

M'r sin yusht iwwer die gross long McArthur brick iwwer der Mississippi kumma, noch 'm Kiel Opera hous on da 14d un Market shtross, woh die programs gewwa werra. Fon darta sin m'r noch 'm Majestic wertshous uf da elf'd shtross, yusht paar block weck fom Opera hous. Da novet hen m'r nix tzu duh wie die nocht 'n party ei nemma, fon elfa bis ae uhr, uf gamocht fon louder laedich folks fesht leit. Wos es gebt fertzail ich shpaiter—sis now halver sexa St. Louis tzeit, un missa nous supper essa.

Wie immer, der
Pumpernickle Bill

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The junior partner of a celebrated law firm called a prospective client on the phone. The client's secretary said he wasn't in, but added, "Will you please repeat the full name of your firm—and very slowly, so I can spell it out?"

"Certainly," said the lawyer courteously. "Here goes: 'Sullivan, O'Casey, Ginsburg, Hockenburg, Wilson, Malarky, Somerset, and Maugham.' Got It?" "Yes, thanks," cooed the operator. "Until you called, I was beside myself thinking up enough names for a litter of pups our dog just produced."

Horoscope

If you accept your responsibilities and do your best, your outlook will undoubtedly be bright. An inventive, original, industrious character is likely to develop in the child born today.



THE UNION CHURCH IN PENNSYLVANIA

By RICHARD H. SCHAEFER

The following article was prepared as a term theme in the course, "The Cultural History of the Pennsylvania Germans," offered at Muhlenberg College during the academic year 1950-51 by the Editor of the ECK.

I AM a stranger in Pennsylvania. Many of your peculiarities have caught my eye and set me wondering. There is one in particular which has taken my interest and about which I wish to know more. I am referring to your Union Church. Nowhere else in the country is there found such a phenomenon. After having come in contact with the Union Church my mind began to wonder. Where did the idea of Unionism come from? How did it start? How does it work? These were a few of the questions that I sought to answer.

In my search of information I found that it is necessary to delve into the history of the people who came here in order to find my answer.

Although the blossom of unionism is observed here in America, its roots were started in Germany as far back as the sixteenth century. Martin Luther, founder of the Lutheran Church, and Ulrich Zwingli, the founder of the Reformed faith, both realized the expediency of uniting. They saw that in order to repel the attacks of the Roman Catholic Church it would be better to have a united front. Division might mean defeat. So Luther and Zwingli met in 1529 to discuss the possibilities of uniting. They could not agree. The difficulty arose over the doctrinal interpretation of the Lord's Supper. Luther believed that the bread and the wine are the body and the blood of Christ. On the other hand, Zwingli, who was willing to unite even though there was this difference, believed that the Lord's Supper was a memorial to the Holy Savior. Since Luther would not compromise his beliefs the proposed union was a failure.

After this first attempt at uniting no new steps were taken until 1817. During the interim the roots of unionism were not dormant. In the Palatinate, the section of Germany from which stem so many of the Pennsylvania Germans, the unionistic spirit was developing. When I looked at a map of 16th century Germany, I realized why this spirit was able to develop. The Rhenish Palatinate of the 18th century was located on the East and West Banks of the Rhine River, just north of Switzerland, and east of the Duchies of Lorraine and Luxemburg. Thus the Palatinate forms a sort of religious buffer state between Zwingli's Reformed Switzerland and Luther's Germany. It is obvious that these two religions would have an effect on this little section of country, the Rhenish Palatinate; which it ultimately did. At different times in its history the Palatinate was dominated by the Reformed and the Lutheran church bodies. Each church when it was in power demanded that all religious services be held in its edifice. Consequently the ignorant peasant was shifting religions constantly. In a matter of time these people forgot doctrinal differences and worshipped together. Whether they were Lutheran or Reformed no longer mattered since they could see no difference between the two faiths.

Both religious groups were more closely united during the 18th century. This century was dominated by the Roman Catholics. Consequently the Protestant faith suffered. This suffering furthered unionism in that it gave the two religions a common ground upon which they could unite. But, what has this to do with the Union Church in America?

The German immigrants who settled here in Pennsylvania were originally from the Rhenish Palatinate. These settlers brought with them the seed of unionism which had been instilled in their hearts while they were in Germany.

In the new world the common social and cultural background enjoyed by the people brought the two faiths together. Most important among these social and cultural backgrounds was the common language. At the turn of the century (ca. 1800) the colonial German settlements in Pennsylvania were being invaded by the English. This invasion was looked upon by the conservative Germans as a threat to the existence of both their denominations. They felt that, if their German language and culture were lost, then their religion would be forfeited. Since the liturgy of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches was written only in German, went the argument, then, the loss of the language would mean the loss of their faith. No matter how humorous this seems today it is evident that such fears played an important part in the unification of the two denominations. Again it was felt that for the sake of preservation the two bodies should unite. Thus as one strong body they could combat the encroachment of the English.

This was not the only reason for unionism. Many of the Union Churches which are still in existence today united for financial reasons. Often one of the denominations was capable of supporting itself until they wished to build a new and larger church. Then, because they could not support the financial obligations which they incurred, they would call on their fellow Germans for aid. Bern Reformed and Luthern Union Church, located in Bern township, Berks County, was established in this manner. Around 1743 fifteen acres of land were donated to the German Reformed group. As early as 1745 they built on this tract of land a small log church.

"In 1837 the present brick edifice was erected by the Reformed congregation assisted by the Lutherans who were given a right in property. Now the church became union." (See Montgomery). Thus we see that since the Reformed brethren could not afford to build the church, they called upon the Lutherans for aid; and consequently, united. This seemed to be the usual reason for the joining of the two denominations. This same pattern was followed by Jacob's Union Church, Jacksonville, Lehigh County. In 1761 land amounting to two acres was donated for the building of a Reformed Church. Again the Reformed congregation wished to build a new church; and so, they called upon their Lutheran brothers for help. So in 1807 Jacob's Reformed Church became Jacob's Reformed and Lutheran Union Church.

The characteristic frugality of the Pennsylvania German influenced the formation of the Union Church. The Pennsylvania German is known for his efficient farming. By eliminating all needless wastes, by utilizing his resources to the fullest, and by simple careful planning he became the best agriculturist in the country. He carried out his financial problems with the same effectiveness. When a farmer accumulated a surplus of cash, he quickly invested it in the one thing which he considered would pay the best dividends, land. He observed the church problem with this same penuriousness. Why should the Lutheran and Reformeds who are such good friends support separate churches when they could share the expense of one edifice?

Not all the Union congregations united because of financial reasons or fear of the English encroachment. Lowhill Church, located in Lowhill Township, Lehigh County, became a Union Church for a very different reason. It seems that in 1769 a group of the Reformed congregation broke away from Weisenberg Union Church, located near Lowhill, over some controversial matter. In the same year this same group built their first church, Lowhill Reformed Church. By 1796 the old controversy had been forgotten and the young men of Lowhill Church were courting the Lutheran girls from Weisenberg Church. This created a problem which worried the elders of Lowhill, because the men would marry the girls and return to the Weisenberg Church. Something had to be done. So in 1798 the congregation decided to become Union. Thus the young men brought their Lutheran wives to Lowhill. In this manner the slow decay of the Lowhill Church was averted.

Between 1800 and 1837 there was a genuine movement among both the Lutheran and Reformed synods to unite. By 1837 all hopes for the proposed union were lost. There were several reasons for the failure. First, neither the Reformed nor the Lutheran ministers and elders ever presented any definite plan for uniting. The whole movement was just an idea. Neither group actually wanted to see it carried out.

Also the news of the apparent failure of the United Church in Prussia (1817) scared off any remaining hope of uniting all the Lutheran and Reformed bodies in America. Those ill reports about the trouble incurred by this union in Germany probably frightened the leaders of the American movement so thoroughly that they gave up any plans that they had or would inaugurate.

A plan for governing and maintaining a Union Church presents several problems. How should the money be collected for the support of the two ministers? Also how much money should each denomination pay for the support of the church? Such problems were solved by the individual churches. Consequently there is no one general plan which can be applied to all the Union Churches. The church which I studied, New Bethel Union Church located in Albany Township, Berks County, near the town of Kempton, seems to have solved these problems very simply. Before going into the financial problems it is well to see how the governing body of this church is constructed. The New Bethel Church has two separate consistories which manage the affairs of each denomination. Thus the Lutherans and the Reformeds take care of all the many problems and businesses which influence their part of the congregation. When matters come forth that affect both congregations as a unit, then, the consistories unite and act as one body. Such a set-up seems to work satisfactorily. Now after this brief presentation of the structure of the governing body let us return to the financial problems.

The money for the ministers is raised by house to house canvassing. Each consistory goes out during the year and asks its members for donations with which to pay the minister. Generally the two consistories visit the whole congregation and receive money from both the Lutheran and the Reformed people. For example, if I'm Lutheran I give to the Lutheran deacon money for our minister. Also when the Reformed deacon comes, I donate to him for the support of his minister. This practice works out very well. For usually both consistories raise more than enough money. Such a plan would not work if the preacher was an exceptionally poor minister. The congregation would feel he was not worth his pay and hesitate to give their money to support him. Thus the Lutheran or Reformed group would have difficulty in keeping their contract. Such a means would of course keep a minister on his toes. He would not remain long in the parish if he could not earn his pay.

The money for the maintenance of the church is collected every Sunday and deposited in a joint treasury. Other Union Churches differ here. Some like each denomination to have its own treasury. Thus each denomination would support its church on the basis of proportional representation.

All the missionary funds are raised by an additional Sunday collection. Thus the Lutherans collect their missionary funds by having an extra collection on their Sunday and the Reformed group fulfills its obligation on its Sunday.

The Sunday School of the New Bethel Church is in form similar to the church structure. There are two superintendents, and two assistant superintendents who serve on alternate Sundays. The treasury of the Sunday School is a joint treasury. The biggest difference between the Church and Sunday School is that the Sunday School uses only one hymnal, while the Church uses two, a Reformed and a Lutheran; and, that the Sunday School is governed by one body which is made up of the superintendents, the assistant superintendents and the Sunday School teachers. Otherwise the two bodies are very much alike.

What is the future for the Union Church? Last year in Celevland, Ohio, all the Protestant faiths in America took a big step in uniting their forces. Yet, two of the principal bodies which joined in that meeting are seeking to destroy the Union Church. I am of course referring to the Lutheran and Reformed groups. Since about 1900 these denominations have been seeking to destroy the very thing which they are trying to establish, namely, unity among the Protestants. The ruling clergy of both denominations desire to see this age-old practice come to an end. Before they take any further steps in trying to break up the Union Church, I suggest that they meet with these congregations. The people do not want to be separated. They are satisfied with what they have.

Also I suggest that these same men observe the results of unionism. Maybe they too would change their attitude like I did. They would see that their faith is not the only faith which grants salvation. The God and Christ they worship is the same God and Christ that others worship; and, this Omnipotent Being will grant salvation to all his children. Lutheranism is not the only means of grace and salvation. Nor is Reformedism the only means of grace and salvation. Gentlemen, take a good look at what you are trying to destroy and learn a lesson. The Union Church has got something which no single denomination enjoys; namely, broadmindedness. The attitude they have toward their fellow Christian could well be copied. Here in a small corner of our nation there is a potential which if released could bring about successfully what the Protestant clergy is just now beginning to do. So I suggest that the gentlemen who desire to suppress the Union Church, should follow its examples and put them into practice. If these men will let the Union Church alone, it will continue to be one of the few expressions of true Christianity.

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IN APRIL'S SWEET MONTH

Abrill iss die Zeit
Wann die Schaefelcher schpringe;
Die Baem griege Gnepp
Un die Veggelcher singe.

Abrill iss der Munet
Fer Bletter zu bringe;
Die Schaefelcher hupse
Un Veggelcher singe.

COME HITHER, SWEET ROBIN

Nau kumm doch mol, Amschel
So schee un so rot;
Ich nemm dir ken eenzichi Fedder;
Nau kumm doch mol, Amschel,
Ich hab en Schdick Brot
Fer dich in dem froschdiche Wedder.

—Aus em JOHN BIEMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

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Editorials

The Latest News Every Day

In these days of rapid and almost universal communications of the highest efficiency and existing in greatest abundance and variety, the newspaperman's great ambition to achieve "beats" on important news has become increasingly difficult, especially in the field of official pronouncements where studious effort is made, and generally with success, to play no favorites but to distribute news simultaneously to any and all who want it.

But the time element still continues important, as probably every Morning Call reader realized on Wednesday when he picked up his paper and had opportunity to read the complete story of the dismissal of General MacArthur whereas any papers of the same date, published in the big cities, had nary a word and not even a hint as to the sensational news that was stirring the American people from coast to coast.

In a big way it was a reminder to all our readers that every day the Morning Call is giving its readers news of the world up to the early hours of the morning and until a few minutes before the printing of the papers and their swift dispatch by motor car to all parts of Allentown and to every city and hamlet in this eastern section of the state.

In a big way, as in a smaller way on every day, the Morning Call thru its publication of the MacArthur story demonstrated its place as "the Morning Paper" of the entire community within a radius of 35 miles of this city.

Gas — Still No. 1 Problem

This entire city's population was startled and aroused again yesterday with news that gas leaks had driven the unfortunate Carleton Ameys and two neighboring families from their homes during Thursday night.

Thruout this city, especially in the older sections where lines of gas pipe have lain buried beneath the street paving for a couple of generations, there is intense afarm as to who may be next in the list of victims of harm of some kind—sickness or death or disastrous explosion. In addition there is sympathy for those already deeply injured. As a result of Thursday night's incident, there is indignation that deadly menace again threatened residents on North Fountain street between Chew and Gordon.

The question is how many more tragedies and near tragedies will have to occur before there is bigger and bolder attack upon the serious public problem than the pop-gun shots against it following the death of the Ameys' three children—their precious all! When is a real job to eliminate the sub-surface conditions that cause all this trouble going to be done and supplant the policy of petty patchwork that has been the sole answer up to this time to the pressing problem.

What are the public authorities doing as to this important factor in public safety? And what do they expect to do as a result of the latest incident which, fortunately did not have fatal results, but pointed up the fact that apparently little or nothing has been done in the past five months, or since the Amey tragedy, to correct a very serious situation as to the public welfare.

Our Beautiful Backyard

The weekend is at hand and, if temperature be right and skies be bright, no one will have to be urged to get out and move around and perhaps travel quite far in enjoyment of early spring days.

Allentonians are indeed fortunate that whether they wish to walk or ride, opportunity for delightful trips to beautiful countryside are near at hand.

Very often blessings are so near at hand that we fail to see them. As a European proverb puts it, some men can walk thru a forest and see no firewood. Any visit these days to beauty spots on the Parkway, Trexler-Springwood park, the Muhlenberg boating lake, the Trexler - Lehigh Game Preserve will bring a native Allentonian in touch with people who obviously are strangers or newcomers to the community. Open the conversation and it is learned speedily that the newcomers are pleased that it has fallen to their lot be become Allentonians. They are exploring every phase of the park system and they are finding it good.

Allentonians of native birth or of long standing residenceship still have much to see and enjoy. No matter how often one has seen spring in all our public parks, no one has yet exhausted their beauty nor the ability to appreciate and enjoy it.

Spend as much of the weekend as possible out in the pleasant open and be glad that as Allentonians you have such a beautiful and interesting backyard as that which opens out for miles from the city's limits.

Who's Abolishing What?

You will be forgiven if, along with many of us, you are confused by this movement to outlaw, eliminate, extinguish and otherwise write Pennsylvania Dutch completely off the books. We'll confess we don't understand it.

All we know is what we read, and what we read is that a group of about 75 met Saturday at Franklin and Marshall college and, following their meeting, let it be known that they (the group) had completed plans "to remove possible divergent sentiments among folk groups of widely-divergent backgrounds and to weld their distinctive contributions into a common national heritage."

Whatever that means!

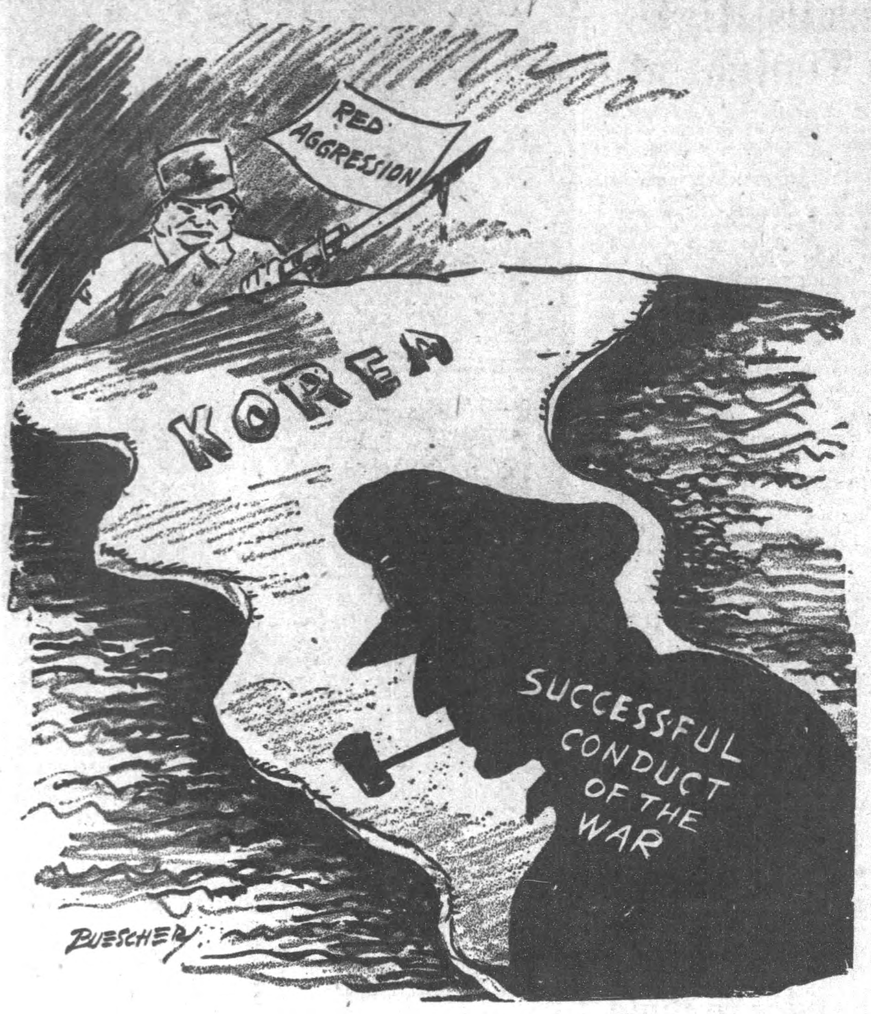
Dr. A. L. Shoemaker, who is one of the leaders of the self-appointed band, assures us that the terms "Pennsylvania German" and "Pennsylvania Dutch" are to be abolished. Says he: "In these times of world crisis, in the most perilous hour our country has known, Pennsylvanians of the historic German antecedents do not want to be hyphenated Pennsylvanians."

Who says — and why not? They did all right in two world wars. Our Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors have been around here for a long time and they have been pretty good neighbors. They have made quite a material contribution to the life of this part of Pennsylvania and, if you ask us, they've been good Americans.

Maybe they will be interested to know what is about to happen to them. Then again, maybe they'll choose to "just let it" which, come to think about it, is probably as good a way as any to deal with those who would recast a people steeped in some of our very finest traditions.

Anyhow, we'll watch with interest any attempt to make over our Pennsylvania Dutch friends. Lancaster New Era.

The Shadow Remains



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The unlisted phone on my desk jangled early on the morning Gen. MacArthur was turned out. My caller was the leader of the same band of waterfront men who, for months, have been refusing to unload Soviet slave labor goods on our Eastern piers.

His voice was strained and tense. All morning, he said, the dockwallopers had talked of a protest strike against the general's removal. What should his committee do? They were confused. The piers might be paralyzed.

Together we reasoned that the men should work the wharves and not delay military shipments — for high policy would and must be decided elsewhere. But one thing Jack said as he cut off; "Our boys are confused." And one thing can be reported here on the basis of reports from the world over — the United States stands in danger of losing the understanding and sympathy of working people everywhere, including those in this country, unless a clear cut foreign policy is swiftly developed.

Small Wonder

Small wonder the wharf workers were confused and planned to march on their union hall.

Only two nights earlier, for example, they had gathered to hear an appeal from Air Force Col. Looke, up from Washington, to convince them to move some 200 bales of silk waste, stamped "Soviet Russia." This shipment had come in on the S.S. Washington, and, as one longshoreman politely explained to the colonel: "We understand that you need this silk, and we want to be patriotic. But so long as there's one man here whose son was killed in Korea, we won't put a hook into those bales."

The silk waste is needed for use in automatic Navy guns and the Department of Defense went out and bought it, indirectly, from Communist China. In other words, the money for the 200 bales of silk waste was indirectly being paid by the American military forces (via a Swiss merchant) to the treasury of the very nation whose armies are killing members of our military forces.

And the longshoremen discovered that the Defense Department Procurement division could have purchased all the silk waste from Italy, whose silk production has zoomed in the past few years.

All the procurement officer had to do was to order G-2 to look in the telephone book and get the address of the American Silk council. They have all the data.

But no. We buy it from Red China and move it in, marked "Soviet Russia," and expect our waterfront workers, on whom we must depend for world arms shipment, to understand what's happening.

The story is the same with the S.S. Batory, for example. That Polish ship, now owned by the Soviet Union and destined for eventual conversion into a Red troop carrier, would sail into New York harbor loaded with Communist World Federation of Trade union leaflets — urging our port workers "to wage a united fight" against our government. Then came word that this escape ship of Gerhart Eisler would no longer have a New York pier available. What happened? The State Dept. moved in and found room for it in New Jersey. Result: The Batory will return, with its Soviet agents and propaganda.

Confusion Unlimited

Nor is this confusion on policy limited to the waterfront. Just travel across country, as I have for almost 10,000 miles, and talk to labor men. They'll tell you they want a clear cut policy. Otherwise they can't go to their people and tell them "to sacri-'fice." Few of these labor men will say it publicly. They do not wish to embarrass President Truman at this moment, for they are not yet ready to break with him publicly.

John Lewis, on the other hand, has never been known to need a psychiatrist for relief from inhibition. In his last Mine Workers' Journal, mouthpiece for 600,000 coaldiggers and affiliated crafts, old John L. blasts the administration and demands a clear policy on Korea.

Nor is this confusion limited to American workers. European unions are constantly needling us.

And to keep the British, French, Italian and other continental labor leaders sympathetic to us, the AFL and CIO, and the government itself, have had to station hundreds of labor people across Europe. The CIO rushed Victor Reuther into a permanent Paris headquarters for just this purpose.

And, over in Tokyo, even the "General Council of Japan Labor Unions" — the SOHYO — with 3,200,000 members, whom Gen. MacArthur permitted to organize and function in free labor organizations, recently voted to stay "neutral" in their sentiment. For its leaders were confused on our policy and, living next door to the Big Bear, were taking no chances on eventually being chewed up.

Leadership Missing

From the world over, in reports telegraphed, mimeographed, printed or personally transmitted — the sentiment is the same. They'll take American leadership. But where is it?

(Copyright 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

We have all been told many times that we should not commit crimes or do wrong of any kind because it violates the laws of God, of morality, of decency.

That is all very well—but, unfortunately, there are lots of people who do not believe in God, who know nothing of morality, who have no decency.

Among those people are the criminals, the gangsters, the cheats, the liars.

* * *

But all who are gangsters, cheats, liars at heart, do not commit crimes.

What keeps them from committing crimes?

Fear.

* * *

Let us be perfectly frank with ourselves.

Few among us have never been tempted to do wrong.

It is not God's laws or morality or decency that make us resist temptation.

It is fear.

It is fear of jail, fear of ostracism, fear of any kind of punishment — even the punishment of our own conscience.

* * *

Aside from all moralistic arguments, it is much more comfortable to live within the law than outside of it.

Take the simple misdemeanor of lying.

All of us have lied some time or other.

If you, who read this now, have not, I apologize to you with tongue in cheek.

I have lied. Only today I told someone who wanted to see me that I was all tied up and could not possibly spare a minute.

That was a lie. After I get through with this column and answer my mail I haven't a thing to do.

So now I have to be very careful where I go today. I might run into that fellow and then he is liable to go all over the place and tell people that I am a liar.

* * *

Some years ago I went to California with a man who had a criminal record of which I knew nothing.

We were traveling in his big automobile.

In Kansas City, in front of the hotel, two detectives stopped us. It was just a routine check-up of all cars with out-of-state licenses.

I thought nothing of it, but the other chap was shaking like a leaf and turned as pale as the paper you are now reading.

The officers asked a few questions and left.

But for two days that man hardly ate a bite. He could not sleep. He was a nervous wreck.

Two years later he died from a heart attack.

I guess fear caught up with him and mowed him down.

One of the reasons criminals always lie so much in court or at Senate hearings is because they never know what is behind the inquisitor's questions. They always fear a trap.

Do you remember that passage in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner?"

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

(Copyright 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUSSA DRUVEL; Ich wil ow'r bei jupps wetta os der Donald Bittner fon Schnecksville morya free tzwae mohl guck'd wos fer hussa os er aw hut, eb er noch da Sundawg shule gait. Doh 'm onnerra Sundawg hut er arya shtraich gamocht, un denk sei Pap der Franklin wear in aim hoar net noch da Weissenbaryer kerrick kumma weil er sei Sundawgs hussa net finna hut kenna.

Der Donald is gross fer sei elt-is ungfare 12-13 yohr alt, un er un sei Pap kenna gute nonner ihra shoe un hussa aw duh. Der Donald hut 'n suit glaider grick'd shier libehoftich wie seim Pap sei beshdie suit. Doh 'm onnerra Sundawg morya, 's wor noch uf der airsht Obril fers recht tzu sawga, is der Donald free moryets uf g'shtonna un hut sich uf g'sodd'ld in wos er gamaint hut wear sei nelie suit glaider, un is ob fert noch da Sundawg shule.

Wie er weil in da Sundawg shule wor, hut er ols gamaint sei hussa dad 'n net recht bossa, un hut endlich g'sehna os sie der ruck net matcha. Wie er hame kumma is, hut er seinra Mam da Mabel g'sawt, doh wear ebbes letz mit seinra suit, die hussa un der ruck dada net tzomma bossa un die hussa dada 'm aw so kayose fiela-denk sie hen awenich may shlack henna riwwer kotta os notewenich wor.

Die Mabel, woh sich eiferich om ready mocha wor fer mit da gonsa familia noch da Weissenbaryer kerrich gae, hut noh mohl gaguck'd un g'sawt, "Duh himmel welt kind, duh hosh'd yoh deim Fodder sei hussa aw." Un ferhoftich sei won sie aw net recht wor. Aina waig odder da onner hut er moryets 'm Franklin sei hussa ferwish'd, uns wor glei tzu fershtae ferwos der Pap sei Hussa net finna hut kenna. In dem fol wor glei g'shwabb'd, uns hut gore ken lang ganumma bis die gons familia uf 'm waig wor noch da kerrich, un sie sawga, der Donald het gore mechsich gross g'fiel'd mit seinra neia suit glaider wie er noch da kerrich kumma wear.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Donald die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns. Fon ebbes sin m'r ow'r shure, un sei is, os der Donald morya free tzwae mohl guck'd eb er sei neia hussa aw dut-wil net widder rum lawfa mit 'm Pap seina woh 'n anyhow net recht bossa, ferol os sie hemmer un shoe wexla kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Shwetza fon Sundawg morya, wunnerts uns, eb 'm Peter Krause sei Irene fon nagshd on New Tripoli, morya free aw widder om finf uhr uf shtaid fer der hund im hofe rum fiehrra on ra ket, fer 'n halta fon bloffa.

Die sawg is, die Irene het sei 'm ledshda Sundawg morya gaduh, uns sin wenich socha leichter tzu duh, wie hund ferwaina.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 1:1-7

The first word 'now' is the translation of a Hebrew conjunction, translated 'and' in Leviticus 1:1; Numbers 1:1; 'now' in Joshua 1:1, Judges 1:1, Ruth 1:1,1 Samuel 1:1, 2 Samuel 1:1, etc. But not so in Dueteronomy 1:1, for the name means a 'repetition of the law,' and therefore does not advance the story, as do the other books, a continuous and connected history. The word Exodus, the Greek name of the second book of the Bible, means literally, 'the road out,' speaking of Israel going out of Egypt, as prophesied in Genesis 15:14, 'they shall come out.' The word occurs in Hebrews 11:22, where it is translated 'departing,' speaking of Israel leaving Egypt, and in Luke 9:31, where it is translated 'decease,' speaking of Jesus' death, the 'passing out' of the spirit from the body. So of Peter's death in 2 Peter 1:15. After the writer has again mentioned the names of Jacob's sons and referred to the death of Joseph and his generation, he mentions the fact that the children of Israel were increasing in number, evidently an echo of God's promise that Abraham was to be the ancestor of a great multitude. But trouble is looming.

25 Years Ago

Mervin J. Wertman, of South Whitehall township, was unanimously reelected to the post of superintendent of Lehigh county schools at the regular quadrennial meeting of the county's school directors. Seventy-four of the 115 county directors were present.

"It Pays to Advertise," the comedy dramatic production of the Allentown Preparatory school, filled the auditorium of the Allentown High school at its final presentation. The production was intended as the first of an annual series of dramatic presentations.

Horoscope

If you make certain your present course is the right one, things should work out well for you in the next year. A very original personality may develop as the child born under these aspects grows.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

LESSON

He took a smile into the store,
And spoke a pleasant word.
The clerk returned the smile he wore.
A pleasant word he heard.

He took with him a friendly mood,
Attention kind to win,
And found, as he believed he would,
A friendly mood within.

But when he entered, had he frowned
And used a manner grim,
I'm sure he knew he would have found
His frown returned to him.

Thought I, in just that little while
He taught us how to live.
We gain a smile with every smile,
And get back as we give.



THE FAMILY JOURNAL of JOHN MICHAEL LINDENMUTH

Many have wondered why our German pioneers who settled in Pennsylvania in the 18th century left so few personal records. Their days and years were spent in struggling to establish themselves in their New World. Few saw any purpose in leaving a record for posterity unless it were the entries in the family Bible. It is therefore of special interest to come upon one who did record a considerable portion of his eventful life.

Some time ago there came into the hands of the Editor of the ECK the family journal of John Michael Lindenmuth through the courtesy of Mrs. Donald Ruhe, a daughter of the late A. N. Lindenmuth, a direct descendent of Colonel John Michael Lindenmuth, who had no sooner left the turmoil of the old world for a better life in Pennsylvania when he found himself fighting in the French and Indian War and later in the American Revolution. His journal was translated from the German under the direction of the Rev. H. S. Bickel and published by the Lindenmuths. On the title page of the journal we read: "Dedicated to my grandmother with her maiden name Anna Katerine Baumann on my father's side and my grandmother with her maiden name Nanna Maria Oeblinger on my mother's side—MY HEART SHALL BE DEVOTED TO GOD ONLY."—ED.

I.

In the year of our Lord 1737, on the 25th of April, I, John Michael Lindenmuth, was born into this wretched world.

My father was John Michael Lindenmuth, whom next to God, I thank for my being.

My Grandfather was George Lindenmuth, who was born in Boedigheim in the Odenwald, under the dominion of Kurt Von Collenburg, under the Governor of Mainz.

My Mother was Maria Margaretha Wolf. Her Father, or my Grandfather, was John Wolf. He was born in the county Hohen Lohe, in the City of Oehringen (State of Baden).

My Grandmother on my Father's side was Anna Katharine Baumann.

My Grandmother on my Mother's side (her father's side) was Anna Maria Oeblinger.

November 6th, 1747, my father sold his estate in Boedigheim, so-called "To the Green Tree," for the sum of 4,000 gulden, because he decided to go to America to improve his condition. We sent our furniture to Eberbach on the Neckar River, where we had to hold it for eighteen weeks because England had declared war on France, which made it dangerous to cross the sea without suffering and loss.

Then my father decided in 1748 to buy another property, which was an oxen farm in the Hussenhardt, for the sum of 3,000 gulden. It was six hours or three German miles from Heidelberg, two hours from Mossbach, two hours from Humpson, four hours from Singheim and one hour from Neckar Muehlbach, under the dominion of Gemmingen, under whose protection we lived in peace seven years.

On Palm Sunday 1751 I was confirmed in the Evangelical Lutheran Doctrine, and for the first time partook of the Lord's Supper at the banquet table of my Lord, by Reverend Hossoffer Boinge, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church at Hussenhardt. May God stablish, ground and keep us in this doctrine to eternal life. Amen.

November 20th, 1751, my father decided the second time to go to America and sold his estate for 2,700 gulden. May 5th, 1752, with God's assistance we started on our journey for America, from Muehlbach (Triel) with a ship on the River Neckar to Heidelberg, where we went on board a ship. The name of the owner was Daniel Seydennabel. After a few days we came to Rotterdam (Holland) with fourteen ships, where we had to wait several weeks. Finnally my father made a contract with Carl Steattman to take us to Philadelphia for seven and one half bistel per ship load. We left Rotterdam for Philadelphia on a big ship (the name of the ship was "Brothers.") The name of the Captain was James Mohr. For eight days we floated around on the sea which was like a mad dog, and another six days we lay at anchor before we could put to sea. At last we reached the sea, and after thirteen weeks of troublesome and dangerous sailing from a rough sea, we came to Philadelphia on St. Mathew's Day, September 21st, 1752, in good health and spirits.

We lived two weeks in Jacob Beyer's house. From there we moved to Windsor Township in Berks County, where we lived in Abraham Berlin's house one winter near the Schuylkill, three miles from the Blue Mountain, one mile from Benjamin Keper's Mill and sixteen miles from the town of Reading.

II.

Finally, my father again decided to buy property. In 1753 he bought a place of one hundred and forty acres from Henrich Adam, which was two miles from Benjamin Kepner's Mill, three miles from Kauffman's Hill, one mile from the Blue Mountains and one mile from the Schuylkill, for the sum of one hundred and forty pounds of Pennsylvania money. We moved on this property in the spring, the beginning of April, and supported ourselves there with trouble and hard work for three years, until in the providence of God the Indian War troubled us. They took Martin Specht and two children from the field. In the fall they also took away two horses. We had to leave our home for a time. Since there was little to do at the frontier, it was decided to recruit out of our province as many thousand men as were willing to fight against the Indians and the French. I enlisted with my father's consent for three years in Captain Morgan's Company, the second battalion under Colonel Bort. My father did not know what to do on account of the Indians fighting, so he also enlisted fourteen days after I did, under the same conditions.

My mother, my grandmother and my brothers were with us the first in Fort Lebanon, over the Blue Mountains. May 10th, 1756, we were ordered by General Forbes to Reading and from there to Pittsburgh. May 20th, we marched to Sinking Springs, the 21st, to Herkel Road in Tulpehockin, the 22nd, to Swatara, 23rd, to Harris Ferry, (Harrisburg) on the Susquehanna water where we met our battalion which had been in Fort Augusta in Shamokin.

May 26th, we marched to Carol Hill (Carlisle) where we met the Kingly Regiment, Royal America and the Mountain or Highland Scotch, and joined them under General Forbes. We stayed four weeks at Carol Hill and were drilled every day. Meanwhile they had drafted a Corps of fifty men from the Pennsylvania Settlers whom Captain Hambrecht had to command. June 22nd, the whole Army marched to Shippensburg. June 23rd and 24th, to Fort Louden, where the Soldiers from Maryland and Virginia with sixty Indians from the Cherokee Tribe joined us. June 25th, we marched to Fort Littleton. June 26th, rest day. June 27th, we marched to Sideling Hill. July 1st, we marched to Fort Groosen on the Juniata Water, where Captain Morgan and three other Captains with two hundred men were ordered to build a stockade Fort, which was done. They started it on the first of July and at the end of the month it was completed.

August 1st, we continued our march to Raystown where a Garrison of fifty men were left behind. On the same day we reached the chief army at Raystown. August 2, 3, 4 and 5, rest days. August 6th we marched to Johnny Cabin, twelve miles. August 7th we marched to Allegheny Monutain where we stayed four weeks with six hundred men to dig a road on the mountain, which was done. Here on September 4th, we met the heavy guns. September 6th, we marched to Stone bridge. September 7th, to Laurel Hill on the Klair Hill. September 8th, to Loyalhanna where we built another fort. Until this time we had not been attacked by the Enemy. Finally on October 8th, fourteen men with six Indians were sent out to the French Fort on the Ohio (Duquesne) in order to spy. October 16th, they luckily returned unharmed with two calves and three horses. And then the trouble began. A few days later twenty-five Indians and the French attacked our oxen guard. Killed one Highlander, captured George Meyer and three or four horses, and turned back home again in Ohio.

In the meantime several skirmishes took place between us and the French and Indians. November 1st Brigadier General Boget decided to send several hundred men with their officers and one Engineer to search the place under Major Grant, but Major Grant was an over curious man; with the Engineer and others he ventured too near the Fortress, so that the Enemy found out our strength, and sent an ambuscade on the Monongahela and surrounded us.

The fighting became hot from the front and the rear. Major Grant was captured by the French; the Engineer and one hundred and fifty men lost their lives. Sixteen wounded men with bloody heads came back to Loyalhanna on the 8th. Adjutant Meten commanded those which were left and were not scattered. Two days before an attachment of two hundred men under Captain Morgan's command were sent to Endtregen to support them. They met them fifteen miles this side of Pittsburgh in a pitiful condition.

On the 16th of November about eleven hundred French and Indians came to attack us, but they were discovered about one mile from the Fort. Two thousand men were sent against them at 7:00 o'clock in the evening to surround them in a valley behind a mountain. Our men left the camp, but in the darkness attacked one another, killing eleven and wounding a number of our men. They came back in several hours in a pitiful condition. The enemy disappeared without doing any harm. The next morning on the 17th, we buried our dead with sorrowful hearts. Finally, by and by, it was decided to send the whole army against the enemy, which was done. We began to march November 22nd, with seven thousand men altogether, the drivers not included. The weather was very rough and cold. The march went very slow until finally on November 28th, we came to General Gogets Camp by the name of Brust Work. November 29th, in the morning there was a deep snow, the whole Army was ordered to march, but halted because one of our officers discovered a corps of Indians, which ran away as fast as they could. Fifty men of the Cavalry were sent under Captain Hambrecht's command. Before the Infantry was ready a shaking was heard like an earthquake. We then made a mad march while the Cavalry was riding very fast. Eight miles out, this side of the Fort, we met a boy about sixteen years of age, who had escaped and said that they were busy burning everything. This stirred Captain Hambrecht so much that he gave orders to go after them quickly. They rode with such swiftness that they found seven barrels of powder, one barrel the bottom was only one inch from the fire, and eight barrels of hog meat, which was put away, because we were afraid it was poisoned. All the buildings were in flames. The Cavalry and Infantry arrived that evening at six o'clock and took charge of the place, and had to camp at night in the open field in very rough and cold weather. It was too cold to remain on the open field and we were ordered into the woods to camp, which was done. The whole army was for several days out of provisions because the roads were so bad that the teams could not move.

The next day when the inspection was made the booty was very scant, everything was burned. The cannons were taken away. We had the place in our possession, but they left nothing behind for us except a ruined place. For six or seven days we had hardly anything to eat. Since we left Loyalhanna we had to lay under the bare heavens.

General Forbes who was a sickly man did not wait any longer, but gave orders to build barracks. The most of the sick men were sent to Raystown because the most of the wagons were sent back there. December 8th, 1756, Captain Morgan got orders to take forty men and march ahead on the 9th, to build for the General a trench and put up his tent on account of the cold weather, wherever it was necessary. General Forbes started the trip with the Royal Americans. On December 19th, we came to Carol Hill (Carlisle). On the 20th, General Forbes came there. We all were quartered in Carol Hill, but General Forbes went to Philadelphia where he died that same winter.

Our command were permitted to go home. We came to Reading, December 31st; we were given leave January 3rd, 1757. I arrived at home on the 4th, and found my father and mother, my grandfather and brothers in good health. We heartily and joyfully thanked the dear Lord for His gracious protections and keeping.

I stayed several weeks with them, and then received orders from Captain Morgan to come to Reading. I arrived there on the 19th, on the 20th, I was ordered to recruit as strong as we could which we did, until March 15th, we had twenty-three men for our battalion. Then we received orders from the General to march to Pittsburgh.

We started our march on March 20th, and came to Hergel Roth on the 21st. On the 22nd, to Swatara, where we stayed two days on account of high water. The 25th, we marched to Harris Ferry, (Harrisburg) where we stayed three days on account of high water. The 29th, we marched to Tobias Henrichs. On the 30th, we lay quiet. On the 31st, we came to Carol Hill (Carlisle) and stayed one day. On April 2nd, 1757, we marched to Shippensburg where we stayed twelve days on account of heavy rain. On April 14th, we marched twelve miles. On the 15th, we came to Fort Louden and stayed there one day. The 16th, to Fort Littleton. The 17th, to Fort Grossen. The 18th, to Raystown, 19th, rest day. The 20th, we marched to the Allegheny Mountain where an Express came to us with information that the Indians had killed a Welch and some of his people three miles from Loyalhanna. We camped on the Allegheny Mountain that night. On April 21st, we came to Fort Stony Creek. The 22nd, rest day. The 23rd, we came to Fort Ligonier or Loyalhanna, with forty-five men, where most of our company was sick and had to go to the hospital for treatment, much to our sorrow. On the 27th, there came one corps of Virginians of one hundred and sixty men and four wagons. The Indians attacked them three miles from Ligonier, or Loyalhanna. The number of the enemy was only sixty, but they made them flee. The drivers left the wagons with all that was in them, unhitching one of their horses and rode away. The next day a command of one hundred and fifteen men were sent out and found all the roads clear. Some things were burnt. Everything was brought to the Garrison. We had no dead to bury, we lay quiet one day. The Indians were continually around us. We had some skirmishes with them. On May 6th, 1757, two wagons were made ready to take the sick to Raystown. On the 7th, sixteen sick men were loaded into two wagons. One Sergeant with six men who were well, were sent along for protection. They came to Laurel Hill where the Indians waylaid them and killed thirteen men. The others fled back to the Fort. The Indians scalped all of the dead and took all of the horses with them. May 9th, we buried all of our thirteen dead in one grave. When we came back to the Fort we had to march out every day for provisions. Our men were more or less sickly in the Fort, so that not the half of them was able to do duty.

To Be Concluded

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Editorials

Ready for Clean-Up Week

In this Pennsylvania Dutch country it is not difficult at this time of the year to stir up enthusiasm for a Clean-Up Week. Among the housewives who are members of the community's basic stock there is the tradition of "hausbutz gichtera" (housecleaning fits) that afflict the women at the same time that robins and bluebirds arrive from the South and dandelion, shad and boiled potatoes make up almost daily menus.

In other words, our women have a veritable passion for housecleaning, plus its corollary features of clearing up and cleaning out the accumulations of winter trash around the home and its surroundings.

So Mayor Hock's appeal to the people of this city to observe next week in a wide and effective program for cleaning the city both within and without the walls of dwellings and business places will certainly have enthusiastic response. If any spur had been necessary, in a day when television programs are commanding a great deal of time formerly given over to domestic chores, the Mayor's request to the women will have provided the reminder and stimulated the incentive.

Good Outlook on Steel

If global war should develop, it should find the United States better prepared in many ways to meet it than a decade ago when Pearl Harbor found the nation not only crippled as to an important military arm of its service but with hardly a plan for the development of the civilian branches.

In the basic element of production — steel — certainly the country is far better off. Today American steel mills can produce 15 millions tons of steel in excess of the peak amount produced during World War II. Furthermore, in some important lines at least it is not very likely that military requirements for steel will be as great as in 1942-45.

Take the matter of shipbuilding and consider it in relation to the post-war program of putting up many surplus ships — naval and merchant marine — in mothballs.

During World War II military requirements took about 60 per cent of the total steel output, and about 15 million tons of that output went into the construction of some 20,000 ships of all kinds.

Today many of the World War II merchant and naval fleets are intact. New vessels will have to be built of course. But the vast scale building of the recent war is not likely unless the scope of military operations is carried well beyond World War II's maximum effort.

Ammunition was the second largest steel consumer in 1943. Combat tanks, aircraft, guns and military war plant construction represented other major uses. A considerable number of the war plants and military ipstallations built before and during the war are still available, according to the National Industrial Conference Board. More plant expansion being effected this year and in 1952 insures that by 1953 the plants required to maintain a war effort of the 1943 dimensions or larger will be ready.

The board said that savings in steel are to be expected through technical changes in the types and kinds of munitions required in changed warfare. Current military specifications, however, call for a "much larger" proportion of alloy to carbon steel than in War II. The yield from an alloy ingot currently averages about 61 per cent, compared with 75 per cent for carbon steel.

The board estimates that national steel capacity by 1953 will reach 120,000,000 ingot tons, or from 85,000,000 to 88,000,000 tons of finished products.

All this is a good augury for the maintenance of large production schedules in many lines of goods that the American people use. It should also reduce the impact of war production upon such important matters as road building, construction of equipment for our big transportation system both that on rails and that upon the highways. Despite engagement in a great contest business on levels fairly close to the normal should be possible in lines solely or largely dependent upon steel.

Chemistry to Mine Coal

Everybody concerned with mining in the anthracite region will be interested in an announcement from the wizards in chemistry who work in the laboratories of the big duPont organization that they have developed a non-explosive device for breaking down coal.

Field tests have already been made with the new chemico-mechanical device which the duPonts consider the most important development for mining since explosives first were introduced into the mines.

By its use it is said that coal can be broken from the mine face or the vein by the force of a compressed gas. This gas produces no flame and cannot be discharged or exploded by electrical currents.

The great advantage is said to lie in the fact that coal is broken with a maximum of coarse sizes. It is also believed that operation of mining with the new device will prove safer, swifter and more efficient in a number of ways than current methods.

Relief Investigation

A Republican member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives has introduced a resolution asking that a special committee investigate all phases of the public assistance question. It is probably wise that a comprehensive study be made of the situation. It might reveal some facts that will be helpful to the relief workers and at the same time surprise some of the critics.

The relief question has been discussed extensively since the Legislature came to town in January. The Joint State Government Commission reported that it had uncovered numerous cases of relief chiseling and made other criticisms. It isn't surprising that in a state so large and populous as Pennsylvania that there should be some chiseling, but no one will dispute the advisability of plugging loopholes.

The investigation might be helpful otherwise. The proposed state budget provides for a sharp cut in relief payments, partly on the basis of improved industrial conditions and partly because of expected tightening of regulations. There has been some skepticism concerning the smaller amount asked; the investigation or study may throw some desirable light on this phase of the matter.

Then there has been a lot of loose talk, for example, about families receiving as much as $300 a month. One Philadelphia writer has undertaken to dissect some of these claims. He shows that a family of 14 would receive $291, that existing standards show that $330 monthly is necessary to care for such a family, that in 1948 only five of 42,400 Philadelphia cases involved so many as 14 persons, and that in no case was there a father, a wage earner, in the family. The payments fell into the "mother's assistance" category.

An investigation may serve to clear up some of these loose ends. Regulations may need tightening. Other things may need to be done. And the Public Assistance Department side of the question needs some consideration. The air needs to be cleared. — Harrisburg Evening News.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 3:1-2

With Moses, life began, not at 40, but at 80 years of age, his life up to that time having been a definite preparation for his life-work, although he was not aware of it. But God knew, exactly as the life of Paul, the Hebrew, was being prepared for the great day when the Lord would speak to him (Acts 9) and commission him, as a Hebrew Christian, to carry the message of salvation to the Gentile world, according to the promise God had made to Abraham, that his seed was to be a blessing to the Gentiles, to deliver them from the bondage of sin, worse than the slavery of his people in Egypt had been. All the first preachers of the Gospel were Hebrews. It was at the burning bush (our lesson today) that God spoke to Moses out of the Shekinah fire, the bush apparently burning, but not consumed, and yet not consumed. Hated by Satan, because from them was to come our Bible and our Saviour, he has for 4,000 years sought to destroy them (remember Haman, Hitler, etc.), but God has a plan for them, and so, in our day, Israel emerges as a nation again!

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of April 21, 1926, a Wednesday

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, prominent author and lecturer, told the Woman's club that women can change the standard of humanity. The meeting was held in Hotel Traylor.

A group of N. 10th St. businessmen, dissatisfied with traffic arrangements on the one-way street, entered their complaint with city council. No solution was advanced to alleviate the situation.

The WSAN Little Symphony orchestra, conducted by Prof. Vermond Knauss and sponsored by The Morning Call, made its radio debut with a one-hour program. There were 26 members of the symphonic organization.

The 76th anniversary sale of H. Leh and Co. got underway with an informal banquet for store employes in the store restaurant.

Horoscope

Forget to brood or worry; communicate, write or otherwise express yourself. Be confident. Born today a child is likely to be robust and successful.

Ticker Tape



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

They came, they saw and they heard. They—the Congress of the United States—went away profoundly impressed that here was no ordinary man, no ordinary soldier, no ordinary general. For here was a statesman speaking, a man from the pages of history whose dramatic appeal to his countrymen for courage against defeatism, for boldness and resoluteness against softness and appeasement will be recorded for all time as the appeal magnificent. Here was Douglas MacArthur closing 52 years of military service to his country.

Those partisans who came expecting a political dynamic or a petty complaint against the fate that deprived him of his command in such humiliating manner found an entirely different spokesman. His speech was the voice of the soldier caught in a trap in Korea but serving his flag and not asking the reason why. His speech was the voice of the America of yesteryears when Americans did not prate of defeat and speak with fear and trembling to the enemy that had despoiled a weaker nation and tortured or killed prisoners.

Members of the Senate and House—Republicans and Democrats—listened as if transfixed. They heard a man of deep conviction, talking with an emotion restrained with difficulty as he told of Asia—the far-off continent where revolutionary changes are in progress. He told of Japan, beaten six years ago, but now on the way to democracy. He spoke feelingly of the desperate effort of the Korean people to save their independence. He spoke sympathetically of the slow but sure evolution of government in the Philippines.

Not of Mere Sentiment

But the speech was not one of mere sentiment. It was the well-mobilized argument of a man who for a quarter of a century or more has studied the Far East—its culture and its aspirations against colonialism. He spoke as a liberal about the hopes of peoples as against tyrants. He did not fail to speak also of the great hopes of the world for peace by means of collective security.

All the ideals of America Gen. MacArthur articulated with the measured phrases of a statesman. All the hopes of the world for an end to war as a means of settling disputes he championed with wholehearted devotion. But, he warned, once a nation enters a war, there is no time for retreat or appeasement, no time for compromise. He said with an emphasis that shook the chamber with applause: "There is no substitute for victory."

The general built up point by point the case for a defense line in the far Pacific—Japan, Formosa and the Philippines. He said if that line was broken, our own Pacific coast would not be safe. And then he emphasized why it was important to hold Formosa.

The statement that came as the biggest surprise was his flat declaration that the U.S. joint chiefs of staff in the past had agreed with this military strategy.

There will, of course, be controversy over various points in the speech. It will be debated and perhaps investigating committees of Congress will ask for the documents and evidence relating to it.

The general has notified Sen. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services committee, that, while he does not want to get into a controversy or pursue these matters, he will willingly cooperate with the committee should it desire him to amplify his views. So Sen. Russell plans next week to fix a time, possibly for the following week, when the Armed Services committee will go into details, with Gen. MacArthur as a witness.

Capital Still Shocked

Meanwhile, the national capital still is shocked by the whole affair. The reception given Gen. MacArthur was so striking that it could not but overwhelm for the time being almost every other activity of the government. The welcome to the general was, of course, a tribute to a great soldier as well as to a soldier-statesman.

But it was also a human reaction to the summary way in which a great general had been instantly relieved of his command without even being given the opportunity to say farewell to his troops. No similar case is on record in all the history of the United States. Generals have been ordered to relinquish their commands but on none has such a sentence been imposed—without trial—with so abrupt a detachment from his command without a real word of explanation of what orders or instructions he had violated, if any.

The conclusion is inescapable—Gen. MacArthur was made the victim of the petty political spirit of our times.

The stature of Gen. MacArthur, after his address to Congress, looms larger and makes an even deeper imprint on the pages of history. He was magnificent in his words of farewell. It was an hour of triumph in which the people, in effect, repudiated the sad implications of government by petty politics and raised their eyes with hope as they heard the first words of real leadership that have come from the national capital in many a long year.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Not having much of anything to do one recent evening, I listened to Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life" radio program, expecting to get a few laughs out of it.

I certainly did not look for any deep philosophical observations — but I did hear one that I shall remember for the rest of my life.

If you have ever listened to Groucho's program, you know that his victims appear before him in pairs matched as unevenly as possible, and that the questions he asks them are intended primarily to give him a chance to use his wonderful sense of humor.

One of the couples was made up of a cigarette girl from a Hollywood restaurant and a 102-year-old Scandinavian.

Let us pass by the cigarette girl in a hurry.

Like all of them, she must have been young and pretty. (I heard whistles from the audience).

It was the old fellow from whom I — and millions of listeners — got a marvelous lesson in the practical philosophy of living.

I wish I could have seen the fellow.

I picture him as a typical Viking, about ten feet tall, to judge by his voice. And from the way he sounded, he must live away up high in the Nordic Valhalla and come down to earth only occasionally to maintain his contact with us ordinary mortals.

Groucho Marx asked him a few of his usual foolish questions, although he was a little less flippant than is his custom.

It isn't every day that even a Groucho Marx meets a man who knew Abraham Lincoln.

The pertest thing he said to him was "You must be very old if you can remember a Republican president."

Then he asked the man to what he attributed his great longevity.

Without hesitation the man boomed "Happiness."

Groucho asked him to elaborate — although the "Viking" apparently believed in brevity of speech.

Thus came the answer:

"Every morning when a man wakes up he has the choice of being happy or unhappy.

"I have chosen to be happy."

There, in a few words, you have the secret of life.

If every human being observed the old man's rule, this would be an altogether different world to live in.

There would be less disease—because disease is often the result of unhappiness.

There would be less strife—because happy people don't fight.

There would be less worry—because unhappiness and worry are almost synonymous.

There would be less poverty—because worry, sickness, and strife kill ambition and enterprise and thus cause poverty.

* * *

"But how can I choose to be happy?" you may ask.

Much has been written about happiness. Many definitions have been given. But no one has expressed it better and shorter than Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he said:

"To fill the house — that is happiness."

(Copyright 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUTS FIRE FERFAIL'D: Won ebbes is os 'm Harold Brobst fon Lehighton sei fraw die Bertha gleich'd tzu duh, don is es firera noh gae. Wie die fire bell gait, jump'd sie uf mawg sie om duh sei wos sie wil, un noh gait sie 'm fire noh. Doh 'm Sundawg morya sin die barichda, wear sie ow'r gahairich fernart gawwest — un ol weil sie 'n maining kotta hu, onner leit gangda firera grawd so garn noh wie sie aw.

'S wor moryets ebbes on da halver finfa rum wie die Lehighton fire bell gonga is. Die Bertha is iwwer 's bed rous wie 'n haws, un hut mohl tzum fenshter nous gaguck'd, un 'n gonser hang'l mashina sehna gae hinnich nonner noh, wieanda won sie noch m wosser gaina. Ihra maining uf kours wor, ol sellie leit hetta aw die fire bell hoerra gae, un weara uf 'm waig noch 'm fire.

Die Bertha, so wie 'n Fegelchie uns gapifa hut, is noh nous uf ihra mashine gajump'd, un da drup noh ol dawaig nous noch da Grossa Grick. Sie wor shure 's mist aryads 'n mechdich fire sei, un hut net fershtae kenna os ken helling tzu sehna wear. Ols sin sie ow'r 's dahl nous, un endlich wie mohl paar nava on der waig g'fohra sin, hut die Bertha aw g'shtopt un gawunnert wohs fire wear.

Niemond hut ow'r ebbes wissa wolla fon aenichma fire, un hen da Bertha g'saw, sie weara druf ous fer 'n blotz finna fer 'n lot fish fonga — fon fire wisa sie gawiss os allas nix. Noh ferhoftich sei is es da Bertha bei g'falla os die farella yoh 'm frei werra dada, uns wor leicht tzu fershtae ferwos ol so imma huddle worra fer nous noch da Grossa Grick.

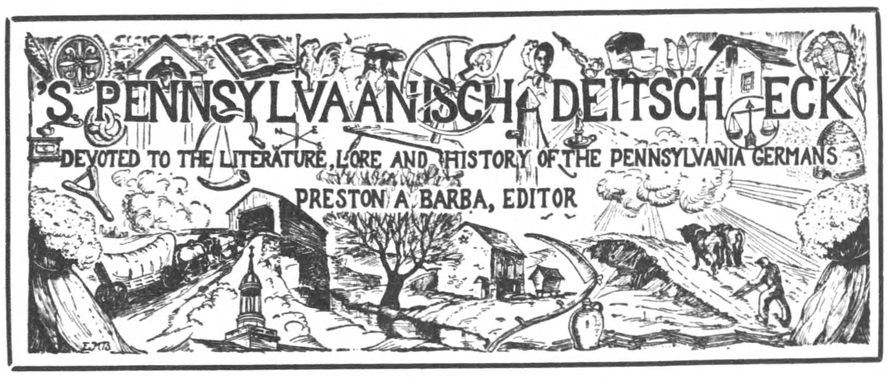
Wel aenicha waig, die Bertha hut sella morya mohl 's fire ferfail'd — 's fire woh sie om sucha wor, wor gons 'n onnerer waig nous, un langshd ous bis sie tzurick kumma is darrich os die onnerra mashina woh aw uf 'm waig worra fer fisha gae, un net fire sucha wie sie gamaint hut os sie wotta. Ferol os 'mr wissa, wil die Bertha die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der peifamon Joyce Werley fon Guthsville is ols uf 'm chob sei summer hamet nagshd ons Hawka Shule hous in arder griega.

Ebbes os shun 'n lot g'fail'd hut, wor 'n gawissa glae gabei hinnich 'm hous drous, un woh er dohr weil tzurick ous gamocht hut fer uf duh mit cement blocks — tzwae blocks braid, drei blocks long, un hoch ganunk os m'r sich net bicka breich'd fer ous un ei gae.

Wie der Joyce sei fraw Emma ow'r sehna hut in hofe rum lawfa hut er ous gamocht er het sich fersehna in da braiding un lang, un is hame un hut der shuckle shtuhl gamessa woh sie gawainlich druf huck'd fer ruga.

S gabei wert now finf blocks braid un sex block long, un in da haich 's same os wie dafor.



THE FAMILY JOURNAL
of

JOHN MICHAEL LINDENMUTH

(CONCLUSION)

On May 14th, 1758, an Ensign of the Mountain or Highland Scotch was sent with fourteen men, seven loaded pack horses and six fat oxen to Pittsburgh. On the 15th, they saw Indians along the way, but did not attack them. They camped for the night in the three Redentens until the morning of the 16th, when they marched away very carefully. About three miles from there they were attacked by the Indians and were put to flight. They captured two of our men and the others fled back to the three Redentens. Three of our men lost themselves in the woods and returned to the Command the next day, the 17th, but were right away placed under arrest in Pittsburgh. Several hours later the command also came with provisions. Then one of the deserters, Biesel Hamen, was given five hundred strokes on his back. Several days afterward the other five hundred strokes. The other two men were sent back to Loyalhanna, one was John Clawser. The other was a Mountain or Highland Scotch. The next day each was given five hundred strokes on the back. After five days they were given the other five hundred strokes because they were deserters.

May 30th, Captain Morgan with forty-two men and fifty pack horses was sent to Pittsburgh. We began to march. We camped on the Nine Mile Run. May 31st we marched to four miles on this side of Pittsburgh. That night a command came and took us into the Fort, because of the Indians. About one hundred and fifty in number camped not far from us. We stayed in the Fort four days.

happiness and salvation in the world above. Amen.

(Here John Michael Lindenmuth enters in his Diary the births and baptisms of the 14 children that his wife Anna Katarina bore him in the years 1764 to 1780.—P.A.B.

(Pages 38 to 49 inclusive are missing in the Diary. These pages probably contained the record of what he did after his return from Carol Hill, March 20th, 1760; his further participation in the French and Indian War; his entering the Revolutionary War and the part he took in it in the beginning. He says nothing in the part of the Diary that remains about George Washington and other leaders of the Revolutionary days. The record starts with something he did in August, 1778.—H. S. B.)

IV

On the same day Lieutenant Boenig came with thirteen men who still belonged to the battalion. Braedy died the same day.

August 11th, 1778, rest day. August 12th, we buried Braedy with the honors of war. It rained all day. August 13th, rest day. August 14th, rest day. Rain. August 15th, I went with fifty men to Schnicken Fort. We arrived there August 16th.

August 17th, we caught the following Tory prisoners: James McNeal, Joe Web and John Web. August 18th, we took Kuber, a Tory, and put him under guard. I went with an attachment to Nescopeck but discovered nothing.

August 19th, Billy Stewart received a letter from Wyoming saying that sixteen Indians and three whites were out to murder. August 20th, Captain Bieber sent an express to Sunbury. August 21st the Indians scalped two men at Wapwallopin. August 22nd, the Indians scalped four men at Huntington. A command of six men with two mules were sent to Wyoming. August 23rd, Billy Stewart and Captain Busch set out in the night to go to Wyoming. August 24th, thirty men were sent to Nescopeck Falls, but nothing was discovered. August 25th, nine canoes came from Wyoming to Sunbury for provisions. A command of twenty men was sent to Fishing Creek.

August 25th, Colonel May was sent to Sunbury with the Tories. August 27th, 1778, a command was sent to Nescopeck Falls under Major Berger. Nothing was discovered. August 28th, there was a general inspection. August 29th, Colonel May arrived with the canoes. August 30th, nothing happened. August 31st, Captain Beiber and twenty men were sent as protection for the canoes to Wyoming. September 1st, an express came from Wyoming with a letter for Colonel Herty.

September 2nd, sent Fisher with the letters to Sunbury. Major Berger and I went to Catawissa. From there I, Berger, George Orbig and my son John rode on horse back to investigate the way of the Tories. The command went to the Fort again, but we lay that night in the woods fourteen miles away on the Catawissa.

September 3rd, home. September 4th to the 7th, rest days. September 8th, we started off again to Ditzhar. September 9th, to Walker's. September 10th, to Sunbury. September 11th, rest day. September 12th Major Berger was sent with letters to Muncey. Fifteen men of the militia arrived. September 13th, I sent an express to Schnickens Fort. September 14th, sixteen of our men arrived. September 15th, Schertels Company arrived. September 16th, rest day. September 17th, Captain Sutter with forty-four men arrived.

September 18th, Ensign Lickenbilt with sixteen men arrived. All together three hundred and eighty-four men took provisions for three days. September 19th, the whole attachment marched to Lewis. September 20th, marched to Ditzhar. September 21st home. September 24th, our time was up. We served ten weeks, or two and one-half months. We were all paid.

August 27th, 1780 Mr. Newman with two children were killed and a girl of eleven years was taken prisoner. August 28th, with sixty men of the militia I went to Conrad Muench. August 29th, with forty-five men we went over the second mountain to the Broad Mountain. On the third day we found the foot prints of the Indians with the child's foot prints nine miles from the big Schuylkill. August 30th, I separated the men into three parts. Captain Wetzstein with fifteen men to go to Mahanoy. Captain Schardel with fifteen men to go to Swatara. I with fifteen men to go up the Big Schuylkill. August 31st we came again to Conrad Muench and ordered six men to stay there, and six men to stay with Captain Wetzstein on the Little Schuylkill.

* * * *

May 15th, 1781, I sent a memorial to the Assembly for my pay, but received nothing. November 6th, 1781, I gain sent a memorial, but it was put on the table. August 1st, 1782, I again sent a memorial, which was also put on the table. November 6th, 1783, the same thing. December 1st, 1785, I went to the Assembly with a memorial. It was read and they elected a committee right away. On this committee was the satanic Beer Baltzer Schiler. They failed and nothing was granted. November 8th, 1786, I sent a petition to the Assembly signed by three hundred and fifty citizens. Which was sufficiently welcome that I was given a little which I received from the Controller in December. April 10th, 1787, I rode down on horseback, but I did not settle everything. I had to wait until 1789, when everything was settled with certificates. The interest was paid from 1784. A certain man in the Assembly, Philip Grant Cramer, cheated us out of more than the half.



The birth and baptismal certificate of Johann Michael Lindenmuth, son of Col. John Michael Lindenmuth, whose Diary is being continued in this issue of the ECK. He was born in Bern Township, Berks, June 16, 1762, in the sign of the Ram, and baptized on Aug. 1, 1762, by Pastor Daniel Schumacher. This early piece of Fraktur, within its fine rococo framework, is especially interesting because it is signed in Roman letters by the artist, H. Leiders.

On the 5th of June 1758, we started again for Loyalhanna at 5:00 o'clock in the morning, expecting any time to be attacked, which was done. At 12:00 o'clock we halted a mile from Turtle Creek for our meal, but put guards at all ends. Several of us were dipping water and noticed along the water foot prints of the Indians. We also found a new Tomahawk which was an indication to us that there had been a fight. Captain Morgan was very careful and ordered a sergeant with seven men to go as an advance party and several for a flank guard. We marched very carefully in Indian file. By the time we had marched one mile the Indians had attacked the advance party and killed seven men, scalping them all, before we could with the greatest swiftness get there. The Indians, however, with such fury sprang upon us, expecting to put us to flight, but we received them. We had a very hot fight with them for three hours. The enemy was fifty men strong while we had only forty-two. We lost eight men in the first fire. The Indians lost four. At four o'clock in the evening we started again on our march, carrying our dead, seven in number, behind a fallen block. The eighth one was deadly wounded ,but lived three days. The 6th, we came to Loyalhanna in the night. The 7th, we took in provisions. The 8th, we started out again with sixty men and came to a camping place. The 9th, we buried our dead. The enemy was gone, but we found their entire baggage in one big pile. We marched again to Loyalhanna to the garrison, where we lay very quietly for the summer. In the meantime I fell into a hot fever and lay very sick for five weeks. In the meantime the others came out of their winter quarters and thirteen hundred new men who had been enlisted for six months were attacked at Laurel Hill. Captain Shasslodt and one Indian from the enemy side were killed. The others with fifty team loads came luckily to Loyalhanna.

July 1st, the most of our men were ordered to Pittsburgh, to again build the Fort. Our company was very much scattered. We were busy with skirmishes which were too many to tell. December 1st, 1759, we were ordered to go home. I arrived at home December 27th, 1759. March 20th, 1760, we were ordered to Carol Hill to receive our pay because most of us had served our time. We all returned to our homes, but the war was not yet ended. Colonel Boget was promoted to Brigadier General to command the army at Pittsburgh next year.

III.

One June 17th, 1760, I walked publicly to church with Maria Eva Noerken and was united with her in marriage. May the Lord give us His grace and blessing in this present world and with Him in eternity. Amen.

On June 16th, my son was born into this world in the morning between 7:00 and 8:00 o'clock. The sign of the Zodiac was the Ram. He received baptism on August 1st, and was named John Michael. His godfather and godmother were Michael Renschler and his wife Rosina. May God give him His grace and blessing and us all. Amen.

On March 31st, 1764, my daughter was born into this world in the evening between 8:00 and 9:00 o'clock. The sign of the Zodiac was the Ram. On the following day she received baptism and was named Maria Magdalena. Her godfather and godmother were my brother John Wolfe and sister-in-law Magdalena Noerkan. God give her His grace and blessing and us all. Amen.

April 1st, 1764, my loving wife died in the morning between 4:00 and 5:00 o'clock. She was buried on the third. May God give her rest and a happy resurrection on the last day and us all. Amen. Her age was 23 years, 10 months and 16 days. The pastor had chosen for his text for the funeral sermon, Genesis, Chapter XXXV, 16-19.

On August 14th, 1764, I married my second wife, Anna Katarina Geschwind, and walked publicly to the church with her. May the Lord give us His blessing and peace in this present world and eternal

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Editorials

Gulliver in Lilliput

Some weeks ago a good deal of unfavorable public opinion developed over the touchiness of Secretary General Trygvie Lie of the United Nations as to precedence in the seating arrangements at various dinners in and around New York. The expression of the peeve did not go down well with democratic Americans who are not so sensitive about the punctilious observance of protocol and prefer to concern themselves more with essentials and things really worthwhile.

It has not escaped all American attention that the observance of the formalities can be used for deliberate insult as well as carrying out the rules of ordinary politeness. And it has been noted although it must have escaped the attention of most Americans, it has been noted that General MacArthur was made the victim of some of this type of insult. It escaped attention in all the glory of the receptions accorded the returned general and as for affecting the intended victim it was like water that rolls off a duck's back.

The reaction of the American people to announcement from Washington that General Harry H. Vaughan would represent the President in the reception to General MacArthur when he arrived in Washington from San Francisco was highly unfavorable. Any sting, if intended in the appointment, was eased however when Generals Marshall and Bradley also were at the airport. And Vaughan, who had been sent home from Australia by MacArthur during the war and apparently did not enjoy high reputation with his former commanding officer, apparently was not too sure of himself at the reception and was glad when his part of the job was over and he could breathe a "that was simple" sigh of relief. That of course was a trifle compared with the jockeying in Congress where more important bigger men by far than Vaughan arranged that MacArthur should address a joint "meeting" and not a joint "session" of Congress, there being some subtle difference that makes a "meeting" of minor importance. The meeting got exactly what the session would have gotten so that incident also got lost in the big things of the reception to the general in Washington.

But what is to be thought of the snub to General MacArthur from the United Nations which has yet to show that it knows its former and first commander of armed forces working on its behalf has come to the United States and that he was right at its doorstep in New York early this week.

It is a matter of only a few months ago that the United Nations invited and welcomed representatives of Communist China to discuss the Korean invasion by Chinese troops. The reward to the indulgent United Nations was shouted, carefully studied insults and the results in Korea from the visit by the Chinese was nil. Yet the United Nations, which invited these insolent and abusive Red Chinese, has not seen fit to invite and confer with the man who was their leader in Korea for almost a year and almost certainly could have told them much about a lot of things that they ought to know.

Lilliputians standing close to Gulliver further emphasized his size. The little people who strove and strive to belittle MacArthur in subtle or clumsy ways merely emphasize the stature of the man.

Sportsmen, Get Your Guns

One of the finest achievements in the administration of Hon. James H. Duff as Governor was the clean stream program. It was an important element and factor in the election of Mr. Duff to the U. S. Senate and of his running mate, Hon. John S. Fine, to be Governor of Pennsylvania.

Now that program faces crippling action if a bill presented to the State Senate be passed inasmuch as it provides that municipalities and industries—the principal sources of stream pollution—shall be given an extension of two years in complying with State orders to stop the discharge of noxious wastes into the State's natural water ways.

Like so many other matters which seek to cloak themselves in the flag or plead distress from war and rumors of war, a current excuse for a "cease-fire" order as to stream pollution is the Korean war.

Certainly municipalities and industries cannot and will not be expected and required to clean up if there be lack of materials and labor necessary to the job and the deprivation be due to national defense preparations. But there is no immediate crisis in this respect and there is none in immediate prospect. And if there be such crisis, certainly the Governor and State departments and officials under him would find ways to ease or defer the problem for the municipalities and industries concerned.

The entire matter has the appearance of a miserable subterfuge. It would turn back the hands on the clock of Pennsylvania progress.

It is time for every association of sportsmen in Pennsylvania, whose numbers are millions, to be making themselves vociferous upon this matter.

The splendid administration of Governor Duff should be followed by an equally progressive one by Governor Fine. Not one step backward should be taken. Any relaxation as to the stream cleansing program will be a step downhill.

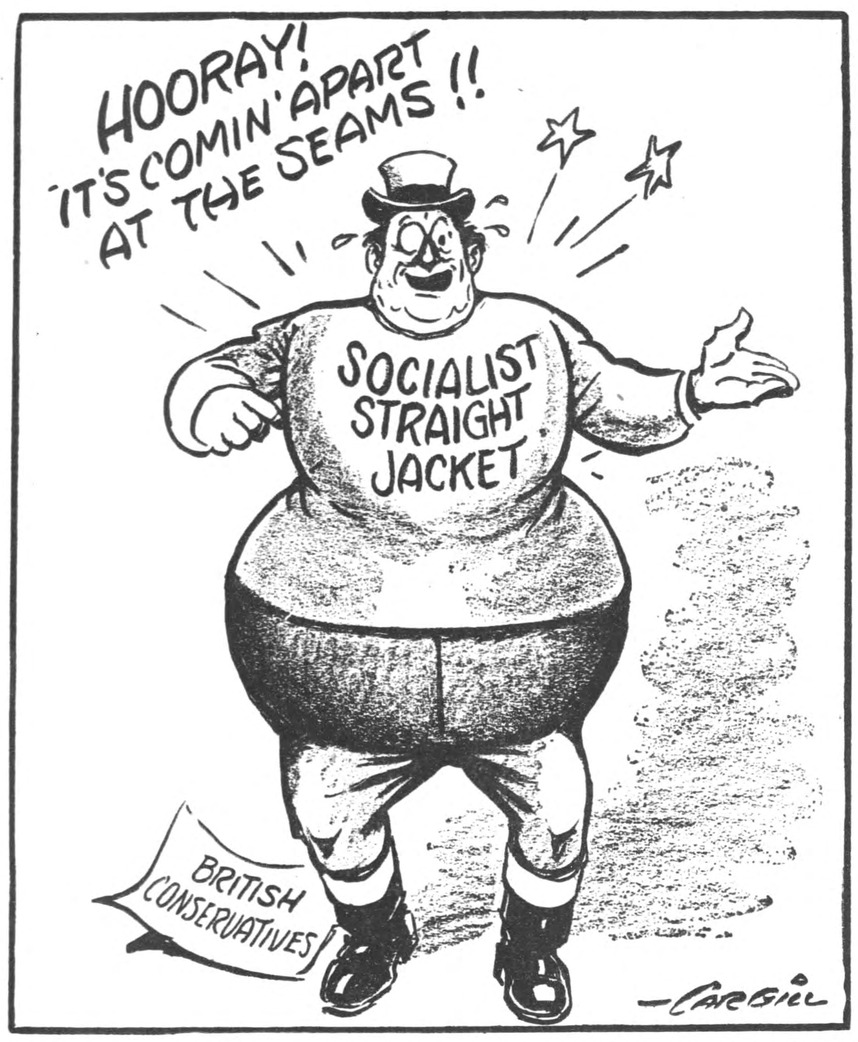
Curtain Down on Truth

Report of the arrest in Czechoslovakia of William N. Oatis, one of only two American newspapermen remaining in Prague, clears up the mystery of his disappearance early in the week.

In the manner of the Communist police in all countries back of the Iron Curtain, Oatis was seized and held incommunicado for days. During that time (we can expect to learn) Oatis was put thru mental torture to wring confession of all acts the Communists want to pin upon him. Furthermore, Czech employes of Oatis are now known to have disappeared during recent weeks, and they probably will turn up as witnesses to condemn Oatis and themselves on trumped-up charges.

The life of American newsmen, who are trained to write objectively and who attempt to do it among peoples back of the iron curtain, is an uncertain and dangerous one. The freedom of the press, as we know it in this country, is anathema in Red lands. Meanwhile the United States provides sanctuary for hundreds of journalists from iron curtain countries who have not been trained in objective reporting of the news that they learn in this country. And they would not be permitted to write it in that wise if they desired so to do and believed, with Americans, that it is the only fair method of presentation.

Tight Little Island



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Is anybody here really thinking about the 350,000 American boys in Korea? Speeches galore are being made in Congress, but, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, there isn't the slightest evidence of any policy on the part of its leadership in Congress or the White House to bring the Korean war to a successful conclusion.

Accepted Idea

Instead, the idea of a stalemate which shall keep American troops engaged indefinitely seems to be accepted as the policy of the administration. There is to be no effort to strike back at the enemy by air or to require that allies who are members of the U.N. should cease giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

It was the Democratic administration which ordered the troops into Korea without ever asking for a resolution of ratification by Congress. It is the same administration which now is committing the American forces to an indefinite period of fighting without a chance of using maximum force against the enemy.

So far as the American forces in Korea are concerned, they have been deprived of the opportunity to use the customary tactics or rules of war.

It is one of the oldest rules of international law that when an enemy force makes an attack, it can be pursued to the bases from which it came.

The Democratic party in Congress, however, takes the position that these rules must be ignored and that the American forces must continue to take punishment day after day for fear of offending our U.N. allies or Russia.

Leadership Expected

The American people have a right to expect leadership from the Democratic party, which is in control not only of the White House but of both Houses of Congress as well as the Department of State.

Yet today the United States government sits idly by and allows one of its allies — Great Britain — to ship through Hong Kong munitions of war that are being used by the Communist Chinese.

The United States also sits idly by and maintains friendly relations with and even appropriates money to governments, such as India, which are doing everything they can to oppose American policy. Not a single regiment of Indian troops has gone to the aid of American forces in Korea.

The Congress is asked to be humane and furnish wheat to India, but is the government of Nehru humane? Hasn't the government of India done everything it could to take the side of Communist China — an enemy of the United States — and isn't it the Indian government that is really responsible for the privations of the Indian people rather than those who decline to send funds or food?

Sits Idly By

The United States sits idly by, too, and allows the legal fiction to be spread that this is a war between the United Nations and the Communists when, in fact, Britain and other U.N. governments maintain friendly relations with governments actually engaged in war against us.

One government which is a member of the United Nations — namely, Nationalist China — is prevented from aiding our troops in Korea. Within the last few days it has been announced that a military mission is going from America to help the Nationalists to defend Formosa against attack. If American munitions and military personnel can do this, they can help the Nationalists to reach the mainland as Gen. MacArthur recommended.

But how does the American government justify its own course in arranging now for the defense of Formosa when the British government and other U.N. governments do not concur at all in the American policy toward Formosa?

What kind of U.N. policy is it which forbids one of its own members to obey the call for reinforcements in Korea? And what kind of U.N. policy is it which permits its principal members to trade with the enemy and to carry on diplomatic relations with the enemy government?

Not 'Peace Party'

These factors make it logical to expect that the Democratic party will have to explain its position and record on all this some day. It cannot pose as the "peace party" when in fact it has become the party that has allowed the Korean war to be prolonged instead of being brought to a quick conclusion, as could be done if Gen. MacArthur's recommendations were followed.

Fear never won a war and public expressions of fear recently by Democratic party spokesmen may well invite further attacks from the enemy, just as the ill-fated pronouncement in January 1950 by our secretary of state that Korea wouldn't be defended may have encouraged the Communist aggression in June 1950.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

TZWAE SOCHA OS FENDU GROYER GLEICHA: M'r hen immer gamaint 'n fendu groyer dade nix besser gleicha os wie fer 'n gonser halver dawg hee shtàe blauderra — ow'r now wissa m'r besser. Die tzwae socha os fendu groyer besser gleicha wie aenich ebbes shunshd in da welt, is g'shpass un essa. M'r hen 'm Midwoch owet 's tzwet yairlich anniversary fesht ei ganumma fon da Fendu Groyer Society im Macungie grange hall — un wos 'n tzeit.

'S airsht os gatzailt hut wors fesht essa. So omma hunnerd hen sich um die longa dish rum k'huck'd, un lievichie welt wos hen sie net nei g'shloga wie die welshhawna, 's fils'l, un ol die fiela onnerra guta socha rum kumma sin. Fer 'n gute essa brouch m'r yusht noch ra Grange gae, un tzu sehna wie die Groyer, ihra weiver un freind nei g'shloga hen, is ganunk baweiss os die weibsleit fon da Macungie Grange sich net fer ewwa fiel gabloak'd hen fers essa rishda.

Die Katherinah wor mit uns, un hen omma dish k'huck'd on da longa wond nous, woh m'r shae allas sehna hen kenna. 'M Lee Pullsbury sei Hilda hut navich da Katerinah k'huck'd, noh da Hilda ihra bruder, Marvin Danner un sei Caroline. Kens fon sella is uf kours is 'n fendu groyer, ow'r hen sich mohl shure net hinnerhandich kumma lossa wies essa rum kumma is. Der Lee hut omma dish in da mid fon da shtub k'huck'd so os er die Hilda im aug halta hut kenna — fermuthlich wor er bong sie maich'd sich tzu rae essa. Won sie het, die Caroline is 'n nurse, un sie wear in guta hand gawest darta sin m'r shure dafon.

Grawd fon uns driwwa hut der Paul Beers un seu Sarah k'huck'd fon Cross Roads — der Paul woh nix ess'd won er drous is, os er dahame hut. So wies uns fohr kumt, missa sie dahame arrick gnobs lava — er hut nix ob g'sawt os dawaig kumma is wie gatzugar'd boy grout, un wos er darta net gessa hut, hut sei Sarah uf gamocht dafor. Navich 'm Paul wor der Harold Fehnel aw fon da Cross Roads gagend, un woh nei g'shloga hut bis die kucha grimmla 'm tzu da ohra rous galoffa sin. 'S Hennie Hummels' fon Jacksonville, woh noch net recht iwwer da Jo Ann Stuck un 'm Bill Yocum ihra hochtsich worra Somshdawgs dafor — doh hen sie widder frish nei shrarta essa.

Un so kent m'r fert fertzaila fom Ryan Redline un seinra fraw fon Bedlahame aw niver tzum Carroll Hendricks — der hinkle groyer fon Fogelsville, bis on da onnerra wond nunner tzum Dewey Wotring fon Neffs, woh aw so arrick gessa hut os sei Helen, un der Dannie Keener un sei Cora woh beim worra, g'farrrich'd hen er maich'd fershpringa. Ich denk die Grangers hen ous gamocht die weil os die fendu groyer alsa mohl abissel gross meilich weara, wotta sie na die maiga filla so os sie die meiler tzu halta dada. Evens der Alton Knerr un sie Maryann fon Lanark om gons hinnerra eck hen net bohna tzu sawga kot.

Wel aenicha waig, weis essa feriwwer wor is owwa nuf gonga werra in die gross fersommling shtub, woh der Neil Kline fon Emmaus un sei Variety Kids, 'n aryer guter program gewwa hen. 'S wor yusht ae ding abissel drucka owwa drowwa, un sel wor wie der "Woody" Roth uf uns garufa hut fer paar werta sawga. M'r sin ow'r glicklich dafon kumma, uns nagshd in arder is die Fink Familia kumma fer shpiela fer donsa, un der Ramie Huber hut ous garufa.

Tzu sehna wie alt un yung uf 'm floor rum k'hupst sin, wor ganunk fer wissa os ol rum 'n gutie tzeit kotta hen. Evens der Fred Miller fon da Liberty shtross hut der shtawb ous da hussa bae g'shitt'ld, un der libe hut 'm Jim Leiby fon Clifford Park un 'm Jim Mohr fon Milford Shquare wae gaduh fer aw donsa, ow'r ihra weiver die Alverta un die Cassie hen g'sawt sie hetta die letza shoe aw, 's same wie aw 'm "Woody" Roth sei Mary kotta hut. Eddie Boyer fon Bowmanstown, 's bubble fon da drup, un der Nelson Shoemaker fon Lehighton, hen ols galocht os sie bol fershprunga sin tzu sehna wie wusslich os der Charlie Warmkessel un sie Helen, un der Lester Miller un sei Grace worra, wons k'haisa hut "All hands round."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won dale aw net gadonst hen — hen die onnerra uf gamocht dafor, uns wor net 'n ferlaid meedichie minute da gonsa owet.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

In the days of my youth Fouth-of-July and other holiday orators had a favoite theme.

It was about our glorious country and the flag, "long may it wave, from the rock-bound-coast-of-Maine to the sun-kissed-shores-of-California."

Today our orators have a different theme, and not only the holiday speakers use it but you can hear it at almost any occasion where people gather for food and froth.

* * *

The new theme is the bewailing of America's state-of-the union.

Almost every speaker nowadays has something to complain about.

If it isn't the state of the Democratic party, it is the state of the Republican party.

If it isn't Eisenhower, it is Marshall.

If it isn't liquor and dope, it is our ever-increasing immorality.

Visitors from all over the world go around the country looking for all the vice, the crime, the degeneracy which we so copiously advertise to the world.

Then, when they find out that we are a perfectly decent, hard-working, God - fearing, normal bunch of people, they go back home and tell the folks that we are a lot of liars and that you can't believe a word of what you read.

* * *

At the danger of repeating myself, for I have sait it before, there is nothing wrong with America's morality.

But there definitely is something wrong with American manners. They are getting worse all the time.

So the older generation, still used to a certain degree of courtesy and good manners, is under the impression that it is the morals that are degenerating rather than the manners.

I was very much impressed with a statement by Prof. Irwin Edman, head of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia university.

He thinks that all this talk about corruption in government and a general letdown in moral standards is a "slightly hysterical exaggeration."

He recalled the insurance scandals of 1904, the Teapot Dome case in the Harding administration, the Seabury investigation some time later.

"And if you want to go all the way back, take a look at the things Paul said to the Corinthians about the state of their morals."

* * *

But our manners are getting atrocious. You will notice that in the behavior of hotel clerks, waiters, bellboys, ticket agents, elevator operators — and wherever men and women have to deal with the public.

You will find it in the way youth acts toward its elders, children toward their parents, employes toward employers.

But you will find it also—and particularly — among the so-called "upper classes."

Last evening in the crowded diningroom of the best hotel in Asheville, N.C., we noticed a very elegant looking couple. My wife remarked how polite he was to his wife. He pulled out the chair for her. He helped her with her coat. He stood up until she sat down.

"Now there is a gentleman," said my wife to me.

This morning we noticed them again. The diningroom was almost empty. They were sitting at the breakfast table. He was reading a newspaper, not paying the slightest attention to her.

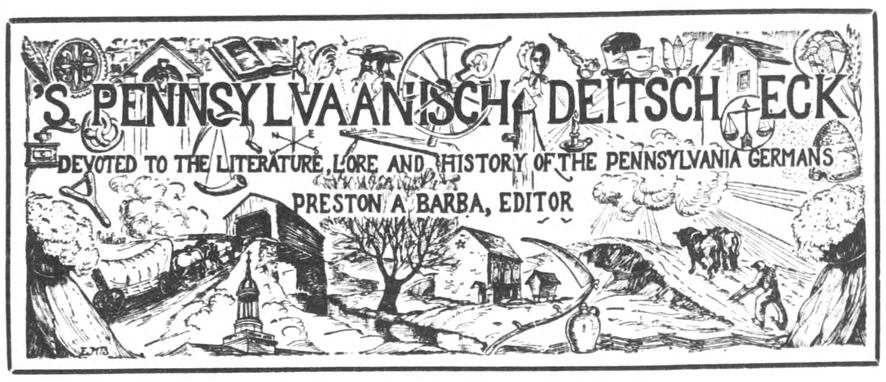
When they were through, he got up and walked out—ahead of her.

Overnight the "gentleman had turned into a ——.

"Look at that tramp!" said my wife.

Horoscope

By expanding interests and learning, refusing to be satisfied with your present knowledge, and not allowing yourself to be disappointed with progress made, your next year should be a happy and successful one. Today's child may be expected to be highly intelligent.



WELSCHKARN

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

In the United States, Canada and Australia it's corn, in most of the rest of the World it's maize, in Pennsylvania we call it **welschkarn.**

The word "corn" as used in the Bible means the seeds of any cereal grass used for food for man or beast; in other words, it is equivalent to the word "grain" as we use it today. Specifically, the word "corn" is often used for the **most important** grain of a given region; for instance, in England corn means wheat, in Scotland it means oats, etc. In Germany, for centuries, the most popular grain has been rye. **Roggen,** which is also called **Korn,** whence the word **karn** for rye in our Pennsylvania German dialect. **Welschkarn** is native to America and was therefore unknown in Europe before the discovery by Columbus.

Three weeks after Columbus first sighted land at San Salvador his little fleet skirted the coast of Cuba where they saw the Indians raising a strange tall cereal grass which was unlike anything any European had ever seen before. It grew taller than a man and one of the strangest things about it was that the seed, the grain, instead of growing in an awn at the end of the stalk like other grain, grew in thick ears from nodes out of the side of the stalk. Columbus wrote in his diary, "It is good-eating and all the people of the land live on it." On his return to Spain, he took along some seed, probably as a botanical curiosity. He and the other explorers that came afterwards were all looking for gold to enrich themselves and their monarchs. Little did he realize that these golden grains which he brought back as a curiosity would some day be worth many times more than all the gold the world has even known.

The Indians called this strange plant **mahiz,** from which the Spaniards got the name **maiz** or **maize,** a name by which it is still known in the greater part of the World. For a Latin or scientific name, the early herbalists and botanists used various names—**frumentum asiaticum,** corn of Asia; **frumentum turcicum,** corn of Turkey; **frumentum indicum,** corn of India; **triticum peruvianum,** wheat of Peru, etc., all named after that part of the world where they believed it originated. Linneaus gave it the scientific name used today—**zea mays, zea** being an old Greek word for a grain which is believed to have been something like spelt, a grain not at all similar and the name is therefore not at all appropriate.

Generally speaking, under favorable conditions, corn grows anywhere between the 45° parallel North and the same parallel South. Therefore, explorers in America, no matter where they went, almost always found the natives raising corn. Cortez in Mexico was amazed to find no patch of open land uncultivated. Here no one was hungry! To the people of the Old World, who for thousands of years had depended on grain for their sustenance and who through all these years suffered frequent famines when crops were failures, this marvelous new grain offered new hope.

Oviedo, an early Spanish explorer, wrote an account (1526-35) of his discoveries and included a whole chapter on corn, giving what is considered the first complete description of the plant ever made and telling in detail how the Indians raised it and how they prepared it for food. Even while he was writing, corn was already being raised in Spain, but mostly for cattle feed. Whether this was on account of the old prejudice in western Europe against any grain except wheat, which still exists in certain regions, or whether the corn had ill effects on the health of persons not yet accustomed to it, is not certain—probably a little of both. From Spain the cultivation of corn was introduced into Italy and from there into southeastern Europe and into the Near East. In recent times corn has been raised extensively in Hungary and in the Balkan countries and at times its use for human food has been so general that there have been outbreaks of pellagra, a disease caused by faulty diet. Northern Europe is outside the zone where corn can be grown successfully. This brings us to Germany and the Rhineland, the land of our ancestors.

During the sixteenth century, the period of the Renaissance, there lived in Europe, principally in Italy, Germany and the Low Countries, a group of scholars who were interested in the study of plants, mostly from the viewpoint of their value as medicine. These men, called herbalists, were the predecessors of our scientific botanists. It is in their old herbals that we find the most complete information as to what our European ancestors of that period knew about corn. The first of the German herbalists, Otto Brunsfels, in his book (1530) does not mention corn at all. Apparently corn had not yet reached Germany at that date. The most noted of the herbalists, Leonhard Fuchs (the flower, fuchsia is named after him) is believed to have been the first European to illustrate a whole stalk of corn. This was in the first edition of his herbal (1542) in which he said, "it (corn) is now growing in all gardens." The herbalist in whom we are most interested, however, is Hieronymous Bock, since he was born in the Palatinate and saw things as many of our ancestors saw them two hundred years before they migrated to Pennsylvania. Bock's herbal of 1539 is the first of all the herbals to mention corn. It did not yet have the regular German name, so he simply called it **Welsch Korn,** that is **foreign corn,** a name which the Pennsylvania Germans still use. Bock's herbal of 1539 does not contain any illustrations. However, in his next edition, that of 1546, he copied the picture that Fuchs used four years before. There is nothing unusual about this as these herbals were printed again and again and the writers frequently copied and pirated from the works of others. The illustration, as it appeared in Bock's book in 1546, is reproduced here, not only because it is a copy of the first picture of a corn stalk ever made, but also because the picture itself is very interesting. Anyone who knows his corn will notice a number of errors, but this picture was considered good enough to be copied and reprinted by other herbalists for the next hundred years.

Bock's description of corn is so unique that a few comments and quotations will be interesting. The illustration shows an eight-row ear—all corn mentioned by the early writers had eight, or ten rows. Most of our corn is yellow—Bock's corn was red, brown, yellow and white, and the color of the tassels and cornsilk varied according to the color of the grain—"nach dem die Frucht ist." Other writers mentioned black, blue and purple corn. The thing that astonished all these men was the fact that the ears did not grow on top of the stalk like wheat and other ordinary grain but out of the side of the stalk—"sonder ein jeder knopffechter stamm storszt zu den seitten heraussen lange dicke un runde Kolbechte aehren." The ears, as shown in the picture, have the silk growing out of the end of the cob, instead of growing from between the kernels. These herbalists had little understanding of plant morphology and the only use for cornsilk that Bock could think of was that Nature put it there to scare off the birds and insects—"damit ja solche fruchtkolben herzlich aund wol fuer den Voegeln und Gewuermen behuet and beschirmet bleiben." As to uses for the plant, Bock said he had as yet had no particular experiences. Yet he was sure it must have medical and curative values; he said he had heard that the sap of the leaves was good for inflammations, **Rotlauffen,** and that the chewed corn kernels, "Samen im Mundt zerkewet," were a good poultice for boils. Furthermore, he understood it could be used for food and that a nice bread could be baked from it, which, however, had a strange taste and was hard to digest. Also, he said, "etlichen machen ausz dem reinen Weyssen mael Brey wie mit andern Fruechten mit Milch abbreit" —**Mush un millich** four hundred and twelve years ago!

As to the name, Bock called it **frumentum asiaticum,** corn of Asia, since he had been told the grain came from India. For a common name, as already mentioned, he simply called it **Welsch Korn,** saying "dann also nennet man alle frembde gewaechs so zu uns kommen mit dem namen Welsch." In a later edition he also called it **Turkisch Korn,** merely translating the Latin name Fuchs had already used. Bock was the only herbalist to use the word **Welsch Korn,** and all the editions of his book retained this name, a fact which may have something to do with the use of **Welschkarn** in our dialect today.

Bock also mentioned that the plant could stand no frost, "kein Frost oder Reiffen dulden," a fact which is well known to every farmer and which is the reason Germany never became a country that raises corn for grain, although considerable green corn is grown for fodder.

To Be Concluded



The earliest known illustration of corn, from a wood cut found in Hieronymus Bock's Herbal, or KREUTER BUCH, printed in Straszburg in 1546.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 4:24-31

A strange episode in the experience of Moses is recorded in vs. 24-26. Evidently the sons of Moses, born to him by a Midianite wife, had not been circumcised. He could not expect the Hebrew people in Egypt to accept him as their leader if he did not observe the religious rites within his own family. He therefore has his sons circumcised, the sign of the covenant God had made with Abraham. But Zipporah, his wife, found fault with this rite, actually insulting Moses for insisting that it be performed. The result was that Moses sent her and his two sons back home to her father Jethro, 18:2. Here is a good illustration of the danger involved in 'mixed marriages,' often the cause of much unpleasantness and dissension. Moses and Aaron meet, v. 27, after which they have a consultation with the elders of Israel, in the course of which they explain God's plan for the deliverance of His people from their bondage in Egypt. They are reverently thankful to God for it.

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Editorials

Another Forward Step

Decision of Allentown Rotary Club to open a kindergarten in September for very little children who are the victims of cerebral palsy calls attention again to the splendid work which is already being done with children of school age by the coordinated activities of the Allentown School District and the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society. By Rotary's action, such children will be taken in hand at the very earliest age possible in order that greater and swifter advance can be made toward whole or partial recovery.

In this field of help for handicapped children modern miracles are being performed. By contrast, in years not long past, little or no attention was paid to them. Thousands of them were virtually hidden in their homes. In many cases parents were ashamed of them. Many were treated as animals might be treated, with sympathy and care but without an understanding of ways to help them advance.

Today it is known that these children usually possess high intelligence and that they are emotionally healthy. Their incapacity is purely physical and accidental in causation. To large degree such incapacity can be corrected or neutralized by modern methods which the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society has introduced here. In a word these children are cripples in just as true a sense as the child with a shrunken or crooked limb, a hair lip or a speech defect. And help is at hand for all of them.

It is a great forward step for our society. It will bring forth all such little victims of a sad fate from the darkness of homes in which they otherwise might have been hidden ignorantly. They will come into the sunlight of association with children of their own age and with sympathetic, intelligent, helpful teachers and therapists.

Allentown Rotary is going to make possible splendid advancement in a worthy work. It is work in one of the most difficult phases of rehabilitation of unfortunate humanity.

Get That Dog License

It must be apparent to dog-owners thruout the county that the State very definitely is determined that all such animals be properly licensed and that failure so to protect a pet can and almost certainly will result in costly prosecution.

Officers delegated to enforce the dog law have been and continue to be active thruout the county. Daily many arrests of owners of dogs who have been negligent about licensing the canines are reported.

This should be ample warning to any and all dog-owners to check on this matter. If the family pet is properly tagged with a 1951 license, all is well and good. Otherwise, hurry, hurry to the County Treasurer in the Court House annex and get the necessary papers and tags.

Oil for Iran's People

If there had been disposition in neutral areas to criticise Persia's seizure of the British-owned oil industry in that ancient land, such criticism will be softened by report and pledge from the Iranian premier that the profits, which it is expected will come from nationalization, will be devoted to strengthening the economy and bring "comfort and ease" to the people.

With such a program there can be no quarrel. However it will be in very sharp contrast with the general handling of money in that part of the world if all the benefits, or if only a major share of the benefits go to improve the condition of the common man.

It is pretty well understood that the vast profits accruing to rulers in that part of the world from oil are used almost entirely for their own enrichment and pompous display according to both ancient and modern standards.

Iran can be lifted from much of its misery if the wealth that is in its underground pools of oil be used to purchase the materials and the tools that will improve its economy. The new premier will be a blessing to his people and prove a great statesman if he carries out his announced program. Undoubtedly he will have to fight off the parasites and human locusts who will want to steal the oil profits. In this group he may find a more powerful enemy than the "foreigners" against whom he has orated for years and whom he has now ousted thru nationalization of Iranian oil.

Not Just Economic

Two of the most widely used but most misunderstood terms in our language are "free enterprise" and "rugged individualism." Every schoolboy recognizes them as the distinctive elements in the conception and growth of our country. The error which has grown up lately is in applying them only to economic situations.

Dr. Henry Steele Commager, professor of history at Columbia university, said in a speech at Rochester, N. Y., the other day that this nation's "greatest advantage" was its tradition of freedom of inquiry. But this advantage is presently endangered, he warned, by a growing insistence upon "conformity in the intellectual arena, and the persecution of all those who dissent or who give us unpalatable advice."

"The individualism that is called for now (he suggested) is not so much the individualism of the industrialist or the railroad builder or the financier, but the individualism of the scholar, the scientist, the statesman, and the philosopher."

A loud protest always arises over any threatened abridgement of economic free enterprise and rugged individualism. This is fine. But we had better become aroused, also, whenever individualism and freedom are threatened in the areas of thought and speech. —Des Moines Register

A Martyr to Science

Another name has been added to the list of the illustrious great who in recent years have deliberately risked their lives in the battle of Science against disease and who paid the supreme price for their temerity.

The name is that of Dr. Takashi Nagai, who survived the destruction of Nagasaki in 1945 by atomic bomb, No. 2. He then used his own body to study the effects of atomic warfare.

Despite the fact that he was a sick man for almost six years, with white corpuscle count increased from the normal 7,000 to 330,000 in his blood stream, Nagai in the splendid tradition of his profession — that of a Roentgenologist — continued experimentation with his body as the guinea pig.

He observed his own symptoms and reactions with the careful training of a scientist, and made meticulous record of them for humanity's benefit. Then like his illustrious predecessor, the famous Noguchi who worked in the field of yellow fever and died a martyr to his work, Nagai passed on. He leaves behind him however the narrative of his experience for mankind's instruction in the event that the terribleness of atomic warfare will not have been successfully outlawed by man in a sincere desire to make ours a peaceful world.

Don't Let It Fool You, Joe—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—A sense of tragedy—not triumph—characterized Gen. MacArthur in his first day of testimony.

His was no concern for petty politics or for the maneuvers of debate in one of the bitterest controversies of our times. His concern was for the blood of American boys being spilled in Korea. It is as if he alone cared. For the Congress, some of whose members have been thinking only of political advantage or disadvantage, is being reminded that somebody is ordering American boys to keep on being struck by the enemy without a chance of using maximum force to fight back.

It took a tone of vehemence to hush the audience as Gen. MacArthur brought the realism of the battlefield to the committee room. America is engaged in war, yet allows someone to limit the use of its force. America has accepted a mission to resist aggression—but the military commander has been told really not to carry out his mission. These were the simple truths that the distinguished witness emphasized again and again.

Military Appeasement

As Gen. MacArthur unfolded his case, it was apparent that many a military man throughout the world would understand the historic and traditional position on which he stood—that when peace overtures have failed and war comes, the business of the soldier is to bring that war to a speedy conclusion. But not now—as someone on the civilian side orders "military appeasement."

What amazed many persons who heard the testimony was the general's explicit language, his challenging phrases, his thorough familiarity with the instructions given him. He declared unequivocally that he had carried out every military command sent to him by his superiors. To this day it cannot be said truthfully that the general was dismissed for "military insubordination" or for disobeying orders. The burden of proof of that charge still rests on President Truman.

What is more important, the general revealed that the joint chiefs of staff, exactly 90 days before his removal, expressed views identical with his concerning the importance of using the Chinese Nationalist troops against the Communists. If the joint chiefs changed their minds later, they never told Gen. MacArthur.

The general answered questions with the fluency of an experienced debater, but he showed no desire to seem controversial. He answered in friendly tones all questions, even those directed to him in an apparently critical vein.

It is plain already that this episode opens up fundamental questions—the interference by civilians with military tactics on the battlefield, the lack of respect for the authority of the unified commander in the field when he is confronted by battle conditions, and above all the curious idea that some other nations can decide American policy on the battlefield even though America supplies—and suffers—most of the casualties.

Sad Reflection

The Democratic party's effort to make it appear that the whole thing is just a Republican political crusade against the administration is a sad reflection upon the political judgment of the majority party. For when any party starts secret hearings, the public gets suspicious. The only justification for secrecy was the argument that military information useful to the enemy might leak out. Yet most of what has been deleted concerns details of the enemy's supposed strength, and such estimates aren't always accurate anyway.

Now the charge is being made that the all-important message of Jan. 12 from the joint chiefs of staff to MacArthur shouldn't have been ready by the general without a paraphrase, because it might permit someone in an enemy country to break a code. This is a futile attempt to introduce a smokescreen. For anybody who knows anything about codes knows how easy it is to vary your own code overnight and also how hard it is for the enemy to break a code unless the whole message is made public. It is known that the extract from the Jan. 12 message was part of a lengthy report or study by the joint chiefs.

Poses Real Issue

Gen. MacArthur has posed the real issue—how long are comfortable bureaucrats here and in other capitals of the world going to keep on talking about a war of "attrition" while American boys are being killed or wounded to the point that our casualties now number 63,000? How long is this going to go on without an attempt to bring victory? That's the issue to which the Democrats must give answer now or find themselves overwhelmed at the polls as the voters in due time give the only answer they can. But between now and Jan. 1953, can policies be changed and lives saved? That's the biggest worry today for the American people.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 5, 1926, a Wednesday

Plans to relieve the threat of floods in the 15th Ward got under way when a committee was appointed by Mayor Gross, City Engineer Meckley and City Solicitor Stuart. The committee was chosen in order to confer with Bethlehem officials for cooperation in constructing a 48-inch storm sewer.

"Mind of the Apes" was the subject of an address by Dr. S. C. Schmucker of West Chester before Muhlenberg students in the college chapel.

The board of directors of the Jewish Community Center approved a contract to begin work on a new center at 6th and Chew Sts. The plans called for a new building 88 by 156 feet.

Horoscope

Even if you get off to a slow start, don't despair. You should reap the reward of your own endeavors. A strong, forceful character probably will be noticed in today's child.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Almost every business and every job has its advantages and its drawbacks, I suppose.

Pretty nearly everybody thinks that the other fellow's job is better than his own, and fortunate are those who are happy in their work.

Taking it altogether, newspaper work is a good profession, or business if you want to call it that.

Newspapermen seldom ever get rich, but there is a certain amount of adventure in it. That is probably why people so often talk about the newspaper "game."

* * *

But newspapering, too, has its disadvantages.

If you make a mistake in most any other work the boss notices it, a customer may complain, you get bawled out and that is that.

But when you write something that is to be printed, every word of yours becomes public property — to be interpreted or misinterpreted at the will, the character, the prejudices of every reader who pays a nickel for his paper.

* * *

Then the complaints come. Then you are accused of this and of that.

Most of the insults are anonymous. They don't hurt. They go into the wastebasket with the rest of the trash.

But sometimes you are accused of something entirely unjust by someone who is not too cowardly to sign his name and who apparently takes honest issue with you.

I had such a case just a little while ago.

The letter came from an apparently well-educated woman. But she must have had a pretty bad deal from life.

Her husband had left her with two children — without money and without happiness.

She is getting along in years, and there doesn't seem to be much of a future for her, she thinks.

* * *

So she wrote me a long letter in which she accused me of being "smug."

She told me that I sounded conceited, that I bragged about my domestic happiness, about my wife, about the things I have.

Nothing could be farther from the facts.

In this column of mine I try to give my readers a bit of cheer and encouragement.

I want to show them that so much can be got out of life without wealth, without any great endowment of talent, with just a fair supply of common sense and the will to be happy.

The only reason I mention my wife and myself is that neither she nor I are rich, ever were rich, ever will be rich.

What my correspondent calls smugness is really gratitude. It is gratitude to God that He has given us the faculty to be happy. It is gratitude to God that He has given us the humility to be satisfied with what we have and saved us from the curse of wanting what we know we cannot have.

What little we have put and kept together we have gotten by working together for almost 30 years, by not trying to be more or do more than what we are qualified to be and do.

Smugness is like a full-blown rose that has been cut and put into a vase. In a few days it is withered and gone.

Happiness is like a sturdy tree which, planted in good soil and getting its proper share of sunshine and rain, keeps growing till the very end.

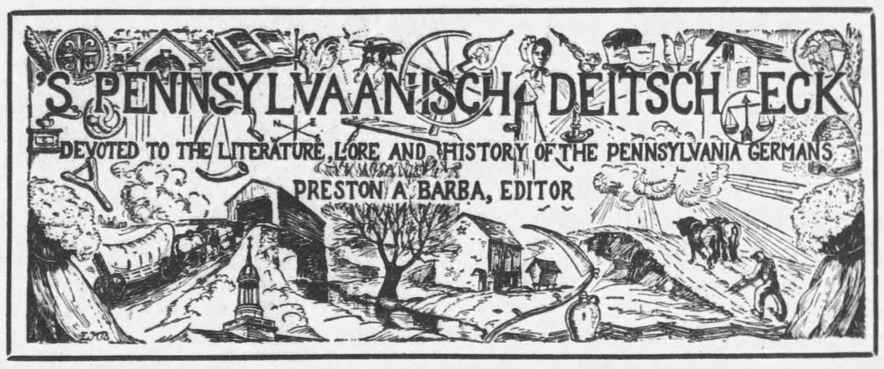
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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 7:12-25

Strange to say, Aaron's rod, which had been transformed into a serpent, swallowed up the rods of the magicians, but Pharaoh would not yield. Therefore in the following verses, beginning at 14, we have the story of the first of ten plagues, the turning of the water of the streams, ponds and pools in Egypt into blood. This condition is said to have lasted seven days, during which time the Egyptians had to dig for water away from the river, the water of which they could not drink. What the chemical change was, or how it was brought about, we, of course, cannot explain. But one thing might be considered—the difference between the Old Testament, the last word of which in our Bible is 'curse', and the New Testament, with the word 'grace' in the last verse. The first plague in the Old Testament, the turning of water into blood, may be considered as typical or symbolic of the curse, whereas the first miracle in the New Testament, the turning of water by Jesus into wine, may be considered as indicative of His grace. The law came through Moses, but grace and truth came through Jesus Christ.



WELSCHKARN

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

(Conclusion)

A German book on farming, "Adlichen Land und Feld Lebens"—a stupendous work of more than 2000 pages—published in Nuremberg almost a hundred and fifty years later (1687) dismisses the subject of corn in three short paragraphs. According to this book, which was intended for use in southern Germany and Austria, corn "wird mehr Lusts wegen in die Gaerten als in die Felder gebauet." Also, it mentions that the men who cultivate the vineyards like to plant corn in the bare spots and hang the many-colored ears in their living rooms for ornaments. Can it be that the custom in colonial America of hanging seed-corn from the beams and rafters was originally decorative rather than utilitarian?

Settlers in the colonies which were to become the United States were nearly all unacquainted with corn when they left their homes in Europe, no matter from what country they came, and practically all knowledge about its cultivation and its uses had to be learned from the Indians. Corn was planted in the Jamestown colony in 1608, but when the tobacco craze came along there was a starving time and only the corn obtained from the Indians saved the colony. Every school child is familiar with the story of how Squanto taught the settlers at Plymouth how to plant corn with two fishes in each hill. On the Delaware the Swedes lived on corn which could "be bought cheaply from the savages here." And so the story goes, everywhere the Indians taught the white men to plant beans and pumpkins with their corn—a custom which sometimes still prevails.

In most instances the settlers would have preferred to sow the grains of their native lands, but necessity compelled them to plant corn. Among the Pennsylvania Germans the preferred grain was rye. Pastorius, in 1684, wrote home to his family that he had cleared three lots and was "going to sow them with Indian corn" and added, as if with regret, "one cannot the first year in such new land raise rye or wheat, only Indian (or as you call it Turkish) corn, which neither tastes as good nor satisfies." He further wrote that he was going to clear 300 acres with the intention "as soon as possible to start Indian corn here . . . . in order to keep cows and pigs." Corn was the only grain that would grow successfully the first years on newly cleared ground, rich with leaf mold, but to one accustomed to wheat and rye bread, corn was unpleasant as a steady article of diet. For the same reasons that Asiatics today prefer rice to other grains, the English and French settlers preferred wheat bread and the Germans rye—

"Das Korn-Brod nicht zu alt, und nicht zu frisch,
Fein luck gebacken, soll man geben auf den Tisch.

Detailed information about the crops the individual farmer raised in colonial times is meager, but there is a book on farming in colonial America, "American Husbandry," published in London in 1775, which is of considerable help in this respect. About Pennsylvania this book says "Maize is not cultivated in such quantities in some parts of Pennsylvania as in more northern colonies . . . Here is a field of it near every farmhouse, but small in proportion to what is found in New Jersey, New York, etc. . . . . Wheat thriving so well in Pennsylvania makes them neglect maize; which is much less valuable grain; this is a distinction which should always be made; it is not that maize is not a profitable crop in itself, but their land will yield one which is much more beneficial. This will be better understood when I add that Indian corn yields but 2 shillings 7 pence a bushel, when wheat is at 7 shillings 6 pence, both Pennsylvania currency." This confirms what can now be pieced together from various local sources, such as diaries, account books, inventories of farm estates, etc. From these one gathers that the order of importance of the grains was—wheat, rye, oats and corn. The German farmers raised wheat because it was a readily marketable cash crop; rye was the grain of their preference; oats was raised for the horses and cows, as in days before the raising of clover and timothy, oats straw was a good substitute for hay; corn was the "step child"—it was a poor fourth, on some farms not raised at all and on others even behind buckwheat.

There were of course various other factors besides those already mentioned which made the farmer decide what grain he was going to raise, such as yields per acre, amount of labor involved, plant diseases and insect pests, etc. Corn involved more labor than any of the other grains, but it could be planted in unplowed, newly-cleared fields in Indian fashion—the Indians never used a plow. Sowing and planting was all done by hand and in the case of corn even the small children could help in dropping the seed. Wheat and rye required no cultivating but when harvest time came the work had to be done all in a very short time. Corn had to be cultivated but the women and children did most of the hoeing, and the work could be spread out more or less at leisure. When outside help was hired for hoeing corn, the wages usually were 25 cents a day. Even for corn husking the wages were less than for harvesting wheat or rye, as corn-husking time too was off-season time. Cradlers in the harvest field, on the other hand, commanded a premium wage and were paid 75 cents per day, or even a dollar a day. As to yields per acre, there was not much choice between corn and wheat or rye. Although Pennsylvania was acclaimed the best farm land in the thirteen colonies, the advanced methods and larger yields, at that time, of Scotland, England and the Low Countries, put our farmers to shame. George Washington, in letters to Arthur Young in England, in 1790, writing about Pennsylvania, estimated the average yields as 15 bushels of wheat, 16 of rye, and 25 of corn. In Lancaster County there were a few instances where wheat yielded 40 bushels. Cazenove, in 1794, said the yields in Lebanon averaged 15 to 20 bushels of wheat and 25 bushels of corn; in Maxatawny wheat averaged 20 bushels and they raised but little corn; at Allentown in a few instances where the best seed was planted, corn yielded 40 bushels; at Nazareth the average yield was 20 bushels.

The ravages of plant diseases, insect pests and other vermin were probably the greatest factor of all in making the farmer decide on which crops to plant. In this respect corn suffered much more than wheat in the early days. In 1749 the colony of Pennsylvania paid a bounty for the destruction of 640,000 squirrels, yet several years later the inhabitants of Northampton County felt compelled to petition the Assembly for an act to fine those farmers who did not destroy a certain quota of squirrels and to pay additional bounty to those who destroyed more than their quota. Crows and blackbirds caused infinitely more damage than today, and while a **butzemann**, scarecrow, or two may have been effective in keeping birds from a garden patch, such means were of little use in a large corn field. Even the red-headed woodpecker, a bird now rarely seen, caused much destruction and as many as a hundred of these birds were shot in one tree in a single day. From squirrels and birds wheat suffered but little, but another pest was yet to come which was to cause more damage than all of the other pests together—the Hessian fly.

The exact date the Hessian fly first appeared is not known, but it was mentioned as early as 1768. In 1787 it did serious damage in Bucks County and from there spread rapidly. In the 1820's it's destruction was so serious that many farmers abandoned wheat growing altogether and turned to corn—thus a pest gave corn a boost that it otherwise might not have had for a long time to come. From then on corn was king, and it has been an important crop with Pennsylvania German farmers ever since, yielding only to potatoes in certain areas.

Increased cultivation of corn made necessary new ways and means to decrease the amount of labor involved. In the earliest days, corn was dropped by hand in holes made with hoes, without plowing. Later, after the fields had been sufficiently cleared of stones and stumps, they were plowed in the regular manner and then furrowed in two directions, thus marking off squares. The seeds were dropped at the intersections of the furrows, making it possible to cultivate both ways. At first all the cultivating was done with the hoe, but even before the Revolution the corn harrow, **welschkarneeg**, and the corn plow, **welschkarnblug**, were used. The furrower, **afarrichder**, also came in this period. The one-horse cultivator was slow in coming and as late as 1853 a Schnecksville farmer, in a letter to the U.S. Patent Office which then handled agricultural affairs, said "the cultivator is occasionally used". Various inventors tried their hand at building a cornplanter, **welschkarnblanzer**, but none was eminently successful until about the time of the Civil War. In 1854 a Center County farmer wrote to the Patent Office, "Corn-drills are not in use among us, we cover with the hoe". The husking-pin, **baschdhols, baschdhelsel** or **welschkarnbaschder**, was an invention of the Indians—husking by machine is comparatively recent. A corn-sheller, **welschkarnausmacher** or **welschkarnschaeler**, was advertised in a Philadelphia newspaper as early as 1807, but it apparently was not successful, at least not widely used, since the "Cultivator" (a farm journal) in 1843, mentioned the first successful cornsheller as having been made about 1820. At the New York State fair in 1843 there were three different corn-shellers on exhibit. To find out how rarely any of this improved machinery was in actual use on the farm one needs only to look at farm inventories or at lists of farm stock advertised for sale at vendues.

One of the most interesting things about corn is the unusually large number of words that it added to our Pennsylvania German dialect. Being an almost new crop to our immigrant ancestors, new words had to be made up for almost everything connected with corn. Counting the names already mentioned for machinery, the list adds up to more than forty words, most of them compounds of the word, "welschkarn," ranging all the way from words with all-German roots, through words of mixed roots, down to words of recent origin that are wholly English, like popcorn, corn fritter, corn starch, corn syrup, etc. Among the **welschkarn** compounds are names for various parts of the plant:

schdengel—stalk	**haar**—cornsilk
laab—corn fodder	**fahne**—corn tassel
kolwe—cob of corn	**baschd**—corn husk

other compounds are: **welschkarnhaus** or **welschkarnheisel**, meaning a corn crib, the structural idea for which is said to have originated from the Indians; **welschkarnfeld** and **welschkarnschdick**, cornfield and corn patch, respectively; the verbs— **ausmache**, to shell; **baschde**, to husk; **schaufele**, to plow or cultivate; **welschkarnlaab abhacke** or **welschkarnlaab schneide**, to cut corn off the stalk; etc. Of course, for the hungry farmer there is the **welschkarnboi**, corn pie; and after dinner he smokes his **grutzepeif**, corncob pipe. The list would not be complete without the **welschkarngeig**, that "musical instrument" which belongs to the half-forgotten lore of a farm boy and his pocket knife. **Feldwelschkarn** is ordinary field corn and **siesswelschkarn** is sweetkorn. **Beesemwelschkarn**, which is no corn at all, is broomcorn.

Sweet corn has become such an important article of our diet that it deserves a separate paragraph. Although it is now known that the Indians had several varieties of sweet corn, the early writers seem to have entirely overlooked this. One of the first to mention it was an army officer in Sullivan's expedition in 1779. Sullivan's expedition was organized at Easton to go into the upper Susquehanna valley and into the Genessee valley in New York for the express purpose of destroying the crops of the Indians, principally corn, thus preventing them from carrying on any further war. In this the expedition succeeded to the most cruel extent. The only pleasant thing about it to remember is the sweet corn which the officer took home and planted near Plymouth, Massachusetts. Almost another fifty years went by, however, before the existence of such a thing as sweet corn became generally known. It is not mentioned in any of the books on gardening before about 1830, and the first seed catalogue in which it was listed is said to have been one dated 1829. The Patent Office report for 1854 mentions nine varieties of corn for planting in gardens, but only three of these can be identified as sweet corn. Sweet corn was literally boosted into popularity by Professor Mapes, the editor of the "Working Farmer," a farm journal published in New York. In 1850, a man by the name of Nathan Stowell, of Burlington, New Jersey, raised a hybrid sweet corn of which Mapes distributed thousands of samples. Stowell's Sweet Corn, or Stowell's Evergreen as it is now generally named, has been a popular variety ever since. Enthusiastic growers called it "the veritable ambrosia." The variety as it appears in the seed catalogues today is, however, much improved and whereas it had but 12 rows of kernels in 1850, it now has from 16 to 20 rows. **G'darrtwelschkarn**, dried corn, did not become popular until after we had sweet corn.

As to harvesting, there were several customs. Corn fodder that was left to ripen on the stalks was not considered of much value and in certain regions it was the custom to top the stalk, that is, to cut it off above the ear while it was still green but the grains were nearly ripe, leaving the ear to ripen on the stump of the stalk. This custom was very common in New England, not so common in Pennsylvania, and is still practiced in northern Italy. Corn was not generally cut and shocked in the field until about 1800. The shocks were tied with flail-threshed rye straw, **lang karn schdro**. This custom was continued long after fodder twine, **darrschdrick** and **darrbendel**, were available. Before the Civil War there was a ready market for **karn schdro** at prices from 6 cents to 10 cents **das gebunt**.

The most interesting custom of all was the husking bee. Just where this originated is not known. A traveler from England, who was present at a husking bee in New England in the 1790's, expressed the opinion that it probably dated back to the "harvest home" festivities(not to be confused with the Pennsylvania German Harvest Home church services) of the pre-Christian era. There were husking bees in New England at a very early date and already in 1713 Cotton Mather protested against them —"the Riots that have too often accustomed our Huskings, have carried in them fearful Ingratitude and Provocation unto the Glorious God."

There is no definite information as to how common husking bees were among the Pennsylvania Germans, but from the fact that there is no dialect word for **husking bee**, it would seem that they never were very common. It is hardly possible that the practical hard-working Pennsylvania German farmer was any different from his New England neighbor. The New England almanacs were full of advice to New England farmers cautioning them against husking bees—"In a husking there is some fun and frolic, but on the whole, it hardly pays the way; for they will not husk clean, since many go more for the sport than to do any real good"—"it will be necessary to keep an eye on the boys, or you may have to husk over again the whole heap." Certainly it was not the best way of getting the husking done ,but it was fun. What it meant to the young people is delightfully set forth by H. L. Fisher in "Die Alte Zeite":

"Un Welschkorn baschte mit die Maed,
Sell war als unser groeschte Froed.

Am Welschkorn-baschte war's die Rule
So bei die junge Leit—
Hot een' 'n Rother Kolwe g'funne,
Dan hot'r a'h'n Schmutzer g'wunne
Fom Maedel bei d'r seit;
Die Rothe Kolwe hen m'r g'schpart
For Soome—'s war so'n gute Art.

Thus we get to the end of the story. Good plowing, good fertilizing, good seed, and all-around better farming have brought about miraculous changes. American farmers have progressed a long way from the eight and ten-row nubbins that our ancestors struggled to raise on their stony, stumpy acres, to the thick ears on the lush stalks of tall hybrid born that now waves over the countryside in August —only we miss the fields of golden pumpkins in October.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ARYER UF RUHR IN MANTZVILLE: Yar, 'm Dunnershdawg farmie dawg wie der Shquire L. D. Zehner uf 'm waig wor fer noch ra fendu nagshd on Allentown, wor 'n aryer uf ruhr in Mantzville. 'M Willis Oswald sei fraw die Helen hut wohrhoft shtoppa grumbierra ferschneida, un 'm Paul Zehner sei fraw die Galdys hut nix may tzu waiga gabrocht im gorda—sie hen yusht hee g'shtonna wunnerra wos brenna dade iwwer 'm barrick driwwa, im Dreisbach's Dah —'s sin grossa wolka shmoke in die hae, un die weibsleit worra shure 's wear 'n olmechdich fire ous gabrocha.

Nadierlich hen sie noh der "Shquire" aw g'shteid fer gucka won er iwwer der barrick gang'd sehna wohs fire wear. Un sel is aw grawd wos er gaduh hut, un woh dada n'r denka os es wor? Ei, 's wor gore ken fire rum, allas os sie g'sehna hen, wor der shtawb fon ma bauer om kollick ufs lond duh — esel, un nix shunshd.

DER RICH MUS OLS NOCH LOCHA: Sis kayose wie kindsheit g'shpichta em net fergessa—ungfare so wie der Rich Reitz fon Schnecksville ols noch locha mus won er driwwer denk'd wie er mohl ma Wils Snyder fon Lynnport die shnops buddle fershteck'ld hut iwwer 'm ice hous filla. Der Rich wor yusht so'n glainer krutzer sel tzeit, un is 'm angshterlich werra der Wils dade tzu dief in die buddle gucka, un rund feesich werra, un hut die buddle fershteck'ld.

Der Rich un der Wils worra inside 'm ice hous om pocka, un der Wils hut alla fingers long ains gapetzt ous ra buddle nava om ice hous. Wie der Rich gadenk'd hut er het ganunk, hut er die buddle g'shwind nei ins hous ganumma, un allas wor ol recht bis der Wils widder gae hut wolla ains petza, un die buddle wor fert.

'M Rich sei Pap is noh dawaig kumma, un der Wils nadierlich hut wissa wolla wos es gewwa het mit da buddle. Niemond hut ow'r ebbes wissa wolla, uns wor net bis sie der Rich g'frok'd hen wos er wist dafon, os ons dawgs licht kumma is wos g'shaina wor. Der Rich fer sich rous shaila, hut g'sawt die weil os es so kalt wear, het er g'farrich'd der shnops maich'd g'friehrra un die buddle dade fershpringa, un het sie nei ins hous ganumma.

Der Wils hut sich gahairich uf gablosa shnops dade net g'friehrra, un der Rich hut widder die buddle rous k'hol'd, uns wor freeda im ice hous.

DOH WOR DER SHNOPS G'FROHRA: Doh shwetza fon shnops g'friehrra, gamohnt uns on die alt g'shicht os der Fred Schneck fon da Nord 12d shtross doh in da shtadt uns da onner dawg fertzailt hut on da Greena fendu der pike drous. Fer ebbes wie 30 yohr hut er furniture fuhr g'fohra fer sei Pap in Slatington, un mohl ae kalter winder dawg 'n grosser truck shlidda fol housrote socha noch Berlinsville tzu nemma kot. Wie er darrich Walnutport is, hut er g'shtopt om Bittners wertshous, un sich 'n halb bind shnops kauft fer sich warm halta uf 'm hame waig.

Er hut der shnops farna om dasher im shlitta leia kot, un wohrhoft bis er die load ob galawda hut kot, wor der shnops shier solid g'frohrra—os die buddle net fershprunga is kon er alla weil noch net fershtae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des is die tzeit fom yohr woh 'n lot leit gleicha dada mice tzu sei, iwwer hoerra wos gablauder'd wert in da grumbierra kaller un sheb, bis die blons grumbierra ferschnidda sin.

Horoscope

Even if you get off to a slow start, don't despair. You should reap the reward of your own endeavors. A strong, forceful character probably will be noticed in today's child.

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Editorials

Mother's Day - Worthy Idea

Tomorrow will be observed thruout the United States as Mother's Day and the American people are far the better for their annual and almost universal devotion by word and deed to the beautiful idea back of this occasion.

At times there are scoffers who pretend at least to regard the idea as a great one, but only commercially. They deprecate the emphasis of retail business interests upon the occasion to the benefit of trade. But such unfavorable criticism is unfair and invalid as well for no power exists to require any one to observe the day or, in observing it, to do so according to any formula which others may devise and promote. We all continue to be free agents and we can observe the day or forget all about it. It is as we ourselves wish. And if any one does not like the idea (and there must be very few such persons) he can and probably will seal his eyes and close his ears to suggestions on all hands as to observance of the day.

Those who approve the idea (and that includes the overwhelming majority) are not irritated by but rather are glad to be insistently reminded for days and weeks ahead that Mother's Day is near at hand. They want to be imbued with the joyousness that inheres in the spirit of the day when it is celebrated. They have appreciated it in the past. They want to enjoy it again and again for it is the joy that inheres in giving other people happiness and, most of all, the happiness of the person nearest and dearest to each and every person — Mother.

Preparations for the day already have been completed by many, perhaps by most children, especially those of older growth. But a day still remains if the matter has been overlooked or delayed. Just about every one will wish to be taking part in the distinctively American festival which is admired thruout the world but until now has not been imitated extensively.

One country however has taken it up quite enthusiastically, namely Turkey. That step was taken only a few years ago after Athenagoras, ecumenical prelate of the Greek Orthodox Church, went to Istanbul to establish his see in its historic and traditional center. Prior to that he had spent a score of years in the United States. He had become an admirer of America and its institutions but none appeared to have impressed him more deeply and sentimentally than Mother's Day. With all the prestige at his command he promoted the idea in the vigorous, new democracy that is America's loyal ally in western Asia.

The people of any country which adopt this idea cannot help but be benefitted thereby as America undoubtedly has been blessed and benefitted by its observance.

A Three-Year Miracle

It is a happy circumstance that, on the occasion of the observance of the third anniversary of the establishment of Israel as a republic, David Ben-Gurion, one of the chief architects of that government and its prime minister ever since, is a visitor to the United States whose people in such large measure have made and continue to make the new republic possible.

Altho Israel is made up of peoples gathered together from all parts of the world within recent years, the most of them arrived there within the past decade, a civilization that is mature and modern in every respect and a government that has been intelligent and effective have been developed in the brief period of only three years.

Men of obscure origins and little or no previous experience in government have manifested the highest qualities of statesmanship while leaders in the arts and sciences, brought together from all parts of the civilized world, have already moulded a nation that is conspicuous for its cultural and scientific achievements.

A modern miracle has been performed among and by a little more than a million people who, almost yesterday, were strangers to each other and spoke in just about every language known to civilized man. It has been performed despite the poverty and the desperation of most of its people who were soul-shattered refugees from persecution in unfriendly lands. It has been performed largely with the encouragement and help of fellow-religionists in the United States as David Ben-Gurion comes here to testify.

A great job has been done by a mere handful of people in the little land that enjoys the highest place in the history of three great religions—Judaism, Christianity and Islam. It has the greatest importance in the futures of these three outstanding faiths.

Furthermore a splendid job has been done politically for a democracy has there been established to throw light into a part of our world that still is darkened by feudalism and its repressive social practices, and which even now is menaced by the invasion of communism.

Israel, with fewer than a million and a half souls, already is a light that is illumining much of Asia. It is a spiritual force which well may be one of the greatest if not the most effective force to halt communism in that part of the world.

David Ben-Gurion's visit must be welcomed on all hands as a token of American admiration for the world's infant republic.

Small Business in Defense

There has been a lot of talk at Washington about the need to do something special to see that small manufacturing firms get a fair share of the defense production business.

Knowing a number of small businessmen we haven't done as much worrying as some of the Washington bureaucrats. And now, out of Chicago, comes a story that backs up our thinking on the matter. The small businessman is a very enterprising fellow and what that story from Chicago tells is that he's using all his ingenuity to get his share of the business—with or without special action at Washington.

Small businessmen from 30 states showed up for "Operation Small Business," an Air Force meeting designed to bring big government contractors and small would-be subcontractors together.

It's quite true that a number of the firms represented there were without defense subcontracts so far. But a couple of interesting statistics were revealed. Ford Motor Co. has already signed up 2,211 companies to help make aviation engines; 1,781 of these employ less than 500 persons. General Motors' Allison Division is buying 88% of needed parts for its jet aircraft engines from 3,200 suppliers; of these, 1,800 have fewer than 500 employes.

A couple of points are worth considering, on the basis of what was revealed at the Chicago gathering.

First, the normal production system of this country in which big manufacturers obtain many parts and materials from smaller factories is functioning well.

Second, there obviously are a lot of small manufacturers, as well as large ones, anxious to go about the business of producing all the defense goods that our government needs.

Such a situation should prove good news for those who worry about the small businessman and for those who may be concerned about how fast the American production system may be able to handle the defense job.

For those factory owners who haven't yet landed a subcontract and whose civilian output has been curtailed by restrictions on materials the outlook is obviously gloomy just now. But judging by the enterprise shown at the Air Force show, most of them will land on their feet.—Wall Street Journal

In the Middle



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Ten days to two weeks elapsed between the receipt by Gen. MacArthur of two important messages from Washington — one dated Jan. 12 and the other Jan. 13 — and this accounts in part for the misleading nature of some of the headlines in the last 24 hours as well as some of the testimony given at the Senate hearings.

The Jan. 12 message came to Gen. MacArthur at Tokyo by mail. It outlined the four recommendations of the U.S. joint chiefs of staff that were made public last week. Contrary to the erroneous impression given in many news dispatches and in part by Secretary Marshall himself, the four recommendations were not based altogether on the assumption that our forces in Korea would be evacuated. The recommendations stated that a naval blockade was to be imposed "as soon as our position in Korea was stabilized or when we have evacuated Korea." The other three recommendations used the language "prepare now" and "remove now" and referred not only to the use of Nationalist troops but to the removal of restrictions against air reconnaissance of China costal areas and Manchuria.

When Gen. MacArthur got that message of Jan. 12 late in Jan., he had already exchanged on Jan. 13 messages with President Truman concerning the all-important problem of evacuation. The UN troops were hard pressed. The president specifically said his message was not a "directive" but was sent for information purposes. It outlined the difficulties and declared that resistance should be maintained. It came in answer to a request from Gen. MacArthur for instructions.

Two Views

When the message came, Gens. Collins and Vandenberg of the joint chiefs were in Tokyo conferring with Gen. MacArthur and the senior members of his staff. Two views developed in the discussion as to what the president's message meant. One, which was held by Gen. MacArthur, was that evacuation was not to be ordered. This view was shared by Gen. Vandenberg. But Gen. Collins is reported to have expressed the opinion that the president meant for UN forces to hold on for a brief period and then withdraw under enemy pressure.

The message indicated that, if UN troops were driven back to the beachhead and did not voluntarily withdraw, it would serve a good political purpose, the presumption being that America could then make effective representations to the UN members about the importance of carrying out subsequent punitive measures in other areas.

Gen. MacArthur, however, interpreted the message to mean that there would be no evacuation whatsoever, and he told his colleagues that, unless instructed otherwise, that would be his course. At no time did Gen. MacArthur advise evacuation — in fact, he stated vehemently his views against it and pointed out that such a step might imperil the security of Japan.

Gave Wrong Impression

It is, therefore, incorrect to give the impression, as so many newspaper dispatches did, that the Jan. 13 message was a clarification of the Jan. 12 message or that it was intended as a modification of the military policy previously laid down in the 16 recommendations of the joint chiefs, four of which were revealed by Gen. MacArthur in his address to Congress.

The whole point surrounding the Jan. 12 message is that the administration apparently challenged Gen. MacArthur's statement in his address to Congress that his views on the four main points had been shared in the past by the joint chiefs. Nothing in the record to date contradicts the truth of the general's assertion.

In fact, the Jan. 13 message from President Truman told Gen. MacArthur that "the entire nation is grateful for your leadership." Ten days later when the Jan. 12 message arrived, the issue of evacuation had been settled and it had been agreed that UN forces would stay in Korea. So the general interpreted the Jan. 12 recommendations as still the view of the joint chiefs.

Coordination Lacking

The whole episode illustrates once more the bad liaison between Washington and Tokyo, which is reminiscent of what happened just before Pearl Harbor was attacked. Certainly there is still a lack of coordination, and apparently the top officials do not know what the officers lower down are doing about delivering messages to important commanders in the field. A serious catastrophe resulted in 1941 from this kind of confusing setup and apparently it has not been cured yet.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There have been so many explanations of the phenomenon of love that one more certainly cannot make much difference.

This one is by Gabrielle Chanel, the famous Paris perfume manufacturer. It appears in an article written by her for the magazine "United Nations World," entitled "Leading Them by the Nose."

I give it to you, because thousands of women and girls complain that they have never been able to make a man fall in love with them.

Perhaps this will help.

* * *

According to Mlle. Chanel, Henri IV, "the most gallant of all the gallant French kings," had gone to a very strenuous dance.

Somewhat exhausted from the effort, he went into the boudoir of the Princess de Conde to cool off and clean up a bit.

"—and the perfume inpregnated on the towel which he used to wipe the perspiration from his face," reports Chanel, "made him fall desperately in love with the lady."

So there you are, all you ladies who have heretofore failed to arouse love in a male.

Inpregnate a towel with perfume—and, voila! the rest is easy.

But be careful to choose the right kind. Mlle. Chanel quotes "the great poet" Paul Valery (of whom I never heard)—"A wrongly perfumed woman has no future."

* * *

Who am I to argue with the famous Chanel about perfume?

But I would hate to smell perfume on any of our towels! Any kind would be the wrong kind.

The one perfume that makes me love my wife more and more as the years go on is the kind that is coming up into my room from down below right at this minute.

It is not really a perfume but a mixture of several delicious aromas.

There is a slight fragrance of onion—or could it be just a soupcon of garlic that creates such pleasant odor?

There is the added delight of a roast. Is it beef? Is it veal? Is it lamb?

I don't know—and I don't want to know until the dinner call comes.

It has ever been one of woman's little tricks to keep her man in suspense.

A woman with the wrong perfume has no future?

Undoubtedly the poet was a bachelor.

Else he would have known that the happiest marriages with the best chance for long-lasting future are those where the woman never goes wrong on her perfumes.

* * *

And those perfumes are not concocted from petals of roses, violets or lilacs.

Those perfumes originate in the kitchen.

As they waft into the spouse's nostrils, they bring a message of love and an anticipation of coming delights to him.

The delicate aromas of store-bought perfume soon fade and evanesce.

But the perfume of a good cup of coffee, of a steak with fried onions, of home-baked apple pie, becomes sweeter with the years.

"Leading them by the nose" may be a way to get love, but "Leading them by the stomach" is the way to hold it.

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 12, 1926, a Wednesday

The board of education tentatively passed a new salary schedule providing every teacher in the Allentown school district with an increase of $100 during the next school term. The meeting was one of the liveliest and longest the board held for many months.

Registration of voters for the spring primary cost Lehigh county $1,264.80. The cash balance amounted to $47,119.22 and receipts totalled $1,378.62.

The Flying Squadron, founded by Governor Hanly of Indiana and Hon. Oliver W. Stewart in the fight to make America dry, ended its two-day stay in the city with two meetings at the First Baptist church, where Rev. W. R. Evans was church pastor.

Horoscope

Be ready for fine opportunities and profits in the near future, your stars suggest. Concentrate on business, which is well signified. Born today a child should have intellectual, perceptive and reflective faculties well developed.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 10:21-29

The next plague was that of 'darkness which could be felt,' v. 21. The sun-god, Ra, was an important deity in the polytheistic religion of the Egyptians. The plague of darkness was intended to show that Jehovah was superior to the gods of Egypt, as we read in 11:12, 'against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment,' and again, in Numbers 33:4, 'upon their gods also the Lord executed judgments.' The description of the plague in verses 22-23 is interesting; 'and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days; they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days; but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.' Pharaoh now yields another point. In verse 24 he permits the children to go, but their flocks and herds may not go along. But Moses says that they must have cattle for the sacrifices and burnt-offerings unto the Lord. 'Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not an hoof be left behind.' This sounds like a rather eloquent orator! With this, Pharaoh asks Moses to leave and not to return. He agrees.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERLEICHT, UN FERLEICHT AW NET: Yar, ferleicht hut der Paul Klotz un sei Lila sich g'farrich'd die airsht nocht uf da baurrei, un ferleicht aw net. Ow'r m'r hen yoh net g'sawt won un woh die socha g'shaina sin os m'r om blauderra sin dafon. Wel aenicha waig, 's Pauls' hen doh weil weil tzurick da Eva Olewein ihra baurra keuft fon Newhards shule hous drunna, net tzu hesslich weit ob fon da Ebbel Jack Tank. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sis im wind der Paul het shun 'n noshion fer lawfa fer Mayor fon Ebbel Jack tank, 'n ombt os der Jimmy Snyder now fon Friendens, long kotta hut.

Wel aenicha waig, 's wor 'n aryer uf ruhr drowwa uf da bauerrei da airshda owet os es Paul gatzoga worra fon Neffs aweck. In Neffs hen sie blenty guta nochberra kotta, 's Ralph Schaffers', 's Willard Raberts, un 'n gonser hang'l onnerra. Ow'r drowwa im lond worra sie gonsa laenich — 's wor niemond rum wie die tzug leit, uns hais'd da naicher os es dunkle wear werra, des da shtarrer hetta 's Pauls' nonner aw gaguck'd, un wie die Lila 'm Paul sei hoar owwa uf 'm kup sehna het kartza grawd in die hae shtae, het sie g'sawt, "Denk'shd net m'r gangda besser die nocht shunshd aryads onna fer shlofa?"

Der Paul hais'ds, het noh awenich unnershicht gaguck'd, sich die hoar ous da auga g'shtricha woh mead werra worra fon kartza grawd in die hae shtae un hen sich alla waiga iwwer die shtarn runner galaig'd, un er hut g'sawt, "Lila, ich denk duh hodh'd recht." 'M Paul sei shwover doh fon da shtadt — ainer fon da tzug leti, hut noh gawunnert woh sie onna wotta fer shlofa, un sie hartzlich ei galawda fer mit noch da shtadt gae. Uns Pauls' worra aw numma tzu froh fer mit gae — hen die bauerrei un ol ihra socha laenich drowwa im dunkla tzovla lossa.

Wos die recht deitlich uhrsoch wor fer fon da Ebbel Jack Tank noch Allentown gae shlofa kenna m'r net sawga. Dale wolla bahabta der Paul un die Lila hetta sich g'farrick'd, un weara bong gawest 's dade g'shpucka, un onner shtaina druf, won sie gatzoga weara uf 'n dawg woh die sun g'sheind het, wear ihra mattress net puddle noss werra, un hetta net noch da shtadt gae breicha fer shlofa. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla 's Pauls' die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER ET, OW'R Drucka odder net, der Norman Schneck fon Rising Sun is gore net hinnerhandich kumma mit 'm bluga — won er der blug net im grund halta hut kenna, hut er sei fraw die Hannah grick'd fer sich uf der blug shtella, un hut noh gabiug'd os der shtawb g'floga is.

ATTENTION

We take pleasure in presenting in this issue of the ECK the first installment of a forgotten narrative by Ludwig August Wollenweber: GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG. It was written expressly for the German monthly "Der Deutsche Pionier," a magazine devoted to German pioneer life in the United States, founded in March, 1869 in Cincinnati, Ohio. Wollenweber's historical narrative was published in this magazine in serial form ,beginning with January, 1870 and continuing through the following issues into 1871 under the title "General Peter Muehlenberg und seine deutschen Soldaten im amerikanischen Freiheitskampf."

This narrative appears here for the first time in English. The translation from the German was done by Dr. Luther A. Pflueger, sometime Assistant Professor of German at Muhlenberg College.

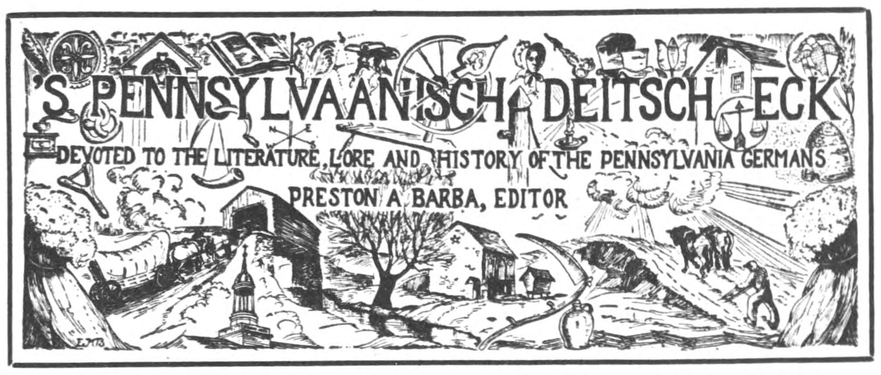
We urge our readers to keep the installments of this interesting story, as they appear in the ECK through a number of successive weeks.

The author, Ludwig August Wollenweber, was born near Zweibruecken in the Rhenish Palatinate in 1807. While engaged in newspaper work in Hamburg he became involved in the revolutionary uprisings of 1832 and fled to America. He settled in Pennsylvania where he soon felt himself at home among the Germans who spoke a dialect very like that of his native Palatinate. He spent his remaining active life between Philadelphia and Reading as publisher, journalist and author. As "der Alte vom Berge" he became widely known and loved.

Wollenweber was the first to see in the historical backgrounds, traditions and legends of the Pennsylvania Germans rich material for literary exploitation. The modern historian may find what appear to be inaccuracies in his historical tales. At the same time it must be remembered that Wollenweber came to Pennsylvania early enough to have had direct contacts with people and sources, which later historians and scholars could not have had.

Although Wollenweber calls this work "eine historische Novelle," it can hardly be considered such in the usual sense of the word. Let us rather call it an historical narrative, in which truth and fiction are pleasantly blended.

Other narratives of Wollenweber that have been published in the ECK in English translation are the following: TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES, (The First Two German Settlers in Pennsylvania), an historical narrative about German immigration to Pennsylvania before the arrival of Penn, translated from the German by Preston A. Barba and published in the ECK from August 10 to September 7, 1935; MOUNTAIN MARY, translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger and published in the ECK from June 1 to June 29, 1940; HARD TIMES IN BERKS COUNTY, translated from the German by Preston A. Barba (see ECK for Jan. 27, March 10, Dec. 8 and 15, 1945 and March 23, 30, April 6, 13 and 20, 1946).—P.A.B.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

PART I—SECTION ONE

IT WAS the dawn of a glorious spring morning of the year 1760. It was still dark in the valley, but the sun, already shining full on the highest point of Eagle Mountain, located in what is now Berks County, afforded the eye a magnificent view. Life was gradually awakening on the German farmsteads scattered along Tulpehocken creek, and before one of them you could see a man saddling his pony. This man was Conrad Weiser, the famous interpreter in dealings between whites and Indians. The horse that he was saddling, a present of his friend the Indian chief Shekelemy, grew very restive when he tried to mount it.

Weiser was anxious to reach the parsonage at the Trappe in Montgomery County before nightfall. There his son-in-law, the highly respected Reverend Henry Melchior Muehlenberg, served as pastor, and there he wished to spend some time with his loved ones. He had to saddle his horse early to cover the almost thirty-six miles of rough mountainous road. However, the hope of finding the family safe and sound cheered on the man who was already well advanced in years. He set out briskly towards Reading, which lay eighteen miles distant from the Weiser farm.

During his journey his thoughts went out again and again to "wild Peter," as they called Muehlenberg's oldest son. Peter was his favorite. Even as a little boy his quick wit and his cheery disposition had quite won his heart.

In order that my readers may have a glimpse of the life and attainments of the first German pioneers of New York and Pennsylvania I must tarry a while over the story of Conrad Weiser, for his life-history is of the greatest interest to us Germans.

Conrad Weiser was born November 2, 1696 in Altstaedt in the district of Herrenberg in Wuerttemberg. His father was a highly respected farmer, one of many who had suffered much from the religious wars and the hordes of robbers of Louis XIV of France. And then the pestilence, that straggler that follows in the wake of armies, had robbed him of his wife. After this calamity he decided to join his fortunes to those of many of his neighbors, and with his ten children to go to England, leaving the German fatherland for ever.

On the 14th of June 1709 the company of travelers, whose homeland had been turned into a place of bitterness, reached London in safety. But how overcome was the good man when he met there thousands of Germans, wandering about in the world metropolis, poverty stricken, without a sheltering roof, hungry, and obliged to support themselves by begging. They had been invited to come to England, were aided for a time, and then gradually cast adrift by the country to whom they had become a burden.

The same fate was hanging over the new arrivals. Weiser's scanty hoard would soon have melted away if he had not taken every precaution. In one of the suburbs he built himself a little hut and there he lived with his children, enduring the most bitter privations. But gradually, thanks to his willingness to work, his income increased to several shillings a day, and he no longer had to make inroads upon his savings. Sickness, hunger and homelessness were rapidly decimating the Germans, and many in despair took refuge in suicide. Then there appeared, as though sent by heaven, Colonel Nicholson, Peter Schuyler and six Indian chieftains from New York. They had come to England to confer with the government concerning the war that had broken out between England and France, for the French had already transferred the war to the new world, and with hostile Indians had made incursions into the English provinces. (This war, known in Europe as "The war of the Spanish Succession," and in America as "Queen Anne's War," lasted in Europe from 1700 to 1713 and in America from 1702 to 1713.) The Indian deputation was very curious to see all sections of the great city of London, and so they came into the quarter where the poor Germans were living. When they saw their misery they begged their interpreter to conduct them to the reigning sovereign, Queen Anne, and they offered her as a present a great strip of country in the neighborhood of Schoharie in the present state of New York. She in return was to grant the needy Germans free passage and give them the land as a home in perpetuity. Queen Anne gratefully accepted the donation, and the English government at once made preparations to transport the Germans from London to America.

In December 1709 they embarked on ships by thousands. June 13th, 1710, they arrived half starved in New York, merely to pass from wretchedness in the old world to wretchedness in the new. Weiser also with his ten children was among these unfortunates. However, this misery was not to endure all too long. Many were soon at work. Some went to the new settlement at Germantown near Philadelphia, and still others to the Livingston district where they found employment.

One hundred and fifty families who still had some means decided to go to the land that had been given them in Schoharie about forty miles from Albany. After duly considering the matter they sent a deputation to examine the land and to settle with the Indians on its exact location. Old John Conrad Weiser was one of the delegates. These, when they returned, gave the most favorable report on the fertility of the soil as well as on the beautiful and healthful situation of the country allotted to them. Further they reported that they had been most hospitably received by the Mohawk or Maqua Indians.

In the late summer of the year 1713 many German families went to the neighborhood of the highly extolled country, some to Albany, some to Schenectady. There they proposed to spend the winter making necessary preparations, so that when spring came they could with undiverted energy set about clearing their land.

Conrad Weiser's father went also with some of his children to Schenectady, where he took lodgings with a fellow-countryman by the name of Meyderten. Meyderten had what the Pennsylvania Germans call a "Land-store," that is to say, a store in which the farmer and hunter could barter their products and pelts for all sorts of wares and implements. Many Indians came here to trade, and in exchange for worthless trumpery brought Mr. Meyderten the finest furs, feathers and wild game, so that in a few years he became a rich man . . . One of his best customers was an Indian chief by the name of Quagnant, who appeared regularly every month with a great load of skins, feathers, wild-game and honey. Meyderten was then employing young Conrad Weiser in his store. He proved to be a very valuable assistant, and soon became popular with all the customers. Quagnant especially took a liking to him, and after he had several times given him presents he proposed to Conrad that he accompany him to the wilderness. He should want for nothing in his wigwam, and he would there have the opportunity to learn the Indian language. Conrad was delighted with the proposition, for he felt strongly drawn to the serious and finely built red man. He told him, therefore, that if his father consented he would give him a definite answer on his next visit, and that he would in the meantime prepare for the journey into the wilderness. Conrad exercised all his persuasive powers on his father, who at first brought forward all sorts of objections to the plan. Quagnant returned at the appointed time, and, as he was anticipating the father's consent, he brought with him a horse for Conrad. After bidding farewell to his father and his brothers and sisters he joyously entered the limitless forest, and after an uneventful journey of several days the travelers reached Quagnant's wigwam.

Since Conrad Weiser had learned the English language in New York, and could read, write and speak it fluently, and since he was in addition both very intelligent and eager to be of service, the crafty Indian took full advantage of his opportunities. To counterbalance this exploitation he made much of Conrad, and gave him the best that his wigwam had to offer, so that he soon felt himself perfectly at home and contented among the savages. Through Quagnant he made the acquaintance of various sachems of the six nations (Iroquois), who grew fond of the pale-face and delighted him with all sorts of presents. However, the young man soon discovered that the Indians were not always to be trusted, and that in their villages there were many who were filled with implacable hatred against the whites. He himself was repeatedly in danger of making intimate acquaintance with their tomahawks, and more than once came near to being the target of their accurate arrows. But he always escaped, either warned by his Indian friends, or protected by the watchful eye of his master. After he had spent some time in the wigwam he frequently had to go on business journeys with Quagnant into the forest, in order to buy up furs in the Indian villages near the great falls. (Niagara Falls) Conrad soon learned the language of the Mohawks and the Iroquois, a knowledge that proved to be of great use to his adopted fatherland, and that frequently protected it against murder, fire and pillage.

As long as the weather was mild and food supplies abundant Conrad remained well, in spite of the hardships and the fatigue to which he was exposed on his trips. But when the winter came . . . and it happened to be in that year and above all in that region a very severe one . . . . and provisions everywhere ran short, there came bad days for the poor youth. Hunger and cold were his constant companions both on his journeys and in Quagnant's wigwam. To these ills was added a fever, so that he grew heartily sick of life among the red men. However, he made the best of it until Quagnant in July 1714 went once more with his wares to Schenectady, and then he begged him to take him along and leave him there. The Indian, who saw that the young man's health had suffered greatly, and that he could not possibly endure the hardships of a second winter, consented.

As Weiser himself later said, in spite of his homesickness for his own people it was very hard for him to take leave of the red men. Almost all the chiefs, some of whom he had learned to know in Quagnant's wigwam, some upon his journeys, had come to love him. When they heard that he was returning to the pale-faces many of them came to bid him farewell and to assure him of their eternal friendship. As for Quagnant, he loaded him down with presents.

Conrad's father had in the meantime gone to the new settlement in Schoharie, and with the assistance of his neighbors had built a hut, and with the aid of his children had begun to cultivate the rich land. Conrad helped him faithfully. He now became useful not only to his father but to the whole settlement. As he himself relates: "Indians were living in the country round about, and there were always Mohawks to be met hunting in the forests. Repeatedly when difficulties arose I was called upon to translate, but always without pay." Many had to suffer want during that first winter in the new settlement. And when spring came, which here is very late in arriving, the food stores of the majority were reduced to nuts and wild potatoes and perhaps a little game. Nevertheless they courageously resumed their tasks. And since in the spring there daily arrived accessions of their countrymen from Albany and New York they founded within a few years various little villages which bore the names of Gerlachsdorf, Hartmannsdorf, Brunnendorf, Oberweisersdorf and Fuchsendorf. The land produced bounteous harvests, especially of rye, Indian corn, barley and wheat, and the young orchards were already bearing fruit.

Just when the colonists were rejoicing at the progress made, and the thought that their labors and anxieties were to be rewarded by release from exhausting toil and privations, there came like a bolt out of the blue the news from New York that the governor of the province had sold the land of which the Germans had taken possession to seven merchants, of whom four lived in Albany and three in New York. It was claimed that the Germans had not paid their tax assessments. The purchasers, after paying for the land and the arrears in taxes, were making preparations to dispossess the settlers, taking over the land with all its improvements without any compensation to the original owners. One can readily imagine the dismay caused by the news. Meetings were held. There was counseling, disputing, arguing, but even here in the wilderness in these great straits the Germans could arrive at no unanimity. One was in favor of repelling the invaders with force, another of offering the delinquent taxes to the governor, explaining that they did not know that they were supposed to pay taxes. A third maintained that the land had been donated to them by the Indians, and that the governor had no right to impose taxes on it. Finally after lengthy debates it was agreed that a deputation should go to New York to remonstrate with the governor, at the same time offering him the arrears in taxes. In case he paid no attention to their just demands the deputation should at once proceed to England, and should present clearly to the royal government the governor's iniquitous conduct. Until an answer should come from England the colonists were to offer violent resistance to every intruder.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Editorials

Protect These Churches

Altho it is late in the sessions of the General Assembly, it is to be hoped that the committee on law and order of the House of Representatives speedily will consider and return with favor the bill introduced early in the week by Representative J. S. Shotwell of Monroe County. This bill is designed to protect the property of religious institutions from the depressing influence of adjacent commercial automobile race tracks and their congregations from the demoralization likely to attend race operations within sight and sound of any church.

Already the people of Monroe County in general and those in the vicinity of churches in Gilberts in particular have been aroused by plans to lay out an automobile race track within a few yards of their churches. They have held meetings in protest against this commercial enterprise. They have vowed to press their complaints to the limit.

Mr. Shotwell's proposed legislation, if adopted by the General Assembly, should take care of the immediate issue and of any similar ones that may arise. Mr. Shotwell proposes that no such race tracks shall be conducted unless the Department of Revenue has issued a permit at a cost of $150 annually. The Secretary of Revenue would be required to refuse permits for race tracks which "are established, operated or maintained within one mile of any church, school, cemetery, public or private hospital or convalescent home, public institutions or within one mile of the boundary of any municipality." That would take care of the Gilbert case.

The bill of course should provide exemptions for tracks already established and representing large private investments. Most of these antedate in origin any institutions of the types which the bill would protect and which have been established within the limits mentioned.

Caution should be enjoined upon the people of Monroe. They should not become quiescent for a single moment but should continue with their other activities which are designed to halt construction of what they are certain would be an enterprise harmful in many ways to their institution, to its economic and spiritual values.

Just why any one proposes to set up a race track adjacent to pretty rural churches in an area where certainly there must be many other wide-open spaces is something difficult to understand.

A. T. & T's Million Owners

A Saginaw, Mich., automobile salesman and his wife accumulated something over a thousand dollars and in looking around for a good investment decided to buy seven shares of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. for $1078.

Almost immediately things began to happen for them. What they did not know was that when their names were entered upon the stock-list of the big company it carried the number "1,000,000." In other words, their holdings constituted the millionth membership in the big family of Americans who own this company. Accordingly the company decided that issue of the stock certificate should be surrounded with a lot of ceremony. The Brady Denton family, four in number, were invited to a big party in New York and they became the center of two days of festivities.

While the stock lists of the country's biggest corporations run high in the thousands, A.T.&T. is the first corporation ever in American history to reach a million membership. It is also believed that no business concern in history has had so many owners.

It is a happy circumstance that this honor comes to this great company during the 75th anniversary year of the invention of the telephone. Seventy-five years ago there were only two telephones in the entire world. They were those used in demonstrations at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Today telephone service girdles the globe and communication is possible between any one telephone and any other of the 70 million telephones that are located in virtually every nook and corner of the world.

Capital investments required to establish and maintain the nearly 40 million phones in the United States are so large that individual ownership and control are impossible. The public, as small capitalists, must be encouraged to finance these huge enterprises. A.T.&T. now has a million such capitalists and all are concerned that the national economy shall be continued according to the American system.

Driver Not Always Wrong

Motorists often note pedestrians who violate traffic laws at intersections provided with traffic lights and adopt a very evident "you just hit me, if you dare" attitude. Of course there hardly can be more than a handful of motorists among all the 50 million drivers in the United States who deliberately would strike any pedestrian. Accordingly those who dare fate by walking carelessly have preponderant chance of escaping harm. Furthermore, if they are harmed it will be the motorist who as a rule will be blamed for not having had his car under complete control.

However a story out of Newark early this week indicated that pedestrians must not take too much for granted; that there are times when contributory negligence is recognized and driver responsibility is not held accountable for everything that happens on the highways.

In the Newark case a motorist was sued for $25,000 because in the collision a pedestrian's leg was broken. The motorist also sued the pedestrian for $40, the cost of damages to his car. A jury found that the motorist enjoyed the favor of a green light, threw out the pedestrian's claim and gave the motorist a verdict for damage to his car.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

After several years of wondering I have finally solved the riddle of Texas.

I have wondered what makes Texans the way they are—why I have never seen a down-hearted Texan; why every Texan seems to have the world by the tail, ready to swing it at his will and convenience; why to every true Texan the past is yesterday, while all their transportation run only one way—into tomorrow.

The answer to the riddle is that Texas is not a geographical piece of America at all, like the other 47 states.

Texas is a state of mind.

* * *

I live in New England—by choice.

Here we commemorate the past. Here we erect tablets to historical figures and the older a house is the more it is revered.

The fellow who can put a marker on his home "Built in 1785" is quickly outclassed by the one who can say on his marker "Built in 1764."

Not far from us a woman just bought a house that is more than 150 years old.

To most of us it has been an eyesore.

But she is spending a young fortune to modernize that house into a show place.

Mind you, I said "modernize," not "remodel."

When finished, the house will have all the modern features—oil burner, deep freeze, television, bathrooms, washing machine, streamlined kitchen.

But to all visible purposes its age will be emphasized. She will proudly proclaim that it is one of the oldest houses in the section.

* * *

Not so in Texas. Texans, too, are proud of their history. But pride isn't progress.

In Texas they put up not just tablets, to yesterday, but billboards to tomorrow.

"Here will be built a ten-story office building," such a board will proclaim. And that billboard will stand on a site which yesterday, contained a pioneer's shack, equipped with coal stove, outhouse and all the other inconveniences of a bygone age.

* * *

At the recent publishers' convention in New York City I attended the Banshees' luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria.

I was seated at a table with seven or eight Texas publishers and editors.

Did they talk about Washington and war? They did not.

They talked about oil wells and how their towns had doubled in population during the past 10 years and how they were still growing every day.

Then, the fellow who sat next to the editor whose town had doubled, smiled indulgently. His own town had quadrupled, and he wondered how much more it had grown during the week he had been away.

Yes, Texas is a state of mind.

It can't be the climate. I'd rather not talk about that.

It can't be the scenery. In that respect Texas can't compare with my Connecticut, with Pennsylvania, California, North Carolina or many others I have seen.

I have spent less time in Texas than in most other states.

Yet, I am homesick for Texas.

Recently I got a letter from Charley Guy, editor of the Lubbock Avalanche Journal.

He invited my wife and me to visit them. I haven't been there in three years, and it's a long and tedious trip.

But I am thinking very seriously of accepting the invitation.

Texas is contagious.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 19, 1926, a Wednesday

City council was notified by the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. that it had applied to the Public Service commission for permission to abandon its line leading from Steckel's bridge to Fullerton Junction.

Zion Lutheran church, 19th and Main Sts., Northampton, opened a series of special services to mark its 30th anniversary. The congregation had a confirmed membership of 443 and a baptized membership of 703.

Constables on duty at polling places were not entitled to compensation for the time they spent there, according to an opinion given to the county commissioners by their solicitor, Atty. James F. Henninger.

"Miss Cherry Blossom," a musical comedy, was presented by freshman pupils of Allentown High school to a near capacity audience in the school auditorium. The program was directed by Mrs. Carrie Seip and Elsie M. Heckman.

Horoscope

You may have a good time ahead of you if you keep your wits about you, and guard against extravagance. Look for a kind-hearted and generous personality in the child born now.

The Hit Parade



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

With admirable restraint President Truman nursed his grievance against Gen. MacArthur for more than a year and never told him about it. He even pinned a distinguished service decoration on the general at the Wake Island conference and publicly praised MacArthur's leadership. Even as late as Jan. 13, 1951, he sent him a private message, which has only recently been made public, saying that "the entire nation is grateful for your leadership."

Now Mr. Truman says it wasn't really the letter that Gen. MacArthur wrote to Rep. Joseph W. Martin, Republican leader, which furnished the straw that broke the camel's back. To use an entirely different metaphor, the president said the letter to Martin had added fuel to the flames but he had made up his mind long before that to fire MacArthur. What a well-kept secret it was!

Truman Inaccurate

The exact reason, as given by the president to his Thursday news conference, was the MacArthur message of March 24 calling on the Red Chinese commander to lay down his arms and agree to an armistice. Mr. Truman referred to it as an ultimatum. But that isn't accurate. For in international law an ultimatum means that, unless an enemy does a certain thing by a certain time, a certain penalty will be inflicted. MacArthur merely predicted the enemy's defeat—he didn't specify any time. He was really polite about it.

The president nevertheless says that the message to the Chinese commander should have been submitted first to the joint chiefs of staff. But that is contrary to what Trygve Lie, secretary-general of the United Nations, has said publicly about the right of a field commander at any time to ask the enemy to lay down its arms.

Actually Gen. MacArthur had a psychological-warfare set-up under which for several months leaflets had been dropped over the enemy lines urging the Red Chinese to surrender. The message of March 24 was in line with that psychological-warfare effort—and not a single message of disapproval ever came from the president or the joint chiefs of staff or anyone else specifically disapproving of the sending of such surrender demands to the enemy.

Yet now Mr. Truman says this was the chief basis for the dismissal. The president referred questioners also to Secretary of Defense Marshall's testimony to the effect that MacArthur's message upset the peace plans which the administration was working out concurrently with its allies.

Appeasement Plan

The facts are, however, that the proposed 14-nation declaration was circulated to 13 different foreign governments, but no copy was sent to our own Far East commander, who held the title of UN commander-in-chief. On March 20, a vague message saying something like it was being planned did come to him, as had many other reports of attempts in the UN to bring about "cease fire" negotiations. To this day the administration has refused to make public what was in that proposed 14-nation declaration, though Republican senators on Capitol Hill say it was an appeasement plan which called for an expression of American willingness to stop fighting and agree to a restoration of the 38th parallel. That meant a waste of everything that had been fought for since last June.

It will be interesting now to see what the Senate inquiry does on this point, for it will naturally demand to know the exact "peace" terms and what bogged down the negotiations, and why the message was not sent to Gen. MacArthur, inasmuch as it was supposedly in the works here for at least two weeks before he addressed the Chinese commander.

Much Unrevealed

Mr. Truman also referred to the message which Gen. MacArthur sent to the convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars on Aug. 28 last as something that displeased him. The general in that message pointed out that Formosa had to be defended and should not be turned over to an enemy. It has now been testified by Secretary Marshall that this has been American policy all along. Why should the president, therefore, have been displeased on April 11, 1951, over a statement of American policy if that was, indeed, the American policy as far back as Aug. 28, 1950? It may turn out that the Department of State on that date was really willing to turn over Formosa to Red China and that Gen. MacArthur's statement caused such a public furor that the policy had to be changed. There are lots of things yet to be revealed by the Senate inquiry.

So it all boils down to the fact that, however unhappy Mr. Truman was about Gen. MacArthur, the Far Eastern commander, by the issuance of statements which the general believed to be within his rights as a theater commander and as supreme allied commander, prevented Formosa from falling into enemy hands and inadvertently did demolish an appeasement plan.

It looks very much as if the president has just become aware that Secretary Marshall's explanation of the dismissal of Gen. MacArthur isn't persuasive and that it seems expedient now to avoid making an issue of the right of members of the armed services not to suffer reprisals when they tell the truth as they see it upon the request of members of Congress.

So the president shifted to the question of alleged impropriety on the part of Gen. MacArthur in demanding that the enemy stop fighting and surrender. It certainly is strange to learn from the lips of a president of the United States that it is improper nowadays to speak to the enemy that way and that any general who does it in the midst of battle is likely to be fired.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S ALLENTOWN BLUMMA SHOW: Ich wunner wie fiel fon unserra laiser os wissa fom Allentown Blumma show os now om gae is, im Obsht gabei uf 'm Allentown Fair Grund? Wel, eb n'r wissa dafon odder net, m'r hoffa 'n yaders os kon, kumt rei die wunnerbora shaina socha sehna os die "Allentown Garden Club," tzu weissa hut. 'S Show hut geshter nommy dawg g'shtart, is heit uf fon elfa da farmie dawg bis tzaea danovet, un morya, Sundawgs da 20d Moy, fon middawgs tzwelfa, bis owets sexa—uns kosh'd yusht 'n halva dahler fer nei, tox dabei.

M'r worra geshter morya paar minuta drin sehna wos om aw gae wear, un ich sawg eich die ehrlich wohret, 's nembt em bol der fershtond tzu sehna, wie shae os allas wert. "'S G'song fon Blumma," odder ewwa wie der English mon secht, "The Song of the Flowers," is der text fom gonsa show, uns sis shier net tzu glawwa, wie sie die blumma un alla orta sing shticker mit nonner ferbunna hen. Ebbes os uns arbadich gucka hut mocha, worra sex fenshterra os sie uf g'fix'd hen wies secht uf 'm program, "In and Out My Window."

M'r hen nix badrocht fer sehna wel os es shanshd wear, sel is da judges ihra arwet. Ow'r so weit os die fenshterra aw gaina, kumma tzwae wunnerbora shaina exibits ous Trexlershteddle. Mohl fers aller airsht, hut die Howard Clauss'n fon dart drous, 'n shae dale fon ra shtub uf g'fix'd mit Pennsylfawnish Deitscha socha grawd tzum fenshter drin, un so aw die Ruby Ettinger woh so gore 'n glae alt frankishie glofier bei ihra socha hut-yader fenshter hut aw 'n fire blotz un shelf woh sie deckorata missa. Uf da onnerra side 'm gabei woh die frucht ols tzu sehna is on da Fair, sin drei fenshterra may—ains uf g'fix'd fer 'n glae maid'l, ains fer 'n fraw woh glawbt on gardla un sich ferlust uf der kalanner, uns nagshd fenshter fon ma yunga uf gawoxna maid'l, os gleich'd fer sich uf tzu dolla mit paint un powder.

Hinna om grumbierra end fom gabei hut die Noah B. Campbell'ns fon nagshd on Alt Zion, 'n grosser exhibit woh m'r haisa maich'd, "Drous im Bush." Sie hut nadierlich 'n lot hilf gabreich'd fer die socha in arder griega, ow'r los uns eich fertzaila, os sel laenich der halb dahler wert is wos es kosh'd fers gons blumma show sehna. Die Mrs. Campbell hut allas dart wie drous imma bush, die felsa, die bame, die wilda blumma, 'n hocher wosser fol, 'n shtawga fens, fersonta, g'shwarl un allas.

Noh wissa n'r sellie hocha drebba in da mid fom gabei woh darrich die Fair woch, so shaina ebbel tzu sehna sin. Wel, sel gons drebba waisa rings rum, is fol geranium shteck fon alla orta—hob waricklich net gawist os so fiel orta geraniums in da welt hut os darta tzu sehna sin. Noh sin ol die fiela blumma leit woh ihra exhibits weissa woh der Billy Boehm 's gorda socha in roy tzu halta hut on da Fair, un so aw darrich, fon end tzu end un riwwer un niver, sin m'r shure fer shaehate, os es Allentown Blumma show now om gae, allas beat os tzu sehna is in Fildelfy un Nei Yarrick—yusht os sie mainer blotz hen, un graiser nei gaina on sella bletz, wies miglich is tzu duh doh im Lechaw Dahl.

Geshter morya so on da ochta rum wie m'r ob g'shtopt hen sehna wos om aw gae wear, wor shun 'm lawyer Harvey Steckle sei fraw die Marian, bresident fon da Allentown Blumma Klub darta, so fleisich on da arwet wie 'n gluck mit aim yunga; so wor aw die Mollie Dilcher, un die Ann Smith, fon da blumma kommittee, un woh die Sarah Miller fon nagshd on Shoenersville kotta hen fer na halfa die fiela shaina blumma in aeder griega, os rei kumma sin. Ow'r och wos, ferwos weiter fertzaila wos mier g'sehna hen, die socha worra noch weit fon fartich—kumma rum un sehna die socha selwar, 's ride eich bei jupps net.

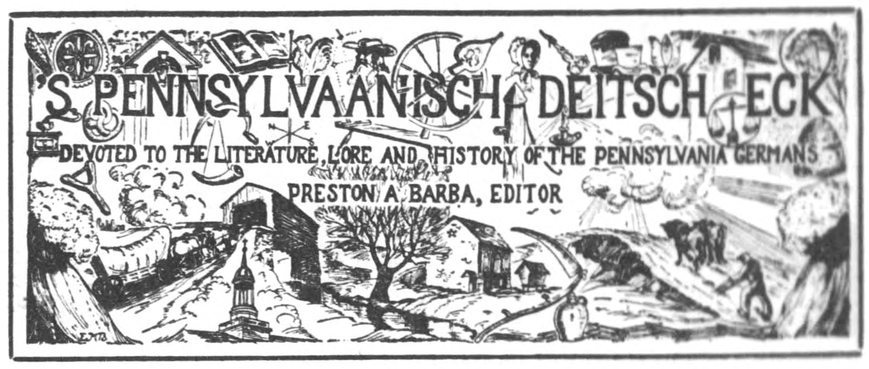
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'M Mondawg is die sawg, weara die Blumma Klub weibsleit ol rum kumma blawna wie die socha tzu mocha in seidna frocka un fur koats, un da nagshda dawg in iwwer hussa un kutta fer die arwet shoffa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 14:21-31.

God used a strong east wind to cause the waters of the Red sea to be divided, so as to afford a dry passage-way for the children of Israel, v. 21, a wall of water on their right and on their left. The Egyptian army pursued them along the same passage, but had much difficulty, finally suggesting that they should flee 'from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians'. Moses was ordered to stretch his hand over the sea, which he did, whereupon the waters returned to their place and overwhelmed the Egyptians, not so much as one remaining. Thus did the Lord save Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians, and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore. And Israel saw the great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed Him, and His servant Moses. This event on the level of national history was never forgotten by the Hebrew people, entering into the literature of the nation as prose and poetry. See Psalm 78-53 and 106-7-12; also Hebrews 11:29.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Just when the colonists were rejoicing at the progress made, and the thought that their labors and anxieties were to be rewarded by release from exhausting toil and privations, there came like a bolt out of the blue the news from New York that the governor of the province had sold the land of which the Germans had taken possession to seven merchants, of whom four lived in Albany and three in New York. It was claimed that the Germans had not paid their tax assessments. The purchasers, after paying for the land and the arrears in taxes, were making preparations to dispossess the settlers, taking over the land with all its improvements without any compensation to the original owners. One can readily imagine the dismay caused by the news. Meetings were held. There was counseling, disputing, arguing, but even here in the wilderness in these great straits the Germans could arrive at no unanimity. One was in favor of repelling the invaders with force, another of offering the delinquent taxes to the governor, explaining that they did not know that they were supposed to pay taxes. A third maintained that the land had been donated by the Indians, and that the governor had no right to impose taxes on it. Finally after lengthy debates it was agreed that a deputation should go to New York to remonstrate with the governor, at the same time offering him the arrears in taxes. In case he paid no attention to their just demands the deputation should at once proceed to England, and should present clearly to the royal government the governor's iniquitous conduct. Until an answer should come from England the colonists were to offer violent resistance to every intruder.

Philip Schaaf, J. Wallrath and John Conrad Weiser senior, were appointed members of this delegation. Provided with means they went at once to New York, where after a brief audience with the governor they were summarily dismissed. They were even called rebels who opposed the existing order. The governor said that he would do his best to establish the purchasers of the land in Schoharie in their claims and to assist them in taking possession of it. What was to be done now? The deputation at once sent a report to Schoharie, and the answer came that they should without delay set out for England, and an additional supply of money was sent them for the journey.

Since at that time the port of Philadelphia was better known and more highly esteemed than that of New York, and since there were ten arrivals and departures of ships in Philadelphia to one in New York, the delegation went to the former city, and on the 17th of May, 1718, sailed down the Delaware. Who can describe the terror of the poor Germans, who, when they had scarcely arrived in Delaware Bay, were attacked by pirates and completely stripped of their funds? Weiser, on whose person the money of the delegation had been found, was even given a bastinado, because the robbers believed that he had money concealed somewhere in the ship. Only when the others gave the assurance that he was merely the custodian of the common treasury was he saved from further brutalities. Since the captain had been robbed of almost all his food supplies he decided to steer for the port of Boston, where he soon arrived. The delegates once more received money from Schoharie for the voyage. The ship was reprovisioned and after a short delay it sailed for London.

Section II

In England they found that everything had changed. Good Queen Anne had died. The colonial government was in other hands. When shortly after their arrival they presented their petition to the new authorities they discovered only too soon that they had already been defamed as common rebels by the New York land-thieves, and that they need expect no hearing. Neither could they, in spite of all their efforts, gain an audience with the king. Wallrath, one of the three deputies, fell ill, and as soon as a partial recovery permitted it he returned despairingly to America. J. C. Weiser and Philip Schaaf, who still believed that they could attain their goal, remained in London until their funds were exhausted. And then, when the hoped for money from America failed to arrive, they were finally thrown into prison for debt. Four years of wretchedness in London, the latter part of the time in prison, and finally money from the colony. Some benevolent persons had taken pity on them and furnished them means to return to America. The purpose of their journey unaccomplished, and with heavy hearts, they found themselves again in Schoharie.

In the meantime many changes had taken place. Some of the Germans, especially those who had not as yet spent much money on their farms, had moved to Pennsylvania. Others had compromised with the land-thieves and remained. Still others had gone to Arabia Petraea (Stony Arabia), as they called the land in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. Those who had emigrated to Pennsylvania found on the Tulpehocken fertile land, fine springs, and sufficient water power for mills. In addition, the Indians were friendly, and they lived with them for a long time in peace. It was, however, very necessary to conclude treaties at times with the savages. Since no interpreter was to be found they recalled Conrad Weiser and sent him the following letter:

Heidelberg, Penna., May 18, 1729.

Dear Friend Conrad Weiser:

You know that when we bade you farewell in Schoharie in March 1723 we were very poor, yes wretchedly poor. But since we saw that if we stayed there we would be completely ruined, we made the bold decision to travel here through the fearful wilderness. In our relations with the Indians we followed your advice closely. It proved to be of great advantage to us, and for it we owe you our hearty thanks. Without any especial difficulty we reached the north branch of the Susquehanna, where we stopped for a while to build rafts and boats to take our families and goods further south in search of a suitable place for a home . . . Some of us, who had charge of the domestic animals, had to drive them along the bank of the river. We decided that the party that first arrived at the mouth of a creek flowing into the Susquehanna should wait there until rejoined by the rest of the caravan.

Everything turned out well, and God preserved us all safe and sound until we came to the mouth of the Swatara creek, where we left our rafts and barks, and on the advice of a hunter we struck out inland until we came to a brook flowing from west to east. We found the hunter's promises corroborated. The land is beautiful, fruitful, has the best of springs and plenty of water power.

Every one of us has already brought sufficient land under cultivation to support his family and store up a considerable surplus. We have splendid live stock, and already have several mills on the Tulpehcoken and on the Millbach. We have christened the region Heidelberg on account of its beauty. We have won out in our struggle for existence, but the Indians are beginning to cause us trouble. How glad we would be therefore if you could decide to come to us. We will give you a fine home. Do come soon.

J. Hen, P. Fischer, A. Lauer, P. Anspach, C. Loewengut, J. Crist.

Conrad Weiser decided to accept the invitation and to go to this so highly extolled Heidelberg with his whole family, consisting of his excellent wife, two sons and three daughters. He arrived in the autumn of that same year and was most cordially received by the settlers.

Weiser's father (John Conrad Weiser) and his brothers continued to live for a time in Schoharie, and moved then to the neighborhood of Boston, where the old man died at an advanced age.

In the smiling Lebanon valley, in the western part of Berks County, through which now trains go roaring, carrying from the valley the finest fruits, iron, clay, ores etc., a short mile below the attractive village of Womelsdorf, one still finds to-day one of the most beautiful and fertile farms of Pennsylvania. This farm was laid out by Conrad Weiser, and from here we saw him ride away at the beginning of our story. With great perseverance and skill he with his children tilled his fields, and like his neighbors he was soon comfortably well off, a happy and contented man, beloved by his neighbors and esteemed by all who knew him. His good reputation and his knowledge could not long remain hidden in his home, but were soon carried out into the wide world.

He made the acquaintance of the Indians living on the Tulpehocken, and in a very short time learned their dialect. Soon many red-skins came to him and begged him to serve as arbiter in their differences with the pale-faces, and since he generally smoothed out difficulties to the satisfaction of both sides, it was only natural that in a very little while various savage chieftains came to visit him and that he gained their friendship and their confidence. It was especially the sachems Shekelemy and Cehachquay who became Weiser's friends, and in whom for his part Weiser could place complete confidence. Also influential whites, some living in Reading, some in Lancaster, and some in Philadelphia, hearing of Weiser's excellent reputation, came to visit him. Soon the provincial government in Philadelphia learned what a treasure it possessed in Heidelberg. In 1731 the highly respected P. Gordon, Lieutenant Governor of the province, came to Weiser's farm, and after a conversation of some length he begged him to accept the position of government interpreter, which, on the advice of his friends, he did.

In 1732 he came in this capacity with his friend Shekelemy and other Indian chiefs to Philadelphia. In the treaty then made between the Indians and the provincial government Shekelemy and Weiser were recognized as the men best adapted to conduct all dealings between the six nations and the government, and to compose all the differences that now and then arose. Soon after the appointment of Weiser and Shekelemy the Indians sent the following message to the governor of the province of Pennsylvania: "The two parts are evenly balanced. We have one half, you the other. Conrad Weiser is faithful and honest, a truly good man. In all our transactions he has spoken your words and our words and not his own."

About this time Weiser was visited by the Lutheran missionary-preacher, Peter Miller of Kaiserslautern, located in what is now called Rhenish Prussia. Miller was a very gifted and energetic man. Weiser received him cordially, and the two men discussed both the affairs of the country and those of the German immigrants. They became so attached to each other that Weiser entertained his friend as a guest for weeks, their days spent in interesting conversation. Miller then served for a time as pastor in the recently built Lutheran church at Heidelberg, then called Hehn's (Hain's) church, because a German farmer by the name of Hehn had donated both the ground and the lumber for it. A church still stands on the same spot, but one built of stone instead of wood. Later Miller was joined by pastor Conrad Beissel, who as a capable musician afforded Weiser's family many a delightful evening. He also made his home with Weiser, until he along with Miller founded the sect of the Seventh Day Baptists and built the cloister of Ephrata, where the brother and sister houses half in ruins are still standing.

In this same year 1732 a number of Jewish immigrants came to visit Conrad Weiser and begged his advice, as they wished to found a colony ten miles from his farm in the neighborhood of the present village of Schaeferstown. Weiser advised them to the best of his ability and assured them of his sincerest friendship, for he was anything but a bigot. Unfortunately this colony survvied only a few years. Dissension and poverty scattered the immigrants, and nothing but the crumbling wall of a graveyard betrays their former presence. A group of German settlers came later to take their place.

In September 1736 the chiefs of the six nations were expected in Philadelphia in order to ratify the treaty concluded in 1732. Weiser's letter on this matter, which he wrote to the governor on the 2nd of September at Heidelberg, and which is still preserved in the archives of Philadelphia, runs as follows: "I have received news that a great number of Indians with many sachems or chiefs have arrived at Shamokin in the neighborhood of the Susquehanna river . . . They have sent a messenger asking me to come to them and provide them with food so that they can reach Philadelphia without suffering hunger." . . . All necessary food supplies were at once sent to Weiser, and accompanied by three Germans and an Indian he took them to the foot of the Blue Mountain, where he met the savages. Like wolves they at once fell upon the supply-wagon. On the 29th of September he with his whole wild army, that had given him trouble and worry enough, appeared in the official mansion in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where he and the Indians were cordially received and entertained by the proprietor and governor of the province, Thomas Penn.

The deliberations lasted a whole week, Conrad Weiser being the guiding spirit of the proceedings. Since everything was concluded to the mutual satisfaction of both parties the convention adopted the following resolution: "Seeing that the services of Conrad Weiser as interpreter of the convention were of great advantage to both parties, and satisfied both of them perfectly, be it resolved that twenty pounds ($100) be given him as a present."

In the year 1737 Conrad Weiser, commissioned by the governor of Virginia, went to Onondaga in the province of New York to conclude a treaty with the sachems of the six nations who were holding a council there. This he did to the satisfaction of all concerned. The chiefs did him the great honor of adopting him into the tribe. His journey from Heidelberg to Onondaga was, as Weiser himself relates, one of the most dangerous that he ever made. With his two companions he had to contend not only with cold and snow, but also with hunger and beasts of prey. When he had returned safely to his home he was visited by the Moravian missionaries, Bishop Spangenberg, D. Zeisberger and H. Schebach, who begged him urgently to make the trip once more with them to Onondaga, assuring him that they with his help could preach the gospel to the savages and accomplish much that would be pleasing to God. Weiser was at this time more than ever before or later inclined to sectarianism, and believed, therefore, that it was a holy duty to fulfill the wish of the "missionaries sent by God," for thus it pleased them to call themselves. Once more he undertook the journey through the wilderness . . . What the "missionaries sent by God" accomplished among the Indians we know neither from Weiser nor from history. But we do know that the cruel savages soon after massacred the inhabitants of the Wyoming valley and the Moravians of Gnadenhuetten on the Lehigh.

TO BE CONTINUED

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

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

* * *

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Die glee Sally Haas,
Sie hockt uff em Graas
Un esst dicki Millich un Brot,
Do bambelt en Schpinn
So graad var sie hin.
Die Sally verschrekt sich zu Dod.

* * *

BOW-WOW, SAYS THE DOG

Wau-wau, saagt der Hund,
Miau-miau, saagt die Katz,
Oink-oink, saagt die Sau,
Zwiep-zwiep, saagt der Schpatz,

Tu-huh, saagt die Eil
Gah-gah, saagt die Grapp
Quack-quack, saagt die Ent,
Nau sehn was ich hab!

Der Hund un die Katz,
Die Sau un der Schpatz,
Die Ent un die Eil,
So hawwich derwell

En Liedel gemacht,
Des kann mer verschteh,
Un singt mer des recht,
Dann iss es aa schee.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

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Editorials

A Soldier Sets Example

Two hundred and thirty-one blood donors, who made arrangements in advance or simply "walked in" upon the mobile blood unit of the American Red Cross over at the Frolics ball room on Wednesday and Thursday, maintained the community's prestige in this patriotic enterprise. They gave new heart and hope to the local committees as to future visits by the unit to this city and surrounding area. It was indicated that hundreds of people really do care about the welfare of the soldier boys in Korea and want to help the wounded with their blood.

The fact is that this influx of donors just about overworked the personnel of the unit which has been geared for about 100 donors per day. But such enthusiasm has not marked every local call of the unit.

It is to be noted also in connection with the recent visit that among the volunteers was a veteran of the Korean fighting. This young man had been wounded twice in fighting over there during recent months. He has recovered and, being out of the army, is now in private employment. However he has not forgotten and never will forget the men with whom he was engaged in the war in Korea. He better than any of the 231 volunteers knew the desperate need for blood that arises in the field hospitals and in the more distant base hospitals in southern Korea and in Japan. Just as he needed blood after he had been twice wounded, so he knew that former buddies of his are going to stand in vital need of blood before this fighting has ended. He wanted to give some of his precious life fluid. But the Red Cross people politely rejected his offer on the theory that as a soldier his blood had been shed for his country and that, for a while at least, further contribution can be deferred.

The example of this Korean veteran well may influence the response to all future visits by the Red Cross mobile blood unit.

Know Your Celebrities

Report from Manager Clark of the Americus hotel that tourist movement into this city is expected to increase this season over last year by from 10 to 20 per cent is a good prospect for the great variety of local business which benefits from tourist trade.

Many States look upon the tourist as their best customer and in a big way they plan to attract him into their borders. Without any coordinated plan there is good reason to believe that a number of not generally appreciated factors are working together to make Allentown and its environs an objective for tourists. They are setting out from all parts of the country or are now planning to make stopovers in these parts during some part of the summer.

This is suggested in the experiences of George and Helen Papashvily the writers, who report that an increasing number of tourists are arriving at their home near Quakertown. Beginning with a trickle in the spring parties of callers now number from one to three daily. All have read "Anything Can Happen" and their most recent book, "Thanks to Noah." They want to see some of the dogs that are characters in that book, ask for autographs and interviews. But the odd thing, as the Papashvilys report, is that all the tourists very evidently have arranged an itinerary for they also ask to be directed to two spots — Hess Bros. store in Allentown and the Organic Farms of J. I. Rodale near Emmaus. In some cases they have asked the Papashvilys whether they can take the time to accompany them and show them around these two places.

It is very evident that millions of people have heard and wondered about the large local department store, its brilliant head and its enterprising policies. Many probably followed the Easter rabbit clear from the Pacific Coast to the local store or wondered at some of the other events that pushed the big store and its vigorous young leader into the American limelight during the past two years. And certainly we should get a very large trickle of tourists out of the millions of readers of Cosmopolitan Magazine who this month will be hearing more about the local store thru a feature article therein from the pen of Max Hess Jr.

Added to this is the growing stream of readers of the Rodale Press publications which have attained circulation lists now totalling more than 120,000 copies monthly. Thousands of these readers want to see the farms near the Country Club which are operated upon the organic basis. Hordes of them drove into Emmaus and Allentown last summer on a search for the farms. The flood already has begun for the current season.

Gas station operatives and other business people may as well book up on the directions to give to tourists who inquire about these three enterprises and their personable and famous owners.

They are known from coast to coast. They should be known just as widely and favorably in their own community. It is of no credit to anybody in this community to be uninformed and ignorant concerning this local trio of American celebrities — Hess Bros. store, the Organic Farms and the Papashvilys, — when millions of Americans hold them in highest repute.

His Proper Burial Place

In the best traditions of the church, the remains of the late Rev. Dr. Wayne R. Channell, who was pastor of Asbury M. E. congregation during the building of the church at Jefferson and Hamilton Sts. will be laid in their final resting place on Sunday in a crypt beneath the altar.

While it is in accord with Dr. Channell's wish that he might rest in the structure to which he gave so much of himself and that was a crowning physical achievement in his life, it also is in accord with frequent church practice, especially in European countries.

Certainly the beautiful, churchly edifice that was built during Dr. Channell's pastorate constitutes his monument. It is well that he sleep beneath its high altar and that his ashes lie in the care of the congregation that he loved so well.

Franco Ousts a Reporter

Dictator Franco hasn't taken a particularly suitable moment for revoking the press credentials of Sam Brewer, of the New York Times. El Caudillo has been angling for closer and closer and closer relations with the other powers of Western Europe, as well as the United States, and there was even talk of admitting Spain to the North Atlantic Pact. Expulsion of a reputable newspaperman because of his reports on conditions in the Iberian Peninsula is hardly calculated to increase the cordiality of the free world.

Mr. Brewer, of the Times, seems to have been deprived of his press credentials because of his reports of recent hunger strikes in Barcelona. He was accused of "tenacious and insidious campaigns, frequently incompatible with truth." All newspaper dispatches which present facts unfavorable to a dictatorship automatically become "insidious" and lacking in factual content — according to the dictator. Only six American correspondents are now left in Spain.

Franco may well take the position that he is running Spain, and that it is no business of ours what he does there. At the same time, we in the United States are free to decide whether we wish to help a country which functions along totalitarian lines and takes steps which we do not approve. — Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

Timber-r-r!!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There really isn't any difference of viewpoint between Secretary of State Acheson and Dean Rusk, assistant secretary of state for Far Eastern ffairs, on the matter of American policy toward China, though an effort is being made to make it appear so.

What Mr. Rusk said was that the Chinese Communist government was not representative of the Chinese people because it was under Russian control. He also said that in this sense the Nationalist government more "authentically" represented the Chinese people because they had always historically resented any attempt to dismember their territory as Russia was trying to do.

But certain elements here, who seem to be eager to accord recognition to Red China irrespective of her aggression in Korea, were not satisfied to accept the further definition of American policy made by Mr. Rusk. Efforts have been made to try to bludgeon Secretary Acheson into repudiaitng it on the ground that some of our allies want it so. He refused to do so.

Most unfortunate was the twisting in some press dispatches of what Secretary Acheson did say in his news conference. He was asked if the negotiation of a "cease fire" wouldn't have to be with the Red Chinese. His answer was that, of course, it would have to be with the people we are fighting and that everybody, including Gen. MacArthur, agreed with this.

Not Recognition

But this did not mean that, by negotiating a "cease fire" with the Red Chinese, we were extending diplomatic recognition to them. For it could be that a "cease fire" would develop between the Red Chinese and the UN commander in the field. What happens after that, either through the UN's good offices committee or through a special group of representatives of the nations engaged in the fighting, would be determined in the parleys arranging the "cease fire" agreement.

What could eventually happen —and this was not to be inferred from anything Mr. Acheson said —is that the two opposing military commanders would strive to arrange a "cease fire" somewhat as Gen. MacArthur tried to do on March 24 last. The terms exchanged between them would be referred then to their respective authorities back home. In all probability the nations having troops in Korea would constitute the only group which would enter the peace conference.

Could Bring Deadlock

This would not necessarily require a discussion in the UN general Assembly itself until those particular nations had reached an agreement with the enemy. The subjects to be proposed for the settlement, perhaps after the armistice, would, of course, have to be agreed upon before there was a "cease fire." When, however, the subsequent negotiations did start, the American representative could insist that the question of "recognition" was related directly to whether the Peiping government was or was not under foreign control. This question could bring about a deadlock, because any one country party to the armistice could block a final settlement. At that time the Rusk viewpoint could be constructively helpful in the event that the Peiping government had begun to stray from the Communist fold as did Tito.

Underlying the hopes in the Department of State all along for an eventual change in the Far Eastern situation has been the belief that the Red Chinese cannot continue indefinitely to commit their armies to Korea and carry on a war just for Russia's benefit. If there should be a chance for a Tito movement away from Moscow communism, the speech of Mr. Rusk and also that of John Foster Dulles delivered on the same occasion may well prove to have been an influence in bringing about that course of events.

Would End Fighting

At any rate, the Red Chinese now know through the Rusk speech that a government in China which deviates from Moscow and becomes independent has a better chance of recognition than would a government which has been subservient to Moscow's influence. It would appear very unlikely, if a "cease fire" occurred, that the Peiping authorities would resume the war just to get a seat in the UN or to win recognition. Conversely, it isn't likely that the UN will be in any hurry to change the armistice into a peace agreement unless it is apparent that no repetition of the aggression is likely. Hence, a long stalemate in the negotiations could occur while the UN waited for a new government to arise in China whose assurances could be trusted. But in such a contingency there will have been an end to the fighting, anyway, and the problem will have been turned over to diplomacy to try to work out.

As between a stalemate during a continuous war in Korea and a stalemate in a continuous diplomatic argument on peace terms, the latter would probably win more public support no matter how long the stalemate lasted.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It has become quite the fashion for "reformed" crooks, Communists, and other formerly bad boys and girls to make a business of their reformation.

They go around the country making speeches and delivering lectures telling others how they did it and patting themselves on the back, proud of their newfound strength and willpower.

Sometimes admission is charged for these lectures. Sometimes there is a collection. But usually money is involved somehow.

Most of the time this reform thing is just bunk.

* * *

God loves a repentant sinner. That we have been told long ago, and I believe it to be true.

But God does not love a braggart or someone who makes a business out of having ostensibly turned his face to God.

Repentance means being ashamed of one's past misdemeanors or shortcomings.

Flaunting them, bragging about one's virtue in overcoming them, making money out of that "reform" is not really reform at all but commercialized sham-reform.

* * *

Just the other day a "reformed" dope-addict got himself a whole column in a New York newspaper about visiting a jail and telling a lot of women prisoners who were serving time for dope-addiction how he "conquered himself" and how they could do it.

According to the paper, he talked to them in the "jargon" of the underworld which they understood.

He told them how he turned to God and how God helped him.

There is also a money-raising scheme connected with this fellow's talks—for some campaign that is supposed to cure these addicts.

I don't say that this ex-dope-addict-lecturer is dishonest. The cause in itself may be good. But I don't like commercialization and exploitation of "reform."

I don't like it any more than those "reformed" Communists who write sensational books about the evils of communism and who snitch on their former paymasters.

* * *

God knows—and I do mean God knows—that I have committed many a sin of which I am now ashamed—and so, perhaps have you.

But do we go around bragging about our reform? Do we commercialize the fact that we have come to our senses and seen the evil of our ways?

* * *

On Mondays I usually read extracts from the sermons made by prominent New York ministers.

So I was glad to read about Dr. R. J. McCracken, pastor of Riverside church.

He wants us to consider God our personal God—our helper and friend "nearest at hand when the worst has to be encountered."

All I expect from a friend is to stand by me when I need him. I want his moral support and his approval. That is the greatest help he can give me.

But I do not ask my friend to do the things for me that I should do myself.

All I have the right to ask of God is that, through His wonderful teachings, He give me the strength to do what I ought to do.

And I always ask Him and thank Him in private.

(Copyright 1951)

Horoscope

Unexpected gains should allow you to relax in leisure hours and to devote yourself to business wholeheartedly. A quietly ambitious, refined personality is likely in the child born on this date.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 26, 1926, a Wednesday

First honor medal for highest average in efficiency was awarded to Nell C. Dougherty at the 11th annual graduating exercises of Sacred Heart Nurses' college.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IN HOCHIE SOCIETY: 'M Dunnershdawg owet worra m'r drous bei da grossa, hen da Emmauser Rotary klub ihra yairlichie bauerra fersommling ei ganumma in Macungie Grange hall. Won Rotarians uf kours tzomma kumma, is essa drump, un glawb net os aenich ebber kartz kumma is wie der Bob Stoneback woh grawd fon uns driwwa k'huck'd hut—secht er mist ocht gewwa wos er essa dade, un hut yusht abissel rum gapick'd.

Der Ellis Lichtenwalner, ainer fon da bauerra kommittee hut uns ei galawda fer kumma die fersommling ei nemma, un woh ainer fon unserra Normal shule klassmates, George Schuler fon Barricks kounty, der shwetzer wor. Wos noch mainer is, der Russell Yohe fon East Texas, noch 'n klassmate is alla weil bresident fon da klub, un 'm Russell sei fraw die Eva woh helfa hut ob worta om dish is aw 'n klassmate—'s wor 'n rechdie klass reunion.

Der George hut 'n wunnerborie gutie rade gewwa wie die socha heit tzu dawg gucka tzu ma bauer. Er hut so fiel tzifferra kot fon alla orta, os m'r alsa mohl shier net sehna hut kenna wie die socha ous halta kenta—ow'r sie hen. Wos Washington howwa sot sin 'n lot mainer leit wie der George—leit os wissa fon wos sie shwetza, un net soicha os shwetza un wissa net fon wos.

Sis immer 'n blessier so'n drup bei nonner tzu sehna wie die Emauser Rotary klub. Darta sin sie ous all a g'shefta os tzu denka is, docktor, porra, shule maishder, lawyer, wert, radio leit, un wos net. Ihra obsicht is, fer tzomma kumma helfa ihra hame gagend ferbesserra, un socha larna fon wos sie so ferleicht wenich dafon wissa—ungfare wie der George Schuler na 'n lot socha fertzailt hut fom bauerras lava, os sie so net gawist hen.

Der Bob Stoneback wie g'sawt, hut grawd uf da onnerra side fon uns k'huck'd, un uf unserra linxa side wor der Horace Strauss, un uf da recht hond side der shule maishder Howard Yeager fon Emmaus. Der Porra Wm. U. Kistler fon East Greenville un Pennsbarrick hut aw grawd fon uns driwwa k'huck'd, un woh ruf kumma wor mit 'm Frank Dietz woh m'r so wohr shier net gakent hen. Der WKAP radio mon Davis wor aw net weit aweck, un so aw net der wert Clint Knoll fon Emmaus,—un wos hen sie net ol nei g'shloga wie die wleshhawna rum kumma sin.

Die Macungie grange huts essa garish'd, un woh welshhawna un fils'l drump wor, mit allas shunshd os es ganumma hut fer hungericha leit so sot feedra, os sie g'fiel'd hen wie sie fom dish sin, wie won sie nix may tzu essa breichda fer die nagshda sex wocka. Un die kucha un der koffie os die grange weibsleit rum gabrocht hen, oy, yoi yoi. Golly reich allas wor so gute, sis leicht tzu sehna ferwos niemond 'n fersommling ferfaila wil, wons hais'd die Macungie Grange weibsleit hetta 's essa garish'd.

Der Porra Charlie Naugle woh yusht in Reading wor on ra kerricha fersommling mit 'm Jakie Kratz, hut der p'such bakont gamocht, dabei monsleit fon Iowa, New Jersey, un onnerra weita gagenda. Darrich die fersommlong wor der "Pat" Eisenhard fohr singer, un der obsht mon George Hausman fon Limeport hut 'n orchestra gabrocht ous seinra familia fer shpiela darrich die ess tzeit. Oh yar, der Bob Aten fon da D. D. Fritch Milling Co. hut yader 'm 'n tzetle gewwa wos aw gait on da kummenda bauerra fersommling in Macungie, midda fon Augusht uf 'm Macungie Memorial park. Sel gebt 'n gross ordichie tzeit —drei dawga woh Macungie naicher sheina sot wie 'n Fair, wie aenich ebbes shunshd. M'r sawga nocha mohl gross donk tzum Ellis L. fer uns die eilawding gewwa fer die fersommling ei nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r hen 'n lot froke won die Pennsylfawnish Deitsch exkursion der Hudson nuf gang'd—leit sawga sie wotta ihra vakations richda so os sie mit kenta.

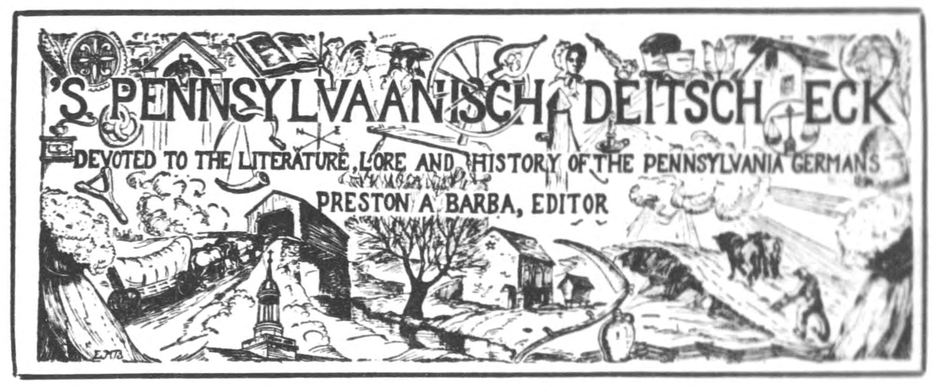
Somshdawgs der 4d Augusht is der dawg, un des yohr wert net g'shtopt der Hudson nuf, 's gebt die langshd boat ride os m'r noch ganumma hen—ungfare m'r tzaila, nuf tzu gae so weit wie Hyde Park, ow'r shtoppa naryads ob bis m'r owets tzurick kumma fer uf die train gae.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 16:4-36

God's response to Israel's need for bread was what we call manna, from v. 15, where we read that when they saw this round substance, small as the hoar frost on the ground, they said, 'It is manna', for they knew not what it was. The statement, It is manna, can also be translated, as in the reference column, 'What is this?', because they did not know. But the Hebrew word 'man', meaning 'what', is considered by some scholars to be the word (from which we form the word 'manna') for an exudate from a tree, and then applied to this 'bread from heaven', the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat, v. 15. Quail were sent in the evening, and the manna in the morning. It was not to be gathered on the Sabbath, on which day no work was to be done. A double portion was to be given on the sixth day. None of it was to be kept over, a daily portion to be gathered throughout their wilderness journey, v. 35. The sixth chapter of John should be read at this point as Jesus' commentary on this chapter.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

In the spring of 1742 there came from the German fatherland to America the well-known Moravian, Count Zinzendorf. Since so great a fame had preceded his coming Weiser hastened to pay the renowned man a visit in Bethlehem. The count, who had already heard the most favorable reports of Weiser, received him most cordially. The two men found in the religious conditions among the Germans in America an interesting subject for discussion. Zinzendorf, who believed that he was especially called to convert the savages of America to Christianity, saw in Weiser an instrument sent to him by God. He entreated him most urgently to procure for him the opportunity to preach the gospel to the Indians. This opportunity very speedily presented itself, for on the very day that Weiser returned from his visit there came to see him his Indian friend Shekelemy. He told him that several chiefs of the Delaware tribe were in Philadelphia, and that in a few days they were to pass through the Tulpehocken valley on their way to the Susquehanna river. Word was sent to the count, and he at once repaired to Weiser's farm. Messengers were dispatched to Philadelphia to find out what route the Indians would take. Soon the news came back that the Indians were already on the march, and that they very much wished to speak to Father Weiser. Weiser, Zinzendorf and Shekelemy at once went to the place where Sinking Spring now stands, and there they found the Indians already encamped by the big spring.

Weiser addressed the red men as follows: "This man Zinzendorf has not come to trade with you or to buy land. His wish is to speak to you and show you the road over which you should walk in this world, and how in the beyond you may be happy in the eternal forests."

After a short debate the chiefs gave Zinzendorf the desired permission. With Weiser acting as interpreter he made a long speech which met with general approval. Zinzendorf was then invited to smoke the peace-pipe. After the savages had cordially begged him to pay them a visit on the Susquehanna they extended their hands in a friendly farewell.

SECTION III

At that time sectarianism was rampant among the Germans of Pennsylvania, for every one who had read the Bible several times felt himself qualified to found a sect fashioned on his own peculiar beliefs. Besides the Lutherans, Reformeds and a few Catholics there were Moravians, Anabaptists, Seventh Day Baptists, Quakers, Heckewaelders, Schwenkfelders, Newborn, Newlanders, and finally the Battleaxes. Every sect was more extravagant than the other, especially the last named, which practiced an exaggerated form of Mormonism.

In order to reduce this religious Babel to some measure of uniformity Count Zinzendorf called a meeting to which the educated preachers and the leaders of the sects, such as Miller, Beissel, Buettner, Zander, Kurz, Weiser, Baumann and Muehlenberg were invited. All of the above mentioned men came to the meeting at the Trappe, bringing with them the elders of their churches. After an exchange of friendly greetings, and after the various sects had set up their camps, in which, as Weiser relates, God and the Saviour were invoked and molested with petitions in very divers fashions, the debates began. In these the young Lutheran preacher, Henry Melchior Muehlenberg, who had quite recently arrived from Halle in Germany, especially distinguished himself. After Zinzendorf had made it clear that the Moravians were the genuine Christians, and Beissel had proved that only the teachings of the Seventh Day Baptists reflected Christianity in its purity, and Muehlenberg had upheld the claims of Lutheranism, and the Heckewaelders and Schwenkfelders, the Newborn and the Newlanders had completely rejected the doctrines of the old established churches, the confusion was magnificent, and the Babel that followed the convention was worse than that which had preceded it. Scarcely had one day gone by than the various sects broke camp and the assembly dissolved.

On this occasion Conrad Weiser saw young Muehlenberg for the first time. He had a long conversation with him and invited him to visit him at his farm. The two men parted cordially, both hoping soon to meet again. Weiser had scarcely reached his home before he was besieged by whites and Indians who wanted medical advice. Weiser had also studied medicine, and in addition had learned from the Indians and the farmers the medicinal virtues of many herbs. From these he brewed drinks which had often, especially in low fevers, proved efficacious, and had given him quite a reputation as a doctor. At this period he received frequent visits from famous Indian chiefs, such as Canachquasky, Sogogock, Cajadies and Katake. There came to him also as pupils to learn the Indian language distinguished German scholars and missionaries, among them Zander, Buettner and Pyrlaeus. He translated the Lord's prayer into the Iroquois tongue.

Among his numerous visitors there was a certain Baron Stiegel, who had built a sort of mediaeval castle at a little distance from Heidelberg and quite close to Schaeferstown. Here he entertained magnificently. After the baron had paid visits to the prominent Germans such as Weiser, Miller, Muehlenberg, Zinzendorf, Buettner and Beissel, and invited them all to visit him, his castle became a rendezvous, and there they held frequent reunions. The fine French and Rhenish wines which the baron was accustomed to import were set before the guests, and under the influence of the mellow grape-juice the sectarians became so merry that they became devotees of music and the dance and even indulged in the maddest pranks.

We would here like to take occasion to give some details concerning Baron Stiegel, who in the second half of the eighteenth century played no unimportant role in Pennsylvania. Some say that he was born along the Rhine, and others near Lahr in Baden, where his parents had a landed estate. Rumor said that he grew up a madcap, causing his parents infinite worry. After their death, paying no heed to the warnings of his relatives, he set out into the world, and made the acquaintance of some alchemists operating at that time in Stuttgart, Darmstadt and Cassel. After they had mercilessly fleeced him a guardian was appointed over him who gave him an annual allowance. Stiegel had to curtail his expenditures, but spent his time on all sorts of inventions that swallowed up just as much money as his former escapades had done. Then it suddenly occurred to him to go with his models to London and reap the long hoped for harvest from his inventions. However, he was doomed to utter disappointment, for he found there smelting furnaces and foundries better than any that could be developed from his models. Melancholy and disillusioned he wrote from London a doleful letter to his relatives, begging them to send him sufficient money to get to America, and to appoint a merchant in London to send him a yearly allowance to Philadelphia. In order to remove this irresponsible young man from their more immediate neighborhood, and perhaps with the desire of a permanent transfer, they most willingly sent a not inconsiderable sum to London. Soon we see him on the high seas, and a little later landing safely at Philadelphia.

He did not remain there long, for the quiet life of the Quaker city was little to his liking. When he heard that mineral wealth was to be found in the mountains of Pennsylvania he set out for Lancaster. From there he was directed to Ephrata, where he went accompanied by his faithful bodyservant, Jacob of Ettenheim, who had followed him to England and America. At Ephrata he was kindly received by the Seventh Day Baptists, Miller and Beissel. They advised him to go to Schaeferstown, near which some settlers had found the finest and richest iron ore. In high spirits master and servant went over the South Mountain and arrived at Schaeferstown, where there was already a sort of inn, in which they found comfortable quarters and good food. The landlord, a jolly fellow, Ambos by name, came from Zweibruecken in the Palatinate. He gave the baron complete information concerning the iron ore, told him where it was to be found, and in addition engaged two men with pick-axes and spades to help him hunt it. Early in the morning they set out, soon reached the indicated spot and began to dig. They dug until noon without finding a trace of ore. But then Jacob of Ettenheim suddenly cried out: "Land! Land!" He had extracted a heavy reddish mass from the earth, which the baron tested and at once declared to be rich iron ore. They dug further and found more and more of it. An Eldorado lay before them. You can imagine their joy! They took with them as much of the ore as they could to the inn. There the men were richly rewarded. The very next morning we see the baron on his way to Philadelphia. On his arrival he went to get his allowance, engaged several recently arrived Germans, bought all the necessary tools and a wagon for their transport, and with joyous anticipation set out again for Schaeferstown, which he reached safely after a difficult six days journey.

They set diligently to work. The baron and his men were tireless. Before winter set in a miniature smelting - works was already erected, and on the Millbach workmen had begun to smelt the ore into fine iron. When the success of this undertaking became known in Philadelphia it created great excitement. And when in February the baron himself appeared with specimens of his iron his reputation was made and his credit unlimited. Well supplied with money and workmen he soon returned to Schaeferstown, and in the month of May one could already hear at the Millbach the pounding of hammers beating out the iron.

Things were booming in those days at Schaeferstown and in the neighborhood. Inquisitive people came from everywhere to see and admire Stiegel's smelting - works and iron hammers. Here they saw a forge, there a wagon factory, elsewhere carpenters and masons busy building houses. In short, the baron's genius had speedily given life and inhabitants to the whole region. And when after a short time Stiegel succeeded in building excellent stoves, and sent samples of them to Philadelphia, merchants came streaming in from all directions, all ready to place orders, all willing to pay high prices. The author of this work recently saw one of these stoves in Lebanon on which is moulded in Gothic letters:

UNSER BU

Die Nachte sin lang,
die Dange dezu,
Die Heemet iss leer
unne unser Bu.
Sei Deller uffem Disch
iss nimmi verschmiert,
Der Hund un die Katz
sin net uffgeriehrt.
Im Parlor sei Schduhl
iss immerfatt leer,
Sei Bett net verschdeert,
ken Kleeder rumher.
Unser Haerze sin weh,
bis mer draadenkt,
Er 's drauss an re Arwet,
wu Freiheit druffhenkt.

Nau, Onkel Sam,
yuscht en Watt odder paar;
Geb acht uff unser Bu,
nau in de Gfaahr.
Iss Dienscht mool geduh
un brauchscht en net meh,
Dann schick en gschwind zrick
iwwer Land un See.
En Licht brennt im Fenschder,
die Dier iss uffgschdellt,
'S iss niemand meh willkum
in all de Welt.
Schdeh bei ihm, Onkel,
dass er kumme mecht
Zrick zu uns sicher
un gsund vum Gefecht.

—RALPH S. FUNK

The theme was suggested by an anonymous English poem.

Baron Stiegel ist der Mann,
Der die Oefen giessen kann.

Since Stiegel's finances had taken such a skyward flight it occurred to him in his pride to have a castle erected, one worthy of his ancestry, and behold in a short time the castle was there. It stood high up on a hill about a mile from Schaeferstown. The watch-tower dominated the country-side, and on its pinnacles was a little cannon from which was fired a shot whenever the baron arrived or departed. If he had invited guests and the watchman saw them coming two shots were fired in greeting. These shots served as a signal to the baron's musicians, (whom he had chosen from among his workmen and trained,) that they should mount the tower and greet the guests with music. He had also, as we have already mentioned, laid in great stores of French and Rhenish wines. The hunting in the neighborhood in those days was excellent. After the guests had rested hunting parties were gotten up, to be followed by banquets and drinking bouts.

Stiegel had also become a happy husband and father, and had all the earthly goods that his heart could desire. But his restless spirit gave him neither peace nor enjoyment of his happiness. Now he was trying to invent machines. Now he was hunting for veins of lead, copper and even gold and silver in the Pennsylvania mountains. Next he became interested in the manufacture of glass and sought everywhere for the sand best adapted for it. Then one Sunday a German came from near Lancaster, and he told the lord of the castle that on his land he had sand suitable for glass manufacture. He himself had been employed in a glass-works in Germany, and he understood the business. If he only had the means he would show the Americans how to make glass. "What good angel sent you here?" cried the baron joyfully. "Stay with me to-day. Eat and drink your fill, and to-morrow I'll go with you. We'll see what can be done. And if you've spoken the truth you're a rich man." The next morning had scarcely dawned before the two men were on horseback, accompanied by the faithful squire Jacob of Ettenheim, and away they rode over hill and valley until they reached the region where Mannheim in Lancaster county is now located, the region of the silver sand. Stiegel tested it, and felt sure that the finest glass could be made from it. Three months had not fully elapsed, and already there was in operation at Mannheim a glass-works in which many workmen were busy turning out glass-ware. The demand for it was extraordinary, for most of the houses at that time, especially in the country, had windows equipped with oiled paper instead of glass. This new venture appeared to Stiegel to be more profitable than his iron-works. His dreams were now of millions. And in order to play the role of a great lord he borrowed large sums of money in Philadelphia, built himself a palace in Mannheim near his glass-works, furnished it magnificently, and with his family held a triumphal entry as though he were a prince, for the inhabitants of Mannheim and the neighborhood had erected triumphal arches in his honor. The furnishing of his palace, as well as his bacchanalian feasts, the entertaining of guests from Lancaster and Philadelphia, his hunting parties and his trips to Philadelphia cost him much more money than the combined income from glass and iron works. His funds began to ebb. He could not meet his obligations punctually, neither to his workmen nor to his creditors. And then suddenly the sand, the sand so excellent for the making of glass, became of inferior quality, and soon there was no more sand, either good or bad. Then the baron saw too late that his calculations had all gone awry, and realized what a squanderer he had been. His rise had been rapid, his fall more so. The speculators from Philadelphia who had advanced him money reached out itching fingers for glass-works and iron foundries. Since he could not meet his obligations he was brought to trial. As the sale of his properties did not bring in enough to pay off his debts he was sent to the debtors prison. There he stayed for a long time, and when he was finally set free he found that his wife had died of grief and his two children of illness. He stood poor and hopeless at their graves.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Editorials

Reds Slipping in Italy

Elections in Italy during the early part of the week were battled almost exclusively upon the issue of communism and the results, as announced, have been unfavorable to Moscow's friends.

The elections were merely local, municipal we would term them. But they were important because they determined control of such large cities as Milan, Venice, Genoa and many others that since the war have been in the hands of the Italian Reds.

Naturally the Reds have desired to retain control of the big cities and their governments for with such control goes control over the police departments. Inasmuch as the Communists are past masters in the art of employing duly constituted police authorities to attain their ends and club their opponents, even if they be in the majority, it has been vitally important to the Reds to control city governments, particularly those in the big cities. Mussolini's march of the Fascists from Milan to Rome indicates what the Reds may have been planning.

Gradually however they have been losing their power to convince the Italian people that they have the panacea for Italy's woes. On Sunday they lost Milan, Venice, Genoa and virtually every considerable Italian community except Bologna.

The Italian people appear to have discovered that Moscow is a big faker. They are neighbors to Marshal Tito and his Yugoslavs who long ago made this same discovery and decided to run their country in their own and not Moscow's interest. Added to their own sound sense and power of observation has been the experience of their neighbors. The Italians have been influenced by these to note that whereas communism has made promises, democracy has given saisfactory performance. The highest degree of prosperity that Italy has enjoyed since the war has come thru the Marshall plan and the adoption of western democratic ideas.

Inflation Hits Uncle Sam

It may be an apocryphal story. Nevertheless current economic conditions are well reflected in the tale of the clerk in a large food store who urged a gentleman, as he entered, to take a carriage with its pair of baskets for the handling of his purchases. He demurred, with thanks to the clerk, and then added in explanation: "I have only $5 to spend."

The shrinking value and purchasing power of the dollar affects not only the housewife but Uncle Sam, as well. The big fellow is finding that inflation has hit him even more severely than anybody else because he does everything upon such a tremendously large scale.

A year ago $35 billions were appropriated by Congress for military purposes. Last week General Marshall reported that at least $7 billions of that amount have vanished into thin air, which is to say that purchasing power of the former sum was decreased by the latter amount in the period of a year.

It was only a detached item which General Marshall mentioned in telling his story but prices of beef for the Army were cited to have increased by 31 per cent during the year. Any American can understand those beef figures. From that point on it is an easy matter to understand what happened with $7 billions that were expected to buy planes and tanks and guns and the entire machinery of war.

This inflation has been going on for years despite Government power to control prices of everything. And the wonder will be as to what will happen if Congress does nothing to renew the Government's power to hold control, a power that will otherwise expire at the end of this month.

Again there are pressures to end controls. Such action almost certainly would result in inflation wild beyond any one's dreams. It could be violent enough to deal the American economy a serious if not deadly blow.

Our Grain to Save India

Altho the United States has been sending grain to India in a never-ceasing flow, Prime Minister Nehru gave more favorable publicity to a deal with Russia to get some 50,000 tons of wheat, to be paid for in cash, than he has given to the entire American program under which about 2,000,000 tons of foodstuffs will go to the starving people in that country.

Altho Congress has been slow in passing bills by which India will be permitted to borrow $190,000,000 (payable in 35 years and at low interest rate) for payment of the famine relief program, the pertinent fact is that India is going to get 40 times as much grain from this country as it will get from Russia. While Russia will be paid in cash, the United States will be holding what our Pennsylvania Dutch call a "langsamay note," a promissory note whose payment will be long extended and doubtful in the extreme.

Some points of difference remain to be settled before President Truman gets the bills for signature, but the important fact is that India's starving are to be fed. The hope will be that millions of lives will be saved. The people of India can know that the heart of the American people was disposed to send this food to them quite some time ago at no cost to them, not even a long term loan.

But there was a good deal of feeling in Washington, and elsewhere, that India should agree to make some payment for the food in the shape of strategic minerals. Manganese and monozite, which is important in atomic fission, were sought in exchange.

But Mr. Nehru, with his lofty humanitarian philosophy that is exhibited whenever it is convenient, professes his averseness to furnishing materials for atomic weapons. What this prominent Hindu so often professes as a matter of conscience is coming to be regarded more and more in the United States as just so much hypocrisy.

There is a feature in the Senate bill which well could be adopted for the final measure, namely a provision that interest on the loan would be used by India to send young Indians to American schools and colleges.

The people of this community, to whose Lehigh university so many brilliant Indian students have come for postgraduate work in various fields of science, know what value there would be in such use of the interest upon the loan. Those young Indians created an excellent impression thruout this community. On their return home they have carried American ideas with them. They have a true picture of the American scene that no vicious Communist propaganda in their country against the western world ever will be able to erase.

We No Can Read



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Now that every member of the joint chiefs of staff has testified before the Senate committee, the picture of what happened when Gen. MacArthur was removed can be pieced together for the first time.

President Truman had from time to time been advised of the discussions which went on between the headquarters at Tokyo and Washington concerning the conduct of the war in the Far East. He was aware that Gen. MacArthur wanted to fight the war without restrictions and he was aware of the Department of State's belief that the allies didn't want those restrictions lifted for fear Russia might intervene.

Situation Not Unusual

The situation was not unusual as between a commander in a distant theater—8,000 miles away—and the home command. Messages usually are exchanged in which differences of opinion are debated, and criticisms are frequent. Since all this is inside the family, so to speak, the public isn't aware of it and no particular thought is given on the inside of officialdom to the fact that there are such differences.

Then, all of a sudden, on April 5, a letter written by Gen. MacArthur to Rep. Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts, Republican leader, was made public by the latter. It didn't contain anything not previously reported in the press concerning MacArthur's views about using the Chinese Nationalist armies nor was it different from the information given to members of Congress visiting the Far East who disclosed the general's views in subsequent interviews.

But Mr. Truman heard a squawk from the Department of State about America speaking with "two voices" and how our allies would be offended. So he decided the time had come to do something about the problem. He sent word to the joint chiefs of staff to start thinking about reasons for what he wanted to do, and it was made clear by Gen. Bradley, chairman of the joint chiefs, to the other members that Mr. Truman was considering replacement of Gen. MacArthur.

Two of the joint chiefs—Adm. Sherman and Gen. Vandenberg—met with Gen. Bradley on April 5, the day the Martin letter came out. At this meeting Adm. Sherman suggested that a five-star general — Secretary Marshall—go out to Tokyo and try to straighten things out. Another suggestion was that a letter be sent to harmonize differences.

Then the three joint chiefs—this time with Gen. Collins present — met on Sunday, April 8, with Secretary Marshall and discussed who should replace Gen. MacArthur and what the "military considerations" for a replacement were, so they could be stated informally to the president by Gen. Bradley.

No Further Meetings

There were no further meetings. The members of the joint chiefs had no opportunity to discuss or debate the matter with the president or to indicate how the replacement should be effected. Gen. Collins heard that a decision had been made when he was awakened at 5:30 a.m. the following Tuesday to arrange for a plane to take Gen. Van Fleet to Korea. Adm. Sherman heard of the decision on the radio the Wednesday morning it appeared in the newspapes.

Thus, none of the joint chiefs had an opportunity to participate directly with the president in deciding the method or procedure by which a five-star general was relieved instantly of his command.

It was not until 10 days later that the "military considerations" which influcenced the joint chiefs to concur in the removal of Gen. MacArthur were put down on paper, and then only as the best recollection of the three members. It was not a formal paper. The joint chiefs never had a formal meeting or kept any minutes.

The simple truth is that, in effect, the "boss" told his subordinates he was thinking of removing an important commander, and the three members of the joint chiefs had the opportunity to protest or to concur. They now have stated uner oath that they did not "initiate any recommendation" but simply "concurred" in the president's proposal. The question of replacing Gen. MacArthur had never been discussed and never had arisen in any meeting of the joint chiefs of staff, formal or informal, prior to April 5, 1951.

Unanswered Question

There is one big unanswered question. Sen. Hickenlooper of Iowa, Republican, asked it of Gen. Collins, Gen. Vandenberg, and Adm. Sherman separately. It was, in effect, this: If the "military considerations" existed prior to the April 5 meeting, as is conceded, then why didn't the joint chiefs think those military reasons of sufficient importance to bring the matter to the president's attention and request removal? Adm. Sherman said the situation had not become acute. Gen. Collins said it was "an accumulation of things" and that he did not know the president had become "fed up" with the debate that had occurred.

None of the replies really answered the question of Sen. Hickenlooper. For the truth is that not one of the three members of the joint chiefs was ready to concur in the removal of Gen. MacArthur until they found out that this was what the president wanted. And Mr. Truman didn't know he wanted to do it—although he says now he had been thinking about it for several months—until that fatal letter to Rep. Martin became public. It was a political attack as Mr. Martin used the letter—and political attacks are very important to the man in the White House. They seem to have been more important than the fate of the Far Eastern command in the middle of a battle and the risks involved in a sudden change in the all - important command which had satisfactorily governed Japan and carried on delicate relationships with the Japanese government and people over a period of more than five years.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What a wonderful feeling it gives a fellow to hear somebody say something good about our present times!

Have you noticed how it has become the fashion to criticize and carp?

Nothing is right any longer. The world is going to the dogs, we are told. Morality has almost reached bottom. There are corruption and graft. That's what we hear and read every day.

The home is a thing of the past. Family life is disrupted.

One would almost believe that this is not the United States of America but Sodom and Gomorrah.

* * *

But now comes Stanley P. Davies, general director of the Community Service society of New York, and tells us that life in America is getting better and not worse.

Davies has made a thorough study of the American home and family. That is his business.

He tells us to stop worrying about the "four D's" — divorce, desertion, discord, delinquency.

He warns against taking statistics as facts without knowing the story behind the statistics.

Divorce figures, for instance, are usually given in relation to the number of marriages for the same year. But that is not an accurate picture.

The number of divorces for a given year are not broken marriages that were contracted in the same year.

As an example Davies cites the divorce rate for 1946 — 18 divorces for every thousand marriages.

But many of those divorces were of marriages contracted during World War II. We all know that there was a terrific rush to the altar during those years — and naturally, many of those quick marriages were mis-marriages.

Two years later, in 1948, the divorce rate was only 12 for every 1000 marriages.

Perhaps the word "only" is a misnomer. Twelve out of 1000 is bad enough — but, thank goodness, it isn't getting worse.

* * *

About parent-child relationship Davis isn't very much worried either.

"There is a definite trend away from the patriarchal, authoritarian, disciplinarian type of family," he says. "The tendency is toward a more democratic relationship between parents and children."

Parents are beginning to understand that children, too, are human beings, and wise parents try to be their children's friends rather than their bosses and rulers.

* * *

Most of the delinquency of juveniles occurs in families that still have the old-fashioned ideas about the place of children in the home.

Modern parents realize that times and customs change. The development of the human being begins with an early age. The mother or father who expects his son or daughter to fit into the mold of a past generation must expect trouble.

Delinquency comes not only from neglect but from trying to stop progress.

Child education is one thing. Adult education is another.

Adult education, according to Davies, must consist of a better understanding of human relations, of social and economic changes, of modern living.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 20:1-17

We would quarrel with nobody as to how the Ten Commandments should be divided as to the 'two tables of the Law,' of which we spoke yesterday. Jesus, in the passage in Matthew cited yesterday, used the expression "the Lord thy God' with respect to the first group, and the word 'neighbor' with reference to the second group. Just for the sake of argument, I shall suggest that the expression 'the Lord thy God' occurs exactly five times in the text of the Commandments, furnishing us with the best clue as to the proper division. The first commandment says: 'I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other gods before Me.' The second forbids the making of images with a view to worshipping them. The third says that we shall not take the name of 'the Lord thy God' in vain. The fourth bids us hallow the Sabbath Day, for God claims one day of seven of our time; and finally, God wills it that we honor our parents whom He gave us, which, if done, is honoring God Himself, for 'parentes in loco Dei sunt,' that is, 'Parents are in the place of God,' with respect to authority.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER SHMUTZ IS G'FLOGA:

Doh da onner dawg wors gute uf da Pine shtross doh in da shtadt, wie die Sarah Mantz der gross shunka flaish awschneida hut wolla os ihra Clarence un boo Willard kauft hen hinnich 'm barrick. 'S wor 'n wunnerborer grosser shunka, un so gross os der shunka wor, so shtump wors messer un die sake. Die sake uf kours huts mansh'd druvel gamocht, un sie sawga 's wear aelend im haichda grawd gawest wie die Sarah shtarta hut wolla shunka flaish ob mocha.

Die Sarah hut 's airsht gamaint der shunka wear so taxe os sie nix mit awfonga kent, ow'r endlich wie der Willard datzu kumma is, hen sie glei ous g'funna os es die sake wor, un net der shunka os sie nix ob griega hut kenna. Die sake wor shtump ganunk os ebber druf noch Fildelfy un widder tzurick rida het kenna, un het sich net g'schnidda. Wie die Sarah laenich gawertschoft hut, wor der shunka ae mohl uf ainra side 'm dish, un noh widder uf da onner side. Ow'r wie sie mohl awk'hova hut, un der Willard hut die sake k'hand'ld huts glei shticker gewwa, un sie hen gabroda shunka flaish kot fer supper.

WOR SHOE UN TZAE KARTZ: Is es now net wunnerbore wos fer g'shpichta os m'r alsa mohl hoert won m'r fon hame kumt? Yusht da onner dawg hut 'n Kutztown Fegelchie uns ins ohr gapishbert, fon da Elsie Kersher dart drous ihra tzwae arya erfohringa net long tzurick on da Kutztown Textile meal woh sie shoft. Mohl fers aller airsht, moryets wie ihra Jack sie noch da meal ganumma hut k mit da mashine, ferhoftich sei wie sie fom kar is, won sie net g'sehna hut os sie fergessa hut ihra shoe aw tzu duh, un hut yusht bed shlippers aw kotta.

Die Elsie hut hame gawolt fer ihra shoe hola, ow'r der Jack hut g'sawt won sie sel dade, graich'd sie net fol tzeit — sie sot nei on die arwet gae un er dade ebber nunner shicka mit ihra shoe. Die Elsie is noh so fershaich'd nei in die meal galoffa, uns hut ken hawna danoh gagray'd os sie shlippers aw het, bis ihra buh so on halver elfa rum nei kumma is mit ihra shoe. Ol hen noh 'n guter loch kotta, un die Elsie hut die socha gore mechdich k'hoss'd.

Ow'r da Elsie ihra druvel wor ols noch net feriwwer. Wenich danoh hen sie ebbes fon ra party kotta darta on da meal, un allas wor ol recht bis es ons essa gonga is, uns sis da Elsie bei g'falla os ihra folsh gabiss ferbrocha wear, un os sie ken tzae kotta het fer kowwa. Fon ihra fiend hen sich ow'r shun darta mit fohr g'sehna kot, un hen ra 'n gabiss kauft im fine un tzaea cent shtore —'n gabiss gamocht fon ebbes wie wox. Die barichda sin, 's wear ershtounlich gawest wie gute os die tzae gaboss'd hetta, un wos fer 'n guter g'shick os die Elsie sich gewwa het fer essa mit.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Elsie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Maint m'r now os es sei kent, heit tzawe mohnet wohrhoft gaina m'r widder der Hudson owwa nous — weiter owwa nous os noch aenichie Pennsylfawnish Deitschie train un boat exkursion drowwa wor.

Horoscope

Your best way to succeed in your next year is to be confident, able to meet your objective and master it. Shrewdness is likely to develop from the infant born today.

25 Years Ago

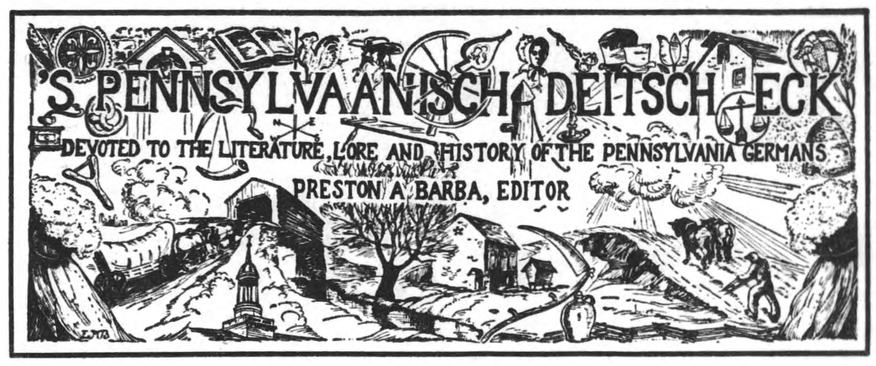
From The Morning Call of June 2, 1926, a Wednesday

Citizens living on St. Cloud St., between Chew and Turner Sts., petitioned city council to bring about a cessation of teaching and examining inexperienced auto drivers in this block. The petitions averred that cars backing into the curbs had done considerable damage and that on a number of occasions children of the neighborhood had narrow escapes from injury.

Mildred Berger of Zionsville recited "The Face on the Bar Room Floor" by H. Antoine D'Arcy to win the junior prize speaking contest at Emaus High school.

Toomey and Flynn of Philadelphia, noted firm of golf course architects, began work on the $110,000 course on the new site of the Lehigh Country club along the Little Lehigh.

Atty. Lawrence H. Rupp was the speaker at the 58th and last commencement of the Cedar Crest Preparatory school in St. James' Reformed church. Eight girls received diplomas.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

(Continued)

SECTION IV

Meanwhile times had changed. The Revolution had broken out, and since Stiegel was an ardent partisan of England he was unwilling to participate in the struggle for freedom and independence. This attitude made him many enemies and he found it advisable to disappear from Philadelphia. His friends in Ephrata, Lancaster and Reading who had spent such jovial days in his castle were for the most part dead, and from them he could no longer obtain help. He, therefore, had to wander about as a beggar, until he finally succeeded through the intercession of the pastor at Womelsdorf in obtaining a position as the schoolmaster of the German congregation there. He had now at least a home and shelter from the inclemencies of the weather. After filling this position for some time and giving his correspondent in Philadelphia news of his place of residence he received a letter from him containing a draft for one hundred pounds. Soon after that he vanished from Womelsdorf, nor did any one ever hear what became of him.

At Cushing Hill, not far from the Wernersville railway station, where the fine hydropathic establishment founded by Dr. Leisenring looks down from the high mountain into the Lebanon Valley and as far as Reading, there stood in the last quarter of the 18th century a log-house. No one in the neighborhood knew anything about it until one day a hunter on going through the forest lost his way on the mountain. How astonished he was on winding about through the bushes to come out suddenly into a clearing in which was standing a wretched log-hut. The hut was surrounded by a little garden, and in a tiny meadow two goats were grazing. He entered the house, but what a sight met his eyes! On the bed sat an old man with snow-white hair, and before it lay a dog in convulsions. The hunter spoke kindly to the old man, but he could only answer with a faint, scarcely audible voice. He begged the hunter anxiously to bring the dog, his faithful friend and guardian, a piece of bread. As for himself, he said, he was past help. The hunter promised to fetch aid quickly and hastened down into the valley. But when he returned with food supplies the next morning the old man was a corpse and the dog lay dead before the bed. This man, according to the farmers of the neighborhood, was Baron Stiegel. A few years ago the author of this story saw the mound under which rest the bones of the old man.

And now, after this digression let us return to the story of Conrad Weiser. Weiser was not long to enjoy repose and domestic happiness, for the war which had broken out between England and France (called the Seven Years War in Europe, the French and Indian War in America . . . 1755-1762) was constantly extending its circle of operations, and the warning torches of the conflict were daily flaring higher in America. Both belligerents on this continent were trying hard to win over the Indians, and both spent great sums of money in the effort. But neither could with any certainty count upon the savages, for they were then, just as they are to-day, given to breaking their pledged word.

Finally, so history relates, the French succeeded in bringing the Indian chief, Peter Cartiere, over to their side. Through his influence other chiefs of up till then unknown tribes were won over. At the very opening of the year 1754 hordes of the most cruel savages came over the Blue Mountains, pouring down into the English villages and murdering the inhabitants without mercy. The German settlements, as they lay closest to the mountains, had to endure the fire and the most terrible scenes of devastation, for the savages, whenever they attacked, spared neither man nor woman, neither hoary head nor child. Peter Cartiere rewarded his savages according to the number of scalps taken. If I were to describe the details of what the German pioneers of those days had to suffer they would fill a book.

You can readily understand that at this time the interpreter Conrad Weiser was everywhere in demand. And be it said to his praise that he was untiring and at once on hand where he was needed and danger threatened. He speedily collected his neighbors, and volunteers from everywhere, and formed a regiment. He divided it into various sections, but always stationed them so that they were never out of touch with each other, and could easily be united again into a compact body if it were necessary to confront a large troop of Indians. He erected forts at various places, and was constantly in communication with friendly Indians, especially with the chiefs Scaiohady and Shekelemy. Through them he always received timely warning of the movements of hostile bands of savages and could govern his movements accordingly, thereby staving off many disasters. The government now sent regular troops, and soon the barbarians were driven back over the Susquehanna and the Blue Mountains.

Weiser remained in active service up to the year 1759, in spite of the ill health induced by the many hardships that he had endured. Then, however, as hostilities more and more abated, he yielded to the entreaties of his children and his son-in-law. Pastor Muehlenberg, sent in his resignation as interpreter to the government and retired from public life. From then on he lived sometimes in Reading, sometimes with his son on the farm at Heidelberg, from where we saw him ride away at the beginning of our story to visit his son-in-law Pastor Muehlenberg and his family. Weiser had departed, as we have already read, with the definite intention of reaching the goal of his journey on that same day. However, it turned out otherwise. As he entered Reading, through which town his road lay, he was stopped by some of his friends there and by some delegates from Philadelphia. They greeted him with great respect and begged him so urgently to give them a few hours that he could not refuse their request, and so he spent the afternoon and the night in Reading. But at daybreak Weiser was already in the saddle, riding through the ravines of the Neversink and Penn mountains towards his goal.

It was a glorious Sunday morning when about ten o'clock he reached a height from which he saw lying before him down in the lovely valley the beautiful German settlement, the Trappe, surrounded by blooming fruit trees. He heard distinctly the bell that called worshippers to church, and his heart filled with gratitude towards the Creator in whom he placed his trust and who had saved him so often from distress and danger. He folded his hands and sent up a prayer beyond the stars, where he firmly believed a loving Father dwelt. He looked down once more at the church, then put spurs to his pony and in a few minutes arrived at the parsonage.

He found no one at home except the faithful housekeeper, Maria, for the whole family had gone to St. Augustus church, where Pastor Henry Melchior Muehlenberg was that day conducting divine services. Maria was pleasantly surprised to see the good grandfather before her, and came hastening up to welcome him. Soon a light luncheon stood on the table, and the old man was eating with a hearty appetite. Soon the following conversation ensued:

Weiser: So, my whole family is well and at church?

Maria: All except Peter.

Weiser: And where might he be? As wild as ever, I suppose?

Maria: No one knows where he has been keeping himself since yesterday evening. But I'm not afraid for him. He'll come back safe and sound and. . . .without having done anything to be ashamed of. Of course the pastor will recite to you a whole litany of woes about my good Peter, and tell you that he is a good-for-nothing. The good man worries without any reason about the boy. He finds fault now with this, now with that: nothing that Peter does is right. His younger brothers are meekness itself, doing their best to become regular sit-by-the-fires, and they are always unduly favored and spoiled by their parents. But, nevertheless, dear father Weiser, I assure you that Peter is not only the best child of the pastor, but that he is also cleverer than any of the others. This Peter might make his mark in the world if only his father would not compel him to become a preacher, for against this calling he has a great dislike.

Weiser: He ought, however, to obey his father unconditionally, for he surely knows what is best for him.

Maria: Please, do not get angry at my Peter. Even if he is a little wayward, goes hunting with the Indians, climbs and fishes, I tell you that I'll stand up for him, for I know how good-hearted he is better than his parents do.

Weiser: But, Maria, if you defend your favorite like that you are also defending his unruly behaviour, and thereby contributing your share to his running away some day from his father.

Maria: No, no! My Peter will never do that. He is unhappy. If only his father would praise him a little now and then when he deserves it he would try to please him more. But he never gives him any encouragement. If any one besides me ought to stand up for him it. . .

Weiser: It is I. Well, and why?

Maria: Because he is like you in body and soul.

Weiser: So? You mean to say by that that I also was a young scapegrace?

Maria: Peter is not at all as wayward as they maintain. He simply does not want to sit in the house all the time. Has he not, in spite of his youth, just like you won the closest friendship of the Indians? Is not our village spared from being molested by the savages who live everywhere round about us?

Weiser: And that is due to my Peter?

Maria: Yes, yes, papa Weiser. That is due to your Peter, YOUR Peter, I say, and he'll do a lot more fine things if only they do not make a stay-at-home out of him.

Weiser: Go ahead, and tell me about it, Maria.

Maria: There are, you must know, two young Indians called Pic-to-nu and Cac-tu-mi who are absolutely devoted to Peter. He spends every free hour in their company. From them he has learned the Indian language. With them he goes fishing and hunting, and he brings me many a fat roast to the kitchen.

Weiser: So, so! That's the way the wind blows.

Maria: If the pastor had only granted Peter's so urgent request to be allowed to visit you in Heidelberg the two Indians would surely have gone with him. For they want nothing more, as Peter told me in confidence, than to meet you, of whom they have heard so much praise. They call you the great father, the faithful friend of the red men.

Weiser: Is that all?

Maria: No, no! Perhaps on this visit you will learn something that will set you completely at rest about Peter. However, not a word more. I beg pardon, dear Father Weiser, the church bell is announcing the end of the services, and I must prepare the dinner.

While Weiser was walking up and down the room thinking of what Maria had said to him Pastor Muehlenberg entered with his family, and all gave the good grandfather a hearty welcome. There was no end of embracing, kissing and handshaking. When the excitement was over Weiser looked about once more among his loved ones. . .Peter was missing. Muehlenberg noticed whom his father-in-law's glance sought and began: "Dear father, are you wondering where Peter is? As he worked hard this week I gave the rascal permission yesterday to take a little trip with his two Indians, with the understanding, however, that he was to be home again by evening. You can see how he is extending his leave of absence. It is now twelve o'clock of the second day, and the boy isn't here yet. But when he does come home I shall make an example of him. A good beating, and then locked up in his room on bread and water." Weiser protested against the severe punishment and said that he had heard that Peter was diligent, of a quick understanding, and that in spite of his youth he had done many useful things. One should not treat him so harshly. It seemed that the robust and active boy was not made for poring over his books. "Ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Muehlenberg. "I think our good Maria is talking out of your mouth, defending her favorite. He has never before stayed away a whole night." And then she added anxiously: "If only he has not met with an accident!" "Nothing will happen to him," interposed Muehlenberg. "With his Indians he will defy wolf and bear, and even the rattlesnakes of which there are so many in their hunting grounds. He has nothing to fear from the whites, and the savages will give him their best furs for a bed if he is fatigued.". . .With a gesture of his hands Weiser said: "God bless him!"

(To Be Continued)

BANK BARNS IN ONTARIO

Dr. G. Elmore Reaman, Professor of English at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario, who contributed the article "The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario" in the ECK for Jan. 20, 1951, has sent us the following interesting item:

The bank barn among the Pennsyvania Germans in Ontario is quite similar to the type used in Pennsylvania. Let me describe a barn built in 1822 in Vaughan Township, York County, some ten miles north of Toronto. It was built by Jonathan Baker, a native of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, who came to Canada with his parents in 1801, and a descendant of his still owns the property.

Its beams are immense, one of hand-hewn pine, 80 feet long, 12 by 12 inches, almost without a knot. The joists under the barn floor are hand-hewn and dovetailed, about 8 inches by 22 or 24 inches wide and 45 feet long. The hay mows are 30 feet square and the original floors are still in use. The barn has a forebay of about 10 feet in width.

The barn is on a stone foundation but the barn proper is made entirely of lumber. In the original barns the ramp is level since the barn is placed against an elevation. However, where no elevation is possible the ramp is built up from the ground.

There is one difference between bank barns in Ontario and in Pennsylvania, and that is in the matter of decoration. Barns were seldom painted and there were never any "hex signs" on them.

Around this homestead there are a large number of buildings such as ash house, used for soap making, smoke house for curing meat, drying house for apples and corn, ice house, blacksmith shop, implement shed and maple syrup shanty.

The house has been enlarged so that there is sufficient accommodation for the grossdawdy.

DIE RUMMADIX

Es Singe geht mir hatt,
Ich kann schier nimmi fatt,
Was bin ich in re Fix;
Graad owwe in meim Bee,
Datt dutt's greislich weh—
Ich hab die Rummadix.

Ebmools wann ich druff schteh,
Dann schmerzt's mir in meim Bee,
Un ich muss greische,
"Autsch!"
Ich hoff es iss glei gut,
Ken 'acid' in meim Blut,
No saag ich, "Vorwaerts,
march!"

Ich nemm's noch wennich schloo,
Un fiehl aa aardlich bloo
Mit so re wieschte Pein;
"Ferwas iss des mei Bloog?"
Iss nau mei aerschti Froog,
"Iss mei Blut nimmi rein?"

Der Dokter saagt zu mir,
"Du drinkscht yo wull ken Bier,
Awwer esse duscht zu viel;
Ess dei Leib net so voll,
Un dei alts Maul, des soll
Net schaffe wie en Miehl.

Schtopp eb du satt bischt, Mann,
Ess aa net dann un wann,
No watt's dir besser geh."
Ich hass sei Adders nemme,
Mei Maagge zammeklemme—
Doch dutt mei Bee so weh.

Ich hab zu de Fraa gsaat,
"Mach bitterer Zelaat,"
Den heesst mer Pissabett;
Sie hot des no geduh,
Mit Oier aa dezu.
Des helft bei Tschings, you bet!

Ich geb gut acht am Disch,
Ass ich net so viel frisch
Fleesch un anner Schtoft,
In mei Maul schiewe duh;
Des gebt mir besseri Ruh,
Es dutt net weh so oft.

Der Dokter gebt mer no
Pille un so Schtoft—O,
Des helft eem wunnerbaar.
Doch watt mer net gschwind gut,
Wann mer aa dokt're duht,
Mer iss net, was mer waar.

Es waarem Wedder kummt,
Mei Haerz gloppt ass es brummt,
Ich fiehl gans besser nau;
Verleicht kann ich fatt esse,
Die Rummadix vergesse—
Ich hoff, so, ennihau.

—DR., PIERCE E. SWOPE

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Editorials

Football by Television?

The millions of people who are depending upon television for hours of daily entertainment and for enjoyment of so many athletic events, which they could not possibly attend, will watch with highest interest all developments in the recently-precipitated controversy over the announced intention of the University of Pennsylvania to televise its 1951 football games.

Already there is some question whether Pennsylvania will have games to televise. Inasmuch as it takes a second team to provide a contest and, since Pennsylvania's action is contrary to the policy of the national organization of colleges, teams that will oppose Penn, according to their already agreed upon schedules, also will have something to say about the televising of games played on Franklin Field.

It is understandable that most of the colleges are opposed to giving their sports to people sitting around television sets when seats in their own expensive stadiums are empty. Even tho the television rights are well paid for it is a question whether such income will balance the losses if vast numbers of people remain away from the stadiums because they can see games on the screen, turn them off if they prove uninteresting and hunt up other kinds of entertainment.

Most of the colleges must jealously defend any inroads upon football receipts. This game, thru its profits, carries all other outdoor sports which lose money and, with basketball, sustains the big athletic programs at virtually all the colleges.

There is the almost absolute certainty that television programs of this interesting outdoor sport, which millions would like to see out in the open but cannot because the stadiums are crowded and because they are removed from the games by many hundreds of miles, are not going to be sent out over the regular channels. They will be sent over coaxial cables to places of public entertainment, such as movie theaters. Thus the owner of a television set will find it useless for picking up football games and will have to patronize a theater and pay for the privilege of seeing the game.

There are a whole lot of interesting, new angles that will be brought up and will have to be decided before the football season opens if television fans are to see any games at all. Very cautiously the colleges will go into the matter. They must fear that football fans will move out of the stands and face the television screen, whereas the colleges want them to continue to pour thru the turnstiles and pay the high admission fees that football has commanded consistently and that the fans ungrudgingly have paid.

See "Portrait of Press"

A new and brilliant chapter in American newspaper history promises to be in the writing during this weekend when members of the Lehigh Art Alliance hang their 140 paintings that constitute the exhibit "Portrait of the Press" and will be shown in the P. P. & L. Building, beginning on Sunday.

It is safe to say that no other group of artists in the United States ever has attempted such a feat as that which they have performed in recent weeks during visits to the Call-Chronicle Newspapers' publication plant. No other daily newspapers in the United States ever have provided the encouragement and cooperation which were necessary to their efforts.

People of this community will have the very first opportunity to see this unexampled phase of American art, which after the Allentown exhibit is moving outward and onward to many communities in the United States, according to present indications. Opening in the State Capitol in Harrisburg, State-wide attention will be received for it and thereafter its journey will probably take it into many States.

How well our local artists have caught the spirit of the great and free American press, together with its magnitude and importance as an indispensable industry, will be your privilege, as a visitor to the exhibit, to judge.

A jury of outstanding American art critics will select the traveling exhibit from the large number of canvasses that will be hung in this city for our enjoyment. Thus our local people have the advantage of seeing everything that was conceived and developed by our painters, sculptors and workers in other art forms.

Every person who saw their first comprehensive art study of an industry when these same local artists did the "Portrait of Power" for the P. P. & L. Co. will wish to see this "Portrait of the Press."

In all certainty these two concentrated efforts have provided a new epoch in American art. The field into which our local artists have entered is so enormous and varied that it may well engage them over and over again and bring them new honors as their talents have added opportunity for expression.

The Foot in the Door

The United States Supreme Court evidently thinks it can perform over night a feat which the housewives of the nation have been unable to accomplish for a hundred years — to keep magazine salesmen away from the door. The court ruled, six to three, that municipalities have the constitutional right to forbid these door-to-door subscription takers from entering the home unless they are invited to do so.

We will not enter at this time into a discussion of the legal niceties of the case, although the court minority seemed properly impressed with the argument that freedom of the press was involved in the decision. But it appears obvious that many of the justices have little knowledge of the tenacity of the magazine salesman. When a determined subscription taker gets his foot in the door, the entire counterweight of the Constitution of the United States is unavailing. When he starts to talk in mellifluous and persuasive tones, he can prevail over even the most cogent of Supreme Court decisions. Supreme Court justices obviously are sheltered from life; they employ other people to open their doors for them; and for all their cunning and shrewdness, they have never had to face the arguments of the young man who is working his way through college.

The American subscription taker, whose foot has held open the doors of the nation, will find it child's play to prod gently aside a mere Supreme Court decision. Obviously, the justices are trying for too much at once. We would be satisfied merely with a law to keep our door bell from ringing while we are in the tub.—N.Y. Herald Tribune.

Rain-Making Legalized

Altho there is vast difference of opinion about the practicability of so-called "rain-making," or artificial methods of precipitating moisture from clouds overhead, the entire matter must be and is being taken very seriously in various parts of the country, particularly those which have small and uncertain annual rainfall.

Out in Oklahoma the first rain-making corporation has been established. Thus the State itself has granted the rain-making privileges to a company which has established some reputation for dependability.

This particular company proposes to use silver iodide generators to seed rain-clouds and precipitate moisture. Such seeding is to be done from the ground rather than from planes in the belief that slower and more widespread rain can be produced in that way.

The corporation now is gathering its membership. Farmers in Texas, as well as Oklahoma, are expected to join the organization and pay 4 cents per acre of cultivated and 2 cents per acre of uncultivated land as fees to secure the service.

Not too much is expected from the efforts of the rainmakers. That section of country gets about 18 inches of rain annually. The rainmakers will have achieved wonders if they can live up only to the expectation of supplying an additional seven to 12 inches per year.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Six months ago a local haberdasher ran an advertisement headed:

"Feet cold? Buy warm socks!"

Today that same store's ad reads:

"Feet hot? Buy cool socks!"

Six months ago we were complaining about the cold.

Now we are kicking about the heat.

Three months ago we had a flood that washed away some of our soil and threatened to kill the dormant plants.

Today the ground is dry as dust and the drought threatens to wither all vegetation.

There is always something to kick about, to worry about, to struggle with.

"Divine discontent" a poet called it.

The only "divine" feature about it that I can see is that probably God, in His wisdom, knew that it is not good for us to live in unalloyed happiness.

Humans apparently can't stand too much of anything.

Too much contentment makes people lazy.

Too much money makes them get into mischief.

Too much food makes them fat and gives them indigestion.

Too much progress makes them over-value the material things and neglect the spiritual side of life.

* * *

A woman left her husband the other day and took along her two young children and the family toaster.

After two weeks the husband came to the conclusion that she had left him for good.

He notified the police and was asked whether they had done much fighting at home.

"No," said the husband. "We were reasonably happy. We have had only the usual number of quarrels."

What is the usual number of quarrels?

When does the number of quarrels become unusual?

When do these "usual" quarrels occur so often and become so violent that eventually they become unbearable and lead to divorce?

There is also a "usual number" of quarrels and disagreements among nations.

Usually they can be settled—if both sides to the quarrel are reasonable and inclined to compromise.

Compromise is not cowardice. It is common sense.

Nature teaches us that.

* * *

When your feet get cold you don't just go around cussing nature and going outdoors to fight her.

You compromise. You turn on the heat. You protect your plants. You put up storm doors and cover your rhododendrons with burlap. You go and get warm socks.

And when it gets hot you again compromise with nature. You wear cool clothes, eat cool food, stay out of the sun, buy cool socks—and keep your temper cool.

That goes for nations, for married folks, for anybody with hot or cold feet—and should go for presidents.

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

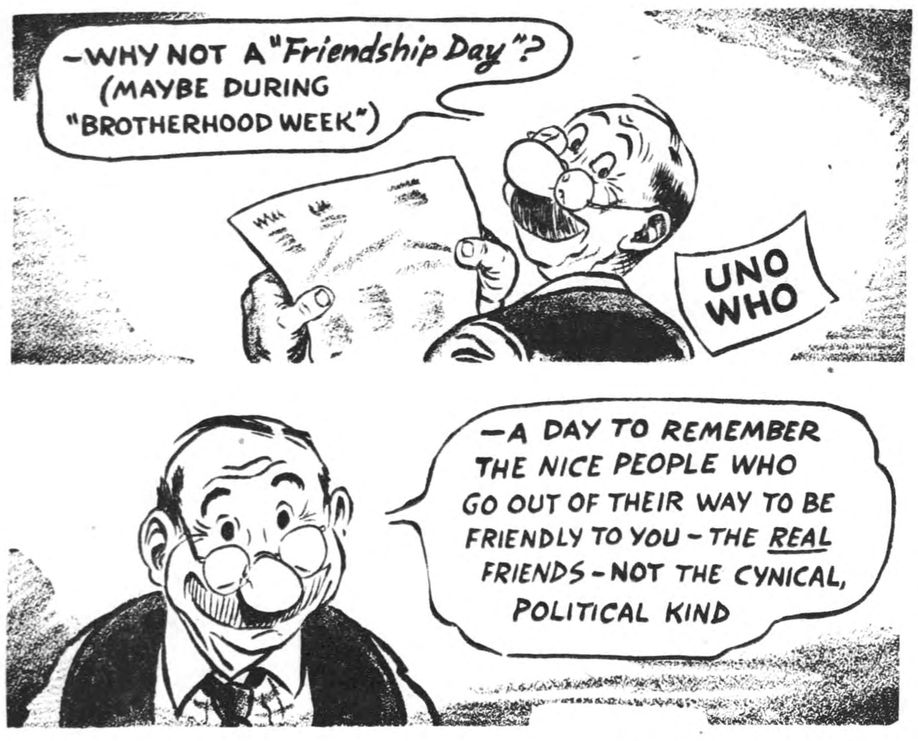
From The Morning Call of June 9, 1926, a Wednesday

Eighty-nine young men, composing the largest class ever graduated from the institution, were presented diplomas at the 23rd annual commencement exercises in the chapel of Allentown Preparatory school.

Horoscope

Your own initiative and industry should help you to good fortune. Look for an energetic, ambitious personality in the child born today.

We Have 'Days' for Everything Else



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

When will the Senate and House Armed Services committees begin to investigate the biggest single weakness in the defense situation of the United States?

Plenty of time is being consumed by hearings in which high-ranking military men and the secretary of state tell the congressional committees what they care to reveal about the inner workings of their offices. But no time at all is being given to an inquiry to determine if America really has a high command that can function instantly if war should break out suddenly.

All the testimony thus far indicates a judgment that there probably will be no declaration of war by the enemy but a sudden attack, just as was the case at Pearl Harbor in 1941.

Reflects on Confidence

But if the United States went on a war footing tomorrow, the command situation would be as cumbersome, clumsy and confusing as it has been throughout the Korean War. While some members of the joint chiefs of staff have endeavored to create the impression at the hearings that Gen. MacArthur was a bit difficult to handle at the other end of an 8,000-mile line of communication, the evidence indicates clearly that the whole episode reflects seriously on the competence, alertness and judgment of the joint chiefs of staff itself. As one retired officer who knows the Far East told this correspondent: "When the joint chiefs have difficulty in telling a man of Gen. MacArthur's ability what they mean by their messages, it shows a serious weakness in Washington."

Something of the same situation that happened at Pearl Harbor in 1941 has happened again. Gen. Marshall was then chief of staff of the Army, and Adm. Stark was head of the Navy. When President Roosevelt discovered how badly the two armed service staffs had functioned in the emergency, he gave immediate attention to an entirely different command structure. He had the joint chiefs set up as an independent body, reporting directly to him.

For Different

The joint chiefs of staff arrangement which was established by Roosevelt during World War II was a far different thing from what is in existence today.

First of all, it is not generally realized that the present joint chiefs, comprising the operating heads of the three armed services, have duties which are largely administrative. Naturally they are absorbed in matters related to the immediate requirements of their own services. They do not have much time for over-all planning.

Only two or three times a week, and then only for brief periods, do the joint chiefs sit down together. The testimony of the chiefs at the hearings shows clearly that on important issues involving vital decisions of policy they are not well informed at all and that the liaison between them and the unified commands in the field, as well as with other parts of the government, is very poor.

Suggests Improvement

A significant improvement would be the establishment by Congress of a joint command, to be composed of one man from each of the three armed services, with a secretary-general as presiding officer, who would also handle the relations of the joint command with other governmental agencies. The members of the joint command should not be burdened with any administrative work or operational duties and should give their full time to the planning and strategy policies to be followed by all three armed services — fixing the allocation of responsibilities to each service as circumstances in the world situation change and as the law permits.

All members of the joint command should have the same military rank so that the four members will be coordinate with each other.

Below the joint command there should be three top men of high rank to operate each armed service and give full time to those tasks without being involved in the interdepartmental discussions on international or political matters. They could be called chief of army operations, chief of naval operations, and chief of air operations.

The testimony in the recent record of the Senate hearings is only part of the evidence of loose functioning and lack of information. If Congress chose to investigate how little time was given by the supposedly top command in Washington to the events immediately preceding the order for American forces to enter Korea, it would be discovered that the "peacetime" footing has not since been changed, and that the same lack of preparation which caused serious delays a year ago is prevalent today. Military decisions require careful planning in advance and are not always good for the country when made impulsively under stress.

No Check

Unfortunately for the American people, there is no check on the incompetence of commanders in wartime. The war colleges subsequently study in secret the mistakes made, but the American people pay for those mistakes in the casualty lists.

The Congress is the only means which the people have to check up on an administration which has already shown by its handling of Korean War operations that it has failed to give the American people a most necessary instrument for military operations — more important than planes, guns or draft laws — a top command that gives all of its time to planning and study of world strategy as the nation is exhorted to get ready for atomic war and instantaneous military action in the event of attack.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER FRANKIE UN SEI GASE: Ich wunner wie fiel leit os wissa os der Frankie Schuler fom Siegersville now aw noch in da gase bisnis is? Ich wase net wos es is, ow'r gase hen wunnerbora lieblicha waiga on sich, bardich won sie net so loud reecha noch 'm hoffa. Wos fer 'n ort gase os der Frankie hut kenna m'r net sawga — wissa net ebs ainer is fer melka odder net, aenicha waigs sis 'n gase.

Now sel glae shaif'l os die Mary kotta hut is ra noh gadobb'd noch da shule. Der Frankie uf kours is shun langshd iwwer die shule yohra drous, un der gase kent 'm ninny darta noh dobba won er wot, ow'r des da haiser os die widdering is, des da efter gait er der wert Guy Schwartz sehna. Da onner dawg hut der Frankie noh 'n wunnerborer druckner hols kot, un sich yusht net helfa kenna os wie gae der Guy p'sucha. Der Guy hut immer paar grawna hinnich 'm bar, woh so gailie bree rous lawft — bree os 'm Frankie gore wunnerbore gute aw shtaid bei hais wedder.

Dar onner dawg hut er ow'r net mainer wie ains odder so gapetzt kot, bis ebber kumma is un hut gawunnert wos fer 'n kayoser hund os drous on da dier shtae dade, worta fer nei kumma. Wie der Guy gaguck'd hut, hut er gamaint 's wear 'n gailer police hund, ow'r wie ers tzwet mohl gaguck'd hut, hut er wol g'sehna wos es wor, — 'm Frankie Schuler sei gase.

Der Frankie so weit os sel aw gait, kon alla weil noch net fershtae wie der gase dart niver noch 'm wertshous kumma is. Fermuthlich wert er 'n wol s'shpoor'd howwa, all 'm noh wie sel shaif'l aw da Mary ihra foos dobba noh is, bis noch 'm shule hous. Der Frankie wor noh shure der gase wear darshdich,un hut m Guy g'sawt, er sot 'm 'n glaws so gailie bree tzoppa — er wot mohl sehna eb der ketzer 's soufa dade.

Der gase huts ow'r net mohl evens fersuch'd, un der Frankie hut numma gawinsch'd er hets 'm net on die naus k'hova, so os ers selwar drinka kent. Ferleicht hut er aw hinna rum, sel wissa m'r net, aenicha waig, er hut 'm gase noh nocha mohl 's glaws on die naus k'hova, un wos hut er gaduh, os wie 'm Frankie gaharich in die finger gabissa.

Sis leicht tzu denka os der Frankie noh base werra is, un hut 'm gase g'sawt er sot sich hame mocha so shtarrick os er gae kent, odder er dade 'm sei shoe hinna bei awmessa, os die bocka tzae robbla dada. Der gase wor ow'r net tzu fershracka, un all'm noh mit ra maining er maich'd 'm in die wada beisa won er 'n kicha dade, hut er halt gahumma om shtrick woh er um der hols hanka hut kot, fer 'n hame fiehrra. Der gase is 'm ow'r bletzlich widder holshtarrich werra, noh wos hut der Frankie gaduh, os wie der gase gagrabb'd im gnick un om bartzel un hut 'n uf die shulder g'shmissa, un 'n hame gadrawga wie 'n sock male.

Der gase hut net bohna g'sawt ow'r der Frankie hais'ds, het gabrumm'ld so seit os os die wertshous boova sie sehna hen gae. Die barichda sin, der Frankie het g'sawt, 'n onner mohl dade der gase dahame bleiva, un won die hitz 'n drucka mocha dade im hols, maich'd er wosser soufa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

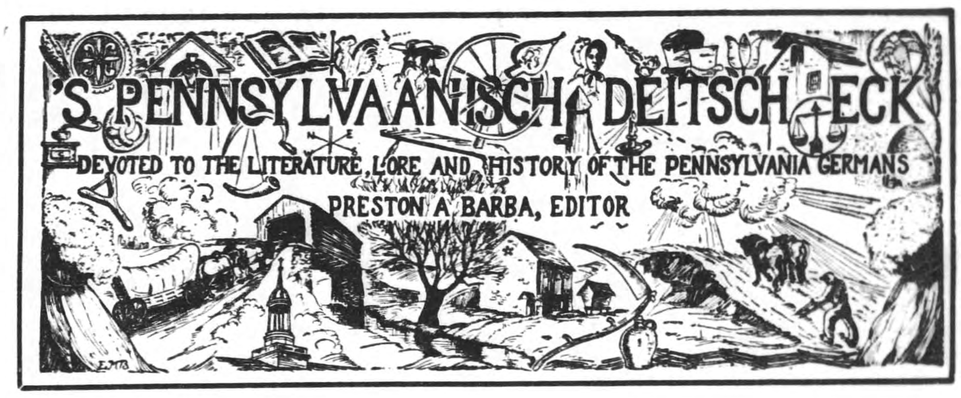
Wos der Frankie howwa sot is so'm glainer tzwae radderricher wogga, noh kent er der gase ols ei shponna un uf un ob fohra — wos uf kours ferleicht fail'd, is 'n poshda bei Guy, unna hostler fer der gase aw binna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 24

Through Moses, the Lord is making a covenant with Israel, based upon the words which God spoke to him, and which were evidently written in a document called 'the book of the covenant,' v. 7. To ratify the covenant, the book as well as the people were sprinkled with blood, as Hebrews 9:19 says. Moses, his brother Aaron and Aaron's sons, Nadab and Abihu, with 70 elders of Israel were summoned to appear on Mt. Sinai. Moses was asked to ascend to the top, amid the shekinah cloud of glory, where, it is said, he remained 40 days and 40 nights. During this time he received from the Lord the specifications, the blue-print, as it were, for the construction of the tabernacle, chapters 25-31, including all its furnishings, as well as details concerning the ordination of the High Priest and his assistants. In 31:18 we read that 'at the end of communing with Moses, God gave him two tablets of stone, written with the finger of God.'



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

The dinner was served. The conversation had turned to other channels, when suddenly Muehlenberg's second son stood up, pointed outside and cried out: "Look, father, the Indian Pic-to-nu is slinking into the kitchen to Maria. He is certainly bringing her news of our brother." . . . "Heavens!" cried Mrs. Muehlenberg, "I only hope that nothing has happened to him!" "Calm yourself, dear wife," remonstrated Muehlenberg, "Maria will soon give us full information." But when Maria failed to put in her appearance Muehlenberg sent his son to the kitchen to call the two in and to hear the Indian's report.

Maria came into the room holding her handkerchief to her eyes and weeping. For several minutes she could not answer Muehlenberg's questions. Finally with a loud voice she broke out with the words: "My Peter, my good Peter! Oh, what happiness, Pastor! You have a blessed child, my good, good Peter!"

The terror depicted on all the faces at Maria's entrance had through this exclamation suddenly given way to astonishment and curiosity. "Speak, speak!" cried Father Weiser, "what has happened?" The good housekeeper held out her hand to him and said: "Father Weiser, didn't I tell you that Peter was a good boy, and that during your stay here you would probably hear of something that would make him still dearer and more precious to you? But before I begin my story I must first beg pardon of our worthy pastor and Peter's mother for not initiating them into the secret that Peter shared with the Indians and with me. I was convinced that the three would succeed in their undertaking, and that after their success the joy would be so much the greater, and so I kept silence." . . . Well, don't keep us on the rack any longer," cried Muehlenberg. "That wild fellow has done nothing so important, I am sure, that it merits all those tears of yours. You are simply foolish about the boy, and whatever he does is counted up twice to his credit."

"You have not yet forgotten," said Maria, turning to Conrad Weiser, "how three years ago the savages came pouring like a flood across the Blue Mountains and down into the settlements, murdering and burning our homes. Even the poor animals had to suffer from their cruelty. Those who were not murdered were carried off into the wilderness. You surely remember that the redskins burned down the farm buildings of your friend Jacob Heck, whom you always called your dear Zweibruecker. Everybody believed that the whole family was murdered with the exception of a daughter who hid herself in the woods."

"Certainly I can recall that time so terrible for our neighborhood," answered Weiser. "We came too late with our help."

"Well," continued Maria, "since then no one has ever heard anything of good Mr. Heck or of his family. Nevertheless Emma, the rescued daughter, who now lives in our parish, she at whose baptism you were sponsor, always maintained that her parents were still living. She said that she often saw them so clearly in her dreams, making fire for the savages, preparing their food and sewing skins. They looked very miserable, especially her father. Emma frequently comes to see me. Now it so happened that when she came to visit me again about two months ago Peter and his two Indians were with me in the kitchen. Pic-to-nu and Cac-tu-mi were talking with Peter and told him that they were going over the Blue Mountains to attend a council of their chiefs, and that it would be some time before they came again. When Emma learned of the intention of the Indians she begged Peter with tears in her eyes, urgently and affectionately, that he should request his two friends to inquire among the tribes living in the Blue Mountains whether any pale-faces were to be found among them. Then she described the appearance of her father and mother. Peter talked a long time about the matter with his friends, and promised each of them a blunderbuss if they brought him news about old Mr. Heck. Then a handclasp, and the Indians were gone. Emma left me filled with hope. Early yesterday morning just as Peter was about to go from his bird-traps to his pine-grove he heard his name called from a distance. And, when he looked around he saw his friend Cac-tu-mi running towards him. 'Good luck, Peter!' he cried. 'We have seen your white friend. We brought him with us as far as the little Perkiomen brook, but there he sank down with exhaustion. Pic-to-nu is looking after him, but you must take him food, or he'll never see your settlement and his daughter any more.' Peter came to me into the kitchen with Cac-tu-mi when the family was at breakfast, told me the joyful news, but begged me to keep the matter absolutely secret until he himself had seen the old man. After the Indian had appeased his appetite I packed up some bread and meat for him and he hastened away to the Perkiomen. Peter begged me once more to keep silence, and said he would study hard that morning so that his father would give him permission to spend the afternoon as he pleased, and then he would go as fast as he could to the Perkiomen. But as it is such a long way he said that he would not be able to get back until late in the night. I did just as Peter told me, gave him food and drink, and as fleet as a deer the boy sped over the mountain." . . . "And what news does Cac-tu-mi bring now? Why hasn't Peter come back yet?" asked Weiser. . ."The Indian," said Maria, "has just brought me the news that old Heck is better, but that he is still much too weak to make the long trip here on foot. Peter begs his father to send him a wagon so that he can bring the weak old man to the settlement." Like an actress Maria now assumed a malicious expression and asked in a sharp tone: "Now, Pastor and Mrs. Muehlenberg, what do you think of my Peter? Grandfather Weiser, doesn't my Peter deserve your respect?" . .Tears stood in the eyes of all, and it was some time before Muehlenberg began to speak, thanking Maria for the joyful news and promising to send a wagon at once with the Indian, so that poor Heck could be brought to the Trappe. Weiser pressed Maria's hand affectionately and promised to send Peter two blunderbusses as soon as possible, so that he could keep his promise and reward the two good red-men. After Maria had gone out they talked a long time about Peter. Weiser reproved his son-in-law for being so harsh with him, and for trying to force him into the ministry in spite of his aversion to the profession, especially seeing that a pastor such as the people wanted to have did not lie in his make-up. Muehlenberg, however, rejoined that Peter was unusually talented and ought to be submissive to the will of his parents, particularly so because on account of the great German immigration there was a pressing need for Lutheran preachers.

The following day the clock had just struck eleven when a wagon came driving into the settlement, and in it old Heck and Peter on the front seat, and the two Indians on the rear one. Since the news of the finding of Jacob Heck had already spread throughout the village old and young came hastening up to see their former neighbor. The meeting between father and daughter was very touching, and the grief of the girl was pitiful when she heard from her father that her mother was dead.

The wagon stopped before the parsonage, where Weiser and the whole family greeted the new arrivals with great manifestations of joy and affection. Weiser ran up to his grandson Peter, a slender and vigorous young fellow with clear blue eyes and an open countenance. In silence he kissed him and clasped his hand while the tears ran down his cheeks. Scarcely had he dried his tears than the two Indians stood before him. Timidly they took his hands and pressed them affectionately. Pic-to-nu was the spokesman for both, and speaking in the Iroquoise language he said: "Conrad Weiser, our hearts have for a long time yearned to see the pale-face who has done so much for our red brothers. Your soul and our souls walk together. It is a pity that not all our brothers know you, as do the Delawares, Iroquois, Shamokins and Mohawks. If they did your opinion would be the general one in all our councils until far beyond the steep mountains that can not be climbed, for your advice was always the best."

This was Weiser's last visit to Muehlenberg. On the following day, after visiting his friend Heck, he went to Reading, where he spent some time. On the 12th of July he returned to his farm at Tulpehocken, in part to visit his children and grandchildren there, in part to recover his health in the invigorating air, for the severe hardships of his life had greatly weakened him physically. Unfortunately in the very first night after his arrival he was seized by a severe attack of colic, and already on the afternoon of the next day, Sunday the 13th of July, the good man was a corpse.

When Weiser laid out his farm he designated on one of the highest points of it a place, a quarter of an acre in size, as a family burial plot. Here there were already resting five of his children and his Indian friends, Shekelemy, Ochano and Cehachquay, who had begged him when dead to be permitted to sleep beside him. Another Indian chief, to whom Weiser had promised a burial-place beside his own, died the following year, and the red-men brought his body, which was received by Weiser's son Philip, and accorded burial beside the others.

Some years ago the author of this novel with his friend General George M. Klein of Reading visited the burial ground and Weiser's grave. Burial ground and graves were all in a most desolate condition, and only with the greatest difficulty could one decipher Weiser's epitaph on the half decayed tombstone. It runs as follows:

Dies ist die Ruhe-Staette des weyl.ehren geachteten M. CONRAD WEISER

Derselbige ist geboren 1696, den 2. November, in Astaedt im Amt Herrenberg im Wuerttemberger Lande und gestorben 1760, den 13. Julius, ist alt geworden 63 Jahr, 8 Monate, 13 Tage.

EN LIEDEL

Hie un do en Liedel,
Hie un do en Blumm,
Weil mer gehne uff un ab
Wege graad un krumm.

Mer fiehlt e wennich besser,
Wann mer denke draa,
Annere aarme Sinder
Hen gefiehlt yuscht so.

Ebmols iss es dunkel drieb,
Reggert alle Daag;
Batt es wann mer grummle dutt,
Helft em sei Geklaag?

'S gebt en blooer Himmel
Marye odder heit,
Un die Sunn scheint widder
Fer geduldiche Leit.

Der liewe Gott datt drowwe
Glaawich lebt als noch;
Wann er nimmi deet, wett ich
Naus zum erschte Loch.

Weil er dutt, watt alles recht,
Glaab's yuscht, mach yuscht fatt;
Scheint dir immerhie die Sunn
Ewich do un datt.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
(1862-1934)

WER WEESS?

Verleicht wisst dihr's net, un es macht aa net viel aus, awwer ich bin en Parre. Alle Sunndaag misse so aareme Drepp mir zuharriche, wann ich breddich. Deel gehne schlofe, deel gucke in de ganse Karrich rum, un deel kumme gaar net.

Owwer es hot gude Seele, as alle Sunndaag in die Karrich kumme. Verleicht gewwe sie net viel fer mei Breddiche, awwer sie kumme ennihau. Un, O! es macht mich so gut fiehle, wann etliche Benk uffgenumme sin. Alle Parre hasst zu Hols zu breddiche. Ebmools muss mer awwer zu Glotzkepp breddiche.

Karzlich uff en scheener Sunndaag Marye hawwich vun de Kansel nunnergeguckt, un datt hen graad ee Dutzend Buwe ghockt, all an eem Blatz, un die hen sich all gut bedraage. Sie waare vun zwelf bis siwwezeh Yaahr alt. Was hot des mich so haerrlich fiehle mache! Es waare aa noch meh Buwe an annere Bletz in de Karrich.

Ich hab denne yunge Tschaepps verzaehlt vum alde Trebonius. Der waar en Schulmeeschder in Deitschland iwwer vier hunnert Yaahr zerick. Sellemools hen die Buwe als die Hiet ab, wann sie am Schulmeeschder verbei geloffe sin.

So iss es awwer net gange im Trebonius seinre Schul. Er, der Schulmeeschder, hot als sei Hut ab, wann er an de Buwe verbei iss. Er hot als gsaat, "Wer weess, was die Buwe mool warre kenne." Ens vun de Buwe in seinre Schul hot Martin gheesse. Wie er grooss gewachse waar, hen die Leit ihn der Doktor Martin Luther gheesse. Ich hab no gsaat zu de Buwe, "Loss mich mei Hut abnemme zu eich heit. Wer weess was dihr mool warre kennt."

Ya, wer weess? En Parre vun re grosse Karrich hot mir gsaat wie er en kleener Bu waar, hen aa all die Buwe bei enanner ghockt in de Karrich. Ee Daag hot der Parre sie aageguckt un hot gsaat, "Wer weess? Verleicht warre deel vun denne Buwe Parre." Der Parre vun de grosse Karrich saagt mir, seller Daag hett er sich fescht vorgenumme en Parre zu warre.—"Wer weess, was es aus de Buwe gewwe kann?

—DER KASCHPAR HUFNAGEL.

This is the resting-place of the late highly esteemed
M. CONRAD WEISER

He was born in 1696, the 2nd of November, in Astaedt in the district of Herrenberg in the land of Wuerttemberg, and died the 13th of July, 1760, at the age of 63 years, 8 months and 13 days.

On the 13th of November 1793 General George Washington, the father of his country, visited Weiser's grave. He came from Reading, and since it grew too late to return there that same day he stayed with friends over night in the village of Womelsdorf near by. At that time no one living there was able to address the General in the English language. It was, therefore, decided that the pastor should compose an address in German and that this should be handed to General Washington by a committee. The address was written that same evening, and then a number of the citizens who had served in the Revolutionary war assembled. They sang a song in front of the General's lodgings and fired off their old guns several times, crying out loudly in unison: "Long live George Washington!" The address, unaltered, is as follows in English translation:

"Your Excellency! May you be so gracious as to accept with your innate and customary kindness our manifestations of joy, arising from our gratitude and obedience, on this happy occasion of enjoying the personal presence of your Excellency. The wise deeds crowned with happy success which under the protection of the All-highest Being you executed in the recent glorious war, the happiness and the contentment which we since then have enjoyed in times of peace under your government, and the recently so thoroughly considered and opportunely recommended principle of neutrality inspire all men anew to accord you high esteem and love. (Reference to Washington's proclamation of neutrality when at the time of the French Revolution France solicited the aid of America against the other powers of Europe.)

"The inhabitants of this region will never cease to pray that God grant you health and long life."

The next morning the inhabitants of Womelsdorf received the following answer from General Washington in English, written by his own hand.

"The courtesies that you have shown me, and the approval that you have indicated of my efforts have given me the greatest pleasure.

George Washington"

To Be Continued

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Editorials

For Good Citizenship

Admission of alien-born residents to the rights of American citizenship always proves an inspiring experience both for those who have become naturalized and those who witness the ceremonies or later on read about them. Therefore the decision by our Board of County Commissioners to continue its Americanization Bureau and thereby encourage the efforts of alien-born to become well-informed citizens is praiseworthy.

Presently there are about four thousand persons of alien birth in the county who have never applied for citizenship. Always there will be a group indifferent to citizenship or timid and afraid about making the efforts to become citizens. There are aged folks who have gotten along well without bothering their heads one bit to learn about our political system and the names of those who fill political office. It has rarely or never been a disadvantage to them to be without citizenship.

But there are more than four hundred persons of alien birth who are looking toward citizenship and its opportunities and responsibilities. They are on the rolls of the Americanization Bureau. They are being assisted in acquiring the knowledge necessary to meeting the Federal government's requirements for naturalization.

As long as there is a considerable number of earnest applicants for naturalization it will be well worth while to make the finest citizens possible out of them. This we believe has been done thru the Naturalization Bureau during the many years of its operation and its painstaking work with many hundreds of people. Language difficulties have been surmounted with patience. English has been taught quite satisfactorily and remarkably well when the brief amount of time given to students has been considered. The principles of our democratic government and society have been taught faithfully by the thorough Americans who have made up the school's faculty.

It can be believed that of the many classes and groups of applicants for citizenship who appear before county courts thruout the United States to receive citizenship papers, with the approval of the U. S. Immigration Bureau, few if any measure up to the high average standards of applicants for citizenship here in Lehigh County. They have been trained by inspirational teachers. They have been imbued with a sense of their responsibilities as American citizens. And they have known that they are in a friendly community that is welcoming them to its thoroughly American, democratic society.

The members of the Flag Day Class of 1951 which was accepted on Thursday night are welcome, thrice welcome in this community.

Let Investigators Come

It has not been indicated whether the Senate committee named to investigate the gambling racket in the United States is interested in any operations in Allentown and Lehigh County nor whether the committee has been informed that this may be a fertile field for inquiry. But it will be a very good thing if its investigators either come into the community or summon to Reading any persons who, it is believed, could contribute information on the subject to that body.

Such a visit would serve to clear the atmosphere which is clouded by hosts of charges and rumors, doubts and suspicions. It would serve to prove whether our public officials are right when they believe there is comparatively little wrongdoing here and that there are no business connections between what is here and the big national rackets.

If it be proved that they are correct in their opinions it will serve to lay the rumors that float about thru the community. Many persons believe that the petty gamblers are the smoke that signifies the presence of the fire of a considerable "racket" with all the nasty implications that go with the word "racket."

Those implications include bribery and practical partnership between the forces of law and order and the forces of evil. There is one of the most serious phases of this entire gambling business. It is the phase which public officials themselves most earnestly will desire to have cleared up. Therefore honest public officials are sincere when they welcome investigation. The honest have nothing to fear and nothing to hide. But even the honest can be the victims of ill-informed rumors that are carelessly circulated by irresponsible and heedless persons. It is the honest persons who are the victims of baseless rumors that have the most to gain from any such investigation.

Peace Again in Belgium

Belgium gets a new king a month from today and while in ordinary times a change in the rulers of a country is of slight concern to Americans, in these days almost anything that is going on in Western Europe is important to our affairs.

It is important that Belgium, as a unit of the Atlantic Union, should be happy and contented with its ruling head. This has not been the case since the ending of the war. All during that time there has been controversy and sharp political cleavages over King Leopold III who surrendered to the Germans in 1940 after little more than token resistance. Leopold's contention was that he had saved his nation from a brutal foe that would have destroyed the little Belgian people. His enemies persistently charged him with cowardice and treason.

The issue has served to divide the Belgians very seriously. It has militated against constructive, progressive government. This is to end on July 16 for the king's eldest son, Baudouin, is to be crowned on that day following Leopold's abdication.

Thus the dynasty which the Belgian people respect and love will be maintained. Leopold will bow out of the national scene that he had not adorned at any time.

With Leopold out the parliament should be able to turn mind to important national matters which, likewise, are important international matters and concern us vitally.

We'll Still Take Vanilla

Lewis "Chesty" Puller is a good man to have on our side in time of war. This recently starred general is a genuine Marine hero. He has "had it all," as the Leathernecks would say, taking part in every Marine campaign since the first World War.

Returning from Korea to rest awhile in his Virginia home, General Puller has paused here and there to deliver himself of some opinions of Marines in Korea in particular, and the other services in general.

In different times "Chesty" Puller's observations would be given little weight. He would be regarded as something of an oddity in peacetime, where today his "beer and whisky" routine for training Marines draws sage second.

In some persons such alcoholic beverages do whet the fighting edge. For others it brings on the weeps or a noisy snooze. There is doubt also that the stuff makes a real tough he-man. At least one distiller says frequently and in several colors that it makes a man "distinguished."

On the other hand is the recent report of a survey in a "typical" American community. In 68 per cent of all nonindustrial violent deaths in a year, alcohol was a responsible or a contributing factor. Nearly half the 78 accident victims had been drinking. In homicides the alcohol factor was especially significant, seven of the eight victims being somewhat crocked, and the same number of killers "under the influence."

General Puller advocates beer and whisky against ice cream for developing toughness. We'll still take vanilla, general.—Stockton (Calif.) Record.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 32:1-6

Moses had been in the mount for a period of 40 days. In 31:18 we read: 'And He gave to Moses, when He had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God.' How they were graven as 'the work of God, for the writing was the writing of God,' 32:16, may be hard to explain. Lightning playing in the clouds sometimes looks like the fingers of a hand, and certainly could melt the stone, so as to impress on it the characters of the text of the Ten Commandments. So thunder is sometimes spoken of as the voice of God, and the wind of heaven as His breath. When Moses came down from the mountain, he was horrified to find the children of Israel worshipping a golden calf, which they had asked Aaron to make, for they knew not what had become of Moses. The shape of this idol god, a calf, may have been determined by the fact that the sacred bull of Egypt was one of their major gods, for it was from Egypt that they had just come.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

DIFFERENCE

He cannot see it my way,
His way I cannot see.
The low way or the highway,
One better seems to me.
Good friends we still can be.

Who has the vision clearer,
We cannot truly say.
Which road may be the nearer
And which the longer way?
Is goal or friendship dearer?
With friendship I would stay.

He seeks the truth as I do,
I seek the truth as he,
And so I wonder why do
Grave quarrels have to be?
Why let what mind and eye do
Make foes of him and me?

(Copyright 1951)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A young man barged into a minister's study, a lovely young lady in tow, and exclaimed, "We want to get married. I beg you to make the ceremony as brief as possible. Here are the credentials. I assure you they're in order. Those ladies knitting in the corner will do fine as witnesses."

The minister, amused, performed the ritual, gratefully pocketed a $50 bill, then protested, "Remember the old adage about marrying in haste, my children. What's your hurry?" The young man, already half way to the door, explained over his shoulder, "We're double parked!"

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of June 16, 1926 a Wednesday

United States citizenship was granted to a class of 150 in naturalization court here before Judges Richard Iobst and Claude T. Reno.

Abraham Lipetz, 74, prominent manufacturer and leading official in Jewish circles here, died.

Samuel M. Rapoport, A.S. Nass and Paul W. Ramer, local students, were listed among graduates at the University of Pennsylvania.

Horoscope

Be brisk: allow no time for gloom or negative thoughts, and your next year should show gratifying results. Today's child may be a home lover, and have fine character traits.

Dad





David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There is at once something tragic and discouraging in the case of Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer—that a man of his breath of view, worth-while experience, and rare insight should suddenly be lost to the government's service in these critical days. After three days of testifying, he was warmly applauded by Democrats as well as Republicans. For, with candor and uninhibited simplicity, he gave the Senate Committee some valuable truths about American policy in the Far East during the last five years.

No Ordinary Man

Here is no ordinary military man, but a student of global strategy—an experienced planner with a broad sweep of though on how the military, the economic, the psychological and the spiritual resources of America can be brought to bear in a new assertion of leadership. He was commended by many senators who had disagreed with him on the details of his approach, for instance, to the Korean problem. They thought his broad and comprehensive program to be a step in the right direction.

Some newspaper headlines may have given the impression that Gen. Wedemeyer wants to withdraw from Korea and call it quits. To say this is to take out of context what he proposed and to select what may have appeared sensational rather than substantial. Plainly, Gen. Wedemeyer thinks it is strategically wrong to concentrate our ground forces in Korea, but, if we stay there, he would have our commanders in Korea given full authority to bomb Manchurian bases and carry the war to the enemy who are attacking us. Either you are in a war or you aren't—this is his clear-cut approach. While he didn't favor use of ground troops originally in Korea, he believes the time has come either to attack the enemy directly, wherever he may be, or to withdraw from Korea and pursue an alternative course.

Favors Alternative

The alternative which Gen. Wedemeyer favored a year ago, and believes is still practicable, is to impose a naval and economic blockade on China and sever diplomatic relations with Russia and the satellite countries. He would take our ground troops from Korea and carry on a punitive war against Red China by the use of the Navy and the Air Force. Since a modern Navy is built primarily around the aircraft carrier, Gen. Wedemeyer is saying, in effect, that attack from the air can in the long run be effective in bringing an enemy to submission. He told the committee he did not believe in committing large bodies of American troops for action in Korea because he thought that there were other areas strategically of greater importance. But he would carry the Korean War to a conclusion through the maximum use of naval and air power.

Gen. Wedemeyer, however, would not place reliance on just one instrument—physical force. He made the most eloquent and persuasive plea that any public man has yet made in favor of psychological warfare.

Minces No Words

The general minced no words about blockades, both economic and naval. He refuses to believe that our allies will decline to go along with both courses if the United States is sufficiently vigorous in urging this action upon our allies. He decribes the psychology of fear and defeatism and calls for unity among the allies based upon their own self-interests. He doesn't think Russia will go to war just because of what is done in the Far East—he believes that if Russia decides to go to war, it will be because of the entire global situation.

In many instances the witness was reluctant to become controversial—to accuse, for example, State Department officers in the Far East of disloyalty. He was respectful to the joint chiefs of staff and said he deferred to their judgment, but he also noted that Washington too often fails to give a field commander full information and to give him advice he so desperately needs. He has implicit confidence in Gen. MacArthur's fidelity to his orders and to his superiors, and cannot believe that the former allied commander would ever do anything intentionally to flout those above him. Indeed, Gen. Wedemeyer hints that a thorough examination of the directives and messages exchanged would be necessary to learn just how the misunderstandings occurred. He didn't think it was wrong of Gen. MacArthur to write Rep. Martin—he said that military men were doing it all the time—but he thought the congressman should not have made the letter public without first asking Gen. MacArthur.

And so went the testimony—forthright, fearless, clear and comprehensive, even if at times, on cross-examination, there seemed to be points of contradiction or inconsistency.

Casualty of Intolerance

What a pity that a man like Gen. Wedemeyer is lost to his government—for he asked for his retirement recently rather than make a fuss over the mistaken views of the Department of State in making Far Eastern policy. Here is a man whose counsel should even now be sought by the authors of military as well as foreign policy, for he has a penetrating intellect and a rugged honesty too valuable to be put aside at such an early age. He is truly a casualty of the intolerance of Washington officialdom toward dissenting opinion.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Today, although it is not Friday, certainly is fish day in the newspapers.

Incidentally, whenever you see "today" in this column, that is not the day on which you read it. It is the day on which I write it.

A couple of weeks ago, in one of my columns, appeared a statement that "today is a wonderful day. The sun is shining, it is warm . . ."

To days later I received an airmail letter from a fellow in New Mexico.

"What kind of a liar are you, anyway?" he asked. "You say it's a wonderful day. It is raining cats and dogs. It's a miserable day. No wonder you can't believe anything you read in the papers!"

* * *

Yes, indeed it is fish day, today.

On page 1 of my local paper appears this heading:

"Thousands of Small Herring Found on Shore in Black Rock."

There is going to be an investigation, not by the Kefauver committee but by the Connecticut department of Fisheries and Game.

They want to find out whether the fish died from natural causes or from poisoning.

And then there is always the possibility that they committed suicide.

If you were a herring wouldn't it drive you to suicide if you realized the prices the housewives have to pay for you nowadays after you are put in a can and called a sardine?

The second fish story is about the ferry boat "Park City" which has carried passengers from Bridgeport, Conn., to Long Island for the past half century.

Now it is being refitted and will join the shrimp fleet in the Gulf of Mexico.

I may be wrong, but from the way the story is worded it implies that its new career will be a humiliation for the poor boat.

I don't see why. I am not very tall, so quite often I have been called "little shrimp."

If I don't resent it, why should the boat?

Now for the third fish story of the day.

Three years ago a Brockton, Mass., shoe worker retired at the age of 68.

He bought himself a new car and drove around the city "whistling at girls and generally behaving like a Don Juan."

Complaints began to come in to police and the fellow got to be called "The Wolf of Brockton."

At last the police caught up up with him and he was arrested.

Now 71, he admitted to the judge that he was thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Being a widower, he said, he didn't know what to do with himself since he retired.

"I just like women, I miss them. And I haven't much of anything to do."

The judge ordered him to sell his car and to act his age.

And as His Honor left the bench he was heard to remark:

"Poor fish."

(Copyright 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ALTIE G'SHICHT: Die Susanna Gross doh 'n lond drous, hut net yusht gross k'haisa, ow'r sie wor aw kens fon da glaina. Sie wor leddich, un hut so rum har g'shoft, ae mohl doh, uns nagshd mohl darta. Mohl ae dawg hut sie 'n chob aw ganumma ols kinds maud-hut siva kinner tzu heeda kot die weil os der Fodder on da arwet wor, un die Mutter noch da huckelbierra. Die arders worra, fer die kinner dawgs heeda, na middawg un supper rishda, un sie owets tzeitlich ins bed duh.

Wie die fraw fom house shpote owets hame kumma is hut die Susanna in da kich k'huck'd un wor sich om shtraila. 'M guck noh wor sie arrick fershtruv'ld, un die fraw hut gawunnert wie sie fert kumma wear mit da kinner.

"Oh" het die Susanna g'sawt, "ol recht, bis es tzeit wor fer ins bed gae, un selar gross halb-gabocka yung is hame kumma, un hut net ins bed gawolt, -hob 'n mechdichie tzeit kot fer 'm die hussa ous duh."

"Gott im himmel," het die fraw fom hous g'sawt, 'selar gross halbgabocka yung is kens fon da kinner, sel is my mon, da kinner ihra Pap.'

NOCH 'N ALTIE G'SHICHT: Tzwae breeder hen mohl mit nonner gabauert, ainer hut gaglawbt on shmeara, un der onner hut net. Mohl ae dawg hut der woh on shmeara gaglawbt hut, 'm onnerra g'sawt er sot der mist wogga shmeara.

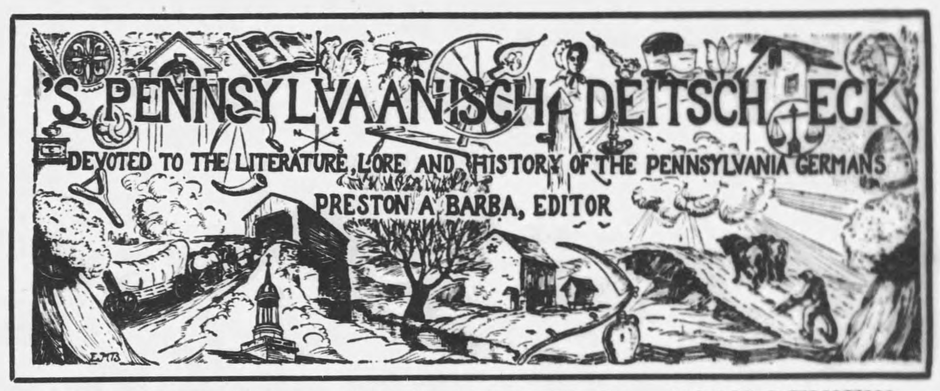
Der brudder woh net on shmeara gaglawbt hut, hut die tzwae hinnerra radder g'shmeart ow'r net die fedderra. Wenich danoh wie der onner gawunnert hut eb er der wogga g'shmeart het, huts 'n gore mechdich aryerment gewwa os er yusht hinna g'shmeart het, un net farna.

Noh hut der woh die shmearerei gaduh hut, g'sawt, er kent gore net sehna wos es bodda dade fer fedderra radder, shmeara, die hinnerra radder weara wos tzaila dade weil die fedderra immer 's airsht im shire hofe weara -g'shmeart odder net.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die ledshd g'shicht sheind wie wons 'n ob g'fallnie Til Eilenshpiegel g'shicht, sei maich'd-der Til hut aw etlicha mohl dale arya erfohringa kot bauer die wegga shmeara.

Ae mohl hut er allas om wogga g'shmeart wie inside da radder net -darta hut er net draw gakent.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

PART II

Henry Melchior Muehlenberg

Section I

Continued

Pennsylvania is a beautiful, fertile and healthful land. There is probably no other on earth that in topography and climate so strongly resembles our old fatherland. This may have been the reason that the earliest German immigrants built their huts here, and here felt at home. The proverb is still current that if a German has lived for a time in Pennsylvania he feels as much at home as in the old fatherland. If he emigrates, homesickness steals upon him. There was even a period, from 1730 to 1764, when in Pennsylvania more German was spoken than English. It was frequently necessary for officials who understood no German to take interpreters with them whenever they visited the interior of the province.

One of the most beautiful and salubrious regions of Pennsylvania is without any doubt the upper part of what is now Montgomery County, at the point of junction with Berks, Lehigh and Chester Counties. To the north one sees a chain of mountains quite similar to the Swabian Alps, to the west are visible the mountains of old Berks resembling the Hardt mountains of the Palatinate. To the south one almost imagines that he sees the mountains of the dark Odenwald, while the east might easily represent the region of the former duchy of Berg. From the heights are seen many brooks threading their way through the land to empty finally into the Schuylkill. And just as one follows Father Rhine from the Hardt mountains, so the eye here follows the Schuylkill for mile after mile.

One of the most beautiful and fertile sections of this favored country is the plateau, the Trappe, formerly called by the Germans the Treppe, where as early as the first quarter of the 18th century a large number of Germans had settled. The first German schools were to be found here, and by 1730 there had been built a German church to which was given the name of Augustus. In 1849 it was razed and a new one was erected to take its place.

The pastoral care of this church was assigned to Henry Melchior Muehlenberg. This good man was born in 1711 at Einbeck in Hanover, studied theology under the guidance of Franke in Halle, and after his ordination in 1742 was sent through the mediation of the famous orphanage located there as a Lutheran missionary to America, where he first served the St. Michael's and Zion's congregations in Philadelphia. He was a highly educated philologian, master of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages, and preached in Philadelphia in German, English, French and Swedish. One can readily imagine that he soon acquired a great reputation among the scholars and clergymen of that period.

When Muehlenberg came to Philadelphia, the German Lutherans that later constituted St. Michael's German Lutheran congregation were holding services in a large carpenters' work-shop in what is now Arch Street near Fifth. Sermons were preached in German and in Swedish. Although the congregation had a large membership its means were limited and its finances indifferently conducted. Muehlenberg soon saw where the shoe pinched, and took the reins into his own energetic hands. He made such clearly thought out and practical suggestions to the church council that soon members and money both came streaming in. An acre of land was purchased on Fifth Street, and as early as 1743 the cornerstone of the still standing St. Michael's Church was laid.

Muehlenberg soon became the most beloved Protestant pastor in the province of Pennsylvania. The carpenters' workshop and the St. Michael's Church became too small to contain the throngs that wanted to hear the talented pulpit orator. Muhlenberg's sphere of activity was not limited by Halle to Philadelphia. He was to travel throughout the whole province, to bring order into the religious affairs of the Germans to the best of his ability, to preach, to convert, to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. . .in short to perform the services of a general missionary. As soon, therefore, as he had brought order and system into the congregations of Philadelphia and Germantown, and Pastor Brunholz had taken over his position there, he traveled over the province and visited all the congregations, preached whenever opportunity offered, and discussed with his brothers in the work the necessary steps to be taken to stem the inroads of the sects. One of his most interesting stopping places was Bethlehem, where many Moravians from Westphalia and the Rhineland had settled, and where their great leader, Count Zinzendorf, was then staying. Zinzendorf, who had already heard the most favorable reports of the young Lutheran, gave him a most hospitable reception. Ear and eye witnesses of that period claim that in a learned debate of several days duration, the subject of which was the basic principles of Lutheranism and Moravianism, Muehlenberg carried off the palm of victory. But the bond of friendship which united the two Germans remained untroubled, and Muehlenberg grieved greatly when Zinzendorf returned to Europe.

From Bethlehem Muehlenberg accompanied by Zinzendorf went to Nazareth and preached there. Then he continued his journey through the wilderness to New Providence and the above mentioned Trappe, where there already existed a large German Lutheran congregation which was badly in need of a capable pastor. "In none of my journeys," as Muehlenberg expresses himself in the Hallesche Nachrichten, "was I accorded so sincere and friendly a reception as at the Trappe, so that I found it hard to take leave." From the Trappe Muehlenberg went to Reading, Ephrata and then to the Mountain church (Berg Church) in the present county of Lebanon, a church founded by a certain Pastor Stoever. Muehlenberg was astonished to see before him when he preached his first sermon there such a multitude of Germans, for this region was at that time in Philadelphia called the far west, where the wildest savages still lived. Pastor Lochmann writes of the years 1732 to 1740 of this Mountain Church: "The hunger for the word of God and the eagerness to be present at divine services were at that time very great. The hearers assembled from far and near, and were deterred from attendance by no dangers. The men took their guns along to church to defend themselves on the way, not only against wild beasts, but also against still wilder Indians. Throughout the duration of the services several men stood on guard with loaded guns in front of the church, for they had taken warning from an attack made by the Indians on a German congregation in the neighborhood, an attack in which all except a boy had been horribly murdered. The boy, who had concealed himself beneath the floor of the church, was the bearer of the terrible news."

Muehlenberg was not satisfied to preach only where churches and congregations were already existing, but he traveled from settlement to settlement, preaching the word of God, establishing congregations and administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In this period he sent the following report to the Hallesche Nachrichten: "In very many places there is not only a lack of houses where one can preach the Word and administer the sacraments undisturbed by the bleating of sheep, the grunting of pigs, the lowing of cows, the neighing of horses and the various noises of other animals that proceed from the stables adjoining the dwellings, but there is also a lack of buildings that might be used as schools for the children."

Later the pastors Brunholz, Weigand, Lemke, Kurz, Schaum, Hellmuth, Heinzelmann and Schulz traveled through this part of Pennsylvania founding congregations and building churches.

Before his return to Philadelphia Muehlenberg preached in the Rieth's or Tulpehocken Church, where he met his old acquaintance, the esteemed Conrad Weiser, who invited him to stay at his farm near by. Both men had been mutually attracted to each other at their first meeting and speedily became united in bonds of a friendship that lasted unbroken until Weiser's death. Muehlenberg stayed at the Weiser home for several days, and many things looking towards the welfare of the German settlers were discussed and resolved upon. Well satisfied with his journey Muehlenberg returned safely to his congregation in Philadelphia, where he threw himself once more whole heartedly into the work that he had begun. But he could not remain here long in repose. Some impulse was driving him out irresistibly into the hinterland of Pennsylvania, and especially to Weiser's farm. There he had seen a pair of dark-brown eyes which drew him constantly like a magnet, and which belonged to Maria, Conrad Weiser's eldest daughter. Maria likewise found great pleasure in the smartly dressed young pastor, and Weiser and his wife with great satisfaction gave their consent to the union, in spite of the fact that Muehlenberg was almost thirty-two and Maria only eighteen years old. The wedding took place with the traditional rites and customs at Weiser's farm on the 30th of April, 1745. Guests were invited from everywhere round about. Muehlenberg brought friends and colleagues from Philadelphia, Germantown, New Providence, and Weiser from Reading, Ephrata etc. There were even some Indian sachems present. After the wedding Weiser wrote to Reading to his friend Stichter: "It is a pity that you could not attend the wonderful festivities on the occasion of the marriage of my daughter Maria to Pastor Muehlenberg. I, my wife, my children, yes all, all who were present, were as joyous as little children. It was the happiest day of my life."

Muehlenberg took his young wife to Philadelphia where she was most cordially received by the members of St. Michael's Church, who tried to outdo each other in giving all sorts of presents to the young couple. They were happy together throughout their whole married life, although their children, especially Peter, were a source of much worry. Muehlenberg continued to be diligent in his work, and every day he increasingly won the confidence and love of his members, his fellow-pastors, the gentry and all the highly esteemed citizens of the city. The correspondence that he carried on with the Reformed preachers and missionaries, J. B. Boehm, Michael Schlatter, Bucher and Dorstius, is of the greatest interest, and gives us a faithful picture of the conditions that then prevailed among the Germans in America, both in religious matters among the various confessions of faith, as well as in material affairs and activities. His letters to the Hallesche Nachrichten are also of unusually great value, as they describe in detail the immigration of the thousands of Germans to Pennsylvania and the sufferings that they had to endure, and at the same time make no attempt to conceal their lack of unity and their highly evident shortcomings.

About the middle of 1745 there arrived in Philadelphia a large number of Germans coming from the old Fatherland, accompanied by various ordained Lutheran and Reformed ministers who were trained for missionary work in America. They were especially recommended to the care of Muehlenberg, and he received them most cordially, assisting them with advice and deed. Unfortunately he was repaid by some of them with rank ingratitude, so that the ensuing disturbances and disorders gave him a great distaste for life in Philadelphia. Since his faithful wife daily begged him to take a country parish, so that he might recover his health which had been greatly injured by over-work, and since the congregation at the Trappe entreated him to come to them, Muehlenberg decided to move there that same year.

No one was more overjoyed than Maria, Muehlenberg's young wife, when she learned that her husband was going to the country, for she had little liking for the bustle of the city, and for the many calls that left her scarcely an undisturbed hour during the whole day. In addition she was greatly worried on account of the declining health of her husband. The hopes that he would again become strong and well in the country made the wife, usually so quiet, cheerful and happy.

Deeply heartfelt was Muehlenberg's leavetaking from his many friends in Philadelphia, and especially from his congregation. He delivered his farewell sermon in the now completed St. Michael's Church. No eye remained dry, and when Muehlenberg left the pulpit the whole congregation, men, women and children, came forward to extend their hands in farewell. The little family was soon ready to set out, two wagons for the family, the furniture and the books of the pastor. Among the papers of Philip Weiser we find the following letter describing the journey, written by Maria Lips, Muehlenberg's maid-servant, to Conrad Weiser. "Oh, how difficult was this journey of only forty miles from Philadelphia to the Trappe! Three full days were required for it. How we women trembled if on going through the forest there was the slightest movement in the bushes, for we were all afraid of a surprise attack by the Indians, who at this time were murdering and burning so cruelly. But Pastor Muehlenberg was quite without fear. He reassured us by reminding us of the high esteem in which you are held by the savages, especially by those that roam through this region. The mere mention of your name would be a safe-guard. In addition he had your picture, which he would show if danger from the red men threatened. In spite of that we were in constant anxiety until we arrived safely at the Trappe, and then we all joined in thanking our Lord God."

To be Continued

BOOK REVIEW

THE INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN. Erwin O. Christensen, Introduction by Holger Cahill, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1950.—$15.00.

The purpose of this magnificent volume is to make possible a wider distribution of the pictorial information contained in the Index of American Design in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

Appreciation of American folk and popular art grew very slowly among us; hence the idea for an Index of American Design was very slow in taking root in the United States. European nations had made large collections of native design and attractively illustrated books had appeared on the subject. The various factors that entered into the final crystallization of the idea for such an index are traced in the thoughtful introduction to the above volume. The plan for such an index, as it finally worked out, proved to fit well into the program of the Federal Arts Project. This project was set up in 35 states and employed on an average of 300 artists from the time it was organized in December, 1935, until it closed shortly after the U. S. entered the Second World War.

The Index, as it stands today, although still incomplete, contains the largest collection of its kind in the world. It includes 15,000 paintings covering a wide range of objects—glassware, pottery, furniture, toys, even merry-go-round horses, hitching posts, ship's figure heads and cigar-store Indians, copied with meticulous care by a special water-color process, rendering detail and texture with a vividness that no photograph can approach.

Out of this mass of designs Mr. Christensen, well-known art historian and the Curator of the Index in Washington, has selected 378 designs (of which 117 are reproduced in color) and written a lively and informative text to accompany them.

We bring this handsome volume to the attention of the readers of the ECK because of the consideration given in it to our own Pennsylvania German folk art. With discriminating taste Mr. Christensen opens this volume with a beautiful presentation of Pennsylvania pottery, chests, fraktur, textiles and tole ware.

This Index of American Design is of great value not only to artists and designers, but to future historians as well, for, as Mr. Cahill points out in the Introduction: "The Index, in bringing together thousands of particulars from various sections of the country, tells the story of American hand skills and traces intelligible patterns within that story. In documenting the forms created by the tastes, skills, and needs of our ancestors it brings a new vitality and warmth into their everyday history, whether they were the founders of colonies and states, or political, religious, or economic refugees who came here to find a new free way of life, a 'chapter of harmony and perfection' in the relations of men." — P.A.B.

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Editorials

Ridgway Cries for Help

General Matthew Ridgway, now commander-in-chief of United Nations forces in Korea, has appealed to his bosses for more troops. This appeal serves to bring out the fact that altho the war over there will be a year old on Monday, in this period of almost twelve months only sixteen out of the scores of nations which approved armed action in Korea have sent any fighting men to the front. The others have done absolutely nothing.

After one year it should have been possible for any nation in the organization to have trained and shipped a token force at least to Korea. Inasmuch as virtually all the nations had trained forces in their camps at home a year ago it should have been possible to send men almost at once if the United Nations means more to them than membership in an organization from which they expect to gain benefits and make no sacrifices.

Except for English-speaking soldiers — those of the United States and Great Britain — there are mighty few soldiers in Korea today. Turkey has a considerable representation with a reported 8,000 men who are bayonet experts, while tiny Greece has had an estimated 1,200 men, veterans of their own guerrilla warfare back home. But little is heard about any other nation or its men in the news that comes out of Korea. There are so few "others."

It must be obvious that General Ridgway's appeal is not only proper but that it is urgent. The United States forces have lost more than 10,000 men who are known dead. There are many thousands who are missing while of more than 50,000 who were wounded during the year there must be thousands who either have been returned home to hospitals or discharged or are in hospitals in Asia. They are therefore out of combat. Additional forces which are being sent out from the United States are largely in the nature of replacements and not reinforcements. They are taking the place of men who are being shipped home according to the rotation system and by which men are to be relieved after moderate terms of service.

General Ridgway has indicated that he is a fighting man very much of the General MacArthur type which seeks military victory and not stalemate; which wants to carry out the original plan of cleaning the Reds out of Korea and giving the people of that country an opportunity to unite their elements and shape a single republic, and which is not disposed to appease the Chinese, as Secretary Acheson is wont, by settling for peace on the line of the 38th Parallel. Too much American blood and treasure have been poured into Korea to beg for peace at any price.

General Ridgway, as a soldier who was in command in Korea until recently, must wish to continue victorious advance and achieve victory. He cannot possibly be satisfied with the so-called "meat grinder" war in Korea in which the only satisfactions are that Chinese are being slaughtered like flies, and that their armies are being annihilated just about as rapidly as they can be organized.

Generaly Ridgway would like to end the war in the way that a soldier understands best. But he needs more troops and he needs them from every member of the United Nations, not from a mere handful.

Salisbury Moving Up

Inasmuch as many citizens of Salisbury desire to enjoy the benefits of citizenship in a first-class township it is likely that the matter will be submitted to the entire electorate at the primary elections in July or the municipal elections in November.

The township certainly has the physical requirements. Its area has been established thru recent survey and this indicates that population is well over the 300-per-square-mile rate.

While official report has not yet been made as to population figures, it is certain that official figures will not be far from the figures in early unofficial announcement, namely 4,605 persons. Even if this figure were to be in error by nearly a thousand, the required population per square mile factor still would be met. Certainly there has been no considerable exodus from the township during the year since the census-takers made their rounds. On the contrary, there has been considerable building of dwellings and influx of population.

In due time the Court will be petitioned, according to current plans. When the official facts are at hand decision can be made. All the indications are that the question will be submitted to the voters before the year is out.

Division for Fullerton

The Board of Commissioners of Whitehall Township and the County Election Board alike have approved the idea of dividing the Fifth Ward (Fullerton) of the township for election purposes and the issue will be decided by the Court late next month, following the primary elections.

The wonder has been that such division was not made years ago before voting machines were adopted by Whitehall's electorate. For years before the machines were adopted and paper ballots were used it was evident that the district was too large, as to the number of voters, for any election board to handle efficiently and correctly. For years the returns of the Fifth Ward, Whitehall township, were the last to be received simply because it was humanly impossible for the members of the election board to complete their return sooner than 10 to 15 hours after the closing of the polls.

Introduction of voting machines made it possible, regardless of the number of electors taking part in an election, to prepare and announce returns almost or as quickly as the board of the smallest precinct in the county.

There are good geographical reasons for a division of the ward into precincts as well as the large and growing population. These doubtless have determined the preliminary decisions and likewise will affect the final decision by the Court.

A Better 'Break'

General Electric has started to comb its list of retired workers with an eye to rehiring those physically able to work. Twenty engineers and sales experts have already been re-employed.

This is an encouraging example. Right now it is prompted by a manpower shortage. But in a few years the sheer weight of numbers of persons over 65 will make it self-evident that mandatory retirement at 65 or any other arbitrary age is sometimes wasteful. . .

A majority of companies surveyed by the National Industrial Conference Board reported older workers turned out work of superior quality to younger men; three-fourths of all employers interviewed by a New York legislative committee stated that older workers were able to match the younger ones in total output; a Bureau of Labor Statistics study of 109 plants found that absenteeism went down with increased age, and that older workers had fewer injuries.

The evidence itself may prompt other companies to follow General Electric's example, therefore.—Des Moines Register.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of June 23, 1926, a Wednesday

The 25th anniversary of the founding of the Central Trades and Labor Council of Allentown was observed at a banquet held in the Hotel Allen. Guests of honor were James H. Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, Mayor Malcolm W. Gross, and Dist. Atty. Orrin E. Boyle.

One hundred and seventy members of the graduating class of Allentown High School left on a class trip to Washington, D.C.

Sixty-one seniors received diplomas at the annual commencement exercises of Northampton High School. It was the largest class ever graduated from that community.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Two agents were seated at a table in Mike Romanoff's new Hollywood restaurant watching Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Dore Schary, Mervyn LeRoy, and Spencer Tracy dine lengthily and well. "Look at them," sighed one of the agents. "How'd you like to have ten per cent of their salaries?" The other said, "The way things are in the film business today, I'd be satisfied with ten per cent of their dinner checks!"

Horoscope

By being co-operative you should come happily through the next 12 months. A highly intellectual personality is probable as today's child grows.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

SHAME

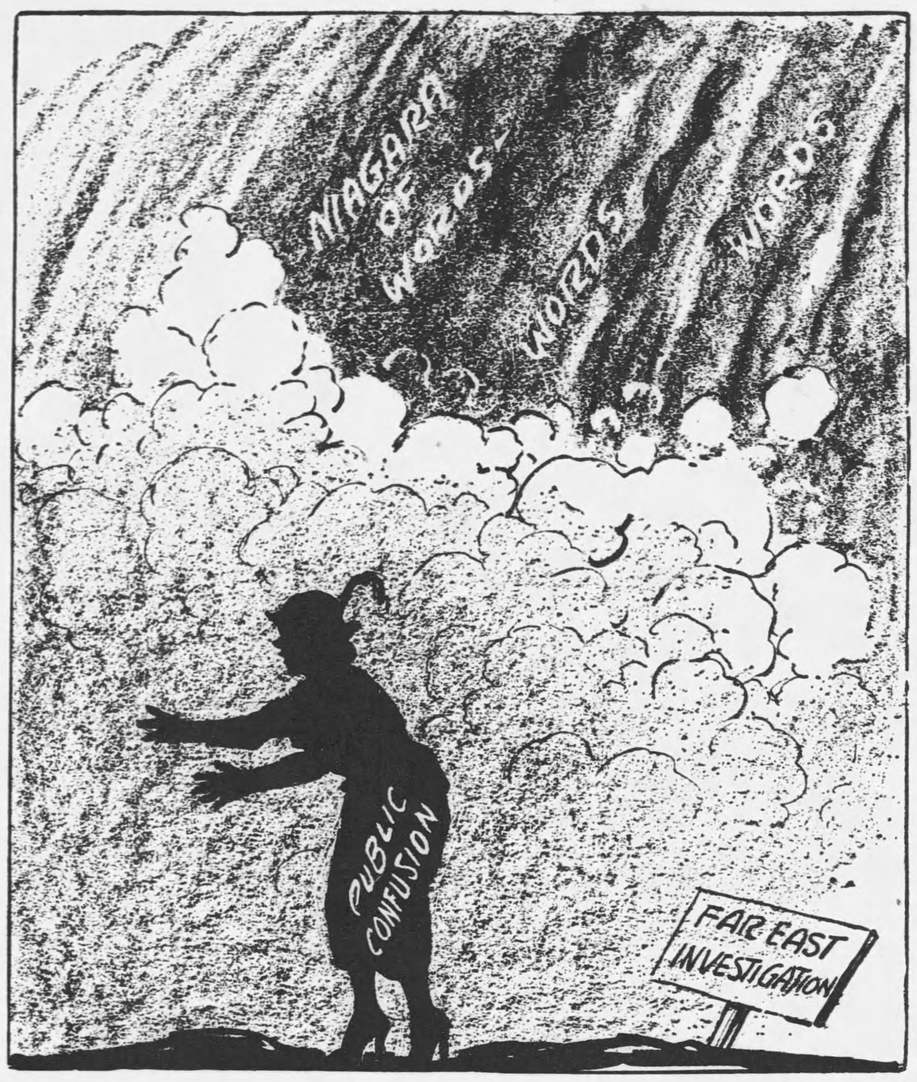
I am fond of a laugh, and a joke
I enjoy.
At times I can chuckle o'er
things that annoy.
I've often regretted the blunders
I've made,
And even when stupid a smile
I've displayed.
But disgrace is a serious matter
I claim,
And I can find nothing to laugh
at in shame.

I try to keep up with the times,
although I
Am in many respects still an
old-fashioned guy.
I was taught by my father that
debts must be paid
And faithfully kept every
promise I made.
The dearest possession man has
is his name,
And no one should think he can
laugh away shame.

I was taught it is shameful a
trust to betray.
"That's nothing to laugh at" my
father would say.
"In this life you'll learn there is
plenty of fun
And laughter is good when your
duty you've done.
You may chuckle at blunders
while taking the blame,
But don't ever think you can
laugh away shame."

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Maid of the Mist



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A profound evolution, if not change in American policy is represented by President Truman's appointment of what is called a "psychological strategy board." It will attempt to influence the peoples — rather than the governments—of other countires.

Although composed of representatives of the Department of State, the Department of Defense and the joint chiefs of staff, the new agency reports directly to the President. This means that at last an independent institution free from the handicaps of the State Department's formal diplomacy can operate freely in the field of what used to be called "psychological warfare."

It is to be noted that the head of the central intelligence agency is to be a member of the board and that members from other government departments may be added as the work progresses.

Gordon Gray, who used to be secretary of the Army, has been chosen to head it up and the outline thus far makes it appear that the objective is to combine some of the tasks that were performed by the Office of Strategic Services during the last war and some of the duties of the Office of War Information.

Infiltration Principle

Broadly speaking, the purpose is to utilize the principle of infiltration which has been availed of by the Russians inside Western countries, but without stooping to the methods and practices of the Communists.

The United States has too long neglected this field of operation. It has been delayed due to the tenacity with which Secretary of State Acheson has opposed any such broad activity unless it could be controlled entirely by his department. He honestly believed it might lead to complications for the State Department. But the famous Formosa document, which was admittedly an effort to abandon truth in order to accomplish what was believed at the time to be a desirable objective, shows how such tactics can boomerang against the State Department.

The new board probably will not operate any information service. The "Voice of America" probably will go on functioning as it is but with directives of policy from the psychological board that may affect its programs.

Something Lacking

Basically, the new board, however, cannot succeed merely because inter-departmental machinery has been set up to direct it. Something vital is lacking. It is the failure of the basic policy of the government itself to furnish the sinews of a good strategy.

It will be useless for the strategy board to try to make effective use of policies which are transparently insincere or inconsistent.

No board of strategy can do anything if the President and secretary of state pursue policies that are faulty. For the State Department to favor the Nationalist government of China one day and to belittle it the next day will not enable the new psychological board to win friends for the United States in Asia. There has to be a firmness and a straightforwardness about national and international policy which will enable a strategy board to feel it is on firm ground when it undertakes a campaign to persuade the peoples of other countries as to basic truths.

Success Problematical

Whether any psychological board can succeed in the absence of a competent leadership in international affairs is problematical. The Department of State today does not have the confidence of a united American people. The President has wrecked bi-partisan cooperation. If bipartisan handling of foreign policy could be restored, if the American people could be reunited behind a leadership in world policy that they feel they can trust, then a psychological board could do an effective job inside other countries. The trouble will not be with the board but with the ingredients of strategy made available to it by the higher-ups in government itself.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A rather cute story came over the wires out of West Hartlepool, England, the other day.

It seemed to me that there was material for a column in it.

Frankly, I forgot just what struck me about it from a writer's point of view.

I'll tell you the story — by the time I get through with it the idea may come back to me.

* * *

A fellow by the name of Ernest Raddle complained to the police that he had been nipped by a collie and asked to have the owner arrested.

The police complied and hailed the owner, one George Roberts, before the magistrates' court and ordered him to bring the offending dog along.

Roberts obeyed the summons but instead of bringing one dog, he brought six, all his.

They all looked alike and they were all good dogs, he said. He didn't know which one had bitten Raddle and he doubted that anyone of them would bite anybody.

The six collies just sat there in a row and looked at the three magistrates.

The three magistrates looked at the collies.

* * *

Then the judges went into a huddle.

"Which one of these dogs bit you?" the chief magistrate asked Raddle.

Raddle looked and looked, first at one then at each of the other five.

But he got no help from the collies. They just sat there and wagged their tails. They didn't say a word. One of the onlookers could have sworn that they were judges.

Finally he confessed that he couldn't tell for the life of him which of the six had nipped him.

The magistrates went into another huddle.

Then came the verdict. Chief Magistrate, the Honourable W.T. Hogg, pronounced it.

"Mr. Roberts," he said sternly. "The court orders you to keep the dog that bit Mr. Raddle under control hereafter.

"And it is up to you to decide which one it is.

"Court dismissed."

* * *

I think I know now why I wanted to use this story for my column.

It reminds me of a lot of us human folk.

We know there are many things wrong with the people we know. We also know that a lot of people think that there are many things wrong with us.

But when we sit down to analyze the faults of other people —and our own—we get all mixed up and don't know where to start or what is really wrong with them or with us.

So, after all, before we go around complaining about others and being dissatisfied with ourselves, we ought to do what His Honour told Mr. Raddle to do:

"And it is up to you to decide which one it is."

* * *

I don't think this is particularly wise philosophy, but if you have a better one . . . .

". . . . it is up to you to decide which one it is."

(Copyright, 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DES FISHER AELAND: Won sei lebdawg 'n tzeit wor woh der Clarence Roth, fohrmon on da Giant cement meal, Egypt, gawinsch'd hut er wear dahame bei seinra Verna, wors da onner dawg wie er mit ra drup nunner noch Indian River wor fisha. In da party wor der Dr. Ed Minner, der Libby Barton, der Harold Worman, Stanley Handwerk, William Barndt, Kenny Hummel, Harry Grammas, Warren Ludwig, un uf kours der Clarence Roth.

Der Dr. Minner hut sich fohr g'sehna mit pilla-pilla os gute sei hen solla fer die same gronket ferheeda. So weit os der Libby un der Clarence ow'r aw gait, hetta sie yusht so gute greena gruselbierra g'shluck'd—si worra gronk ganunk fer dote gae. Moryets eb sie nous sin hut der Libby noch 'm Clarence garota fer recht fiel malosich uf sei ponna kucha duh-sel dade sie shmeara os sie besser ruf kaimta. Un los uns eich fertzaila so wie die Fegelcher gapifa hen, sin die ponna kucha aw kumma, un noch 'n lot may datzu.

Der Clarence klaimt, er het ala minute g'farrich'd die lavendich gol kaimt 'm unna ruf, un der Dr. Minner het nix bei sich fer sie widder tzurick nunner duh. Uf 'm nous waig hut der Clarence 'n lot g'shpass kotta ala gabut yohla, "Everybody happy." Tzaea minuta shpaiter wor naryads nix may tzu sehna fomnoh wor er eunna im boat drin, longs ous g'shtrack'd, un hut gawaricks'd os sie 'n bol in Drumloch hoerra hetta kenna. Bis der Clarence ow'r ous gamocht hut fer sich laiga, wor der Libby aw shun ous g'shtrack'd uf ra unnershda bunk. Der Clarence hut gamaint sie kenta gute tzu tzwet bei nonner leia, ow'r der Libby hut g'sawt des da wenicher os er gabodder'd dade werra, des da liever wears 'm-er sot in 'n ewwerrie bunk groddla, un wie er aw is, un hut sich uf 'm Dr. Minner sie ruck galaig'd un die cigars ol ferbrocha.

Noch ainer os 'm aw net allas wohl wor, wor der Billy Brandt. Die barichda sin, er het glei awfonga farva wexla wie sie nous ufs wosser weara, un won sel mohl g'shain'd, brouch niemond wunnerra wos tzu duh—gebt ocht uf wos nadierlich kumt un winsch'd m'r wear tzurick uf drucka lond. So weit os die fisherrei aw gonga is, hen dale net gons shlecht ous gamocht—evens der Clarence bei all'm aeland hut drei g'fonga, ow'r der Libby un der Billy hen net ae saelicher fish rous gatzonga, ol die bis os sie kotta hen, hen sie grotza kenna.

Now os die trip feriwwer is, hen die drei gronka, der Clarence, der Billy un der Libby shun alla orta pilla un ponna kucha resata grick'd os tzu denka sin. Die pilla solla sei fer drunna halta wos nunner kairt won m'r nous uf 'n boat gait, un die ponna kucha solla gamocht sei, os sie net ruf kumma kenta won sie wotta. Der Dr. Minner halt ow'r net fiel uf sellie ort ponna kucha — "des da shneller os ie hous sin, des da besser," is sei rote.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

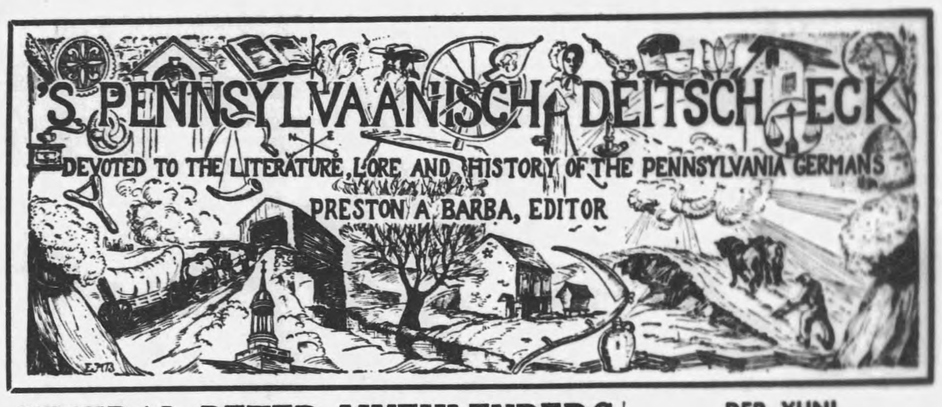
So gronk os 'n mensch sei mawg won er fisha gait, un so arrick os er maint os er nimmy gang'd won er die fees tzurick uf 'm lond het, huts sare wenich os die socha net fergessa in ra gons kartza tzeit, un sin widder fon da airshda fer mit wons hais'd "M'r wolla fisha gae."

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 33

As in 32:34, so in the first verse of this chapter, God orders Moses to lead his people to the land promised to Abraham, a land flowing with milk and honey, v. 3. But Jehova is still displeased with his people, and says that He would not go along 'in the midst of them', but He would send an angel to direct them, v.2. This causes the people to mourn, vs. 4-6, and apparently to repent. The Tabernacle in v. 7 is the personal tent of Moses, for 'the Tabernacle of the congregation' was not yet constructed. Moses pitched it outside of the camp, and here God was to speak through him to Israel from out of the pillar of cloud at his tent door. Moses asks for further indication of God's purpose for His people, and prays that He would Himself go with them, for otherwise he, Moses, would not care to go. The Lord promises that His presence would go with His people, and in answer to Moses' request, reveals His glory to him, as far as it was possible for a man to behold it.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

We have already met Maria Lips, Henry Melchior Muehlenberg's maid-servant, at the beginning of our story. Since she seemed to be so thoroughly a member of the Muehlenberg family it may be of interest to our readers to learn some details about the adventures of this girl.

The Rhenish Palatinate was certainly the south-German region that had suffered most severely in the desolation wrought by the French. The barbarians destroyed not only cities and villages, but also laid waste the fields, and above all the vineyards. The untiring diligence of the farmers required more than one year to restore them to profitable cultivation. Maria's father, John Lips, had lived at Duerkheim along the Hardt mountains. In spite of all the labor that he had bestowed upon his ruined fields and vineyards, he failed to prosper. Therefore he decided to sell his few acres, and with the proceeds to emigrate to America to try his fortune anew. In the homeland his plans were carried out to his complete satisfaction. He obtained a good price for his house and land, and then made preparations for the long voyage across the seas with his wife, two sons, Henry and Frederick, and his daughter Maria.

SECTION II

The Lips family arrived safely at Rotterdam in Holland, where they hoped soon to find a ship on which to continue their journey. But week after week went by, their money was melting away, and still no prospects of an approaching departure. Then Lips went once more to see all the ship-brokers of the city, hoping to hear at least that some ship or other would soon be getting under sail. But he was everywhere turned away with the curt answer: "But, my dear sir, we can't produce ships by magic." Then he returned sadly to the inn to his anxiously waiting family and bewailed his ill-luck to them. There was nothing left except to return to their old home in Duerkheim, where he would have to drag out the remainder of his life as a day-laborer. Mother and children listened, overwhelmed with grief, to the decision of the father. All shed tears and lamented aloud the misfortune that had overtaken them. All the prospects of a bright future in the old home that Father Lips could give them were in vain. Then one of the guests of the inn stepped up to the table around which the weeping family was standing. He was a well-dressed man, respectable in appearance, with a kindly look in his eyes. With a low voice he inquired about their misfortune, and after he had heard the details from Father Lips he held out his hand to him and said so loud that every one in the room could hear: "Fellow countrymen, do not despair. Here is my hand on it. I want to help you and I will, and that very shortly." Then he continued: "I also once found myself here in the most wretched condition, deserted by both God and man, and was almost on the point of making an end of it all. Then a charitable Samaritan in the person of a Swabian came to my rescue, and took me to Amsterdam where I served him faithfully as a workman in his bakery. Soon I learned that he, like myself, had been born in Stuttgart, and further that we were distant relatives. Later he gave me his beloved and only daughter as a wife, and we lived happily and contentedly together. I was his sole heir, and am now a wealthy man, and I thank God that he is giving me this opportunity in the place where so much kindness was shown to me to show kindness to others. I want all of you to go with me to Amsterdam. The good ship "Markus," which will shortly be leaving for Philadelphia, is lying at anchor there. And since I myself am furnishing it with provisions I shall especially recommend you to the care of the captain. Prepare for the journey, for to-morrow we leave for Amsterdam."

Who can describe the joy of the family on hearing the words of the good man! Tears of happiness and gratitude flowed from the eyes that just a few minutes before had been shedding tears of grief and despair. Every member of the family hastened forward to press warmly and thankfully the hand of good baker Roesch. On arriving in Amsterdam Roesch kept his word and provided the family with everything necessary for the voyage. Ten days later Lips and his family boarded the ship that was now ready to set sail. The leave-taking from their great benefactor was affectionate and tearful.

The "Markus," like all ships of that time that came to or left from Holland, was small, had no conveniences for passengers, and in addition was over-filled. Soon came sea-sickness, and that was speedily followed by the small-pox, which in a terrifying fashion demanded its daily victims. On the thirtieth day after the "Markus" had sailed out of the harbor of Rotterdam one third of the passengers had already been lowered into their ocean-grave, and when it finally landed in Philadelphia only 38 remained of the 174 who had embarked. Among those who had died were Maria's parents and her oldest brother, Frederick. Henry, the younger brother, and Maria herself, along with twenty others who had arrived ill, were transported to a temporary hospital that was erected in what was then High, but now Market Street. When the German inhabitants of Philadelphia, then but a small town, heard of the distress of their fellow-countrymen, they came hastening up with every possible offer of help, and did their best to alleviate the misery of the poor sufferers. Pastor Muehlenberg was one of the most active in bringing material and spiritual comfort.

On a certain afternoon when Muehlenberg was visiting the hospital he observed a young girl kneeling before a sick-bed, crying out in pitiful accents: "Oh, brother Henry, stay with me. I have no one else left in the world. Who will protect me? Whom can I trust?" There was no answer, for she was holding the hand of her brother who had just become a corpse. Muehlenberg succeeded with difficulty in raising her to her feet and comforting her. She would not leave the last of her family. She threw herself weeping on the bed and kissed the pale face of the unfortunate young man. Finally when she realized that it was impossible to recall the beloved brother back to life, she sank in a swoon before the bed. She was carried away from the corpse and placed upon a cot, lying there unconscious for several days. At the corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets, now the site of the fine factory of the Horstmann brothers, there was then located the Lutheran cemetery. There Muehlenberg had the young man buried, and in the presence of a large number of hearers he preached an excellent funeral sermon, in which he made special mention of the sufferings of the poor immigrants of the ship "Markus," and begged all who were present to help the survivors whenever and however they could. Some years ago when the burial ground was sold to Mr. Horstmann one could still see the tombstone of Henry Lips which his faithful sister had had erected upon his grave.

When Maria had recovered Mrs. Muehlenberg offered her a home, and the good and industrious girl showed such gratitude that she soon, as we have already noticed, became one of the family. She survived both Muehlenberg and his faithful wife, and when she died in Philadelphia of the yellow fever she was buried beside her beloved brother.

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The invigorating mountain air, the pure spring water, and above all the restful atmosphere of the Trappe, soon produced their beneficial effect on Muehlenberg's health. In a few weeks Muehlenberg could again undertake journeys, preach now here, now there, and hold counsel with his fellow ministers concerning religious and temporal affairs. As his father-in-law's farm in Heidelberg was such a convenient meeting place he would invite there his colleagues and other friends, such as Zinzendorf, Miller, Beisel, Zander etc., and there they often discussed the varied affairs of the Germans for two or three days. After they had all had their say they would accept an invitation to Stiegel's castle at Schaeferstown, where they were received with the blaring of trumpets and the beating of drums, and, as previously mentioned, were most bountifully feasted.

Up to the year 1761 Muehlenberg devoted himself to his calling and his family, which now consisted of his wife and his three sons. He was also a faithful contributor to the **Hallesche Nachrichten**, and corresponded with the greatest men of his time. Among his correspondents were Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, and although both of these men were freethinkers, and had religious beliefs widely at variance with those of Muehlenberg, there developed, nevertheless, an intimate friendship among the three that lasted throughout their lives. It is much to be regretted that various letters addressed to Jefferson and Franklin are missing from Muehlenberg's papers. The loss has most certainly deprived us of many very interesting observations concerning religion and the activities of the sects.

The extraordinary German immigration of the years 1758, 1759 and 1760 caused such a growth of the Lutheran congregation of Philadelphia that it was necessary to consider the founding of a second church. The church council decided to send a committee to Muehlenberg and entreat him to help them through this difficult period, especially as the congregation intended to erect a new edifice. Muehlenberg felt it to be his duty to answer the call and to move to Philadelphia, where in the year 1761 he resumed his labors. Everywhere active, he succeeded in 1766 in having the cornerstone laid for the great Zion's church, which, when finished, was said to be the largest in America. (The cornerstone of this church was laid May 16, 1766. In 1777 the church was used as a hospital by the English troops. December 25, 1794, it burned to the ground and was re-erected in 1796. May 16, 1866, it cefebrated its hundredth anniversary and last summer (1869) Mr. Eugene Ketterlinus, a German, purchased the building and had it razed.—L.A.W.) Henry Melchior Muehlenberg had the happiness of seeing this edifice completed and of conducting the dedicatory services.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he stood firmly on the side of the colonists. When the British occupied the city he and his assistant pastor, his son Ernest, had to flee, as they had been proscribed as rebels by the English government, and for good reasons, for Muehlenberg was active with counsel and deeds in the patriot cause. He encouraged the young men to take up arms for the freedom and independence of the colonies, and in secret collected money and food supplies, in which matter he was especially assisted by the highly respected German baker, Christopher Ludwig of Philadelphia. This estimable German provided the American army abundantly and unselfishly with food supplies, and was highly esteemed by Washington. A clause of his will, according to which several hundred loaves of bread are to be distributed among the poor every January, is still carried out. —Later, when the British left Philadelphia, he returned with his son Ernest, and continued to be active in pastoral work until 1775. Then, an old man, he longed for rest and submitted his resignation, which the church council, in view of his age, accepted, but with the condition that he would always retain his connections with the St. Michael's and Zion's congregations and accept an annual present of money. Now Muehlenberg returned once more to his dear Trappe, where he spent five more peaceful years, and then ended his earthly course on the 7th day of October, 1787.

His mortal remains were consigned to the cool earth of the burial ground near the old Augustus Church at the Trappe. A monument covers the grave, and on it the following now scarcely decipherable words are engraved:

HOC
monumentum sacrum esto
memoriae beati ac venerabilis
Henrici Melchior Muehlenberg
sacrae theologiae doctor et
senioris ministerii lutherani
americani
NATI SEPT. 6, 1711
DEFUNCTI OCT. 7, 1787
Qualis et quantus fuerit non
ignorabunt sine lapide futura
saecula.
or:
Sacred be this monument to the
Memory of the Blessed and Venerable HENRY MELCHIOR MUEHLENBERG, Doctor of Sacred
Theology and Senior of the American Lutheran Ministerium. Born
Sept. 6, 1711. Died Oct. 7, 1787.
Who and what he was future ages
will know without a stone.

To be continued

DER YUNI

Der Yuni so lieblich uns lacht,
Mit Rose in haerrlicher Pracht.
Die Rose, sie bliehe,
Im Sunnelicht gliehe,
Un dufte sogaar in der Nacht.

Bei Rose sin Darne denewe,
Was muss mer sie zimberlich
hewe!
Un Rose zu breche,
Do kammer sich schteche,
Un Schmaerze, die kann mer erlewe.

Der Breiticham holt sich die Braut,
Im rosiche Yuni gedraut;
Un Hochzich muss sei,
Mit Yuwel debei,
Un alles waerd luschdich un laut.

Sie gehne ins Lewe zu nei
Un hoffe recht glicklich zu sei.
Mer winscht ne vun Haerze
Ken Darne, ken Schmaerze—
Yuscht liebliche Rose debei!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

FEDDERE

Noodle un Schepile,
Noodle un Schepile -
Wann du heierscht,
Dutt Druwwel dich gnelle!
Schpelle un Noodle,
Schpelle un Noodle -
Wann dd net heierscht,
Musscht leenich rum loodle!

* * *

Es waare mit de Zeit
Zwee fromme Tschentelleit,
Enanner gut bekannt,
Am Laafe drauss im Land.
Gans Englisch waar der Eend,
Der anner Deitsch gewehnt.
Der Englisch heesst mer Paul,
Der Deitsch waar dann der Saul.
Am Buschweg finne sie
En Grott meh brau wie grie.
Sie huppst vun thne weck
Un schnuppst "Garreck! Garreck!
Says Paul: "Here hops a toad."
"Ach nee, sie iss net tod,
Sie huppst yo," secht der Saul—
So iss mei Schpielzel all!

* * *

Ach! meecht ich doch en Schpetzli
sei,
Mit Feddere brau un groo!
Was deet ich dir doch singe no,
En Liedli bringe so
In dei Haerzbrunne nei—
Druwwel, Druweel, schnell varbei:
Kumm mit mir, kumm mit mir,
Die Welt iss alfart schee,
Wann liebt mer, wann dient mer
Sei Freind do hunne meh.

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

BABBEGOI

Im deitsche A B C hen mir als gsaat: "H schteht fer Hinkel, en Voggel as gaxt; der Parre saagt, 's iss nix bessers as waxt." Nau, heit will ich dir schreiwe vumme Voggel as schwetzt. Graad wie en Mensch, as mer ihn verschteh kann. Er hot scheene, farwiche Feddere uff sich. Er hot en scharfer, schpitzicher Schnawwel. Wann mer der Finger in sei Kewwich schteckt, beisst er eem en dreieckich Schtick aus em Finger. Was iss des fer en Voggel? Den heesst mer en Babbegoi.

Es hot en Mann en eirischi Maad ghatt. Er hot en Babbegoi gkaaft un hot ihn heem gschickt. Oweds, wie der Mann heem kumme iss, hot er gfrogt noch seim Voggel. "Datt drin, in sellem Kessel uffem Offe iss er am Koche fer dei Nachtesse." — "Du liewer Himmel," hot der Mann gsaat, "Sell waar en Babbegoi un du hoscht ihn gschlacht! Wei, seller Voggel hot in drei Schproche schwetze kenne." No hot die Maad gsaat. "Ferwas der Bettel hot er dann nix gsaat, eb er sei Kopp verlore hot?"

En Parre, heeflich un sehr grischtlich, hot en Babbegoi kaaft, as mool uff me Schiff deheem waar. Hot der Babbegoi awwer fluche kenne! Der Parre hot Sache gheert, as er nix vorhaer devun gewisst hot. Sie hen em Parre gsaat, wann der Babbegoi widder fluche deet, sott er en Kiwwelvoll Wasser iwwer der Kewwich nei schitte, no sott er der Kewwich imme Gringel run schlenkefe, bis der Babbegoi unmechtich waer. Sell deet ihm's Fluche abgewehne. Der Parre hot sell geduh. Der Babbegoi iss endlich aus seinre Ummacht kumme. Sei erschte Warte waare, "Wu der Sam Hell waarscht du wie mir seller gross Schtarm ghatt hen uffem See?"

En alder Lebanon Dodesaryer (undertaker) hot mir viel Yaahre zerick verzehlt, er hett en Leicht ghatt imme Haus. Der Parre hot sei Hals gebutzt, no hot er arrick schee aafange aus me kleene schwarze Buch lese. Glei saagt eb-ber, "Du liegscht." Des hot der Parre wennich gschnarrt, awwer her hot widder aafange lese. Glei hot widder ebber gsaat, "Du liegscht." Der Dodesaryer iss naus in die Kich. Datt waar en Babbegoi in seim Kewwich. Er hot ihn naus in der Schtall genumme bis der Parre fadich waar. Ya, en Babbegoi iss en karyoser Voggel.

KASCHPAR HUFNAGEL.

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Editorials

Slow Motion in Korea

Even if but for a few days, virtual cessation of the war in Korea is good news for the people in the United States. It must be even better news for the American soldiers, every one of whom for months has been a target for death-dealing bullets while living the rigorous life of soldiers in a country that is despised by them in just about every respect and which literally, and not only figuratively speaking, stinks.

On Sunday — Korean time—Chinese and North Korean representatives will meet with representatives of the Army, Marines and Air Force in the ancient city, Kaesong, just a few miles south of the 38th Parallel. They will initiate conversations that, if all goes well, should lead to meetings on higher military levels and bring about permanent end to the shooting war.

It cannot be denied that there is extreme scepticism and abundance of doubts as to the outcome in the mind of the western world. That the war already is at virtual standstill, and that the main artery for movement of troops and supplies out of North Korea into South Korea has become almost sacrosanct thru General Ridgway's agreement to permit no bombing along this route, may encourage the enemies of the United Nations forces to regroup their battered forces and assemble their supplies for new attacks if the discussions in Kaesong break down.

It may be that China is just as tired of the war as the United Nations thinks it ought to be after its terrific losses in men and supplies during the past six months of its active participation under the guise of a "volunteer" movement. It may be that Russia is disappointed with the failure of the Chinese and all their manpower to crowd the United Nations out of Korea under the weight of sheer numbers and suicide tactics. It may be that Russia is not ready to commit too much of her own equipment to a doubtful war in the Far East, nor is ready to get into it openly.

Difficulties are going to be encountered in trying to make peace with a people who, we believe, have been beaten soundly and will continue to be beaten badly if they persist in war, but who value "face" and demand to get out of their scrape and be proclaimed the victors.

The problem is going to be easier if political matters be kept out of the parleys by the Chinese and North Koreans. The meetings tomorrow and thereafter have been arranged on a strictly military basis and ostensibly are to be conducted strictly along those lines.

However it is well to anticipate that the entire matter is going to take a lot of time. Dealings are with oriental minds to whom time and numbers of dead and wounded are of very little importance. They were in no hurry to take up the offer to discuss a cease-fire. They are unlikely to be in a hurry to effect an armistice. Most likely they will interpret any hurry on the United Nations' part as a sign of weakness, and act on such premise.

Reapportionment Needed

The current sessions of the General Assembly appear to be doing so little that it will surprise no one if adjournment take place without enactment of reapportionment bills for Pennsylvania's 30 seats in the U. S. House of Representatives and for the 50 Senatorial and 208 Representatives' seats in the Assembly. The more imperative action would appear to be the former, altho the latter is also important.

As a result of the latest Census, Pennsylvania has been reduced in representation in Congress. Unless there be reapportionment, voters in 1952 may be faced with the necessity of voting for an entire delegation of Congressmen-at-large, thirty in number.

Such an arrangement would be contrary to the spirit of direct representation, a spirit which is carried out by choice of congressmen in districts consisting of about 300,000 population each. How a State shall be divided in order to distribute seats in Congress equably, or nearly so, is up to the Legislature of each State. It is the problem that is presented to the present body. It is a responsibility which should be recognized.

Pennsylvania better can worry along with the present apportionment as to our State legislators than with an all Congressmen-at-large program. But even here there is desirability for many changes.

Consider our own local situation in the matter of Representatives to the General Assembly. For years six entire election precincts in the City of Allentown and one district in part have been included in the rural legislative district. This is because the City expanded westwardly and southwestwardly and annexed rural areas. It has been a paradox that citizens of Allentown in those seven districts have had no voice in choosing the two Assemblymen who are chosen biennially by the electors in the other 42 districts of the city.

For more than thirty years there have been no changes in these local apportionments. It must appear self-evident that in such a period of rapid change and development population shifts and growth have made reapportionment desirable in the interest of truly representative government.

Use Margaret More Often

Margaret Truman is on her way home after an all too rapid visit to a number of European countries and it can be said from all the reports that she proved a splendid ambassador of good will from the people of the United States to those people of Europe whose countries she visited.

The pity would seem to be that she hurried too much and visited too few countries. Which leads to the hope that her indulgent and doting dad may send her overseas again to cover countries that can be visited with profit both to herself and to her country.

Gracious Americans have found her to be, so Europeans have assessed her. Her youth and engaging charm made the headlines quite as much as her American station.

She has been one of the best influences America has been able to send abroad. Like the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) in his palmy days as Great Britain's best traveling salesman, Margaret Truman created a spirit of good will wherever she went. She ought to be sent abroad more often.

That Phoney FEP Bill

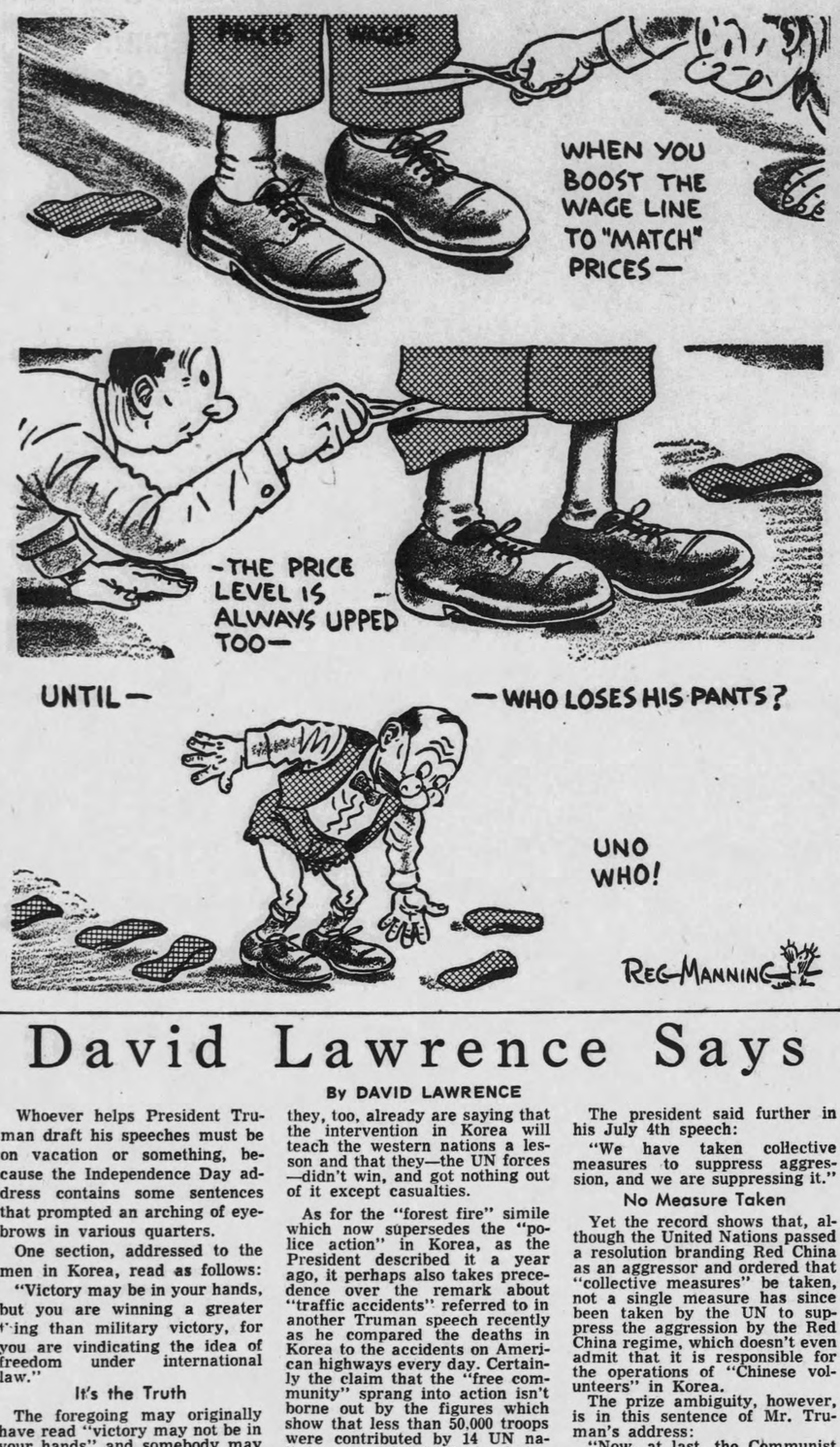
Introduction in the State Senate at this late date of a proposed substitute Fair Employment Practice bill looks like an opposition tactic designed only to stall and confuse.

A good FEP bill has already been passed by the House and awaits action by the Senate. Sponsored by Representative Lewis M. Mintess it would forbid discrimination against applicants for jobs because of religion, color, race or national origin; prohibit labor recruiting campaigns involving discrimination, and set up an educational program to promote tolerance in employment matters. Enforcement would be in the hands of a three-member commission empowered to impose penalties of fines or imprisonment.

The substitute would provide neither effective enforcement nor educational programs. It would water down the law by authorizing employers to deny employment to anyone the employer "conscientiously feels for any reason would not fit into his business." That nullifying provision is enough to mark the bill as a phony.

Members of the Senate should stop stalling and honor their party platforms by passing the Mintess proposal, which would establish real, not phony, fair employment practices. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

It Never Comes Out Even—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Whoever helps President Truman draft his speeches must be on vacation or something, because the Independence Day address contains some sentences that prompted an arching of eyebrows in various quarters.

One section, addressed to the men in Korea, read as follows:

"Victory may be in your hands, but you are winning a greater thing than military victory, for you are vindicating the idea of freedom under international law."

It's the Truth

The foregoing may originally have read "victory may not be in your hands" and somebody may have thought it was probably indiscreet to say so, though it's the truth. Just what "victory may be in your hands," followed by a "but," means is difficult to interpret. Certainly if victory isn't now in the hands of the UN forces, it isn't going to be without further fighting. It could be that under the new techniques of the Department of State's broadcasters, victories over a ruthless army are accomplished by talking — by diplomatic discussion. Some light on this may be shed perhaps by noting a "Voice of America" broadcast sponsored by the Department of State on Monday of this week, which said:

"The end of the war seems definitely in sight . . . unless the Communist reply (on truce talks) is a diabolical hoax, then we are witness to a victory of historic proportions. Not the victory of unconditional surrender nor the classic victory represented by the heel of the conqueror on the neck of the conquered; but rather the kind of victory that comes when a free community springs to action and puts out a forest fire which threatens to consume it. And having put out the fire once, the people will know how to stamp it out again if someone is careless enough to start it again. . .

"To any other satellite which might be pressed into a war by proxy against the UN the lesson stands out amid the ruins and dead soldiers in Korea, it isn't worth the sacrifice; you get nothing out of it; you can't win."

Holds for Communists

Surely the same words can be spoken by the Communists, for they, too, already are saying that the intervention in Korea will teach the western nations a lesson and that they—the UN forces—didn't win, and got nothing out of it except casualties.

As for the "forest fire" simile which now supersedes the "police action" in Korea, as the President described it a year ago, it perhaps also takes precedence over the remark about "traffic accidents" referred to in another Truman speech recently as he compared the deaths in Korea to the accidents on American highways every day. Certainly the claim that the "free community" sprang into action isn't borne out by the figures which show that less than 50,000 troops were contributed by 14 UN nations with 240,000,000 population whereas America and South Korea contributed in excess of 350,000. Likewise, 40 countries outside the Russian bloc, comprising 740,000,000 population, contributed no troops at all. It doesn't seem as if the bulk of the free nations "sprang into action."

The "Voice of America" broadcast, moreover, apparently is trying to condition not only the people of foreign countries but also the American people to the idea that there is something reprehensible about "victory" such as was won by the American troops and their allies in World War I and World War II. The impression which the "Voice" evidently seeks to convey is that victory can be a victory even when it isn't a victory. It will be a little hard to put that thought across in the face of the fact that nearly 80,000 American casualties are a matter of record and the UN forces stand today approximately where they stood before the outbreak of the war that swept across the 38th Parallel a year ago.

The president said further in his July 4th speech:

"We have taken collective measures to suppress aggression, and we are suppressing it."

No Measure Taken

Yet the record shows that, although the United Nations passed a resolution branding Red China as an aggressor and ordered that "collective measures" be taken, not a single measure has since been taken by the UN to suppress the aggression by the Red China regime, which doesn't even admit that it is responsible for the operations of "Chinese volunteers" in Korea.

The prize ambiguity, however, is in this sentence of Mr. Truman's address:

"Now, at last, the Communist leaders have offered to confer about an armistice. It may be that they have decided to give up their aggression in Korea. If that is true, the road to a peaceful settlement of the Korean conflict is open."

UN Begged for Armistice

It was the UN that begged for the armistice and sent the first message offering to confer. Likewise, it is a strange war when the commander-in-chief of the supposedly "victorious" side doesn't know whether or not he has defeated the enemy and whether he has won the principal objective of the UN—to repel and punish aggression and assure Korea against a recurrence of aggression. It is even stranger to see an American commander in Korea—acting for the UN—sending emissaries with a white flag without requiring that the emissaries from the other side carry a white flag, too. Small wonder that the Communist radio and press is proclaiming the "victory" they, too, think they have won.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Here is some good news for you.

But don't look for it on the front pages of your newspaper. Don't expect to hear it on the radio.

This is exclusive!

Crime is rampant in America—but against a few thousand criminals there are more than 150 million men and women who are honest and decent and would no more commit a crime than they would deliberately eat poison.

There are two or three or five thousand dope addicts in New York City. But there are more than seven million inhabitants of that vast metropolis who have never touched dope, wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole, have never even seen dope.

There has been a let-down of morality, like there always is just after or just before a war. But, compared with the immoral people, a vast majority go to church regularly, believe in God, and lead perfectly healthy, respectable, moral and happy lives.

There is no question that at present we have an inefficient, wasteful, short-sighted, timid administration.

But — and this is the very best piece of news (although it is not really news but merely a reminder): — in another year you and I have the power to get just the kind of government we want. If we don't like the present office holders we can vote them out, lock, stock and barrel.

With all the kicking and complaining and whining going on all over the country, isn't it about time that we pay more attention to all our wonderful blessings rather than see nothing but the bad?

Isn't it about time to realize that as long as you see it in eight-column headlines it is the unusual?

We have had so much bad news recently that the good has almost gone out of our minds.

Certainly we should not dismiss crime, immorality and war threats with a shrug of our shoulder.

Newspaper headlines are like an alarm clock.

They wake you up so that you may be on time for whatever you have to do.

The louder the alarm, the more quickly you wake up.

The bigger the headline, the more quickly you will be alerted to danger.

But remember that an alarm is supposed to awaken you, not to make you crawl under your bedsheets and hide in fear.

I had a letter from a woman in Anderson, Ind.

She and her husband have just returned from an automobile trip during which they visited many of our beauty spots and historical shrines.

This is what she writes:

"What a wonderful country we have! Just to know that when we get home we have no fear of being thrown into jail for what we believe. Just to know that we have the right to criticize our public officials, even the President. Just to know that we can read whatever suits the individual taste and that we may worship God each in his own way.

"If this glorious country is not as we want it to be right now, it is because we, as citizens, have shirked our duty.

"We have no right to blame God or anyone else. Only we ourselves are to blame."

That's all the news I have for you today. But at least it's good news.

(Copyright, 1951)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of July 7, 1926, a Wednesday

Mrs. Lizzie Church, 225 N. 9th St., sailed from New York City on the Cunard liner Carmania for London to attend the seventh World's C. E. Convention. She was one of 700 delegates from the U.S. making the trip.

The coal industry was the topic of a speech by Elmer C. Mack, secretary - treasurer of the Weston-Dodson Coal Company, Bethlehem, at a meeting of the Four Square Club at the Hotel Allen. The Rev. Franklin S. Custard, newly-elected president, was in charge.

Horoscope

Completion of business matters should bring you a busy, exciting year. Fortunate in the main, should be the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT GAWIST WOH ER IS:

Ebbes is shure, un sel is, os 'm Charlie Fenstermaker fon Farmington sei fraw die Eleanor, doh weil tzurick gawist hut woh der Charliewor—im trunk fon ihra neia mashine. Die socha sin uf kours shun ordlich weil tzurick g'shaina, der Charlie un die Eleanor hen ous gamocht fer net bohna sawga tzu niemond, uns wear fer sel uns 's liebsht, won n'r aw nix weiter dafon sawga dada dafon so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Wel aenicha waig 's Charlies' hen sich 'n neiie mashine grick'd, un woh sie mohl owets mit nous sin fer 'n ride. Die mashine hut gute g'shoft, yusht os aryads 'n glainer robble wor—ebbes os der Charlie net fershtae hut kenna. Endlich is es 'm ei kumma 's dade hinna im trunk robbla, un hut da Eleanor g'sawt er wot sich mohl hinna in der trunk hucka, un sie sot fohrra, ferleicht kent er noh hoerra wohs robbla dade.

Socha sin oft mohls net g'shwinder g'sawt os wie gaduh, un der Charlie hut sich net mainer os wie in der trunk k'huck'd kot un die Eleanor hut der deckle tzu gamocht kot, bis es na bei g'falla is os es 'n shlissel nemma dade fer der trunk uf mocha,—un der Charlie hut der shlissel im sock kotta.

Noh uf kours kon ich eich sawga wor aeland im haichda grawd. 'S wor evens ken rigel fens rum fer 'n shneb mocha fer der deckle uf bracha, un die same tzeit hetta 's Charlies' ihra neiie mashine aw net grawd ferdunnerra wolla. 'N mashina trunk is net tzu gross, un dabei aw noch tzu os ken luft nei kon, unna mensch kon net tzaila fer tzu long tzu lava, won er in so ma waisa is, un grick'd ken frishie luft.

Endlich is es 'm Charlie bei g'falla os sie noch so'n trunka shlissel dahame leia hetta, un hut da Eleanor tzum trunk rous gagrisha sie sot hame fohra so shnell os sie kent, won sie sich on da heck halta dade, dade er glawwa os die luft ous halta dade bis sie dahame uf shleesa kent. So wie m'r fershtaina, is die Eleanor g'fohrra wie 'n blitz, un der Charlie hinna drin hut sich so ruich k'halta os miglich, mit ra maining fer so wenich luft uf yusa os mighlich.

Wel, m'r sin froh tzu sawga os die Eleanor hame kumma is un hut der trunk uf g'shlossa grick'd eb der Charlie kartz werra is in ochdem. Un wos noch mainer is, sel wor ae mohl woh die Eleanor ol die tzeit gawist hut woh der Charlie is—hinna im trunk, un woh er net rous gekent hut bis sie ready wor fer uf shleesa.

Wie shun g'sawt, die socha sin orlich weil tzurick g'shaina—ow'r 's kumt immer 'n tzeit woh ains odder 's onner sich fershnobt, un noh is es yusht grawd ous tzu shlim, won fon unserra Fegelcher rum sin un hoericha die socha ob. So weit os der robble in da mashine awgonga is, kenna m'r wohrhoft net sawga eb der Charlie 'n g'funna hut odder net.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit aryads im Call sin die folla barichda tzu finna fon unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha exkursion der Hudson nuf da 4d August.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Leviticus 11

This chapter is the dietary code of the Hebrew people. All of us are familiar with the word Kosher, a term applied to food which, according to this code, is declared 'fit' for eating, and therefore allowed. Sanitary considerations are, no doubt, involved. Verse 7 is perhaps the most familiar one in the list, whereby the meat of swine is forbidden. The most difficult verse, from the standpoint of the English word, hare, is verse 6, where we read that the hare chews the cud. The problem may lie in the exact meaning of the Hebrew word, arnebeth, derived from a root which means to leap or to spring, referring to the characteristic movements of the animal in question. As to the matter of health and sanitation, we may mention the danger involved in eating swine-meat infected with trichina, and in the case of the rabbit, tularemia. The story of Peter's vision in Acts 10: 9-16 is doubly interesting in the light of this chapter. The Christian can be thankful that he is not subject to 'the burden of the law' as to foods.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

(Peter, chafing under the determination of his father to make a preacher of him, becomes indifferent to his books and spends his time in hunting and fishing, or playing soldier with his young comrades. He and his two brothers are taken to Philadelphia and enrolled in a school, where they are placed under a strict regime).

Unfortunately the good man had made a sad mistake, for the boys soon wearied of city life. They longed to go out into the mountains and forests of their home, above all Peter, who felt himself hemmed in on all sides and unable to accomodate himself to the strict discipline of the institute, becoming very speedily, therefore, a subject of frequent punishments. This merely made him still more self-willed. He frequently cut classes, went out into the fields, or followed in the wake of the British soldiers then stationed in Philadelphia. He paid the closest attention when they were being drilled, and on his return to school showed his brothers how they handled their guns. He had a veritable mania for military life, and gave his comrades the titles of general, colonel, captain etc., and did all sorts of other mad things, so that the punishments inflicted on him became increasingly severe. But neither punishments nor warnings, not even those of his father, to whom the teachers wrote, could tame the wild spirit of the young man. And then when one fine day his Indian friends Cac-tu and Pic-to-nu appeared he went off with them for three days hunting and fishing. The patience of the directors was exhausted, and Peter was expelled from the institute as incorrigible.

Muehlenberg, at once informed of the conduct and dismissal of his son, hastened to the institute to berate Peter soundly and to beg the directors to readmit him. A vain effort. The unmanageable young man had by his bad example given great offense. He lured students away fishing and to the paradeground, and was so thoroughly ruining the reputation of the school that it was impossible to allow him to remain. Father Muehlenberg was disconsolate on receiving the definite answer that his son had been dismissed as incorrigible and could not be reinstated. With a heavy spirit he went to his friend and colleague Brunholz to pour out his heart to him. There he met some preachers who had recently come from Europe, and who, after they had heard his laments, gave the advice to send Peter and his brothers to a German school, where the discipline was of a character calculated to break the wildest spirits. In addition Father Muehlenberg still had in Germany many eminent and influential friends who would certainly be happy to interest themselves in his sons, and see to it that they were trained to become excellent preachers. Muehlenberg was pleased with the advice, and without delay he equipped his sons with everything necessary for the journey. As there was a ship in the harbor ready to set sail for London the three brothers, without having an opportunity to say farewell to their mother, went on board, sailed down the Delaware the 27th of April 1763, and after an uneventful voyage they reached London in safety on the 15th of June.

In Europe

As Peter was the oldest of the brothers the letters of recommendation had been entrusted to his care. He was prompt in presenting them, and he along with Ernest and Frederick were given a hearty welcome by eminent Protestant clergymen of London. They gave them directions and recommendations for the journey to the university city of Halle. This business attended to, Peter's first visit was to the military parade-ground, where he stayed until the last soldier had left, quite oblivious to hunger and thirst. When he came home he made a note of the movements and sketched the various positions, for nothing else interested him half so much as military life. During their week's stay in the English capital his two brothers with cane and broomstick had to submit to representing Peter's regiment.

The time allotted them in London passed quickly. They set sail for Rotterdam, and thence up the Rhine to Mainz. Peter wrote the following account to his father concerning this journey: "How glorious is the Rhine! As we go upstream its banks become continually more beautiful and charming. The air is so invigorating that in these two days my brothers have become quite different persons. They are merrier, full of jokes, they whistle and sing, so that I do not know what to think of this sudden transformation."

After a ten days journey they reached the venerable university city of Halle. Here also Peter delivered his letters of recommendation and the young Americans found a cordial reception awaiting them. They were sent to room and board with an old professor, an acquaintance of their father's. The first days of their stay were devoted to seeing the sights of the ancient city. They were shown the university buildings, the famous orphanage, where they were to study, and also the beer gardens in which the university students, as was then the custom, made merry and carried out wild pranks. All of this was grist to Peter's mill. He found himself thoroughly in clover.

But our lover of liberty fresh from the primeval forests was to experience a harsh disillusion. When the morning of the new week was barely dawning the old professor with well-powdered wig appeared in the room of the young Americans and requested them to get up, make their toilet and dress, and all of this with speedy tempo. After this was done the regulations of the institute were read aloud to them, and in strictness they left those of Philadelphia quite in the shade. Then the young men saw a sudden light. How Peter stamped his feet on the floor after the disappearing professor! "No! No!" and again no!" he cried. "Do you think I am going to obey that nonsensical list of rules? God help me, no! I would sink down to the level of the lowest slave if I did. I can not and will not." Ernest and Frederick wept and begged their brother to be patient. Perhaps it would not be so bad after all . . . but it was, and even worse than bad, and every day still worse. Not only were they confined to the schoolroom from morning to evening by the long assignments so that they could never get out into the open air, but the food was so scanty that they went hungry, and yet they dared not and could not buy bread and fruit with their own money. The professor grew every day brusquer and more unamiable towards the Americans whose free look and bearing were offensive to him. Peter's hatred, therefore, was directed especially against this man. He was the spokesman for his brothers and formulated their common complaints clearly and without mincing words. It was natural, therefore, that the professor returned the hatred and missed no opportunity to make it evident.

When in answer to the list of the grievances which the young men had sent to their father and mother there came instead of comfort and remedy only reproaches and exhortations in a letter that the professor had already opened, and which he handed them with a malicious glint of joy in his eye, Peter vowed to take revenge on the man, and he did not have to wait long for the opportunity.

One day the orphanage organized a procession in which all the students were to take part. Since Peter was unwilling to participate in the parade our Professor Roth, to whose guidance the young Americans were confided, thought himself justified in giving him a vigorous and rapid shove into his place in the line. This was more than the young man could endure. He seized the professor's cane, and beat its owner with it so vigorously that he cried out lamentably for help. But before aid came Peter had already disappeared from sight and was on his way home. Here he hastily packed the most necessary articles together and hurried with them to the recruiting office of a Hanoverian regiment of dragoons, where the tall young man was joyfully accepted. The soldier's coat protected him from further persecution from his tyrant.

Peter was now in his element, for the military profession was his favorite one. Soon he acquired the esteem of his comrades and the good-will of his superiors, for he was attentive at drill and did everything punctually that a good soldier is supposed to do. His fearlessness soon made him the best rider of the regiment. He could be depended upon to break in the wildest horses. His daredeviltry won for him from his comrades the nickname of "Devil's Peter," a sobriquet that instead of displeasing him merely spurred him on to further recklessness. The few pricks of conscience that his rash change of profession occasioned him, a change that caused his parents and his brothers much distress, were soon allayed. He maintained an active correspondence with his brothers. One can readily imagine that the news of this mad step of their first-born was a source of great grief to his parents. Pastor Muehlenberg regarded Peter as the prodigal son, and completely gave up all the hopes that he had cherished of making a distinguished theologian out of him.

The young soldier, on the other hand, was merry and full of spirits, for he had already become a corporal and had prospects of soon mounting higher, and so the reproaches of his brothers made practically no impression on him. But then came a letter from Maria, from his good faithful Maria, and that cut him to the quick, for she described vividly but unemotionally the state of mind of his parents, and reminded him with tender words of his filial duties. From this day on Peter was another man. His conscience reawoke, and although he was still faithful in the performance of his military duties, his life and heart were no longer in the service. Often he felt bitter homesickness, and when he was advanced to the rank of sergeant-major, at that time quite an event in a regiment and a great honor for the recipient, officers and soldiers were not a little surprised to see how indifferently he received his new title and his promotion.

SECTION III

There soon followed a second letter from Maria, in which she wrote him of his mother's illness. The news saddened him and increased still more his longing to see his family. But he was bound fast, buttoned firmly into his dragoon's jacket. Neither wishing nor longing were of any use. He had to stay where he was until seven long years had elapsed.

Melancholy, buried in memories of his beloved home, of parents, brothers and friends, he was strolling one day through the beautiful avenues of the city of Hanover, when behind him he heard some one call out his name. He wheeled about and saw an officer of higher rank approaching. How astonished he was to recognize in him a friend of his father's, Major Thompson, whom he had often seen in Philadelphia, where he was attached to a regiment that was stationed there. "Is it really you, Peter!" cried Thompson, "or do my eyes deceive me? Are you Peter Muehlenberg, the son of our Philadelphia preacher, whom I thought to be studying at the University of Halle, and who now stands before me clad in the jacket of a dragoon?" . . . "Yes, it is I," answered Peter, and he explained to the astounded major how everything had come about, what deep regrets he now felt at having given his parents so much sorrow and worry, and how very much he longed to see them. If he were only free he would certainly submit to his father's will and do whatever he wished. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Deeply moved the officer comforted him with the hope of procuring his release, and bade him farewell.

Thompson had been sent on important business by the King of England to his viceroy in Hanover. On that same day he had an audience with him, and was kindly received. When the business had been satisfactorily settled the viceroy, who had taken a liking to the cultured and gallant soldier, invited him to dinner. He had the honor of sitting to the right of the viceroy, who was greatly entertained by his conversation. When Thompson observed that the viceroy was in the best of humor he judged this to be the opportune moment to speak to him in Peter's behalf. He related with but few embellishments the adventures of the young soldier, told about his family in Philadelphia, of the universal esteem in which Pastor Muehlenberg was held, of all the good that he had accomplished for the German population in Pennsylvania, and how very much the parents longed to see their son again. The wild young fellow had promised him, if he were freed, to be obedient to his father's wishes and to do everything in his power to make him happy.

"I have been informed," his majesty said, "that Sergeant-major Muehlenberg is a talented young man and one of the best cavalrymen in the whole country, and I should be very sorry to lose him. Nevertheless, Major, if I can do you a service by freeing him it shall be done, and I shall have the necessary papers drawn up today."

"Thank you a thousand times!" said Thompson. "Your Majesty has performed a deed to-day that does all honor to your heart. Once more my most deeply felt thanks for the liberation of the young man. His parents will surely bless you for it." Very shortly after the major returned to his hotel-room the adjutant of the viceroy entered and handed him Muehlenberg's discharge. Thompson hastened with it to the colonel of the regiment of dragoons to which Peter belonged. The colonel received him kindly, and after reading the papers he promised to dismiss the sergeant-major the following morning at parade, begging the colonel to be present on the occasion.

How astonished was Peter when at parade he was called to the front and his colonel made the following speech: "Sergeant-major Muehlenberg, you have entered our regiment as a volunteer. You have been diligent in the service, punctual and attentive. Your comrades have found you likable and easy to get along with. And, what I must especially praise you for, you have been one of our very best riders. You have shown what a good soldier ought to be . . . I hold here in my hand the order to give your discharge, and I now ask you whether it is your firm will to leave us and to return to your parents." A loud "yes" was the answer. "It is now my duty to follow the wishes of my parents." . . . "Then step forward and receive your honorable discharge." When the sergeant-major approached the colonel he noticed standing beside him the major, who gave him a friendly nod. Peter begged permission to be host that evening at a farewell party for his roommates of the barracks. The dragoons spent the hours merrily over beer and wine, over toasts and song, and they recalled the happy days they had spent together. When the last clasp of the hand was given in farewell they promised "Devil's Peter" never to forget him.

To be continued

IM SUMMER

Der Summer ist e harter Mann,
Wie macht er uns so heess,
Un fangt mer kaum zu schaffe an,
So lahft a gleich der Schweess;
Der Dorscht, er plogt de Schaffmann schwer,
Un kummt a viel zu trinke her,
Es batt doch Alles nix.

Erscht geht es zu dem Maehe 'naus,
Vor Tag schun kracht die Sens,
Und is es mit der Heuet aus,
Gebt's gleich en annere Tschens,
Do geht's uf Korn un Wehze her,
Und is die Erwet noch so schwer,
Der Bauer muss doch d'ran.

Und doch gleich ich den Bauere Stand
Und schwapp net mit der Stadt,
Es ist so schoen bei uns im Land,
Wan mer a Erwet hat;
Man ist doch g'sund un froh dabei
Un kummt zu kehner Lungerei,
Wie's haeppent in der Stadt.

The above unsigned poem appeared in the Reading ADLER for August 17, 1869. In the same year Ludwig August Wollenweber published his GEMAELDE AUS DEM PENNSYLVANISCHEN VOLKSLEBEN (Philadelphia and Leipzig, 1869), in which the same poem with various typographical changes appears over the initials L.A.W.—ED.

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Editorials

Steel Center on Delaware

Establishment of a new American steel center in Bucks County in the vicinity of Morrisville will increase the importance of Pennsylvania in the American economy and improve business conditions thruout Eastern Pennsylvania.

Some idea of the importance of the projects that are being planned down near the Delaware is gained from the announcement from United States Steel Co. that its new Fairless plant will employ 26,000 men. The impetus that will be given to the construction of housing for so much new population in that area is indicated in the announcement from M. J. Leavitt, the titanic builder who was responsible for Leavittown in Long Island. He is preparing to build 3600 dwellings in the general area of the new steel mill and even more may be built later on.

The Fairless Plant is of course only one, altho the largest of the many new plants that will be going up down around Morrisville. Two other steel companies and perhaps another are going to establish mills along the Delaware in order to receive South American ore by tidewater. In addition many industries related to steel are expected to spring up close to the mills.

The biggest boom for Bucks County in a century is at hand. The greatest increase in its population is assured. Its effects will move out far and wide from the Delaware's right bank. It will be important even for Allentown that it is located within fifty miles of the Atlantic seaboard's new steel center.

See Soap Box Derby Today

Record crowds can be anticipated at the annual Lehigh Valley Soap Box Derby today in this city and unusual arrangement has been made by Derby officials and the police for spectator comfort and satisfaction.

It is anticipated that full four hours of excitement will be furnished by the hundred or more entrants from all parts of the Lehigh Valley. All are eager to attain the high honors and the rich rewards that will go to the Lehigh Valley's winners and representatives at the big annual Derby.

Here is a contest which not only has captured high spectator interest but eager participation by ambitious boys just about everywhere. Great as was local interest last year, interest by the public will be even greater today just as interest on the part of contestants is greater, as evidenced by the number of participants.

An Instructive Exhibit

Thruout today it will be possible for all visitors to the city's central business section to see and get a better idea of the vast size which modern planes, designed for war, have attained. Likewise it will be possible for the laity to get a fair idea of the conditions under which the members of the crew of such ships of the air live while in flight and while fighting on the offense or the defense.

The opportunity is made possible thru the exhibition of two planes — a B-50 bomber and a Thunderjet fighter — stripped only of their wings to make transit possible over the public highways by motor trucks for Air Force promotion projects.

It will be interesting to spectators who will study the huge, sleek aircraft minutely that the bomber, also known as Lucky Lady, has an interesting history. She is the same ship that girdled the world while being refueled from planes flying overhead. She was the guinea pig in the air laboratory and demonstrated the possibility that a great bomber can fly anywhere without landing for fuel, providing of course friendly tanker planes can approach her and drop their fuel lines to her thirsty tanks.

This demonstration helped to develop the techniques which may be employed in a war with Russia, should such a contest be precipitated. Only yesterday it was announced that the U. S. is building airfields in North Africa. They are so located that flights to and over Russia will be possible for bombers which have left those fields and will be refueled from fields in Italy, Greece, Turkey and other friendly countries.

While thousands of spectators look over the show which the Air Force has provided for Allentown today they can get a better idea of the machinery of war which is used to fight miles and miles in air beyond the sight and hearing of those on the earth beneath. And they can gape in wonder at the giants here shown and realize that they are not the biggest, nor the speediest planes that are being used in warfare today.

Logical Vandalism Cure

Officer Eugene McCarron, who has been handling very well the assignment of attending to the cases of juvenile offenders, is expected to display the wisdom of a Solomon in sensitively and sensibly handling the human problems which each case presents.

Such wisdom he demonstrated in the case of the four boys who during a night of "fun", as they probably termed it, committed vandalism at South Mountain Park and then committed depredations upon nearby private property.

One can easily imagine the conversation as the pranksters upset an outhouse and damaged it. If they had counted consequences they probably would have refrained from their vandalism and mischief.

Officer McCarron concluded that, since the boys had had so much fun upsetting and damaging things, they likewise would have a lot of fun replacing and repairing the objects of their fun.

There is the type of punishment that should be accorded to all juvenile vandals and even of boys of an older growth. If a windowpane be smashed, valuable lessons can be learned if the offender be required not alone to pay the cost of the glass — the smallest element of cost in such wanton destruction — but to replace it and work upon it until a good job has been performed. Likewise with other damage, complete and satisfactory repairs should be required.

An ample dose of that kind of medicine will probably cure any juvenile vandal for the rest of his days.

A Return to Gold Coin

A correspondent takes this newspaper to task for not having laid greater emphasis on the importance of this country's return to a currency convertible into gold coin. He argues that a restored right of the citizen to own gold coin would enable him, acting individually, to protect himself against the worst consequences of a depreciating paper currency and so initiate a popular movement to stop governmental extravagance.

His argument is sound. An inconvertible paper currency is the ideal monetary instrument for a government that promises and attempts to do all things for all men and hang the expense. A people whose government sees a necessity to plunge into an enormously costly rearmament but no need to curtail its non-emergency spending is badly in need of just the curb on its rulers that a gold-convertible currency would provide.

But a return to gold coin in circulation requires Congressional action. Now Congress could, if it would, use other means to avert the further depreciation of the dollar, means available to it in its almost routine work of making appropriations. So far, it shows no real will to use these ready-to-hand means of shoring up the exchange value of the dollar, despite the repeated warnings of House and Senate minorities against fiscal recklessness.

It looks very much as though a majority of the lawmakers either favored all - out government spending or were afraid for political reasons to oppose it. A Congress unwilling to begin to practice fiscal prudence is not likely to put in the hands of the people as sharp a tool for compelling such action as gold-convertible currency. For that matter, the people appear to be unwilling to have that power thrust upon them.

We believe that some day the country will return to gold convertibility as a culmination of the continuing but now quiescent contest for sound money. Before that happens Congress and more particularly the voters at home will have to gain a fuller understanding of what "a rotting currency" has done and will do to then.—Wall Street Journal.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

An angry reader writes:

"You newspapermen make me tired. Always prying into other people's affairs. Always criticizing, always tearing down reputations, always looking for sensations.

"Why in h— don't you mind your own business."

* * *

The angry reader referred to a column written about Mr. Truman — not by me, but by one of my colleagues.

I wish I had written the column, it was very good and perfectly fitting.

Since the same criticism of newspapermen and newspapers is made so often, let me dwell a little on it.

I have talked to many editors and writers about it and this is a sort of symposium of their opinions.

* * *

No newspaper, to my knowledge, has ever "torn down reputations."

The newspaper reports reputations that have been torn down by their owners.

And even then it reports them only if the destruction and its effects are of public interest.

The President of the United States and all other elected and appointed government employes are paid by you and me.

As employers, we have a right to watch our employes, to criticize their services when they are bad, to fire them when they have become hopeless.

* * *

The average business man or employe pays for his room and board out of his own pocket.

The government employe — no matter how high or low his status—who is furnished free lodgings, free food, free transportation, free entertainment is not a free agent.

He is responsible to those who have hired him, who pay him, who are benefitted or harmed by him, for his actions 24 hours of each day.

Mr. Truman has often resented criticism.

I have never heard of him resenting praise.

For instance, I am sure he will not resent it when I say here that his daughter Margaret on her entire trip through Europe has been an exemplar of good behavior, good manners and dignity.

Her father and our whole nation may well be proud of her.

The newspaper is the only spokesman the average citizen has.

Newspapers, by their very criticisms and what the critics call "sensationalism" have exposed more evils and effected more cures than any other force in the country.

The crime plague, the dope scandal, graft, corruption, inefficiency — all have been brought into the blinding searchlight of exposure by newspapers and newspapermen.

If they are sensational, it is not the newspapers that have created the sensations. The sensations were made by those who committed the crimes and those who protected the criminals.

As for "sensational publicity" about movie stars and other public characters — most of them are incurable publicity seekers.

They hire expensive press agents to make them public idols.

If these idols have feet of clay or if they become fallen idols, "their public" is entitled to know the facts.

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Horoscope

There probably will be a speed-up in mental activities, which may mean business expansion and bright new horizons. Artistic abilities are foreseen for the child born today.

25 Years Ago

Preliminary steps toward the acquisition of Kline's Island by the city in order to have it transformed into a recreation center were taken at a meeting of city council.

Close to 100 motorcycle enthusiasts met at the Miller Service Station, 702 Union St., in order to form a club. Arthur Eckstein was elected temporary president.

World Spinning



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Chinese and North Korean representatives at the "cease fire" conference were visibly disturbed when they learned that Gen. Ridgway would break off the negotiations if the newsmen accompanying the UN conferees were not given free access to Kaesong.

Presumably the refusal the next day to permit the newsmen to go forward was due to the failure of the Moscow and Peiping authorities to send word back in time to prevent the stoppage at the entrance to the Kaesong area.

Have Firm Instructions

The UN negotiators have instructions of a rather firm character. They are anxious to establish promptly whether the Communists are concerned with the form or the substance.

If it's merely the form, there are plenty of ways to patch up the differences. Thus, an agreement might be reached to exclude all photographers and newsmen till the negotiations have reached a later stage or to select a certain number from both sides to be present in the city but not at the conferences.

If the Communist negotiators really are acting in good faith, they will be able to show very soon what their purpose was in arranging for the conferences at Kaesong. Up to the time the negotiations came to a halt over the question of admitting newsmen, other obstacles had arisen. The Communists, for example, began to talk at one of the first conferences about withdrawing UN troops from Korea. This, of course, is a "political" subject and the UN representatives said frankly they had not been and would not be authorized to discuss political questions.

Military Matters Only

It was all the more surprising to the UN envoys to hear such things raised because Russia's Deputy Foreign Minister Gromyko had assured American Ambassador Kirk at Moscow that the "cease fire" negotiations would concern military matters only and that political subjects would be left to subsequent negotiation after the armistice had taken effect.

On the surface, this might appear to mean that the Chinese Communists were far more insistent on carrying on the war than the Russians. The chances are that such an interpretation is not the true one and that difficulties of communication are really at fault. The Chinese could not possibly be in any more bellicose mood than the Russians, from whom they get the bulk of their supplies.

As yet there is no evidence as to what caused the Soviets to encourage the "cease fire" negotiations. One reason advanced is that the economic blockade was about to pinch the Soviets harder than is generally known and that the drain of the Korean War on Soviet supplies and equipment was a bit too much for Moscow.

The American government, which is steering the negotiations, is quite well aware of the unfavorable impression made by the early dispatches about the "cease fire" negotiations which spoke of American military men going to Kaesong virtually in the guise of peace seekers while the Communists stood armed around the conference. The idea that the UN has come begging for an armistice will not only be spread throughout Asia but it has already affected many Americans. Yet the argument in favor of going into enemy-held territory was that the UN could afford to make concessions on the "form" — that it could afford to risk the unfavorable impression of those first few days if in the end the UN got the "substance."

What UN Wants

What the UN wants is an armistice line north of the 38th Parallel at the present military positions of both forces. Also the UN wants access to North Korea for its commission to supervise the armistice. There are other vital points which must be agreed upon before there is a "cease fire." Meanwhile, Gen. Ridgway is just as suspicious as anyone would want him to be, for he is well aware of the build-up going on behind the Chinese lines.

If a resumption of fighting is forced, the Communists will suffer heavy punishment and maybe the ban on bombing Manchurian bases will be lifted. This correspondent gets the impression here that officials of our government expect the "cease fire" to be consummated after a series of conferences.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT GAROBB'LD IM LONGA HULS: M'r wolla bei golly wetta os 'n gutie lang fergait bis der Cal Flicker fon Farmington mohl widder 's hartz hut fer mit 'm Alvin Bortz fert gae freind sucha. Ebs wor os der Mahlon Dietrich ferlora sei hut solla, odder eb der Alvin 'n yusht so garn g'sehna hut wolla kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, er hut der Cal g'frok'd fer mit gae-un der Cal is aw mit, mit ra maining sie weara glei widder tzurick.

Woh sie ol iwwer worra sucha fer der Mahlon kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, sie sin endlich noch Ringtown kumma, un woh sie sich ferweil'd hen bis long noch middawg-un der Cal hut seinra Manda shae in die hond nei fershprocha kot os er tzeitlich dahame wear fer middawg. Wos die Manda ol garish'd hut kot kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, is die Iuft fol kustard g'floga wie der Alvin 'n hame gabrocht hut wenich noch da ains. Tzu all'm guta glick wor der Cal Flink ganunk fer ous weicha, ow'r sie sawga 's het gahairich garobb'ld im longa huls fer so shpote hame kumma fer middawg.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Cal die socha aw net hous howwader Mahlon dade sich all'm noh sheb un grum locha won er wist wos fer 'n uf ruhr os wor weil der Alvin un der Cal sich so ferseim'd hen sucha fer 'n. Aenicha waig, m'r sin ferleicht besser ruich fon da g'shicht, un breicha die socha don nimmy weiter rum blauderra, so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

WOR SHPOTZIERRA GONGA: Sis oft mohls ol tzu wohr, die aintsich'd tzeit os die freindschoft tzomma kumt, is on ra leicht. 'S wor aw so gore 'n leicht sawga sie, os der George Druckenmiller fon Lehighton die onner woch hinnich 'm barrick rous gatzoga hut, so os er mohl rum gae hut kenna freindschoft p'sucha. Der George hut sich ferding'd in Lehighton ols housmaud, knecht, kicha dribbler un ewwa fer aenich ebbes un allas shunshd shoffa os gaduh sei mus ums hous rum. Fermuthlich wear er aw noch hostler ow'r die leit hen ken geil uf 'm blotz, un aw ken freind os sella waig uf p'such kumma.

Wel aenicha waig, die weil os er darra side 'm barrick wor, hut er ous gamocht fer so fiel freind p'sucha os miglich, un is fon aim tzum onnerra wie won er 'n graimer wear, un het fon da aller beshda socha tzu ferkaufa os graimer sella waig rum shlaifa. Yusht wie g'sawt, der George hut nix tzu ferkaufa kot, hut nix gabrocht wie neichkata, harlichkate un blessier, un wor arrick wilkum wohever os er ob g'shtopt hut.

Doh in da shtadt hut er sei uffendhalt fer'n dawg odder so kotta bei seinra shwester Ellie Haas, odder ewwa ons mehrraddich Nevin Haasa, uf da Nord Franklin shtross. Fon darta is er noch Catasauqua, Northampton, Bedlahame un 'n lot onnerra bletz alta freind, freindschoft, un bakonta uf sucha, woh er shun fer long net g'sehna hut kot. Die barichda sin, der George wear 'n gons onnerer mensch gawest wie er widder tzurick hame kumma wear, un het mohl booms die armel nuf gawick'ld fer kucha un boy bocka, eb er evens shtarta het wesha un shtawb of butza.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Ernest Remaley fon Rising Sun is ebbes wie finf dahler reicher os er gamaint hut os er wear.

Finf yohr tzurick hut er sei bocka buch ferlora iwwer 'm hoy eifohrra bei Stanley Frantz nagshd om Longa Shule hous, un shure ganunk wons Stanleys' dochtermon Bartine Meckes da onner dawg 's bocka buch net g'funna hut, iwwer 'm hoy runner shmeissa fer die kee.

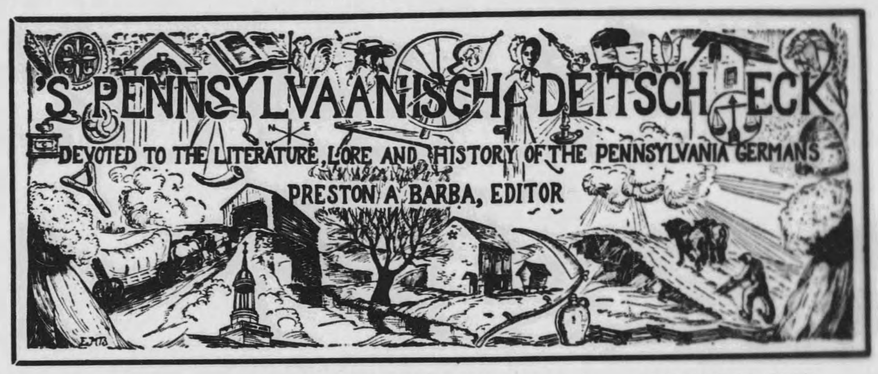
Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Leviticus 19

This is a chapter of 'sundry' laws, meaning various kinds of laws, by which the children of Israel were to govern their conduct, in their relation to God Who demands holiness of life on the part of His people, and in relation to each other, for, according to verse 18, 'Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself.' It will be interesting as we read this chapter to note how many references there are to the ten commandments. The Sabbath Day is to be kept, vs. 3 and 30, and they are to honor father and mother, v. 3. They are not to make idols or graven images, v. 4. Stealing is prohibited in v. 11, and the name of God is to be hallowed, v. 12. False witnessing is forbidden, v. 16. The poor are to be considered, vs. 9-10, in that they are to be permitted to glean in a neighbor's field what the reapers have left after going over the field but once (read the story of Ruth). The commandment concerning adultery is in view in v. 29. Consulting of spirits is forbidden in v. 31. The aged are to be respected, v. 32 (see Prov. 16:31). 'Meteyard' in v. 35 is a yardstick. False balances are an abomination unto the Lord, v. 36.

(In yesterday's commentary please read "begetting" for "bettering"; "Violations" for "Violatons", and unnatural" for "unatural").



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

THE REVOLUTION

Since this event in Hanover a number of years had passed by. Peter Muehlenberg had returned to Philadelphia, had been pardoned by his parents for all his misdeeds, had submitted to his father's will and had become the pastor of the German congregations in Bedminster and New Germantown in the present state of New Jersey, towns whose names have long since disappeared, and in the neighborhood of which no one any more can speak German. He married a German girl by the name of Anna Barbara Meyer, and since at that time no one was scandalized if a pastor went hunting or fishing, he frequently went on hunting and fishing expeditions with his Indian friends Pic-to-nu and Cac-tu. Here he lived happy and contented until the German congregation at Woodstock in the province of Virginia gave him a call, which, on his father's advice, he accepted.

—

It was the middle of the year 1775. In a forest ravine at a little distance from Woodstock three men were walking back and forth engaged in earnest conversation. These three men were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry.

"Yes, yes," said Washington, turning towards Patrick Henry, "I am quite willing to acknowledge that if the Virginia Assembly on the 1st of last August had accepted your proposals we would find ourselves to-day in a stronger position. This blunder has given the King of England time to arm against us, and you can depend on it that Lord Dunmore has made good use of the respite."

"How fervently did I beg the delegates at that time," said Patrick Henry, "frankly and unafraid to demand justice from the king, as becomes men to whom a wrong has been done. I pled further that they should threaten him that if he continued to oppress the American colonies so shamelessly no other course would remain to us except to refuse our obedience and to cut the ties that bound us to a fatherland that treated us like stepchildren. No one had the courage to vote for my proposals except young Pastor Muehlenberg and the German delegates. They stood as firm as a rock."

"At the last meeting of the Assembly," (it was now Jefferson who spoke), "it was again Peter Muehlenberg who with his Germans helped us through to victory, to the definite commission from the representatives of the people that if no acceptable treaty can be concluded we are to seize the sword and strike."

Washington: And we will strike and defend our rights as men with our money and our blood.

Jefferson: This king is not satisfied with robbing us of our material welfare. No, he is striving also to break our spirits. Therefore I swear at the altar of my God eternal hatred against every form of tyranny over the minds of men. (Jefferson's own words).

Washington: We will set ourselves to the great task faithfully and acting as one man. We will free the fatherland from tyrants and not stop until the work is fully accomplished.

Patrick Henry: There will be no rest until the British government and its hirelings have been driven out of the country.

Jefferson: I give you my promise that at the next meeting of Congress, which takes place in July at Philadelphia, I will put forth every effort to free our splendid country from subjection to an unworthy king.

Patrick Henry: And during this time we will prepare ourselves, summon up all our spiritual and material power so as to show the enemy what an oppressed people can do when it is determined to throw off its fetters.

Jefferson: And after the victory we shall issue a proclamation to all the nations of the earth, saying that these united colonies of North America shall be forever an asylum for all those persecuted on account of politics or religion. We will invite all the oppressed to come to us, bid them welcome to our shores and grant them protection. We can not fail to reap a blessing from this policy, for those who come to us will be good people who have long hoped to find such a refuge. Keen intelligences, strong hands will be active among us, and they will accomplish great and noble things in this land of freedom. Every one shall have the right to worship God as he pleases. There shall no longer be any compulsion. The will of the people shall be our highest law.

Patrick Henry: Bravo, Thomas Jefferson! These principles will open the eyes of the nations, and the example that we give will encourage every land to fight for liberty, to punish tyrants and to throw off the yoke of slavery.

Washington: Come, friends and brothers! Give me your hands in confirmation of our covenant, the covenant that from now on equality, freedom and justice shall prevail in this land. My arm shall not rest until the task is completed. . . The three men reached each other their hands while a fourth silently approached them, held his hands over them and cried out: "With God's help we will go forward to victory! Amen."

This fourth man was Peter Muehlenberg, who was on the way to visit his friend Patrick Henry, then living in the neighborhood of Woodstock. By chance and unperceived he drew near the three men, overheard their conversation, and since what they said so completely agreed with his own ideas and wishes, he could not refrain from coming forward and giving his blessing to the undertaking. The three were overjoyed to see him and held out their hands, for he was an old acquaintance whom they had often met, and on whose fidelity and courage they could rely.

The four men continued to converse a long time on the affairs of their enslaved fatherland. Then they went to Patrick Henry's house and had lunch. Not until late in the evening did Peter Muehlenberg return to his parsonage. Washington and Jefferson spent the night with Patrick Henry.

SECTION IV

Several months had passed since the meeting of the four patriots. On a Sunday morning the church-bell of Woodstock called the inhabitants of the little town to worship. As many Germans had settled in the rich province of Virginia, and especially in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, some coming from Pennsylvania and some from the old fatherland, there was already a great throng assembled before the church-door long before the hour set for the service. As early as 1774 there were to be found in the Shenandoah Valley and the region round about no less than three large and wealthy Lutheran congregations. Pastor Muehlenberg had charge of the largest of these, the one in Woodstock, Pastors Baumann and Helfenstein of the other two. As the last stroke of the bell died away Muehlenberg appeared in the church clad in his choral vestments, and carrying his Bible and his hymn-book under his arm. He mounted the pulpit and announced the fifth verse of the hymn beginning "Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit." Following the hymn he read as his text the 6th and 7th verses of the book of Exodus, and spoke eloquently of the sufferings that the Israelites had to endure at the hands of Pharaoh, and of how little by little the King of England was increasing the burden of misery and distress that rested upon the people of the colonies, of how he was imitating Pharaoh . . . Here he paused . . . and then began again.

"Dear brothers and sisters, it grieves me greatly to have to announce to you that this is my farewell sermon. But, God willing, I shall soon come back to you. A higher duty calls me, and I must obey the summons. Once more, my brothers and sisters, my warmest and most heartfelt thanks for all the confidence and the love that you have shown me. Let us give thanks to the Allmightiest who has brought us together. We have lived with each other in peace and unity. The Lord has blessed and protected us. Diligence and thrift have brought prosperity to most of us and want to none. Unfortunately for some time past other conditions have prevailed, both with us and throughout the whole country. Arrogant and tyrannical servants of the British king now demand that we meekly surrender the fruits of our industry, of the sweat of our brows. As you all know, we have had bad crops these last two years. Our tobacco fields lie bare, and the prospects for this year's harvest are worse than ever, and nevertheless the servants of the British crown demand, in spite of our justified protests, taxes and again taxes. They attach our property, rob us of our rights, and insult us with the name of rebels. Who can endure this shame and disgrace any longer? The measure of our patience is filled to the brim and running over.

"Oh, how gladly I would have stayed with you, shared joy and sorrow with you, lived peacefully with my faithful wife and my children, but, dear brothers and sisters, the threatened fatherland to which we owe our lives and our welfare, is calling for our help, is summoning its sons to drive out the oppressors. You all know as well as I what we have had to endure these past years, how all our pleadings were in vain, and how the King of England had none but deaf ears for our complaints.

"The Holy Scriptures say: There is a time for all things, a time for speech, a time for silence, a time for preaching and a time for praying. That time is past. There is also a time for fighting, and this time has now come. He who loves freedom and the fatherland, let him follow me."

After these words he threw off his vestments and stood in the uniform of a colonel before his congregation, who in the fulness of their enthusiasm sang with strong resounding voices Luther's great hymn: "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." . . . "A mighty fortress is our God." The drum was beaten before the church, and within half an hour Peter Muehlenberg had enrolled 162 men from his congregation ready to march at once to the defense of the fatherland.

Muehlenberg had already received his commission as colonel of the 8th Virginia regiment from George Washington, who had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army by the Congress of the United Colonies. The next morning when Muehlenberg was mustering his troops on the commons there was heard in the distance the beating of drums. Two columns of men were seen approaching Woodstock, at the head of the first Pastor Abraham Baumann, and of the second Pastor Peter Helfenstein. The men who followed them were members of their congregations. Everywhere shouts of joy were to be heard as the brave men came marching up. Heartfelt was the clasp of the hands as they vowed to sacrifice everything to their adopted fatherland.

After the first jubilation was over Muehlenberg placed his men in rank and file, and appointed Pastor Baumann as lieutenant-colonel and Pastor Helfenstein as major of his regiment. The men replied with a thundering cheer. Four days after the organization of the regiment it numbered 460 men.

THE PASTOR ROSE

The following episode, be it legendary or otherwise, from out of the life of Peter Muehlenberg, is concurrent with Wollenweber's narrative in today's ECK. These verses are from Thomas Buchanan Read's narrative poem "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies."

P.A.B.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer fife;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before;
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR WAR"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die!"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

—

In Pennsylvania also military preparations were going forward. The people saw no other way to preserve their rights and their freedom except to have recourse to arms, and thus make an end of British government and drive the oppressors out of the country. The excitement was especially intense in the German counties of Lancaster, Lebanon and Berks. There the farmers were ready to make every sacrifice for the new government which had been founded the 4th of July, 1776, in Philadelphia, and to strengthen the army of General George Washington with their volunteers.

There was great joy when the news reached the Trappe that Peter Muehlenberg had resigned his pastorate and taken up arms to expel the enemies of human rights and freedom from the land, and that he was already colonel of the 8th Virginia regiment. The friends of his youth, now grown men, remembered the promise that they had given him in the military game of their boyhood to defend wit hhim the fatherland if it should ever fall into distress and danger. The military company that he had founded as a boy still existed, and its present captain, George M. Keim, a Palatine, at once called his men together and proposed to them that they march to Woodstock and join Peter's regiment. The proposition was unanimously accepted, and before a week had elapsed the company with its new recruits numbered forty men, all vigorous, courageous and ready to meet the enemy . . . One morning, when Captain Keim was reviewing his men preliminary to military drill, there appeared on the scene the Indians Pic-to-nu and Cac-tu. On their shoulders they carried the guns that father Weiser had given them in their youth, and they begged to be allowed to go along to war, as they were firmly resolved to fight bravely against the enemy and to keep the promise that they had given their dear Peter. Every one greeted the Indians joyfully, and they were immediately given places in the company. Soon came the day of departure on which the company, now numbering sixty men, was to march away. Hundreds of people assembled early in the morning in order to give a farewell clasp of the hand to the departing soldiers and to wish them luck. After fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters had shed many tears before Keim had his men drawn up in line, Pastor Kunz came forward instead of the revered Father Muehlenberg, who happened to be absent. He addressed words of encouragement to the departing soldiers and pronounced the benediction. "Forward, march!" commanded the captain. The drum beat, and soon the German soldiers of the Trappe were lost to the sight of their loved ones.

To Be Continued

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Editorials

Brakes on 'Fixes'

It had not been indicated that the dirty business of "fixing" athletic contests had become rife in Pennsylvania, as was revealed to be the case in New York where Madison Square Garden contests only too often were decided as a coterie of gamblers wished both as to winner and margin of score. But John Van Sant, our local representative in the General Assembly, decided that it would be better to lock the stable door before the horse was stolen. That is to say, if cases of bribery ever are revealed there is going to be adequate law in Pennsylvania to deal with such base crime against the public, thanks largely to Mr. Van Sant.

Under the pressure of a strong public opinion that had been aroused by the New York revelations, the current Legislature was ready to go along speedily with Mr. Van Sant's proposals. Governor Fine lost no time in affixing his signature to the new bribery law. Under it violators who have attempted to "fix" athletic contests can be fined by an amount as great as $10,000 and go to jail for ten years.

The penalties are so severe that they may well deter both the gamblers who like big killings and youthful athletes who might otherwise be persuaded to listen to the tempters and their rich promises.

Crisis in Near East?

By violent hands King Abdullah of Jordan, Arab kingdom that lies east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan river, died yesterday and crisis easily may arise in the Near East, so often in history the center of events of worldwide importance.

Unlike many assassinations, in which the motive of slayer and even identity may be in doubt for some time, there appears little doubt about yesterday's crime. Abdullah, slain while going to his prayers in the famous Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, was the victim of internal Arab difficulties and differences. The assassin is said by the British, who are Jordan's constant attendants and advisers, to have been an agent of the notorious and malicious Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. The motive for the assassination would appear to be disapproval of Abdullah's fairly peaceful relations with his neighbors, especially the Jews. There may also be involvement of internal politics and the struggle of various groups to have their own representative upon the throne of Jordan.

Always there is the matter of oil in that part of the world to motivate and finance not only plottings but the highest crimes and misdemeanors. In other days men stole and killed and committed every crime in the category to acquire gold. Today the temptations provided by "black gold" are even greater. The value of the wealth that lies beneath the earth in the Near East is greater than anything that ancient miners sought in Golconda or moderns fought and died to attain in California and the Rand.

Always too in any acts of violence occurring in that part of the world the influence and interest of Russia in what may be going on has to be considered. The Grand Mufti has played with Moscow before this. He may be playing another deep game with Stalin as partner.

Where Is Nehru's Piety?

A great volume of American public opinion has become sated with sanctimoniousness of Prime Minister Nehru of India who found it convenient to be a pacifist in principle when matters concerning the invasion of Korea, at Russia's instigation, came up but who is very belligerent concerning Kashmir and Pakistan's desire to annex that part of Asia.

The inconsistencies in this follower of Gandhi cannot have escaped Americans nor the rest of the world. He couldn't think of sending any troops to Korea in defense of the United Nations. It did not seem to be the righteous thing to do, according to his explanations. But the world also could see that Mr. Nehru was not willing to offend Moscow and bring down the wrath of the Communists.

However, according to Pakistan, Mr. Nehru is finding it the righteous thing to send 90 per cent of India's armed forces to the borders of Pakistan as a threat against that Moslem country. He is ready to use force to suppress his neighbor with whom he should be in complete agreement and unity. He was not ready to use a single man against Russia, whose ancient tradition and hope to enter and control India now is implemented more powerfully and advantageously than at any time in centuries.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel," said a wise man of old. Mr. Nehru, despite his fame as a modern wise man, either has not heard of this saying, or does not believe it or does not wish to practice it.

Oil Royalties

Major-General Patrick Hurley, one of President Roosevelt's wartime advisers, has been moved to speak his piece about Persia. . .

All the present trouble, he says, can be blamed on the "greed and imperialism" of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company — which is the same thing as saying the British government, since the British government holds the controlling interest in Anglo-Iranian. General Hurley believes there should be "a limit on the amount of profits when they are being taken out of resources belonging to people who are starving." "Your trouble in Persia," he testified before the Senate inquiry, "is imperialism, not communism." . . .

When the present uproar began, Anglo-Iranian was paying royalties to the Persian government of 25 per cent of the value of all the oil it extracted from Persian wells. When the possibility of nationalization was first mooted, the company offered to increase this royalty to 33 per cent, and subsequently raised this offer to 50 per cent. In other words, Anglo-Iranian would do all the work of exploring for, extracting, refining, transporting, and marketing Persian oil, and would pay Persia half the proceeds from every barrel of crude.

This is what General Hurley regards as unforgivable exploitation. But we suggest he cast his eyes in another direction, toward the province of Alberta. There, a number of large American companies are engaged in removing oil. Hitherto, they have been paying the Alberta government royalties of between 8 and 10 per cent of the value of all oil removed; by a recent decision of this province, these royalties have been raised to somewhere around 13 per cent . . .

General Hurley implies that the Persian government had every justification for nationalizing Persian oil in view of the "greed and imperialism" of Anglo-Iranian. But if he regards a 50 per cent royalty as "greed and imperialism," what is his view of an 8 per cent or a 13 per cent royalty?

We hasten to assure the general that he can relax. Peculiarly enough, we don't feel exploited up here in Alberta; and there is no significant agitation for the expropriation of American oil investments in this province. Most of us think a 13 per cent royalty is fair enough. All the same, it's a point which General Hurley, and others, might bear in mind before they start yelling too loudly about "exploitation."

Calgary Herald

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Peace has at last come into our house.

Unfortunately it is going to last only a week.

After that, our "home sweet home" will once again become a bedlam of homicides, fights, holdups, all kinds of crimes of violence.

Horses will be galloping through our living room. Beautiful blondes will again cry their hearts out in that same room, while waiting for their unjustly accused sweethearts to be set free by the jury which has already been out for six days and nights.

The privacy of our parlor will once again be invaded by people of all sorts who will be asked all sorts of foolish questions and give equally foolish answers.

* * *

But today there is peace in our house.

The repairman has taken the television set to the shop and has regretfully announced that he won't be able to have it back for a week.

When I told my wife that she would not be able to see Arthur Godfrey and Hopalong Cassidy this week, she said with a Mona Lisa smile, "That's too bad. But I may be able to survive the shock."

* * *

Television has been much in the limelight recently. Primarily because of the danger that we may soon have to see all the black-and-white horrors in color.

And since publicity always arouses interest, television, which had become a taken-for-granted habit, is being analyzed, diagnosed and surveyed.

In my own opinion, television once again bears out what I have said several times before: We have made marvelous progress mechanically and physically, but spiritually and mentally we are so far retarded as we were years and years ago.

With this almost miraculous discovery of television, what are we doing with it?

* * *

We are glorifying murder, robbery, faithlessness, nudity.

We are giving our children an opportunity to become experts in villainy, crime and indecency.

We are teaching them gutter language, gutter manners, gutter habits.

Only the other day there was a little five-year-old tyke on television. He was the son of a famous artist.

The interrogator asked him, "What do you want to be when you grow up? A great artist like your daddy?"

"No," lisped the kid, "I wanna be a hold-up man on a horse."

* * *

A couple of evenings ago I had nothing useful or entertaining to do. So I turned to my television set.

Three stations were showing crime stories.

Just for the fun of it I switched idly from station to station, from one crime story to the next.

And, lo and behold, I got just as much sense out of watching the three at a time as I would have if I had stayed on one station.

There were dead people lying around on all three stations. There were cops running all over the place on all three. There were yells and screams and shots and smoke — and, at the end, just before the commercial, justice prevailed, the guilty was caught, the boy and the girl fell into each other's arms, and the moral? "Smoke the Soandso cigarettes!"

* * *

My wife, apparently noticing how I was "scrambling" the telecasts, called down:

"What on earth are you doing down there?"

And I called up:

"I'm studying to be a moron."

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of July 21, 1926, a Wednesday

The second annual outing of the Club Chorus of the Woman's Club of Allentown, was held at "Birch Knoll," the summer home of Mrs. Agnes Mann on Lehigh Mountain.

Members of the Four Square Club held the first of a series of novelty meetings at the Elks Club. The theme of the meeting was a "Country Store."

Plans were announced for a new, two-story, brick and steel building to be constructed by the S. S. Kresge Company, 809-13 Hamilton St.

The Mother's Circle of Salem Reformed Sunday School, comprising the Cradle Roll and the Beginners' departments, held a picnic at the home of Mrs. Albert Hofammann, along the 12th St. Pike.

Horoscope

Even if the exchequer is rather low today, the future should be good. The child born today is likely to possess outstanding abilities.

'The Mighty Mo'



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What strange goings on in the world of diplomacy! Just a few short weeks ago the United States was rent asunder by the cry that when Britain and France say they want something done or that they want something undone, there must be no offending of our allies.

'Twas argued, too, that if America didn't go along with its allies, the allies wouldn't go along with us, and that we must not "go it alone."

Yet today, as Britain and France protest that they don't want America to get naval or air bases in Spain or have anything to do with the Franco government there, the United States goes ahead anyhow.

From both President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson come the firm policy that says bases in Spain are essential to collective defense and that, notwithstanding the protests of the British and French governments, an agreement will be made with the Franco government.

Still ringing in the ears of members of Congress are the recent cries that overseas bases are so important that, if we ventured to assert our maximum force in Korea against their protests, we would be alienating our allies and that this would lose us bases in Europe. Again and again administration members of the joint Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees of the Senate hammered those points home as they interrogated witnesses in the MacArthur hearings. Again and again the "yes men" among the administration's witnesses solemnly concurred.

What has happened since? Are we now defying our allies, deserting our allies — and "going it alone"? Or has the American government decided to do what it thinks is best for Europe's defense notwithstanding the "left wing" protests that are powerful enough to stay the hand of the governments in both London and Paris?

Object Europe's Defense

For it doesn't make sense to be reading about opposition by Britain and France to military measures designed primarily to help protect them. They could offer the argument on the Far Eastern controversy that all military forces would be needed for Europe's defense and hence must not get bogged down in Asia. In this instance, the object is Europe's defense. So when internal politics now influences the policies of the British and French governments, it is inevitable that the American government, which is supplying the bulk of the money and the bulk of the naval and air power for Europe's defense, should finally decide to protect its own interests with adequate bases.

There is another strange thing about the British viewpoint. In the case of the diplomatic recognition and British sponsorship of Red China for admission into the UN, official spokesmen for Britain said again and again that, after all, ideological considerations are not vital in giving recognition and that the main criterion is whether a government is in military control of its territory. Certainly Gen. Franco and his government have complete control of the territory of all Spain. Franco has been recognized — so why is his aid unwelcome?

As for military-assistance projects, the British-American plan to aid Tito in Yugoslavia brushes aside ideology, too. For he is still a Communist.

Accent Hypocrisy

Such inconsistencies merely illustrate the hypocrisy of present-day diplomacy. The spectacle of the governments of Great Britain and France turning down a chance to get a 400,000-man army — as well as valuable bases beyond the Pyrenees, where big airfields can be operated in relative safety, affording a separate approach to Russian territory — is not one that the average American will understand. To the non-political mind which isn't immersed in ideologies or politics, the matter of defense is a cold-blooded problem of saving lives and building up military strength to prevent a world war.

Plenty will be said here in Congress about the strange behavior of the British and French governments in urging that America send troops to Europe while at the same time declining to make use of Franco's troops. Plenty will be heard about whether it is wise to continue furnishing more and more economic aid to Britain and France under the guise of stopping communism when the aid of the most powerful anti-Communist regime in Southern Europe is spurned.

Action Gratifying

These are certainly days of strange arguments but it is gratifying that the President and the secretary of state are not being swayed by the viewpoint of the British Labor government. Who knows — maybe enough firmness will develop here to disregard also the protests of the British and French about a determined policy in the Far East. There may be occasion for this if the "cease fire" parleys turn out to be just a military tactic by the Communists.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DARBBER, DARBBER DOCKTOR KUM: Da onner dawg wor 'n aryer uf ruhr beim Ed Kleinsmith uf da bauerrei nagshd on Shimersville, — der Ed wor shure ains fon seina kee het druvel, un hut net gawist wie aw tzu gae. Noh wos hut er gaduh, os wie der fee docktor Benj. Walbert fon Walbert avenue doh in da shtadt garufa, fer darbber darbber kumma, 's wear ebbes letz mit ains fon seina kee. Der Walbert is aw grawd gonga, un der Ed hut 'm g'sawt wie er hee kumma is, die kee weara drous in da shire — darta kent er sie finna.

Der Docktor is noh in die shire on da kee hee un har, ow'r hut naryads kenna g'sehna os es g'sheind hut wie won sie druvel het. Endlich is der Ed aw in die shire kumma, un der Benj. hut gawunnert wel os die kuh wear os er garufa het dawaiga. Wie ers 'm gawissa hut, hut der Benj. g'frok'd eb er die kee shun moryets drous in da wade kotta het. Der Ed hut g'sawt er het, het sie net long tzurick rei k'hol'd — het sich arbadich gadumm'ld fer sie rei griega so os sie hin weara bis er kaimt.

Der Docktor Walbert hut noh g'sawt er kent gawiss os allas nix letzes sehna on selra kuh, un hut g'sawt sie wotta mohl 's feld nunner noch 'm shwom gae woh die kee gawest weara, wos noch mainer is, er hut 'm Ed aw g'sawt fer grawd der shuckkerrick mit nemma — er dade glawwa os sie 'n breichda. Un grawd so wors aw, 's kalb woh der Ed gamaint hut maich'd druvel mocha, is drunna im shwom rum g'shtolbert un hut g'such'd fer sei Mommy. Der Ed un der Docktor hens noh uf der shuckkerrich galawda, un sel wor ae mohl der fol, woh 'n bauer der fee docktor bei grick'd hut, fer 'n kalb hame fohrra uf 'm shuckkerrich.

HEN 'N LOT GALARNT: Sis shun oft g'sawt werra, 'n yader mensch sot don un won fon hame gae so os es ous finna dade wie der iwwerreshd fon da leit lava dada. Wel, der Rob Blacha un sei fraw die Tessie fon 509 East Hamilton shtross doh in da shtadt, hen net long tzurick 'n lot galarnt wie sie 'n nine dawg bus trip ganumma hen noch Florida. Mohl fers aller airsht, kon die Tessie sich alla weil noch net arrick ganunk ershtouna, os bananas ewwershich woxa — un net unnershich wie sie immer gamaint hut os sie dada.

Noh hen sie aw so kayosa dierra dart drunna — so weit os sel aw gait, 'm'r hen aw dafon doh in da shtadt yusht die Tessie un der Rob hen sie net aw gadroffa. 'S sin lecktrick — augua dierra — dierra os fon selwar uf gaina. Die Tessie hut sel net gawist, un is shier bartzelbaum, kups feders tzu da dier nei g'falla, wie sie galong'd hut fer die dier uf sheeva, un sie is fon selwar uf gonga. Noh hut die Tessie aw so'n arye erfohring kotta im wertshous woh sie g'shtopt hen. Sie worra drin shwimma, un die weil os es ra ewwa fiel wor fer die shaina shteel im ihra shtub ol nos mocha sich druf hucka wie sie tzurick kumma sin fom shwimma, hut sie tzeitinga driwwer galaig'd. Wos der Bob un die Tessie alla weil noch wunnert is, wos fer dinda os die tzeiting drucker yusa in Florida. Wie die Tessie uf g'shtonna is, wors bobier bol sarwer fon da druckerrei, un sie hut gaguck'd wie won sie darrich die drucker rei gonga wear — yusht os allas hinnershd feddershd wor, un der Bob hut net 'n wert dafon laisa kenna.

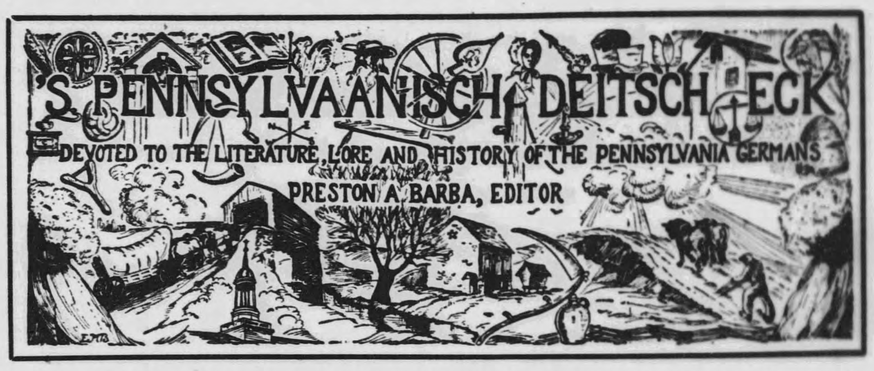
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Die tickets fer da 4d Augusht der Hudson nuf sin iwwer rous gute om gae, un aryads shunshd in da heits tzeiting, sin widder die folla barichda woh die tickets tzu griega sin.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Leviticus 23:41-44

We read in these verses that there was an additional reason for celebrating the feat of Tabernacles. It was to be a memorial of the 40 years of wandering in the wilderness. 'All ye that are Israelites shall dwell in booths seven days, that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt; I am the Lord your God.' Thus Moses declared unto the children of Israel the feasts of the Lord. Other festival occasions arose in Israel in the course of time. In the book of Esther, Haman chose by lots (Purim) the day for the destruction of the Jews. At the intercession of Esther the Jews were allowed to defend themselves and were thus, by the providence of God, spared. Haman, instead of Mordecai, was hanged on his own gallows. The Jews still celebrate Purim with much rejoicing in the month of March. The festival in December, known as Hanukkah (dedication) celebrates the restoration of the temple after its desecration by the Syrian king, Antiochus. Jesus is attending this feast of 'dedication' in John 10:22.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

In the meantime Colonel Muehlenberg was busily engaged in recruiting and drilling his men, for a large number of them scarcely knew how to load a gun, and were still more ignorant of military drill. Then one afternoon some one reported that a distant beating of drums could be heard. It was feared that a roving body of English troops was drawing close to Woodstock. When Muehlenberg was informed of the direction from which the noise came he at once sent out one of his best horsemen with the order to find out who was approaching. Major Helfenstein was commanded to call his regiment to arms immediately and to have the men drawn up in military formation. That done, the colonel himself would appear on the parade ground and give further orders in the event of an attack.

Major Helfenstein carried out the commands given him with the greatest exactitude and speed. Colonel Muehlenberg was already standing at his post. Once more the beating of drums was heard, and soon there was seen a company of men marching down the slope of the mountain that lay on the further side of Woodstock, and towards the little town. Muehlenberg at once put his field-glasses to his eyes and soon saw that the approaching men wore no uniforms, that they were, therefore, not enemy soldiers. He thought that they must be Americans, perhaps a troop that wished to join one of the Virginia regiments. However, for safety's sake, it might be well to be on guard. The other officers of the regiment shared his opinion, and soon the fear of an attack had vanished.

The still unrecognized troop came nearer and nearer. The observers could see that they were armed men, and that they knew something of military drill. When the company reached a hill opposite Woodstock it halted, and Muehlenberg and his men looked over intently to see what would happen next. Then they saw a man with a tall feather on his peasant-hat order his men to stand in line. This done, he stepped in front of them, waved his hat, and then followed a thundering hurrah that was re-echoed by the mountains. Soon the horseman who had been sent out to reconnoitre returned and announced that the troop was a company of Germans desirous of joining Muehlenberg's regiment. At this joyous news the 8th Virginia regiment returned to their unknown friends their thundering hurrah. A military song was the answer, and the company resumed its march. After a little while the Trappe soldiers, as they were later called, appeared before the regiment drawn up to receive them and paid them all due military honors.

SECTION V.

Who can describe Muehlenberg's feelings as he approached Keim, the leader, and recognized him as well as many of his school comrades of the Trappe, and again saw before him his dear Pic-to-nu and Cac-tu. He gave Keim a prolonged embrace, clasped the hands of all who came up to him, but was quite unable to speak. "Thanks, thanks," was all that his full heart could utter as tears of joy streamed from his eyes. "Colonel," said Keim, "you know that as boys we gave you our word that if ever the fatherland were in danger and you should fight for it we would stand faithfully by your side. You have taken up the sword to march into battle for justice and liberty. You have not called us, but nevertheless we have come, and here we are in order to keep our given word. Give us a place in your regiment, lead us against the enemy. We wish to fight, conquer or die."

A loud hurrah followed this speech, and then Muehlenberg replied: "You are a thousand times welcome, dear brothers from Pennsylvania. Yes, united and with undaunted courage we will march against the enemy of our now common fatherland. Posterity shall relate that the Germans loved their adopted country faithfully and were ever ready to sacrifice life and property for its safety. May the Allmighty God protect us all and give our just cause the victory. 'A mighty fortress is our God!' "

"Yes, 'A mighty fortress is our God, a trusty shield and weapon,'" answered the soldiers in solemn song.

Also in Reading, Pennsylvania, among the Germans of American and of European birth a strong spirit of freedom was in the air. A young man, Joseph Hiester by name, whose heart was aglow with love of justice for the people, soon succeeded in conducting to Washington on Long Island several companies of Pennsylvanians.

While Muehlenberg was busy in Virginia in fifling up his regiment and drilling it in the use of arms the Germans of Pennsylvania arose en masse, ready to make all possible sacrifices for their fatherland and for freedom. Reading and the neighboring villages outdid all others. The brothers Daniel, John and Joseph Hiester who had emigrated from Wittgenstein in Westphalia to America, and who had settled as farmers in Bern Township in the vicinity of Reading, were with their sons the first to call upon their fellow-citizens to form military organizations, which they led to Washington's army, there to fight courageously against the enemy. Everywhere the call found among the Germans a magnificent response. Lancaster was chosen as the meeting place. On the 4th of July 1776 there assembled there 570 men and the officers they had selected. They gave an excellent account of themselves at the battles of Long Island and Trenton, in Delaware and in the southern part of Pennsylvania.

In Reading Joseph Hiester engaged a young drummer, marched through the streets of the village with him and called on the citizens to form a company and sent it to the commander-in-chief. On the evening of the same day 31 men from the little town appeared at the meeting-place agreed on. After Joseph, who although only 23 years old was much beloved by his fellow-citizens, had described in heartfelt words Washington's critical situation, he laid forty dollars on the drum for the first one who signed up for the new company. On all sides the men called for pens. A young man by the name of Matthew Baab succeeded in being the first to write down his name. The thirty others followed. The money, however, Baab dedicated to the common welfare of the company, and Hiester and others added to the sum.

The number of the recruits increased daily, and in a short time their captain was able to lead two companies to General Washington. Washington was then stationed on Long Island. The English, much superior in numbers and in munitions, attacked him there, driving him back. The Germans were in the thick of the fight. Joseph Hiester and several of his comrades were taken prisoners and sent to the notorious prison ship, the Jersey. After several weeks they were exchanged. Hiester returned home sick and miserable. But no sooner had he recovered than he rejoined the army, fought in the battle of Germantown and was advanced to the rank of colonel.

Muehlenberg's regiment was now complete, the first among the Virginia regiments to have the full complement of men, for every one had confidence in Muehlenberg as a leader. Old men and widows brought their sons, wives their husbands, to fight under their beloved pastor for freedom and the fatherland. At the recruiting place the most moving and patriotic scenes often occurred between parents and children, between husband and wife. No matter how many the scenes of inspired patriotism that the American Revolution has to offer they are certainly not to be surpassed by those of the Germans at Woodstock and its environs.

The middle of March 1776 Muehlenberg informed the new governor of Virginia that his regiment was ready to march. Thereupon he received the order to proceed with his men to the neighborhood of Suffolk in order to protect the coast against Dunmore and his hordes of robbers. Dunmore, the former governor of Virginia, on realizing the magnitude of the revolt of the American people, had left the mainland, and with a number of tories, vagabonds and runaway negroes had taken refuge on a British man-of-war, and from there he had made incursions into the villages lying near by.

Amidst a thousand well-wishes Muehlenberg and his men left the little town of Woodstock. It was very hard for him to say good-bye to his dear Anna and his children, despite the fact that his wife was as enthusiastic for the patriotic cause as himself. Anna's tears continued to flow when her husband was already beyond the edge of Woodstock, and gloomy forebodings filled her soul. Then the door of the living-room opened softly, and Pic-to-nu stole in. "Mother," he began, "I and my brother Cactu have seen your grief and it has moved our hearts deeply. We have, therefore, vowed to the great Spirit to watch over our dear Peter in every danger that threatens him. Since I am fleet of foot I stayed behind unnoticed when the regiment went over the mountain. I hastened here to bring you the comforting assurance that your husband is watched over by faithful friends. Farewell, and always remember that Peter is under the protection of Cac-tu and Pic-to-nu." Swift as an arrow and without waiting for the reply of the heavy-hearted woman he left the house, and again unnoticed rejoined the regiment. The German regiment marched towards its goal, through forests and fields, often over untrodden ways. The feeling of sadness occasioned by the leave-taking from their families had almost disappeared. Only one thought seemed to occupy their minds, to meet the enemy as soon as possible and to defeat him. Nevertheless Muehlenberg advanced cautiously, sent out in advance as spies four courageous men, among them his two Indians, and saw to it that his men did not become too fatigued. Since there was no lack of food and drink the brave troop after a march of several days arrived safe and unmolested at its destination. Here Muehlenberg was to receive further orders from General Lee. But as no orders had come as yet they chose a suitable place for a camp, stationed their sentinels, and ranging far beyond the camp the four spies went out to reconnoiter. The camp of the German regiment soon resembled a miniature fortress. The greatest order prevailed, for every one was anxious to carry out the commands of the officers. Major Helfenstein was especially beloved. After a thorough drill in military manoeuvres and the use of arms the men sat down to table, ate moderately, and in the evening the air resounded with the melody of German songs, sung as only Germans can sing them.

To Be Continued

A TRANSPLANT RETURNS

DR. ISAIAH BOWMAN
Late President
Johns Hopkins University

In all the biographies I have seen of Dr. Bowman, casual mention is made of his birth in Waterloo County, Ontario, but no reference is ever made to his ancestors. I have had the opportunity of talking with his sister, Mrs. Anna Rosenberger, and a first cousin, Mr. Sidney Shantz, both of whom live in Kitchener. From them I have obtained the following information: Wendel Baumann was born in Switzerland in 1681 and came to Pennsylvania about 1709, settling in Berks County. His son Christian was born in Berks County in 1724, and his son, Wendel, in 1758. Our interest is in Wendel's son Benjamin who was born in 1787, and who married Susanna Bechtel, who was born in 1797 in Montgomery County.

In the spring of 1815, Benjamin prospected in Waterloo County and returned to Pennsylvania in the fall of that year. In 1818, he came to Canada with Christian Burkholder and family, John Good and family, Betty Baumann, Esther Cressman, Samuel Bechtel, and others, making the trip to Waterloo County in 28 days. He settled in the township of Waterloo, some two miles southeast of Berlin. There were nine children in his family.

One of these, Moses, married Anna Cressman and they moved to a farm at Manheim, a locality several miles west of Kitchener, then known as Berlin. One of their twelve children was Samuel, who married Emma Shantz, and their family consisted of four children, Matilda, Anna, Isaiah and Ethel.

When Isaiah was some 18 months old his parents moved to Brown City, Michigan, where Isaiah grew up and where he got his early education.

In conversation with his sister Anna, who returned to Kitchener from Brown City with her husband some 30 years ago, I learned that Isaiah probably inherited his interest in geography from his grandfather Moses, who was a great collector of stones of all kinds. Isaiah early showed interest in everything having to do with geography, which probably explains why he eventually became America's most outstanding geographer.

Dr. Bowman visited Kitchener and his sister from time to time. She said he never really changed, he was still the friendly, unassuming person he had always been. He usually came to visit his sister for a rest and wanted no publicity, nor did he wish to see people. He said it was a relief to get away from them. However, he never forgot that he originated in Waterloo County, nor was he unaware of his Pennsylvania German background. Hence, in the long list of outstanding Americans who originated from Pennsylvania German ancestry, the name of Dr. Isaiah Bowman can be added. The American Geographical Society thought enough of him and his contribution as a geographer to issue last January the Isaiah Bowman Memorial Number, thus showing their appreciation of the great contribution he had made to their Society as President over a number of years.

—Dr. G. ELMORE REAMAN
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario.

HOCHZICH

Der Hochzichmonet, der Tschun, iss widder feriwwer fer des Yaahr! Hen awwer die yunge Leit gheiert! Un deel as net so yung waare Es hen Leit gheiert as nie defor gheiert hen ghatt un deel hen es zwett un es dritt Mool gheiert. Deel hen ihre Mann odder Frau vergraawe ghatt un deel hen sie yuscht verlore im hohe Graas. Doch hen sie widder gheiert.

Es Heiere macht iwwerall grossi Blessier. Der klee Yockel hot en grosser Bruder ghatt, as Henner gheesse hot. Mool ee Daag iss der Yockel in die Heeh gestchumpt, hot sei Hut in die Luft gschmisse un hot maerderlosich gegrische — "Was fehlt dir?" hot eltser ihn gfrogt. "Marye heiert der Henner," hot er gegrische. "Wie weesscht's?" hen sie gsaat. "Ei," greischt er, "die Mammi backt Schannschtee Kuche." Sell hot Gschpass gewwe.

Ich dauer immer der yung Schlingel, wu heiert, abaddich wann's in de Karrich iss. Sie baecke ihn in en Schlupp graad wie en Ox in en Ben. Er watt bleech un zitterich, sei Halsband watt ihm zu feit, er schwitzt un watt ball ummechtich. Sei Fiess sin eiskalt un es rabbelt ihm im Leib. Der Parre, un der wu uffschteht mit ihm, browiere ihn zu dischtere. Endlich saagt der Parre, es neegscht Aryeiershtick iss der Mendelssohn. Awwer schtartz net, wann due net an der Aldar Riggel laafscht. Der Beschtmann saagt, "Des nemmt yuscht paar Minutte, awwer noh muscht du dei Lewelang bei re bleiwe." Sell helft net viel! Der Parre saagt, "Kumm an!" Noh watt er in en Karrichvoll Leit gschowe. Er kann net weck. Er bleibt. Er watt er hett en Seekbock fer sich druff henke. Dann gucke all die Leit weck vun ihm. Die Brautsmaed kumme un no die Braut. Sie iss net vergelschtert. Sie dauert aa der Breidigam net. Er hett ihre yo net noochschpringe breiche. Nau hot sie ihn. Awwer sie guckt schee.

Des iss was mer singe sett zum Mendelssohn seim Wedding March:

Do kummit die Braut!
Do kummit die Braut!
Saagt Hallelujah,
Doch net zu laut.

Ei, sie iss schee!
Ei, sie iss schee!
Glei warre sie Eens,
Doch sin sie Zwee.

Rot sin die Backe,
Glitzerich ihr Aag:
Iss sie net haerrlich
Uff ihre Daag?

Schteht uff de Fiess,
Schteht uff de Fiess,
Des set mer du fer a
Maedel ao siess.

—June '51 Dr. Pierce Edward Swope.

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Editorials

Help Red Cross at Once

When American farmers by the thousands and city dwellers by tens of thousands were forcibly evicted from their homes in the Missouri Valley by unprecedented floods it was the American Red Cross which came to the rescue of the local municipal authorities in the struggle to help their citizens. It was and is the greatest catastrophe in the Missouri Valley in a century or more.

Trouble has not yet come to an end for most of the people. It is reported that very few properties in the flooded area carried insurance against losses due to flood. Thousands of dwellings are of frame construction and those which were flooded, in some cases to the rooftree, are seriously damaged and costly repairs will be at the owners' expense entirely. In addition the economic life of these people has been disrupted for many days.

So it is understandable that the American Red Cross is making a special appeal at this time for those fellow-Americans who are in such dire straits. The surprising thing however is that the appeal is so modest. Only $8100 is being asked from Lehigh County whose people in the course of annual campaigns cheerfully contribute an amount in six figures and this year magnificently exceeded the $110,000 goal which had been set.

Despite the difficulties of the summer season, the local leaders of the American Red Cross have sprung into unselfish action. They are organizing their forces to collect the money and they will have to sacrifice many hours of hard work to accomplish their end.

The community can help these leaders very much. There are many hundreds of people who are able and expect to support just about all the worthy projects which are presented to them. These persons will afford great cheer to the campaigners if they will at once dispatch their checks to the local office of the Red Cross. Others will help very much if they will prepare themselves for the solicitation of funds and be ready promptly and liberally to help the worthy enterprise.

Victory for Dr. Poling

There will be a great deal of interest all thru the Lehigh Valley in the elections in Philadelphia in November for Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who is widely known thruout this area, became the Republican nominee for Mayor of that city at the primaries on Tuesday.

Dr. Poling did not win without a hard fight. Nor will the campaign during the next three months be a perfunctory job for him. Philadelphia, for decades a citadel of Republican strength, has become debatable ground. The high character and the splendid civic record of Dr. Poling can be counted upon to attract huge non-partisan following.

Whether there was entire honesty of purpose in the espousal of Dr. Poling as a candidate for the highest office in the city that has been known as "corrupt and contented" cannot now be known. Good men have been used by bad men as stalking horses on many occasions in American political history, in Philadelphia even upon some occasions. Dr. Poling knows all this.

Those who know him know his integrity of purpose and believe that, if he be elected, he will give to a notoriously wretched municipal government the righteous vision which a great community should possess and without which its soul must perish.

Wire Strike Avoided

Indefinite suspension of the threatened nationwide strike of Western Union Co. employes comes as welcome news. A shutdown of the commercial telegraph lines would have seriously hindered the defense program along with causing inconvenience for the public.

Under settlement terms, almost certain to be approved in a rank and file vote of union members, the Western Union will raise wages of 27,000 workers 13 cents an hour effective immediately and give 4 cents additional Sept. 1 if the Wage Stabilization Board okays the management's offer. The union originally demanded a hike of 25 cents an hour. Some 8,000 messengers will get increases of 7½ cents an hour now and an additional 2½ cents an hour in September if the WSB agrees.

The Western Union says the upward revision of salary rates will add $15,500,000 to annual operating costs, an item which will more than likely come from pocketbooks of the customers. An appeal for a boost in existing tools is already on file and it is generally believed will obtain prompt approval. This action will be following the trend that has prevailed in various industrial and utility fields and will come as no surprise.—Scranton Times.

Spur for Young Sportsmen

It was a difficult thing for a lot of girls and boys to understand that just because Allentown never was represented in any way in the American Coaster Derby Association they could not compete in such racing in nearby communities which in recent years have fostered this juvenile sport.

Recent participation in the Soap Box derby has whetted the appetite of youthful Allentonians for more excitement. They desired to invade other territory and test their skill.

The Allentown Recreation Association solved the problem in very simple fashion for these young people. It has procured membership in the national organization by payment of a fee. Thereby it has made it possible for every Allentown girl and boy who desires to enter coaster derby races wherever they may be run.

The Commission is not interested in promoting such races. But it does not want to see Allentown girls and boys barred elsewhere. Rather, it wants to see them compete and carry Allentown's colors proudly wherever they may go.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the peculiar traits of the human mind is that it is so very much interested in the far-away and so comparatively neglectful of the near-by.

Hundreds of missionaries have been sent into the most remote places of the earth to bring religion to the "heathen." Yet here at home there is still so much religious indifference, intolerance, disunity.

Billions have been spent to feed starving masses in India, in China, in Europe — all over the globe. Yet there is still poverty, want, misery right in the back yards of our own country.

More billions are sent to Europe for economic rehabilitation, yet our own domestic economy needs plenty of rehabilitating.

* * *

Now comes the latest excursion into the far-away.

Astronomers in the Netherlands have triumphantly announced that they have picked up radio signals from the Milky Way, millions of miles away. This is to be the practical beginning of a new science they call "radio astronomy."

Soon you, too, may be able to get these signals and perhaps whole programs, provided you have a receiver 80 feet in diameter and can tune in on the right wave length, which is supposed to be 21.1 centimeters.

* * *

My respects to Prof. Jan H. Oort, of Leyden University, who has made the great new discovery.

By with my respects goes the humble question "So what?"

Frankly I am not terribly impressed by all these colossal scientific discoveries which go 'way beyond the legitimate scope of the human mind and far beyond its legitimate capacities.

These fantastic excursions into the mysteries of nature and of life, remind me a bit of a world traveler I know. His home is in New York City.

He has been everywhere. He can tell you all about the Taj Mahal in India. He has seen Mt. Fujiyama in Japan. He has crisscrossed the canals of Venice in a gondola. He has eaten poi in Hawaii and tasted tequila in Mexico. He knows the night spots of Rio de Janerio and has stood at the giant monument to Lenin in Moscow.

* * *

I listened to him for a while. Then I asked:

"You have visited the Louvre in Paris, haven't you?"

Indeed, he had.

"How does it compare with the Metropolitan Museum in New York City?"

He had never been inside the Metropolitan, although he had lived in New York all his life. He had never gone over to Bedloe's Island, right in the harbor, to visit the Statue of Liberty.

* * *

It seems that before scientists worry about the Milky Way radio, they should try to improve some of our horrible radio programs at home. Or the still more horrible television programs.

It seems that we should not have such great pity and compassion for the poor and the sick and the ignorant all over the world but forget that our own country, our own state, our own county, our own community are also a part of this world.

* * *

There is an old saying which has become very popular of late: "Far pastures are greenest."

However, if I remember correctly, wasn't the latter one supposed to apply only to cows?

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of July 28, 1926, a Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jacoby of Fullerton were hosts to John J. Meiley, former American consul in Costa Rica, who had recently been appointed consul in Stavenger, Norway.

Under the auspices of the Central Park Amusement Company, Salem Chancel Choir gave a concert in the auditorium of the park. Prof. Sol W. Unger conducted the choir and Miss Helen Peters was accompanist.

Horoscope

Much good fortune is probably for you in the next year. A talented personality should develop in today's child.

Sandman



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

When the secretary of state makes an address, a good deal of deliberate planning lies behind his words. From his staff of policy-makers come memoranda that lay down the points that must be emphasized to fit changing situations.

Acts of a Chamberlain

But the speech which Secretary Acheson made at Detroit is baffling in its ambiguity. The words at times are those of a MacArthur but the acts which are contemporaneously recorded in the news dispatches are those of Chamberlain.

What Dean Acheson says is important because, for all practical purposes, he is President of the United States. He is virtually commander-in-chief of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. He defines their scope of action. For Mr. Truman does what Mr. Acheson tells him to do. No man in the office of secretary of state heretofore has had the opportunity to wield such power, first, because no President ever delegated as much authority to him and, second, because no comparable issues fell to a secretary of state to decide. Mr. Acheson told a Senate Committee recently that a cease-fire in Korea around the 38th Parallel wuld be a "victorious" conclusion of the war there, and he emphasized that this would mean that aggression had been repelled.

Yet now, in his Detroit speech, the secretary says the aggressor hasn't been tamed at all. He adds:

"We are in great danger, greater perhaps than many Americans now appreciate. This danger is not less than it was a month ago, although some of us seem to think so . . . whether or not an armistice results from the talks in Korea, the fundamental job ahead of us will not change . . . whether or not there is peace in Korea, whether our adversaries are cooing like doves or growling like bears, our job remains the same. The threat we face remains the same."

This would seem to imply that the sacrifices made by the UN forces, including casualties of 80,000 Americans, have not swerved the aggressor from his course. Then comes this curious paragraph:

"Neither war nor weakness is the way to meet the Soviet challenge. We will counter force with force, if necessary, but war does not solve problems—it multiplies them. Weakness, on the other hand, would lead to defeat, with or without war."

The foregoing — countering force with maximum force — was the main theme of Gen. MacArthur's frequent messages to his superiors in Washington and of his Boston speech, too. It was because of his exposition of this very doctrine in his message to the enemy commander that he was summarily removed from all his commands.

But, while it is sound doctrine, whether Mr. Acheson or Gen. MacArthur expresses it, the secretary of state qualifes it almost immediately when he says:

"Between these two extremes lies a middle course, which seeks to block Soviet expansionism without war, by building an effective system of collective security, and by making it strong. This is the course we are following."

Then comes the explanation of what that "middle course" is:

"We do not have to match the Soviet armies man for man, or gun for gun, since our mission is to deter, not to attack, but we have a long way to go before we reach a safe deterrent level."

Gobbledygook

What kind of gobbledygook is this for our military chiefs to digest? Is a military force built solely to be strong on the defensive? Is there no thought given to offensive strength sufficent to win a war when the enemy has begun it? Mr. Acheson amplifies his thinking thus:

"What we are building is an adequate deterrent force against military attack. We already have the means to guarantee that a general military attack against us would be costly to the aggressors. We must now achieve a force of sufficient size to make it plain that such an attack could not succeed."

Does this mean that America has adopted a policy of being willing to accept stalemates in future wars? Has "victory" been deleted from the vocabulary as well as the planning of our military forces? Is the enemy to be given to understand that, if an attack is made and he fails to penetrate our lines, we will agree to "cease fires" and compromises of the 38th Parallel sort of stalemate? Is Korea to be a pattern for future military policy?

New Military Policy

Plainly the Detroit speech by Secretary Acheson is a revelation of the new concept of American military policy—not to fight to win but just to keep the enemy from winning. If that is all our Army, Navy and Air Force are to be permitted to do in the next war, then the Soviets may some day accept as a realistic though unwitting description of the morale of UN countries what Mr. Acheson says: "It must be understood that weakness not only invites attack; what is even more menacing, it paralyzes the will to resist and makes for political disintegration."

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Revelation 5

The court transaction involving the 'redemption' of this earth is who is the 'goel' qualified to reanswer to yesterday's question, who is th e'goel' qualified to redeem our earth, dominion over which was forfeited by 'the first Adam.' John describes this court session, with God the creator of heaven and earth on His throne. The court-crier calls for one to appear who can qualify to loose the seals of the scroll. John weeps, as he realizes that no member of the human race, no matter how wise or how wealthy, can qualify, since all of our race are under the same condemnation. But one of the elders (representing the church) comforts him by saying that there is One Who alone can handle the situation in our behalf, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, v.5. the One in the midst of the elders as a Lamb that had been slain, v.6. Thus the answer is, Jesus is our Redeemer, the goel, who, as the innocent Son of God, was willing to become the Son of man, and thus a relative of ours, the first necessary qualification to act as Redeemer. This is the only meaning of Christmas, a most meaningful event in the course of human history.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

THE WEDDING LINE

Old customs change, but Mrs. Post,
Who counsels hostess, guest and host
And is the first to give advice
On newer forms of conduct nice,
Holds sacred still the wedding line,
From "two to four" or "seven to nine."

How oft I've crept on burning feet
To get the bride and groom to greet!
How oft I've steadied ladies fair,
And led them to a nearby chair!
How oft I've seen men step aside,
"Too tired," they said, "to kiss the bride!"

As Mrs. Post has often told,
The wedding line's a custom old.
Though time has toppled thrones of kings
And genius bettered countless things,
While marriage lasts the line will stay
A "must" for every wedding day.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS ALLAS SHAE IN ARDER:

Yar, so weit os m'r wissa is allas shae in arder fer heit 'n woch, der Hudson nuf gae. So wies ow'r sheind, breicha m'r net bodderra fer shtoppa tickets ferkaufa da Dinshdawg-sie sin shun ol drous eb sellie tzeit. Noch nee mohls hen m'r 'n trip kotta woh mainer noh froke wor fer tickets wie dessa mohl-ol wie in paar bletz net. Un in sellie bletz hen m'r shun tickets weck ganumma, fer sie hee duh woh sie gaina.

Now so weit os die trip aw gait, gaina m'r uf 'm Central Rigel waig, die ain't train ous Mauch Chunk, un die onner ous Allentown. Ferol os m'r wissa, mawgs evens drei train load gewwa, ow'r ebs tzwae odder drei traina sin, die tzeit is uf da tickets won yader train ferlust. 'S boat-unser boat fer der dawg, der Peter Stuyvesant, sot shun hin sei bis m'r niver noch Jersey City kumma, un won er net darta is, is es yusht os er worta mus bis onnerra boats fom waraf weck sin. Boats on waraf missa in arder k'halta werra odder 's gebt glei uf huddlerrei.

Ebs die airsht odder ledshd train sei mawg os nei kumt, wie ol wissa os farm yohr dabei worra, der Peter Stuyvesant is 'n wunnerbore gross boat, uns sis blenty blotz fer ol os mit wolla. Die tzeit wor woh sie mainer wie drei dousand druf galawda hen fer der Hudson nuf, ow'r heit tzu dawg sin sie yusht erlawbt fer 2783 nemma uf ae trip, —weit owwich wos mier nemma wolla. Wie fiel os es gebt heit 'n woch, kenna m'r alla weil noch net sawga, ow'r m'r hen shtoppa tickets nous duh tzu da ferkaifer—un wie g'sawt, hen shun dale rei garufa.

So weit os es essa aw gait, is unser rote fer dale mit nemma, ferol os die leit fom boat uns sawga, des yohr hetta sie 'n gons arbadichie gutie kumpany os ocht gaibt uf die esserrei. Wos noch mainer is, sie hen uns aw fershprocha os es des yohr ken bohna bree uf die gamashda grumberra gaibt wie 'm ledshd yohr der fol wor mit unser'm middawg. 'S haich'd gapric'd essa is $1.95, hen etlicha orta middawga sella waig, un noh gaits on da roy runner, bis tzu sandwiches fon dreisich cent aw nuf. Unser fuder tzettledie menu kort-hut ken ice kream gawissa, ow'r die boat kumpany hut uns g'sawt iwwer der fone, sie hetta blenty ice kream-hetta yusht fergessa 's uf die kort tzu duh. Hen gadenk'd m'r dada uf rufa dawaiga-wos wear 'n trip der Hudson nuf mit ous ice kream. Yar is wase, dale wunnerra ferleicht waeich keffer bree-wel sellie is aw dabei, blenty dafon.

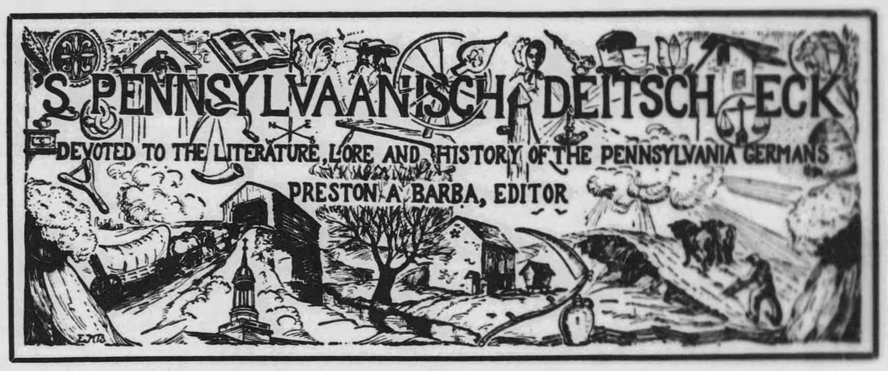
'S sin blenty shteel fer ol os hucka wolla, un soicha os gleicha tzu donsa kenna sich darta mit blessierra. Der Harvey "Abner" Fogel un sei Serenaders fon Lehighton drous gaina mit, un so aw der Fred Warning un sei band fon Bedlahame. Oh yar, der "Shtivlie" Rex fon Siegersville gait aw wider mit fer helfa dons ous rufa. Dale hen shun gawunnert ebs aenicha onnerra programs gaibt. Nay, 's dut net, des is 'n boat trip, un is so ganunk tzu sehna mit ous hee hucka un 'n lot onnerra socha ob hoericha. 'N trip der Hudson nuf is ebbes os net alla dawg rum kumt-un arbadich so, 'n trip so weit nuf wie Hyde Park, un hunna on Nei Yarrick om statue of Liberty ferbei.

So weit os train sitza aw gaina, sin ganunk fer ol, mit ous aenich ebber sich uf die iwwer tzwaricha end sitza hucka. Bleiva darta hunna, yusht sis fershtonna os leit sich tzomma hucka missa — hetta net ganunk kerrich won ol laenich hucka wotta. 'M ledshd yohr hen dale gaglawk'd m'r dade so hard fohrra uf sella iwwer tzwaricha sitza-bleiva hunna mit ous ihr wolla garn sella waig fohrra.

Owets fer hame gae werra die traina widder ganummer'd, un yaders sot uf die same train gae wohs druf wor fer nunner. 'S sin grawd so fiel sitza fer hame wie aw fer nunner-sis yusht won tzu fiel rum wexla, os die socha uf k'hudd'ld werra, un sel is uf tzu yader'm os mit gait, un niemond shunshd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die trip da Somshdawg, in ontwert tzu etlicha os g'frok'd hen dawaiga, gait, mawgs wedder sei wies wil,—die train hut 'n doch un fenshterra. un so aw der Peter Stuyvesant.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

Peter Muehlenberg has received from George Washington his commission as Colonel of the 8th Virginia Regiment, with Pastor Bauman as Lt. Colonel and Pastor Helfenstein as Major. A company of German soldiers from the Trappe in Pennsylvania out of loyalty to their old comrade have marched to Woodstock in Virginia and joined Muehlenberg's regiment. Proceeding toward Suffolk the regiment is now encamped somewhere south of Woodstock awaiting further orders.

Another day passed by, and still the major had received no orders. In the evening they were again singing merry songs when the Indian Cac-tu suddenly appeared. With his gun over his shoulder he was leading two horses, in whose saddles were seated two boys of respectively fourteen and fifteen years of age. These, he maintained, were spies who wanted to inform the enemy of the position of the regiment. Everything was excitement. But when the soldiers approached the spies how astounded they were to recognize in them Louis Roesch and John Wurst of Woodstock, whose fathers were serving in the regiment. One mighty burst of laughter followed the other, and the poor Indian stood there so completely taken aback that he was quite at a loss for either words or thoughts. Startled by the noise Muehlenberg accompanied by Baumann and Helfenstein approached to inquire after the cause. After the sounds of mirth had died away Cac-tu reported to the colonel that, stationed about two miles from the camp, he had been observing the riders for an hour, and had seen how they slowly and cautiously approached from the distance, constantly peering about. Then he crept up to a clump of trees through which the riders would have to pass if they intended to go to the camp. He placed himself behind a tree, and when the riders were within range of his gun he aimed at them and ordered them to halt. Terrified they stopped their horses, and he strode up to them with the remark that if they made the least motion he would shoot them down. They submitted peaceably to their fate. He took the reins, led the boys here, and now he saw that the regiment regarded the capture of his spies merely as a huge joke.

Muehlenberg warmly pressed Cac-tu's hand and praised him for what he had done. From the boys he learned the following: On the second day after the regiment had left Woodstock the women of the town and the neighborhood held a meeting. Mrs. Muehlenberg acting as president and Mrs. Baumann as secretary. It was decided to establish mail-service between Woodstock and the regiment, and two venturesome boys were to act as postmen. They were to be supplied with everything necessary for their task, and in addition were to be paid for their services. The captured boys were the first to volunteer, and after them twelve others. They promised to brave all dangers, to take news from home to the regiment and to bring news back to Woodstock. "We are to give greetings to all of you," said Louis Roesch, the elder of the two, "and here are the letters . . . and now permit us to see our fathers and our brothers." "With pleasure," said the colonel, "but first here to my heart!" He embraced both boys and then cried out to the soldiers: "Brothers, our fatherland will gain its freedom, for a nation with such a spirit must conquer; and conquer we will and be free." Loud cheers followed this scene.

The next morning the boys rode back to Woodstock with greetings and letters, and there a joyful reception awaited them.

The women in the meantime were working industriously so as to provide their absent men with all necessary clothing. A week later Louis Roesch and John Wurst accompanied by three other boys rode to the camp heavily loaded down with supplies. Three days later Louis Roesch returned alone to Woodstock with the news that the 8th regiment had suddenly received orders to march towards the south and had left. John Wurst and the three others with all the baggage had followed their trail. He, however, who knew the way back to Woodstock, had undertaken to bring the news of the departure of the regiment. As soon as Wurst and the other boys had overtaken the defenders of their fatherland and delivered the clothing they would return.

A little later it was learned in Woodstock that Washington had made General Lee the commander of the southern army, and had ordered him to march to North Carolina and drive out the enemy that had come to that province by water. He was to strengthen his forces by choosing one of the best Virginia regiments, and Muehlenberg's was the one chosen. Williamsburg, Virginia was the place of meeting, and from there the Americans went by forced marches to North Carolina. This news filled the hearts of all at Woodstock with great concern, for at that time North and South Carolina as also Florida were known to be very unhealthful regions. After a long period of anxious waiting one of the boys returned to Woodstock with the news that they had overtaken the regiment after a ride of six days through the most inhospitable forests. They had promptly delivered the supplies entrusted to them, and had been joyfully received by all the men. Up to the present time none had fallen ill, although they had suffered much from the bad roads. They had met no enemy troops, for these had gone to Charleston, and the American army was now on its way there. Wurst and the two other boys had joined the regiment.

On the 23d of June, Muehlenberg and his regiment arrived without any mishaps and in good spirits before Charleston. On the 29th came the first engagement. Opposite Charleston and separated from it by a narrow inlet lies Sullivan's Island. At its western tip a fort had been erected to protect the harbor. Colonel Moultrie of South Carolina, he from whom the island derives its present name, held the fort. Opposite Sullivan's Island, and somewhat further seaward, lies Long Island. The two islands are separated by a narrow strait which at ebb tide can easily be forded. The English fleet was planning to bombard the fort from the sea-side, while the troops on land were to cross to Sullivan's Island and fall upon the fort in the rear. In order to protect the fort from the land-side General Lee had stationed on the island two regiments, that of North Carolina under Colonel Thompson, the faithful friend of Muehlenberg whose acquaintance we made in Hanover, and the 8th Virginia regiment under Colonel Muehlenberg. The main force of the Americans was assigned to the mainland, so as to defend Charleston, in case the enemy should succeed in capturing Fort Moultrie and the harbor.

SECTION VI

Early in the morning the English fleet began firing on the fort, Colonel Moultrie, however, returned the fire so vigorously that the enemy found it advisable after a seven hours bombardment to give up the fight. The enemy landforces were also driven back with great loss by Muehlenberg's and Thompson's brave soldiers. Thus the Americans were victorious both on land and on the water. Those of the English land-troops that could escape took refuge on the ships. The German regiment had captured 200 prisoners, not counting the wounded. Thompson's men fought with equal courage. On the evening after the battle the officers of the two regiments met in Charleston and celebrated their victory, for the enemy had fled to New York. Lieutenant-colonel Baumann came with a bandaged head, as it had been grazed by a bullet. The Germans of Charleston insisted on entertaining the soldiers of the 8th regiment, and since Charleston already had a prominent German Lutheran congregation thanksgiving services were held the next morning in the German church, sermons being preached in both German and English.

Lee now decided to go to Florida, where a British officer had collected a body of Tories, Negroes and Indians, and with them was plundering the border regions of Georgia. On their arrival Muehlenberg's regiment was ordered to chastise the scoundrels. Muehlenberg did not need his whole regiment for this purpose, and therefore sent his friend Helfenstein to the well-barricaded robber-nest. After a hard fight in which two cannons were brought up to bombard the fort the rabble came creeping out. Some were killed and some taken prisoners. Unfortunately Muehlenberg lost several of his men, among them good brave Penn Schmidt of the Trappe.

The regiment was now ordered to go to Savannah, where General Lee followed with the remaining troops. Lee's intention was to make an attack on Fort St. Augustine in Florida which was held by the English. But Muehlenberg in the midst of his preparations received an order from Washington to break camp at once and to join the northern army. Muehlenberg, a sick man, returned to Virginia with a part of his regiment. The other part remained under Lee's command awaiting further orders in Savannah. In the two months that it had been stationed there it had suffered greatly from disease. Major Helfenstein, many soldiers and one of the two young boys from Woodstock had already succumbed to illness, as Muehlenberg, himself ill, marched towards the north.

—

It was noon. The sun stood at the zenith. A pleasant sense of warmth filled the air. In spite of the lateness of the season the weather had been glorious for some days past. Indian summer had come. Under a great chestnut tree quite close to where Harper's Ferry now lies, but on the Maryland side of the Potomac, one could see a woman sitting. Judging from her appearance she might have been in the early forties. She seemed to be making a journey on foot, for she opened a basket of not inconsiderable size, took provisions from it and began to eat. The traveler apparently did not relish the food, for she soon put it back into the basket. Extreme weariness or perhaps suffering had robbed her of her appetite. Silently she folded her hands in her lap and began to talk to herself: "Four days," she said, "I have been on my journey, the two last always on foot, because I did not wish to incommode the people to whom I was recommended, asking them to furnish me a wagon. In these hard times every one has enough to do to look out for himself. The further south I come the more do the farms seem to have been laid waste. Yes, war, the terrible, terrible war has everywhere brought misery. I am so very weary, but I thank God that in spite of the approaching winter I have constantly had such fine weather during my whole journey, and have come so far without having met with any misfortune. God willing, if the ferryman at the Potomac does not make me wait too long, I shall easily reach Ladner's farm to-day, and there I can have a good rest. The Ladner family will most certainly give me a hearty welcome, for I am carrying in my basket a letter of recommendation to them. Besides grandmother Ladner knows me personally. Didn't we occupy the same pew for several years in St. Michael's church? In spite of her eighty years they say she is still as sound as a dollar. How happy she will be to see me, especially when she learns where and to whom I am going. One of their wagons will soon take me to my destination. . . But what will happen if the ferryman, who ought long since to have come to this side of the river, delays much longer? Or if he should not come at all any more! Night would overtake me, and I would be exposed to its damp chill without a roof, in danger from roaming wild beasts."

She stood up and looked anxiously to the further side of the Potomac. There was no ferryman in sight. Silently and swiftly the water ran on in its course to the sea. More and more intently did her eyes seek the opposite shore. All in vain. Silence on the water upstream and downstream. The more the sun sank towards the horizon the more uneasy became the glances of the poor woman. She seemed to be reproaching herself for having allowed her feelings to carry her away, for having set out upon a long and unknown road without a companion, especially in such dangerous times as these of the war. Nevertheless she comforted herself with the thought that in a short time she would reach the dwelling of good friends. . . If only the ferryman would come. Suddenly there arose a cool breeze. It grew stronger every minute and made the poor wanderer shiver. She took a warm shawl out of her basket and under the great chestnut tree she found herself somewhat protected from the harsh northwest wind. Not a sound broke the evening silence. Nowhere did she see a human being. There was nothing to be heard except the ever increasing rustling of the wind through the mighty forest trees. Then she folded her hands and sought help and comfort in prayer, but alas, there seemed to be no answer to her petitions. . . The boisterous wind had now somewhat abated, and she decided to look for some elevated spot from which her eyes could sweep over a wider radius and perhaps discover a human dwelling. She was just about to leave the tree when she thought she heard a noise. She listened more intently and clearly distinguished the rolling of wagon-wheels. A sigh of relief escaped her breast. Hastily she sprang upon a slight elevation. Who can describe her joy when she saw two wagons approaching from the distance! It was help, salvation, and thankfully she raised her eyes to heaven.

To be Continued

DIE REVOLUTION

In Boston waarn all gute Leit,
Abrill der Achtzeet waar die Zeit;
Datt hen sie mool gross Uffruhr ghatt,
Die British waare in der Schtadt.

Die British hen sich Druwwel gsucht,
Amerikaaner waarn verflucht;
Es waar en kiehli schtilli Nacht,
'S waar alles ruhich, do waar ken Yacht.

In sellre Nacht sin sie datt fatt,
Es waar so ruhich, mer heert ken Yacht;
Der Mond hot gscheint, er leicht die Schtadt,
Viel Mut un Mieh die Leit hen ghatt;
In Blatz vun bloose en Signal Harn,
Duhn sie zwee Lichter in der Tarn.

Der Paul Revere schtart no graad aus
Un reit sei Gaul vun Haus zu Haus;
Die Leit im Land hen gschlofe fescht,
Er ruft sie all aus ihrem Nescht;
Er saagt zu ihne: "Kumm recht gschwind,
Un bring dei aldi Haase Flint;
Un wann sie bissel roschtich iss,
Self iss so gut wie Schlange Biss;
Wann 's so weit kummt, ass Krieg ausbrecht,
Dann fechte mir fer unser Recht.

Die British gehn noch Lexington,
Datt hot 's mool 's erscht gegnallt;
Die Luft waar voll mit Schwewwelschmok—
'S hot um die Welt rum gschallt,

Die Yanks hen gute Flinte ghatt,
En Harn voll Pulfer aa debei;
Un Kugle die all hen gehatt,
Un halte ihne heftich nei.

Die British gehn noch Concord zu,
Der Paul gebt datt der Larm;
Sie gehne naus bis an die Brick,
Datt brecht no loos der Schtarm.

Die British hen die Iwwerhand,
Wie Oxevieh datt rum gerennt;
Hen alles gschtohle vun de Leit,
Un 's Courthouse hen sie abgebrennt.

An Yorktown

Die Fechterei waar datt im Gang,
Wie mei Buch saagt, elf Daagge lang;
Der Washington hot datt mit Mieh
Der Lord Cornwallis uff de Gnie;
Die Yankees schiesse alsnoch druff,
Fer sie ken Hoffning, gewwe uff.

No hot der Lord Cornwallis gsaat;
"Ei, George, du bischt en guter Mann;
Ich hab gemeent, ich greecht dich do—
Ich sehn, ass ich net kann;
Mir sin gebodde, des ich weess,
Nau, George, ich hoff du bischt net bees;
Do nemm mei Deegge un mei Pack,
Un alles was ich hab im Sack;
Ich hab noch bissel Schmokduwack,
Genunk fer dich un mich im Pack;
Ich schmok mool bissel, denk yuscht draa,
Nemm un fill dei Peifli aa;
Do watt nau net so gnapps gezehlt,
Bei dir un mir watt's gleich verdeelt."

Doch waar's zu ihm en grusses Schmaerz,
Un dutt ihm greislich weh am Haerz;
Er meent gewiss, es kennt net sei,
Doch gebt er uff — des Land iss frei!

1950 D. GEO. KNECHT

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Editorials

Pulling Up Welcome Mat

Inasmuch as the Civil Rights Congress has been declared a subversive organization by the U. S. Attorney General and since this is the group which has been furnishing bail for accused members of the Communist Party, U. S. courts very properly are revoking all bail bonds which have been offered by the organization in any kind of charges.

The entire theory of bail is a guarantee that the individual who posts it will be present when called by the proper legal authorities. Bail is not a fine nor a price set for the achievement of freedom. Even if bail be forfeited, responsibility for a crime is not ended and satisfied.

The Civil Rights Congress already has demonstrated that whoever is back of the members of the Communist Party in the United States there is little concern about the forfeiture of large amounts of cash in order that they may escape prosecution and, in the event of conviction, long prison terms.

The question now is: At what figure will the Reds hesitate about ordering their membership to jump bail? Four of the top Communists, who disappeared as soon as the Supreme Court turned down their appeal for a new trial, forfeited $20 000 each. Or rather, the Civil Rights Congress forfeited a total of $80,000. Evidently Moscow, or some other kind friend of Communists in distress, is willing to pay at least $20,000 a head to keep valuable comrades in circulation.

Accordingly U. S. attorneys are asking and courts are granting higher and higher bail where Reds are concerned. Furthermore, the attorneys are asking for revocation of all CRC bail bonds and courts are granting them on the theory that such bail is not placed as a guarantee that the defendant will be produced in court when wanted but as the price which will be paid willingly for the defendant's freedom if convicted.

This revocation has extended during recent days to some 39 aliens who are suspected of being Communists or having Red connections and face charges of deportation. This gang must produce new bonds or go to jail. The suspicion in most of the cases is that the defendants entered this country after satisfactory training and with the intention of carrying on spy work for their governments or for the Russian Communists. They have not been able to show any good reasons why hospitality should continue to be accorded to them. Our Government has decided we can get along without them and that they'd better go on home.

It all indicates the determination to crack down everywhere on the trouble-makers within our gates, to chase out those who are aliens and to punish properly those who have abused naturalization or, if American - born, their birthright.

Elders' Bad Example

It cannot be said that many recent events in Washington have inspired young Americans to high ideals and ethical practices. The peddling of influence toward the achieving of jobs and valuable contracts has been a national scandal which has prompted some to propose a code of ethics for government employes —just as if the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments must be reinterpreted. The excuse of those who are caught that "everybody is doing it" has been the shabbiest kind of nonsense.

In the light of the many revelations out of Washington there has been little surprise on the part of many that youthful athletes in a number of colleges have confessed taking bribes to "fix" games important to the gamblers by reason of large wagers on the results.

Coming closer to government however is the scandal at the U. S. Military Academy in West Point where, in recent days, ninety young men have been discharged for violating the Academy's code of honor. These young men have been the Government's wards. They elected to cheat Uncle Sam and their fellows, all of whom have a stake in the Army's reputation for integrity and honesty.

Some of them may have been influenced to sharp practices by the stories of shabby unethical deeds by men high in government in Washington. But they will be able to go no farther along that road. They have been yanked out of West Point for cheating in examinations altho up to this time it has not been indicated that cheating on vaster scale in Washington is bringing prompt ouster for those revealed guilty of unethical practices even if not amenable to any statute law.

Truth Oozes Thru Curtain

General enjoyment of life behind the Iron Curtain has been propagandized by the Communists but a lot of facts continue to belie the Reds.

Western Germany is full of displaced persons (not all Germans by any means, who have fled from Communist influence and power into the shattered and poverty - stricken areas under American, British and French control. In smaller numbers such freedom - loving people can be found in every country in Europe and in every State of the United States.

It is pretty safe to say that nine out of ten Germans would leave Eastern Germany today if given just half a chance. Likewise people in satellite countries must be fed up with rosy Soviet promises and 34 years of failure to perform and provide results.

Two incidents during the last three days point up this fact. In one there was a mutiny of a dozen members of the Polish navy who fled to Sweden and, they hope, freedom. The second, which occurred yesterday, concerned four Poles who in a home-made airplane flew from their native land to the same haven.

We know of course that criminals are wont to make escape from the lands in which they commit crimes. Making all allowances for those refugees who are undesirables anywhere they may go, there still remains the vast body of the unjustly persecuted, the labor slaves and the righteously indignant protestants against tyrranical government.

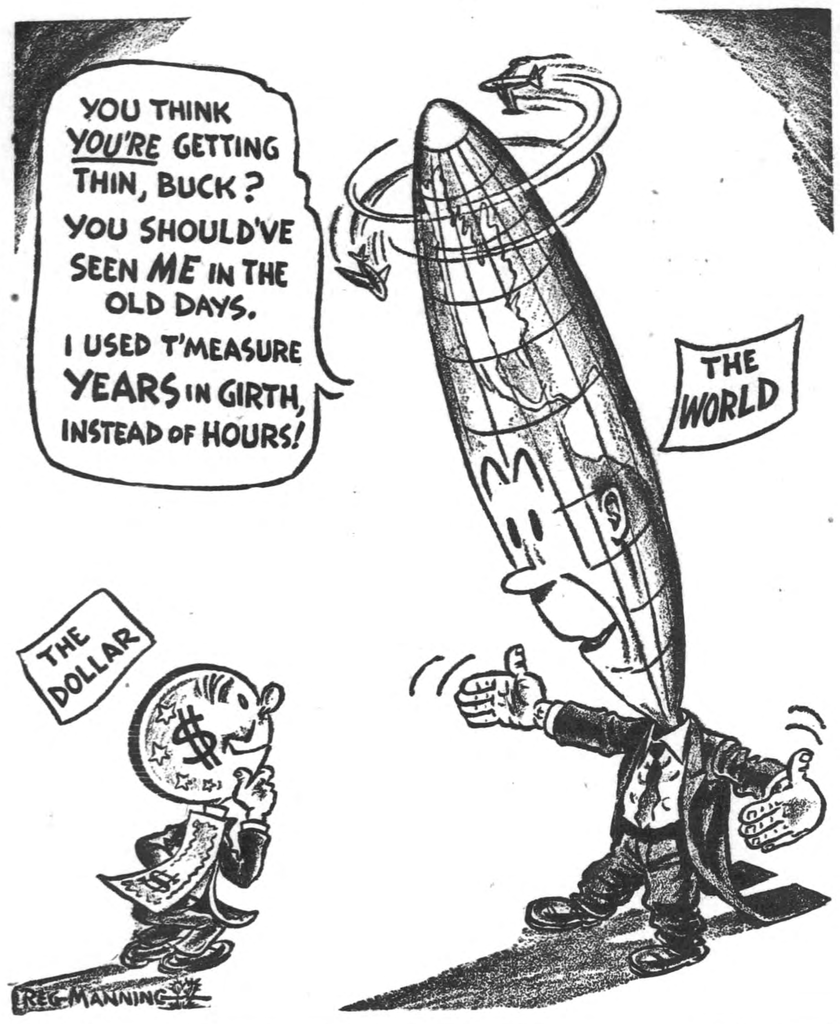
It is the latter, arriving in hordes, who are telling the truth about what is going on behind the Iron Curtain.

The Korean Medal

The word that the United Nations is planning to award medals to the members of its forces in Korea should have special meaning for these soldiers. The fighting of a war is a bitter thing. The battles in Korea have been real battles. There has been for the soldiers much hardship, much suffering, much sacrifice. There was the nightmare of retreat, the punishment of winter weather. As against this background the soldiers of Korea have harbored the disturbing notion that the people at home did not comprehend the reality of this war. They felt that they were considered instruments of a "police action," two words which, rankling in their minds, summed up the perfunctory casualness with which they believed this country regarded the Korean struggle.

Such a feeling can impair seriously a soldier's fighting qualities. A man does not like to die in some dark corner as a pawn in an unimportant game. The U. N.'s medal can play a part in restoring the soldier's faith in his cause. Its inscription reads: "For Service in Defense of the Principles of the Charter of the United Nations." The soldiers of Korea should be heartened by these words. They can be assured that in this conflict soldiers have been asked to do battle in a worthy cause. New York Times.

Shrinkage?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Communists have every reason to accept the United Nations proposal for a defense line marked by the present position of the military forces in Korea. Logically, the Reds have so much more to gain than to lose by agreeing to it that they can well afford to give the UN something to "save face."

For if the 38th Parallel isn't the exact armistice line and a few miles north of it is established as a basis for the cease-fire, the UN can say that it achieved something beyond what South Korea had when the aggression started more than a year ago. Since the United States and the UN have announced that the original purpose — to repel aggression at the 38th Parallel — has been achieved already, the allies cannot make much of an issue or resume fighting just because of a disagreement on the armistice line.

Biggest Stake

The Reds, on the other hand, would be acquiring undisputed possession for the indefinite future of virtually all of North Korea. This is the biggest stake of all, for which they gladly would terminate the fighting now, knowing that by so doing they keep the UN forces bogged down in Korea for years to come.

From a propaganda standpoint, the Communists benefit a great deal, too. For they know full well the U.N. troops will not be withdrawn, because there is no guarantee in sight or likely to be given that would assure against a recurrence of aggression at any moment. The demand that there be a withdrawal will, however, be repeated by the Communists at frequent intervals and the U.N. will be exhibited in propaganda as occupying Korea allegedly against the will of the inhabitants.

Fallen Into Trap

The allies have fallen into the Communist trap on the negotiating tactics. By insisting that all "political questions" be excluded from the armistice negotiations, a cessation of hostilities is brought about without settling the real matters of substance — the establishment of peace throughout Korea and the withdrawal of all foreign troops. Knowing in advance the UN attitude, the Communists have tried adroitly to insert these two main political issues in the armistice negotiations, no doubt expecting rejection. The UN representatives have gone on record, upon instructions from the home governments, as refusing to discuss these issues.

If this goal — a cease-fire around the 38th Parallel and without a political settlement — was what the UN really wanted all the time, then the record will show the same thing might have been obtained on March 24 last when Gen. MacArthur offered to arrange with the enemy field commanders a cease-fire without discussing any political questions. The American government and the UN failed to back up the MacArthur proposal. The general was never told at the time that the President or the United Nations had decided to negotiate on this or any other basis. Inaccurate statements have been made in the press that the general was so informed and that he knew negotiations had begun, but the verbatim record of the Senate hearings reveals that both Gen. Collins and Secretary Acheson testified flatly that the Far Eastern commander was never given any such word.

What did happen was that the American government immediately repudiated in public Gen. MacArthur's overture broadcast to the enemy commander as a piece of psychological warfare.

The excuse given in Washington for failing to indorse the MacArthur move was that his message to the Communist commander had in it a few phrases saying the UN threatened to expand the war. It did draw attention to the weak position of the enemy and stated that if the United Nations decided to carry the war to the enemy bases, the Reds wouldn't have a chance for victory. The enemy had not been using pussyfoot language in its broadcasts either, and probably was not offended by MacArthur's words. It is incredible that the phrase describing the more advantageous UN military position last March could have been the actual basis for the refusal of the Reds to consider what he offered them.

Real Reason

The real reason undoubtedly was that the Communists did not think at that time that the U.N. would arrange a cease-fire between enemy commanders and leave North Korea in the hands of the Communists, which for all practical purposes it will be. Naturally, after the dismissal of MacArthur and the public statements of our officials that military means would not be used to seek pacification of all Korea, the Reds, through Malik, jumped at the chance to get what they are getting now — a cease-fire without a political settlement.

Once the fighting stops, the Reds know the UN will not resume hostilities just to gain possession of North Korea. The Communists are back about where they started from in June, 1950, and have subjected the United States to a terrific xpense , a dislocation of its military forces in the world and the loss of 80,000 casualties. And it remains to be seen whether Communist aggression has been repelled in Korea or elsewhere in the world.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Uncle," a bright young neighborhood boy said to me, with a dictionary in his hand, "Uncle, I wish you'd explain something to me."

Just for the record, this fellow isn't my nephew at all. He just calls me uncle, because to him I am a sort of Methuselah and he considers me a very good friend. So he calls me "Uncle." (I dread the day when he'll change "Uncle" to "Grandpa.")

* * *

"Shoot," I said, "what's troubling you now?"

"Inflation," he answered.

"What's bothering you about inflation?" I asked. "Don't you ever listen to the radio? Don't you ever look at television? Don't you see and hear every day that inflation is coming if we don't look out?"

"Well, that's just it," he said. "I always thought inflation is one thing. But this dictionary explains it altogether differently."

He showed me what his dictionary said about "inflation."

"In-fla'tion, n. 1. The act of inflating, or the state of being inflated; distention; figuratively bombast; conceit; as the inflation of a bubble."

"What has that got to do with what all those fellows are talking about? Does it mean that all those fellows in Washington are 'inflated, bombastic, conceited?' Does it mean that they are 'inflating a bubble?' Don't bubbles bust when they are blown up too tight? Is that what they mean when they say inflation is coming." Are they blowing up the bubble too tight?"

* * *

"My dear boy," I said in the voice of a wise uncle, "as usual with men of your age (he is 12), you are half right and half wrong.

"And, also as usual with men of your age, you haven't read far enough. There is another paragraph in your dictionary about inflation. Read it."

He did. "2. Expansion or extension beyond natural or proper limits or so as to exceed normal or just value."

* * *

"Then I was right after all," he exclaimed triumphantly. "Hasn't everything already expanded 'beyond normal or just value?' Don't I hear Mom and Dad kick every day how prices have gone up 'till it's almost impossible to make ends meet?

"Don't we have to pay more almost every week for pencils and paper and ink and everything else I need for school or play or to wear?

"Only yesterday we went to a store to get me a jacket just like the opes we bought two years ago and they asked almost twice as much as they did then.

"What I don't understand, though," he continued, "is why Mr. Truman and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johnson and all those fellows on radio and television say 'inflation is coming.' Isn't it already here?

"I guess I am too young to know about economics. But it seems to me that the bubble my dictionary is talking about is almost ready to burst."

* * *

I was wondering how it is that a 12-year-old boy has so much more of an idea about what inflation really is than those fellows in Washington.

Maybe the definition of the word "inflated" applies: "Overloaded with figures of speech and highsounding words; pompous; bombastic; magniloquent."

If I had the space, I would also give you the dictionary's definition for "bamboozle."

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Aug. 4, 1926, a Wednesday

Forty-two vehicles, including 39 delivery trucks from the local plant of the Freihofer Baking Company, made up a parade that wound through the streets of Allentown in a last-minute effort to advertise the Economy Store picnic at Central Park.

The 35th annual campmeeting of the Allentown District of the East Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Church opened in Bowman's Park, Bowmanstown, with Uresiding Elder T. L. Wentz of Allentown as spiritual director. The Rev. C. N. Wolfe of Palmerton was camp evangelist.

Horoscope

Better jump to no business conclusions without understanding all the angles, and taking time to decide. You should reap your due reward. Today's child should be exceptionally clever.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

UF 'M WAIG DER HUDSON NUF: Bei da tzeit os monicha fon unserra laiser der heits brief sehna, sin m'r shun 'n ordlich shticks waig fon hame, uf 'mwaig der Hudson nuf. Gons dicht tzwae dousand sin in da drup woh die tzwae train load fon 15 kerrick yaders filla fer niver noch Jersey City gae fer uf der Peter Stuyvesant gae, unser boat fer der dawg fer der Hudson nuf gae.

Die trips der Hudson nuf sin 'n kayosie soch. Der Hudson is wos er noch immer wor—'n grosser shtrawm frish wosser os fer mila un mila darrick Yarrick shtawdt runner kumt. In ol da dousanda fon yohrra woh er om lawfa is, hut er 'n diefer grawa darrich die rocks gawesha—wos now die Pallasades haisa. Onnerra yohra sin m'r net weiter owwa nous wie noch Cold Spring grawd da onner side West Point. Heit tzaila m'r ow'r fer fiela weiter tzu gae, nuf in die gagend fon Hyde Park, un woh uns nous ins ava long bring'd.

Shun fer etlicha yohrra huts 'n lot kotta os g'frok'd hen fer 'n gonsie dawgs boat trip. Heit hen m'r die ontwert tzu sella ihra winsch—m'r shtoppa naryads ob. Parks huts ol iwwer dahame rum—parks gross un glae, un woh die socha net so hard gapeffer'd sin im price os wie won m'r shtopt on bletz fon hame. Denna waig is aw gore ken g'fohr os aenich ebber ferlorra gait—so long os sie net iwwer 's boat nous falla.

Denna waig tzu gae mit niemond shunshd uf 'm boat wie unser aigna leit, fiel'd 'n yaders sich net yusht 'n lot mainer dahame, ow'r sis aw fiela shanner fer rum kumma gaeich wie wos os es is won alla orta menscha druf sin os tzu finna sin in Nei Yarrick. Der Peter Stuyvesant hut blent shteel un sitza fon alla orta, fer soicha os hucka wolla ruga, un die woh rum har shteera wolla fon aim end fom boat bis ons onner kenna sel aw leicht duh. Der dons floor is immer om gae tzwae waiga—sis immer musick fer donsa fon da tzeit os m'r ferlossa, bis m'r owets widder tzurick kumma. Noh shtaid der floor aw nee net ruich—is immer om gae, odder won er net dade, wear er net uf 'm boat.

So weit os die traina aw gonga sin, worra sitza fer ol, so long os leit sich net farrichda fer tzomma hucka. So oft mohls huts leit woh maina sie wotta laenich 'n sitz howwa-wel sel is yusht 'n umiglichkeit uf ra train exkursion. Sel tzu duh dade etlicha extra trains mainer nemma—leit missa sich yusht tzomma hucka, sel is ol. Owets uf 'm hame waig is gawainlich woh der druvel ous reiss'd—tzu fiel wolla net yusht 'n sitz fer druf hucka, ow'r wolla die nagshd dafor howwa fer die fees druf laiga. Darrich socha wie sel, huts noh 'n lot os fon da iwwer tzwaricha anner sitza nemma missa—sitza os 'mr gore net tzaila tzu yusa. Won aenicha sin os fees druvel hen uf 'm hame waig un wolla da fees luft gewwa, kenna sie sie grawd so gute tzu da fenshterra nous shtracka wie aw fohr uf 'n sitz laiga.

Ol in ol is es immer 'n lot blessier denn awaig fert gae mit ra exkursion wie m'r heit widder aenie hen-die graish'd os m'r noch ous 'm Lechaw Dahl ganumma hen. M'r sawga gross donk tzu ol os helfa hen die tickets ferkaufa, un sin shure os ol woh dabei sin, 'n iwwer rousie gutie tzeit hen.

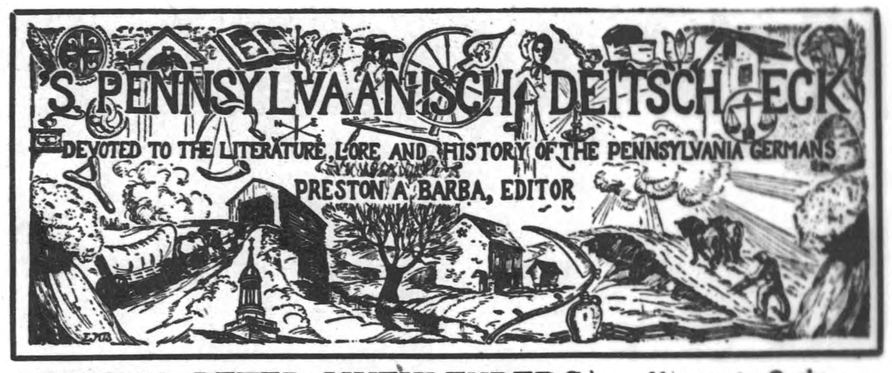
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R So weit os m'r wissa hen m'r heit net yusht leit bei uns so weit aweck wie Chambersburg, ow'r 's gaina aw leit mit fon Australia — yusht sellie sin net ferparbas ruf kumma fer mit da exkursion gae, sie sin uf p'such in Easton.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 2

If any one of our readers has seen a plan of the encampment of Israel in the wilderness, he will have noticed that there were three tribes encamped on each side of the Tabernacle. Judah, the most important of the tribes, because the Saviour was in God's plan to come from that tribe, is mentioned first, located with Issacher and Zebulun on the east; the tribes on the south side are named in vs. 10-16. In vs. 18-24 we have the names of the tribes on the west side, and in vs. 25-31, those on the north. If we had more space, we might discuss the reason for the particular arrangement of the location of some of these tribes. There is no tribe of Joseph mentioned, because each of his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim (vs. 18-20) inherited a portion of land in Israel in the days of Joshua. Genesis 48 is interesting in this connection. Therefore on the Old Testament map of Canaan we find no tribe of Joseph indicated, and no tribe of Levi mentioned, the latter having been distributed throughout 48 cities (Num. 35:1-7).



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

General Muehlenberg and his German regiment have fought victoriously in the defense of Charleston, but with heavy losses. — Maria Lips, the devoted maid - servant of the parental household at the Trappe in Pennsylvania, is distressed about Peter, her favorite of the sons of Henry Melchior Muehlenberg, and now sets out alone for Woodstock. After a journey of four days she reaches the Potomac. There is no ferryman in sight and she fears the approaching night.

There came two covered wagons drawn by fine looking horses. A dog ran on ahead. Four men in gray clothing and with long beards were walking along beside them, engaged in an earnest conversation carried on in German. They did not notice the woman until the dog betrayed her presence by his barking. Startled they lifted their heads, and with surprise they suddenly saw a strange woman in this inhospitable region, far from any human habitation. She stood there looking at them with shy timid glances, and begged them with a trembling voice to give her their protection. She related briefly how she had come here, where she intended to go that day, and how she found herself in great fear of having to spend the night in the open, because after an hour's waiting no ferryman had as yet appeared.

The oldest of the four, an old man with silver white hair, who seemed to be the leader of the caravan, approached the fear-stricken woman, held out his hand and said kindly: "Sister, you are welcome. Cheer up! There is no need to worry. You shall have our company as protection, and whatever we have to offer you until you reach the lodging where you wish to spend the night. We also have been recommended to go to the Ladner family, whose good reputation is known far and wide. Fritz Ladner was the friend of my youth. We crossed the ocean together, and he will certainly entertain us hospitably. Get into the rear wagon. Beside the beds and chairs you will find a comfortable seat. Get in, and then with God's help we will go on our way." The woman thankfully accepted the offer. They soon reached the Potomac. The old man gave a shrill whistle, and the ferrymen were soon seen coming towards them from the opposite shore. In a short time the wagons and people were taken across to the Virginia side, and without delay they went on, and up over the hill.

As they went along the woman learned from her companions that the German congregation of the Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata in Lancaster County had sent them to the Shenandoah Valley to bring back sick and wounded soldiers so that they could be nursed and cured in their cloister. The first wagon contained food supplies, medicaments and bandages of all sorts. The congregation at Ephrata wanted to be second to none in offering help to the fatherland in its time of greatest need.

"Are there many sick and wounded in the Shenandoah Valley?" asked the woman with a trembling voice. "Certainly," was the answer, "our soldiers who went south and drove back the enemy from Charleston and other places have had a hard time of it. Above all they have had to suffer greatly from fever and other diseases. Half of Colonel Muehlenberg's regiment is said to be either dead or disabled by illness. Major Helfenstein succumbed to hardships and the fever. He died some weeks ago. God rest his soul, he was a brave, God-fearing man and a faithful pastor. His congregation is in deep mourning for him. Colonel Muehlenberg was also attacked by the fever, but got away from that terrible climate before it was too late." . . . Pale and trembling the poor woman listened to the bad tidings. She withdrew to the rear of the wagon so that the narrator might not see her tears.

Going rapidly along over the good roads they soon reached the "Hasenberg" (Rabbit's Mountain), as the Germans called a beautiful rounded peak several miles south of Harper's Ferry. From the summit of the mountain they looked down into a lovely valley bathed in the golden light of the last rays of the setting sun. Even the sorrowful woman sat up in the wagon to enjoy the marvelous view. Down in the valley in the foreground they saw a farm, splendidly located, with many buildings, surrounded by a forest of fruit trees, on which here and there the finest of fruit was still gleaming. This was Ladner's farm, whose owner, as the teamster had already remarked, had the finest reputation in the country. Frederick Ladner had come about 1751 from Pliningen in Wuerttemberg to America. After traveling through various regions he came upon this charming valley, and decided to settle here with his family in this then uninhabited region.

With untiring industry and endurance he with his wife, four sons and a daughter had brought the land under cultivation, planted fruit trees of all sorts, and gradually enlarged his at first small dwelling, as well as stables and barns. As his sons married he had built for them as wedding presents deeper in the valley good houses surrounded by fruitful land. About five years before he had built himself on a little hill a fine house which was the showplace of the lovely valley. Here he lived happy and contented with his wife, two children and several grandchildren, and was considered one of the richest farmers in the county.

But now the Revolutionary War broke out, and since old Ladner saw the injustice and the baseness of England's conduct he joined the advocates of freedom. As one of the Virginia delegates he voted with Patrick Henry, Peter Muehlenberg and other brave patriots for throwing off the English yoke and for independence. When the call to arms came three of his sons and four grandsons enlisted in Peter Muehlenberg's regiment, and his house always stood open to every friend of liberty.

The wagons reached the farm and drove up before the house, where Ladner standing in front of the door received his guests with great joy, especially his old friend, the Seventh Day Baptist Frederick Schneider of Ephrata. When the woman whom the teamsters had brought with them introduced herself to grandmother Ladner the latter clasped her in her arms, kissed her repeatedly and could not get enough of looking at her in amazement. Soon an excellent meal was prepared, and when the travelers had done justice to it they talked until late in the night of their experiences and of present conditions. Old Ladner said among other things that two of his grandsons had been wounded at Charleston, and that one of his sons lay there very ill of the fever. However, they hoped that both sick and wounded would soon be brought back to Woodstock. "Then we can," interrupted the Seventh Day Baptist, "proceed direct to Woodstock and they will certainly give us enough invalids for our congregation to nurse back to health." At these words the woman stood up full of joy and explained that she also was on her way to Woodstock, and that she would be very thankful if they would permit her to go with them. They gladly gave their consent, and before the sun had cast its first beams upon the mountains surrounding the charming valley the wagons were ready to depart. After an affectionate leavetaking from the good family, and many thanks for their hospitality, they went on their way towards Woodstock.

Dusk was already falling when the wagons turned into the main street of the pleasant-looking little town. And since numbers of people were still astir the newcomers were soon surrounded by a group of curious people who importuned them with all sorts of questions. Were did they come from? Where were they going? What news was there from the front? In the meantime the woman found an opportunity to slip unnoticed out of the wagon and hasten towards the parsonage, which a little boy pointed out to her. When she reached it she noticed that the lower story was in darkness, but in the upper one lights were moving about. Issuing from it she could hear the bustle of work and the voices of women. After she had rapped several times a little girl appeared, unlocked the door, opened it and asked what was wanted. The woman begged her with a timid voice to call the pastor's wife. The child replied with a friendly nod and said she would call her mother, and soon Mrs. Muehlenberg accompanied by the child appeared in the corridor. Anna Barbara Muehlenberg, a woman in the late twenties, was of medium height and of a fine figure. Her hair was blond, and from her blue eyes streamed forth a kindly and enchanting glow. Figure, face and expression united in making her a charming and beautiful woman. She was the only daughter of a wealthy German baker of Philadelphia who had spared no expense in educating her. And she in turn gave him no occasion to regret it, for she studied diligently at school, and in her mother's home and kitchen became skilled in all the domestic arts. At eighteen she was a thoroughly capable housekeeper to whom her mother could without any worry entrust kitchen and cellar. As Mrs. Meyer and her daughter were members of the Lutheran congregation they frequently visited the family of their pastor Melchior Muehlenberg. There after his return from Germany Peter made the acquaintance of the beautiful baker's daughter. The acquaintance soon ripened into love. And since this time Father Muehlenberg had no desire to cross the inclination of his son the young people with the paternal blessing soon became husband and wife. The stubborn but good-hearted Peter never had to repent bringing Anna to his home as its mistress. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, looked after his every wish, and in household management had no superior. Her gentle spirit frequently kept his rash one from over hasty and ill considered actions . . . "I am coming, good woman," said the traveler with a feigned voice, "to seek a lodging here, and if you can give me modest accommodations in your home I shall be very grateful, for I have come a long, long way, am weary, and in Woodstock have neither acquaintances nor relatives with whom I could stay. . . . I am a complete stranger here." "But what brings you here, good woman? Do you merely wish to stay over night and then go further " asked Anna with a gentle voice. "No further than here, for here my longing has driven me. This is the goal of my journey," was the answer given with faltering voice. Suddenly, as though awakening from a dream, Mrs. Muehlenberg thought that she recognized the voice. Quickly she raised the candle and lit up the woman's face. "Merciful God!" she cried, letting the light sink upon a chair. "Most holy and merciful God! Maria! Maria! My dear good Maria! It is you!" Intoxicated with happiness the two women lay in each other's arms, tears running down their faces, and unable for emotion to say a single word. The women of the house, hearing the loud outcry of the pastor's wife, came running up, and looked on in silence at this moving scene of friendship and love. The woman was Maria, Melchior Muehlenberg's faithful housekeeper and Peter's guardian angel in his wild youthful days. At the Trappe settlement she had heard that Colonel Muehlenberg had fought bravely against the enemy, but that he was now lying very ill. This news left her no rest, and after several sleepless nights she told the Muehlenberg family that she had firmly resolved to go to Woodstock to nurse her good Peter. All objections and expostulations were in vain, and so she went.

The first question after Maria had regained her composure was of course about her Peter. She learned now from Anna that the colonel had written that he was ill, but that he hoped soon to recover sufficiently to come home in order to regain his strength. After several weeks came a second letter saying that he was better, and hoped to greet his family personally in a few days. But days had gone by and he had not come. Anna wished, therefore, on the morrow to hasten to the bed of her beloved sick husband. "There will surely be a corner for me in the wagon," said Maria with a tearful voice. "If not, my feet will carry me to him, for I shall have no rest until I see your dear husband, until I have nursed him and seen him out of danger." Suddenly the front door that had been left standing ajar opened softly, and into the vestibule stepped a man so completely shrouded in a blanket that only his eyes were visible. The women gave a start of terror on seeing rise up so unexpectedly before them this uncanny figure, which stood calmly and motionlessly at the entrance of the door until the women had recovered from their fright.

"You need neither ride nor walk," said the figure at the door, "for he himself will come, and that will be before the sun sinks behind the mountains. I hastened on in advance to bring you the news. Our colonel is, to be sure, still weak and ill, but the fever is gone, and with your care he will soon be well and strong. And then again off to the war, says your Peter." The speaker hereupon removed the blanket in which he was enveloped and showed his face. The women recognized the Indian Pic-to-nu, the colonel's friend in youth and faithful comrade in war. Then in the whole house there was loud jubilation, and all came running up to the messenger, shaking his hand effusively in their joyful greetings. It was a long time before peace again settled down on the household. Then Mrs. Muehlenberg spread the cloth, set the best there was in the house on the table, and up till midnight they sat merrily together around the hospitable board listening to the tales of Pic-to-nu about the journeys and the deeds of the 8th regiment.

To be Continued

Vorwaerts Gucke

Eb du deheem bischt odder drauss,
Guck alfert bissel vanne naus;
Wer guckt so achtsam wie vernumme,
Der kann verleicht zu ebbes kumme.

Wann sehnscht en Schpell, dann heb sie uff,
Duh sie zum Haufe owwe druff;
Sell sott mer duh als wann mer kann,
Mer waerd verleicht en reicher Mann.

Sehn awwer en Schpell un laaf verbei,
Sell batt em nix, des sehnt mer glei;
Duh alfert bissel zu deim Mos,
Viel gleene Sache warre gross.

Wann du noch yung bischt, mach en Ziel,
Geb acht uff bissel odder viel;
No kummscht gut aa, so duh ich glaawe,
Wann net die Taxe dich no raawe.

Wann Leit in Bisnis wolle geh,
Gewehnlich iss der Aafang glee;
En Schpell ofkoors iss aa yuscht glee,
Doch heb sie uff, no hoscht glei zwee.

1951 —D. GEO. KNECHT

Die Waahret Schtrecke

"Wie lang kann mer die Waahret schtrecke?" hen sie uns als gfragt wie mir Kinner waare. Well, mir hen als alleweg gebrowiert en Antwart zu gewwe. Awwer es iss yuscht ee Antwart. Mer kann en Fischwarrem schtrecke bis er verreisst. Un sell iss waahr mit alles. In de Eisewerke hen sie schtarrigge Maschine fer Eise schtrecke, fer ausfinne wie schtarrick ass es iss. Sie schtrecke des Eise bis es verreisst.

So duhne aa deel Leit mit de Waahret. Sie schtrecke sie aa ebmools. Mer kann die Waahret net weit schtrecke bis sie verreisst, ich will eich etliche Gschichte schreiwe, wie Leit die Waahret gschtreckt hen.

Es hot en Kall, as net lang driwwe vum alte Land kumme iss, verzehlt wie es haergeht datt driwwe. Er hot gsaat es Land waer so hiwwelich, ass de Hund ihre Bee lenger waere uff eenre Seit ass wie uff de annere, so dass sie eewe am Hiwwel naus schpringe kennte. "Ya," hot eener gsaat, "awwer wann sie rumdrehe fer widder zerick schpringe, wie geht's ihne no?"—"Doggonit," hot der Kall gsaat, "sell iss de Hund ihre eegener lookout."

Es sin zwee Kalls mit nanner rumgange. Der Eent hot die Waahret als gschtreckt. No hot der anner ihm raushelfe misse. Ee Daag hot der Erscht verzehlt, er hett mool mit eem Schuss me Harsch sei hinnerscht linx Bee un sei linx Ohr abgschosse. No hen die Leit awwer gelacht. "Dessemool hoscht dich fescht gelogge," hen sie gsaat. "Nee, er hot net," hot sei Freind gsaat. "Wie er gschosse hot, hot der Harsch sei linx Ohr gegratzt mit seim linxe, hinnerschte Fuss." No hot er awwer gsaat zum Liegner. "Nau, es neegscht Mool grick dei Liegge net so weit vun nanner. Ich hab en verdollti Zeit ghatt fer sie zamme griegge."

Sie hen ausgemacht noochdem, wann der Eent aafange daet liegge, daet der anner ihn wennich kicke. Ee Daag waare sie bei fremme Leit am Esse. Der Liegner iss widder an de Waahret schtrecke. "Ya," hot er gsaat, "Mei Daadi hot en wunnerbaari Scheier. Sie iss zwee hunnert Fuss lang." Der anner hot ihm en Siediches uff sei Schinnbee gekickt. Der Liegner hot widder aagfange. "Ya," hot er gsaat, "Mei Daadi hot en Scheier gebaut, ass zwee hunnert Fuss lang iss, un zwee Fuss breed." Sell waer en Scheier gewest!

KASCHPAR HUFNAGEL

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Polio Season Opens

Up until the first week in August of 1950 twenty-six victims of infantile paralysis had been admitted to the Allentown Hospital. Before the year had ended a total of 132 cases had been brought to the city's hospitals.

Up until the first week of August, 1951, not a single case of this disease had been reported in this city nor had any cases been brought here from outside points. Naturally officials of the organizations, whose deepest concern is for victims of this disease, were happy. All were hoping that there would be no cases at all this year altho six cases reported from Easton indicated that it was highly unlikely this section could escape the plague.

But things have been happening rapidly during the past few days. From Quakertown three little children have come to the Allentown Hospital to be treated for polio. A fourth arrived from Mahanoy City while a fifth child, currently a visitor in this city but residing in Florida, was diagnosed as suffering from the disease.

Whatever the origin of polio and the medium thru which it enters the human body, these five victims certainly did not catch the disease in this city. There is that element of comfort for Allentown parents coming out of the early days of the current season for polio. But there is no assurance that local cases will not develop. Every year at this season we have to expect a considerable number. Last year record figures were attained. The aftermath of that epidemic still is to be seen daily in the warm water pool at the Allentown Hospital, on the massage tables, in the wheelchairs and in the ambulances that bring them to the hospital and return them to their home after daily treatments.

The universal prayer must be that controls will be acquired over this disease and that remedy be found to treat cases. Most of all it is hoped a preventive will be developed that will be as effective as vaccination has proved against small pox and as positive as the "shots" that are administered for typhoid fever, typhus, yellow fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria.

Curtain Lowers in Poland

The western world has been speculating for about two weeks on the content and, more particularly, the undoubtedly deep and sly motive back of a huge meeting of Communists in Poland. This meeting brought together not only the Red bigwigs of Poland but also Mr. Molotov of the Politburo and, to the world's considerable surprise, the long-unheard-from General Zhukov.

It was as the Russia were saving to the world, and especially to Poland and Yugoslavia: Look, Zhukov is really alive and in fine fettle. He and the Red Army are ready to chop you up into mincemeat if you get cantankerous.

Tito seemed to get some kind of a reaction like this out of the meeting and its speeches of boastings and threats. It appears to have steeled him further against the threatening movements on his border by armies of neighboring Balkan states, now under Red control.

As to Poland some of the effects of the meeting appear in further lowering of the iron curtain and a stiffening of the controls which the Communists wield over all the people in that unhappy country. It easily may be that a huge "purge" is in progress or is being planned.

One of the effects upon the outside world was noted in recent days when the United States was directed to close its cultural relationships office in Warsaw and was notified that there would be "no alternative but to comply with the request."

There was no complaint filed against the American official. He was not put in jail upon trumped-up spy charges. He was just told to shut up shop and, since there is probably nothing else for him to do in Warsaw, get out.

The United States and Poland now are dangerously close to being no longer on speaking terms. In retaliation for Warsaw our State Department has ordered the Polish cultural center in New York City to close. It is not indicated that it has been engaged in any irregular or subversive activities. But, just as our book shop in Warsaw had to close up, so the Poles' shop in New York must pull its curtains.

It is a lot of petty business. Americans cannot be proud of our part in it. But it seems that the Reds want it this way and we grant them their wish, childish tho it really is and unbecoming governments that should be mature and not puerile.

Orchids for Safety

The extent to which safety engineering and employe cooperation with safety methods have changed cement manufacture from a "hazardous job," as it used to be known, to a comparatively accident - free occupation is cited in the current Lehigh Valley Safety News, a paper issued by the Lehigh Valley Safety Council.

The following group, all of whom have been cited by the Portland Cement Association and have received its trophy for 1950, had non-accident operating records: Lehigh Portland Cement Co — Ormrod Plant 616 days; Sandt's Eddy 720; Fogelsville 1651 and Union Bridge Plant in Maryland 2483 days, as of May 1, 1951 and still going on, with 6 of their 14 plants in the country having perfect records for the year; Hercules Cement Corp., Nazareth — for the eighth time; Lawrence Portland Cement Co., Northampton — seven out of twelve; Pennsylvania - Dixie Cement Corp., Nazareth — ninth time; National Portland Cement Co., Nazareth — first time and on their way!

But safety goes beyond the cement mills. The Lehigh Valley Safety Council thinks this a fit time to propose orchids for other safety achievements. So it cites Allentown for having achieved second place among cities in the 100 thousand — 200 thousand population group for pedestrian safety in 1950, with only one pedestrian fatality during that year. For this the City received an award from the American Automobile Association.

Honor also is deserved by Bethlehem Steel Company — Bethlehem and Pottstown Plants —for National Safety Council Distinguished Service to Safety Award — the top industrial Safety Award of National Safety Council — for reduction in both frequency and severity rates on a minimum exposure of 3 million man hours in 1950.

Highest praise must go out to the people responsible for these fine records and not because some medals and plaques and citations have been awarded to us and we have gotten some favorable publicity out of it. Better than the good name which goes with all of this is the fact that men are alive today who otherwise would have been destroyed in preventable accidents. Many hundreds of men escaped pain and economic loss while their families were spared economic difficulties.

Seaway Subterfuge

A St. Lawrence seaway unacceptable on its merits deserves no place as a rider on another bill.

From Washington came word yesterday that Representatives Zablocki of Wisconsin and Roosevelt of New York were proposing to try to combine the St. Lawrence measure with the foreign aid bill now before the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

The attempt is so far fetched even Rep. Zablocki said he did not like to offer the seaway proposal as a rider on another bill. "But there is no other way to get it before the House," he said, which is a way of admitting that the project has failed to stand on its own feet.

As a defense project the St. Lawrence Seaway is unconvincing. It would cost an estimated $2 billion, at a time when the taxing power of the federal government is being used almost to the limit to finance defense needs. The project would divert materials and labor which could be devoted to other more immediate needs. The seaway would be so vulnerable to sabotage Major General Follette Bradley, USA, was led to say an enemy with access to the polar route could and probably would destroy the project's locks and dams.—Wilkes-Barre Record

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 12:1-16

After the council of 70 men had been appointed to aid Moses in the administration of affairs, Miriam, his sister, who had high honor as a prophetess in her own right (Ex. 15:20), and his brother Aaron, the first High Priest of Israel, evidently became jealous of Moses as the divinely appointed leader of his people. 'Hath God spoken only through him?" they ask. 'Hath He not also spoken by us?' So they bring a concrete charge against him, saying that he had married an Ethiopian (Cushite) woman. We know nothing about this, unless his wife Zipporah, daughter of Jethro the priest of Midian, is meant. But Moses refuses to become angry at his sister and brother, 'not easily provoked.' But the Lord heard their unkind accusation, and His anger was at once kindled against them, for He had designedly chosen Moses to lead His people. Miriam, evidently the leader in this rebellion, was stricken with leprosy. Aaron, repenting of their sin, asks Moses to intercede for Miriam, which he does. The Lord heals her, but she is excluded from the camp for seven days, as in the case of one suspected of leprosy. Lev. 13:50.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Aug. 11, 1926, a Wednesday

Unanimous approval was given by members of the Allentown School Board to an agreement whereby the Lehigh County Agricultural Society would lease the Fairgrounds to the city, the county and the local school district for recreational purposes.

Allentown's annual fly swatting contest was begun under the supervision of the Health Department. Every school-age child who killed 100 flies was given a ticket of admission to a local movie theater.

The third annual Field Day of the Allentown Police Force for the benefit of the police pension fund was held at the Fairgrounds. The program featured a detachment of mounted state police in an exhibition of horsemanship.

One Invention They Can't Copy



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

New York City is faced by the threat of a unionized police force led by Mike Quill. If Quill succeeds in New York, he will set out to establish a national union of the police forces of all cities in the United States. Organized by such a person, arrogant, blatant, without roots in American life and tradition, it would mean the destruction of police as servants of the people. They would become stooges of Quill's union; expulsion from the union would mean no job and therefore the union could and would dominate the police force.

History Not Good

Mike Quill's public history is not good. He came here an adult after a revolutionary career in Ireland. He went to work in the transit system and in 1934 organized, with the assistance of a group of public Communists, a union of transit workers. There is evidence before the House Committee on un-American Activities that Quill himself was once a member of the Communist Party. Quill insists that he is an anti-Communist.

It must be admitted that during Mike Quill's leadership, the wages, conditions of work and general benefits of transit workers improved greatly. But it was accomplished by the most brutal flouting of the public weal, by strikes and threats of strikes, by slowdowns and peril to the health and finances of the city. It was revolutionary trade unionism of the European type.

The police department of New York is no longer "the finest." During the LaGuardia regime, the morale of the department broke down because LaGuardia was playing politics with labor and minority groups whom he favored at the expense of law enforcement.

In the O'Dwyer administration of the city, graft in connection with gambling developed to such unusual proportions that the police department had to be investigated and numbers of the force retired. Thomas F. Murphy, prosecuting attorney in the Hiss case, was appointed police commissioner to clean up the department. He is now, however, on the federal bench. His successor, George P. Monaghan, is an able and alert lawyer.

Serious Situation

The seriousness of the situation is that New York is a city of about 8 million people which could, in wartime, fall into the hands of subversive elements who are concentrated there. This city is the heart of all Communist activity in the United States. Although Mike Quill has denounced his former colleagues, the fact that he chooses this precise moment of national peril to head the police, knowing his own record, as he must, is startling.

A police organization should be headed by a person concerning whom there is not a shadow of a doubt. Mike Quill was long associated with Harry Sacher, John Santo, and Austin Hogan in his Transport Workers Union. Harry Sacher is an outstanding Communist lawyer, one of the most obstreperous in the court over which Judge Medina presided and is now in contempt. John Santo has been ordered deported as an undesirable alien and left the country voluntarily.

Quill may have broken with his Communist associates altogether. He may be as white now as new-driven snow. It is, however, difficult to forget that he denied Communist complicity as vociferously as he does today when he was clearly associated with the Communists. It is not possible to know what is in one's heart and mind. Quill could prove his anti-communism by not aiding them to create further disturbances in any part of the United States. Then there would be no doubt as to his attitude.

As it is, he has become a threat to the largest city in our country. He is threatening it with dual control of its police force. He is threatening it with the danger of disorder in the event of a strike, let us say, on its long and important waterfront where Communists, gangsters and dope peddlers are active in various subversive and even revolutionary efforts.

This is no time to condone or tolerate such perils for any reason whatsoever. Nor is it a program limited to New York. If Quill is recognized as heading a police union, hundreds of Quills will arise over the country and they will combine into a powerful, dues-collecting, disciplined national organization. Running a police union could be the country's best racket, particularly if the union wins the usual clause of no - dismissal without a trial before union officials. The no-dismissal clause is making for decreased efficiency in many industries; it can wreck a police department altogether.

(Copyright 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I wish I could look in on the home of Bob Boronio and Signorina Ester Rebuffe 20 years from now.

The two just got married in Sydney, Australia, after a mail-order courtship.

Ester Rebuffe was a hat designer in Fontanile, Asti Province, Italy.

A year ago her cousin in Australia wrote to say that Boronio wanted to marry a girl from his own country.

"Bob sent his picture to me," said the bride, "and I sent mine. His letters showed that he had good character and was full of dash. We fell in love, and so he sent for me."

Signorina Rebuffe also told reporters that Bornio left Italy 20 years ago to seek his fortune in Australia, and that he was now wealthy. Which may have helped her decision.

In these days when so much is being said about love, when love is being psychoanalzyed and philosophized about, this Italo-Australian experiment is worth watching.

"Divorce is the result of mismatched marriages" someone recently said in a column. (I think it was I who said it).

Proximity, passion, moonlight, drink, lack of money, have a lot to do with marriage and divorce.

So why not watch a marriage which is based on "good character and full of dash"?

Why not wish the best of luck to a marriage that is based on reason?

* * *

On the editorial page of the Bridgeport, Conn., Telegram appears this little item:

"Most men haven't the slightest idea what makes their wives tick, asserts a woman author.

"We have one bright idea. We believe it's the same thing that makes them tock — whatever that may be."

That is about as close as anyone can come to the secret workings of love.

* * *

Tick-tock — what is it?

You may ask Barbara Hutton, who has just received her divorce from Prince Troubetzkoy.

You may ask Rita Hayworth about whom a wag said that the one thing she is praying for is a rich mother for her daughter Yasmine.

You may ask Ruis Carriszles, 92 years old, whose 27-year-old wife, Mary, just gave birth to a son, the fifth child by her present husband. Seven other children were born to Carrizales in previous marriages.

Or you may ask Mrs. Johnny Williams of Memphis, Tenn., whose husband broke her jaw because she served his coffee too cold. (the police say that they arrested Johnny four months ago because he broke her jaw for serving his coffee too hot).

* * *

The newspapers are full of marriage notices, and of stories about people being married 40, 50, 60 years.

I get lots of letters from youngsters who want to get married. They ask me this and they ask me that about marriage, love, divorce.

What makes people tick?

I guess it must be the same thing that makes them tock.

(Copyright, 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HURRAH FER MACUNGIE:

Allas os es nembt die drei ledshda dawg die nagshd woch is shae wedder, un Macungue grick'd die arrickshd tzeit os es noch kotta hut. Alla shtross fon weit un braid gait nei noch Macungie, fer die leit fon alla ecka noch 'm graishda Drei Dawg Bauerra esht bringa os noch wor, weck fon da Allentown Fair. Aenich ebbes un allas os tzu duh hut mit bauerra, un da bauers leit is darta tzu sehna —so gore aw bauerra g'shar fon alla orta.

Ferol os es ebbes fon ma Bauerra Fesht gewwa sol, kumts uns fohr wie wons naicher 'n Fair wear—'n alt frankishie Fair mit ous shows un gammel shtander, ow'r 'n Fair woh sie noch shwetzer hen. Yader dawg huts bardicha shwetzer, un da Somshdawg gebts noch so gore 'n alt frankish parade os ous shtart in Trexlertown, rei noch da shtadt kumt, iwwer die ocht shtross brick nous gait niver darrich Emmaus, un fert nunner noch Macungie woh ols 's bauerra g'shar os groddla kon, un die Macungie Gand mit ei shtim'd fer darrich Macungie nunner noch 'm grossa Memorial park parada.

'S gons Drei Dawg fesht wert k'halta im grossa Memorial Park, Macungie, un woh die Macungie Grange un die leit fom Park's essa in hond hen. So os niemond gabodder'd is fer g'shar wesha yusa sie louder laedich bobier daller un kupcher, un yader dawg gebts ebbes shunshd tzu essa. Da airshda dawg sol sourkrout un shpeck drump sei, Fridawgs wissa m'r nimmy wos es gebt, ow'r fer Somshdawgs hen sie shier 'n hunnerd welshhawna ready fer in der offa duh, un 'n yaders kon sich ei bilda wos es noh tzu essa gebt. Die sawg is, sie hetta ganunk blotz fer hunnerda fon leit hucka uf ae mohl, un hen louder laedich wusslicha yunga dish ob worta so os niemond long hucka brouch worta fer sei essa griega.

Noh gebts aw 'n lot socha darta tzu sehna os tzu duh hut mit da bauerrei. Ebbes wie in da 20 unnershittlicha kumpanies hen exhibits darta — dabei der Call-Chronicle woh fermuthlich widder 'n lot pickters tzu weissa hut os doh in kartz'm ganumma worra. Sis aw gatzailt fer nous gae bauerra socha sehna grawd wies wox'd, — bardich so grumbierra uf da D. D. Fritcha bauerrei nagshd om park.

'S wor der Dr. Fritch fon Macungie woh longa yohr tzurick der wert g'sehna hut fer guta blons grumbierra raisa, m'r maichda sawga, er is der fodder fon da certified blons grumbierra in unserra shtawdt. So imma waig sin die drei dawg 'n ehr tzu ihm, — tzum Dr. Fritch woh so wunnerbore fiel gaduh hut fer die grumbierra bauer in alla gagend — un arbadich so Lechaw koutny.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wos ever os n'r tzaila tzu duh da Dunnershdawg, Fridawg, un Somshdawg, um da lieva willa kumma noch Macungie — 's ride eich bei golly net.

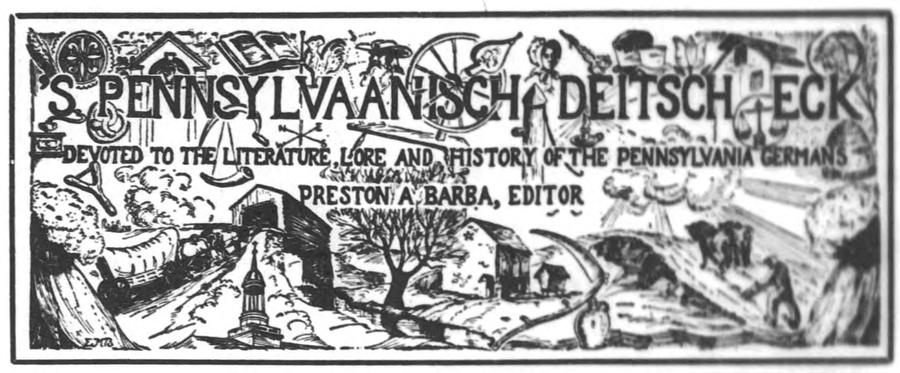
Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A French playwright came here a few years ago with his new and beautiful wife. Unbelievably jealous, he had her shadowed constantly by private detectives until American friends told him, "We do not do things that way in this country. Your behavior is an insult to all womanhood. Call off those dicks immediately." Reluctantly, the French playwright followed their directive. The next day his bride slapped him across the face crying, "You do not love me any more!"

Horoscope

New energy should be yours so use it for your own advantage. Look for good fortune ahead, but conserve some of your gains. A very determined, self - reliant personality is probable for today's child.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

Continued

Early the next morning the news spread throughout the little town that Colonel Muehlenberg with many sick men was on the way to Woodstock, and bands of inquisitive people appeared at the door seeking certainty, storming the pastor's wife with multitudinous questions. After hearing Pic-to-nu's report that the invalids would reach Woodstock that very day, the men who had not gone off to the war met and voted unanimously to prepare a fitting reception for the soldiers, the fighters for the independence of the fatherland. They all accepted the proposal of the highly respected mayor, Joseph Reichard, that the houses of the streets through which the procession was to pass should be decorated as far as the church, and that there an arch of triumph should be erected, and that there should be a solemn reception in the church itself. Every one willingly accepted the role assigned to him. Men and boys, women and girls, even the children set to work, and when the church bell announced the hour of noon the houses were already handsomely decorated, the arch of triumph at the church door stood there all complete with its appropriate inscription, and the church was adorned with autumn flowers and evergreen. The boys of the town, who had founded a military organization, regarded this as their special occasion of rejoicing, and begged permission to go to meet the homecomers, and on their entrance into the town to form the vanguard and lead the parade to the church . . . and this request was granted them.

Section VII

Finally after anxious waiting and looking, just as the church-tower bell struck four, the watchers saw coming from the east a procession of horsemen and wagons, the boys in advance. Slowly they drew near to Woodstock, and many of the large crowd assembled on a hill before the town felt their hearts beat with anxiety, for they did not know whether the so eagerly expected husband or father or son would be among the arrivals. Reports had reached Woodstock of the many dead of the 8th regiment, and so it was certain that this day of joy would be for many a day of mourning.

Now the procession had arrived, the boys in the van, behind them the Indians Pic-to-nu and Cac-tu on horseback, and following them a light open carriage in which Colonel Muehlenberg and Major George M. Keim were seated. Then came men on horseback and after them the covered wagons with the sick soldiers. A twice repeated cheer greeted the brave men. Then the men, women and children of the village joined the procession, accompanying it to the church. Before the church doors the invalids were carefully helped out of the wagons and led into the house of God, where the sweetest tones that schoolmaster Schmaenck could draw from the organ bade them welcome.

When all had taken their places and silence prevailed Mayor Reichard began to speak with his deep resonant voice:

"Dear brothers, in the name of this congregation and our common fatherland I offer you the heartiest thanks for the services that you have rendered, for fighting so bravely for freedom and independence, and for showing an overbearing enemy what free men can do in a just cause. Unfortunately battles and disease have carried off many of our friends who marched away to the combat. They are sleeping in the cool earth. But they will always live in our hearts, for they died for the just cause of all of us."

After Reichard had finished the handsome, tall and powerfully built figure of the colonel arose. In the name of his brave men he gave thanks for the respect and the love that had been shown them. The fight for freedom had just begun in earnest, and it would be a long time before it was fought out. The enemy was greatly superior in arms and in other war supplies. But God had visibly helped the Americans up to then, and would continue to stand by free men. "We have come here merely," he said, "in order during the winter to recover from the attacks of the fever, the greatest and the worst enemy that we have had to fight. That overcome, we will again go out to bloody battle and neither rest nor stop until the great work is finished. So help us God!" "Amen" said Reichard. Then all present joined in the hymn "Gott sei Dank in aller Hoeh' ", and after the hymn left the church.

In the parsonage also the scene of welcome was very touching. The faithful wife leaned against the breast of the pale colonel. The children had embraced their father and still held him as firmly clasped as if they feared some one would take him away from them again. Tears both of joy and of pain rolled over their cheeks. The first transports of joy over, Muhlenberg thought he heard a sound of weeping. He looked about the room and saw a woman that stood sobbing in a corner. He approached her, and with the cry: "Maria, my good faithful Maria!" they fell into each others arms in a long and close embrace. Then came questions about father, mother, brothers and friends in the old home. Not until a late hour of the night did they go to rest.

The chief concern of the people of Woodstock was now the care of the sick. All gave themselves devotedly to the task, and soon they had the pleasure of seeing most of the patients well and the remainder out of danger. Good nursing soon restored Muehlenberg also to health. He announced his recovery to his superior, and awaited his order as to where he should report for duty. He soon received the command from Congress to send for the part of his regiment still stationed at Savannah, and then to go with his men as quickly as possible to Washington's camp at Morristown in New Jersey. He at once sent the Indian Cac-tu with despatches to Savannah. He called together his veterans that were again fit for service and enlisted new recruits. A week later, after cordial farewells and assurances of a speedy return crowned with victory, a return to be followed by no more partings, he marched with a good-sized body of men out of Woodstock.

When Muehlenberg with his regiment arrived at Washington's camp it had more than its original number of men, for it had been re-enforced by many Germans from Maryland and Pennsylvania. In view of his distinguished services as a colonel Muehlenberg was, with the approval of Congress, raised to the rank of Brigadier-general. The 5th, 8th and 13th regiments, consisting largely of Germans, were assigned to him.

Here in the camp Muehlenberg made the personal acquaintance of Generals Steuben and De Kalb, and the three gallant Germans formed a league of friendship that only death was to dissolve.

September 11, 1777 the two hostile armies advanced to the attack, and then followed the battle of Brandywine that unfortunately was so disastrous for the Americans. Green's division, to which Muehlenberg's brigade belonged, was so stationed by the general-in-chief that in case of a disaster it could cover the retreat. Washington's worst fears were realized. At the very first attack of the English the Americans broke line and fled. Then up came General Green and hurled himself upon the advancing enemy so courageously that a bloody battle ensued in which Americans fought with the courage of despair. Bravely defying death Muehlenberg rode at the head of his brigade and repeatedly led his men to the attack. Then as chance would have it he found himself opposite a hostile regiment of dragoons. As he rode up and down before his men on his splendid white horse giving orders there suddenly came the resounding cry from the enemy ranks: "There comes Devil's Peter!" "There comes Devil's Peter!" It was the Hanoverian regiment in which Peter had served as sergeant-major. His old comrades had recognized him.

This stubborn resistance of Muehlenberg hindered the advance of the enemy and gave the routed American troops time for the retreat. Without this feat of arms the defeat of the Revolutionary army would certainly have been a much bloodier one.

October 4, 1777 we see General Muehlenberg once more with his German soldiers on the left wing of the American army at the Battle of Germantown. At the very beginning of the fight he worsted a division of the enemy guards, put the remaining troops to flight, and pursued them into Germantown with fixed bayonets. If the center had moved forward quickly and bravely the Americans would have have had victory in their hands. But for unknown reasons it gave way, and soon the left wing fell prey to the enemy. On the retreat Muehlenberg's brigade, therefore, was the rear one of those exposed to the fearful fire of the enemy. Here Muehlenberg lost many of his brave men, among them Major Keim, whose death was lamented by the whole army. A cannon ball tore off Cac-tu's left leg, and he was saved from death and brought to a place of safety only by the energy of the general and some of his plucky men. Then Muehlenberg had the poor Indian's wounds carefully dressed and at once sent him to the Trappe to his father.

Soon after the Battle of Germantown, cold, disagreeable weather set in and both armies sought winter-quarters. The British remained in Philadelphia, the Americans went to Valley Forge, some miles above Norristown on the Schuylkill, a region wonderfully fortified by nature. Here also came Muehlenberg with his sadly diminished brigade, and shared all the sufferings and privations endured in this gloomy period of the war. Sometimes he would ride with General Steuben, who was here the drill-sergeant, on a visit to his father at the Trappe, which lay only a few miles from Valley Forge. There he was happy to find his faithful Maria again and to see the progress of good Cac-tu, who was already trying to be of some service to the family.

On Muehlenberg's advice Washington now had proclamations printed in the German language, urging the desertion of the Hessians and Hanoverians who were serving as hirelings in the British army. He had the names of German prisoners placed under the proclamation and smuggled into the hostile camp by Muehlenberg's men. They were soon convinced that these proclamations were of great value, for daily whole bands of Germans and other deserters came over to Washington's camp, and soon the British saw themselves compelled to leave Philadelphia, which they could no longer hold with their much diminished army. They marched through the State of New Jersey to New York. Soon after their departure Muehlenberg hastened to Philadelphia. As a result of his mediation the German baker Christopher Ludwig undertook a part of the provisioning of the American army. Through the industry and the generosity of this good patriot much want and misery were prevented, and this General Washington and Congress later thankfully acknowledged.

General Washington now followed the enemy. However, nothing of importance occurred during the summer of 1778 except the indecisive Battle of Monmouth.

Muehlenberg's brigade entered winter quarters at Mildebrook, where it was greatly strengthened by German militia from New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, as well as by German deserters from the English army. Not seldom did English cavalry-men with their horses and all their equipment come over to Muehlenberg's camp and surrender as deserters. Especially numerous were the dragoons from the Hanoverian regiment in which Muehlenberg had fromerly served. The thought came to him to form a squadron of these men, and this he did in a short time, and had no cause to repent it. His old friends were completely devoted to him, to their "Devil's Peter," and they served him faithfully in later battles.

(To Be Concluded)

BOOK REVIEW

OF THE DUTCH I SING. By Aliene Saeger DeChant. Illustrated by A. Louise Long. Published by the Author at Kutztown, Pennsylvania. Pp. 109 — $1.50.

Some readers of this folksy little book may be inclined to think the title should read "Of Kutztown I Sing," for the author has undertaken the pleasant task of singing the glories of life in Kutztown and its environs. But on second thought it must be admitted that this is an excellent procedure. Where else can one find so happy a combination of all the traits and characteristics of our people as in Kutztown, where not only a rich countryside focuses its life, but where also art and science flourish and an active and varied religious life is manifested?

For many the long main street of Kutztown is but a thoroughfare, through which one journeys elsewhere. They would do well to have with them this animated little handbook and linger awhile in this center of our Pennsylvania German life. They would be astounded to find how much human interest lies imbedded here, waiting to spring into life at the touch of the author's magic wand.

Aliene DeChant is the Editor of the 76-year-old Kutztown Patriot. She is an excellent reporter. But she is also more than that. She has an eye for the unusual and picturesque and sees in the most minute local details manifestations of a larger unity. She likes people. Her ready pencil sets forth interviews with local characters with chatty ease. Nothing seems to miss her eagle eye. Herself of Pennsylvania German extraction she may be pardoned if here and there her enthusiasm leads her to extol the Pennsylvania Germans to a point beyond reality.

The author "sings" the glories of every-day life among the simple townspeople, the old-time craftsmen and the farmers of the East Penn Valley. Mention of a few chapter titles and contents must suffice here to convey some idea of the treatment of humble themes that might easily escape the general writer. No "outsider" could have done this book—The chapter on "Craftsmen" contains sketches of Ollie, the Basket-Maker, Charles Lutz, Blacksmith, and Pappy Frey, Weaver of Rugs. In the "Distaff Crafters" are sketches of Victoria Brown, the Quilt Queen, and Laurena Wentzel, the Centenarian; there is a delightful little chapter on "Folk Art" and "Fun-makers" contains delightful portraits of Johnny, the Figure Caller, and Phaon, the Fiddler.

Thanks to the keen eye of the author, her fine sense for the pictorial and the unusual, and her own infectious joy in the common things of every-day life an interesting chronicle has emerged.

The reviewer is reminded of a little book of similar nature Henry L. Snyder's Old Zionsville (1947). It is interesting to compare the difference of procedure between the two writers.

We cannot have too many of these little chronicles of life in sequestered areas. They form little paragraphs in the larger chapters of our national chronicle. Some chronicler of larger mould, some future Bernard De Voto, will know how to evaluate such local records, which like glowing amber, hold in suspense bits of life of long ago.

What would we not give if some chronicler with the same sense for the little things had depicted life in Lehigh or Berks, say around 1760? But most of the books written in Pennsylvania at that time had to do only with life in the Hereafter! — P.A.B.

ZU VIEL

Es iss en alt Schprichwatt. Zu viel iss zu viel. Ich hab schunn oft datt draa gedenkt. Es hot Zeite ass mer net genunk hot. Sell iss wunners iwwel. Wie ich en Bu waar, hawwich nie net genunk Wassermelone. Abbiere un Eis Kriem griegge kenne. Ich waar alsnech hungrich, wann aa der Leib voll waar.

Awwer ich hab gemeent, ich hett immer zu viel Aerwet ghatt, so wie Hausaerwet, Scheieraerwet un Schulaerwet. Ich weess ass ich un mei Bruder mool Schtroh in die Schtell geduh hen. Es waar en grosser Haufe vanne an de Scheier. Mer hen gschafft de ganse Namidaag. O, mer hen uns nau net viehisch gebloogt, awwer mir waare doch an de Aerwet. Doch waar's Schtroh net all in de Schtell. Mer hen uns uff die Gawelschtiehl gelaant un hen aafange blaudere. Endlich hen mer ausgemacht mer hette zu viel Schtroh. "Wei", hawwich gsaat, "mer hen meh Schtroh ass aarme Leit hawwe sette." Awwer yuscht selli Zeit iss der Daadi ums Scheierreck kumme un hot gsaat, "Buwe, halt eich draa un duht's Schtroh in die Schtell.

Was iss "zu viel"? Wei, sell meent mer hett net meh ass genunk. Es waar mool en Familie as en Latt Kinner ghatt hot. Eb lang hot widder en Bobbli kumme selle. Eens vun de Kinner hot die Gremmemm gfrogt, "Was sett mer es nei Bobbli heesse?" Die Gremmemm hot gsaat, "Ich deet's genunk heesse."

Ya, zu viel iss zu viel! Es hot mol en Kall me Annere en gelaadni Flint gewwe un hot gsaat, "Schiess mich mool, awwer drick's net zu hatt ab." Well, wie der Anner abgedrickt hot, no hot der Aarscht Maddios gegrische, "Schtarn-rischpele, dut hoscht 's zu hatt abgedrickt," Zu viel iss immer zu viel! Gell?

Der Kaschpar Hufnagel

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Editorials

Dr. Harry, Beloved Burgess

Generally a man who fills the high post of mayor of a city or that of burgess in a boro is in such position by reason of the confidence of the electorate in his ability and integrity.

In the case of Dr. Harry L. Baker, burgess of Catasauqua who died suddenly yesterday, there was additional reason for the fact that five times successively the people of that town had chosen him for the principal job in the community. That reason was their sincere affection for the man who had spent almost all his years except the very earliest in their midst, who was known to each and all and who was beloved by them as deeply as he loved his people.

Wherever Dr. Harry Baker became known and wielded his gracious and agreeable influence, Catasauqua's reputation was enhanced. He was a splendid ambassador of good will from the Iron Borough to the outside world.

In Catasauqua he is going to be sorely missed for "Dr. Harry", as he was referred to familiarly and affectionately, was not merely a good public official but also a splendid citizen and a loyal friend. He is going to be missed in every circle in which he moved and whose lines reached beyond the borders of his home town, for everywhere that he went and wherever he became known his sturdy and likeable characteristics won stout and lasting friendship and admiration.

Peace in Control Center

The flareup early in the week concerning operations of a Civil Defense Program for all the people in all the communities of Lehigh County has had good results.

Sometime it takes a good fight to clear up petty misunderstandings just as a smart electrical storm and torrential rains clear the air and scrub the earth. So it appears Mayor Hock's sharp replies to the director of Civilian Defense and his complaints have cleared the local atmosphere of misunderstandings and have already led to good results.

Meeting yesterday, city and county defense leaders decided upon what Mayor Hock pointed out was a simple and logical action. This is establishment of and maintenance of a single control center, as against one established and operated by Lehigh County and another by the City of Allentown.

Reports of that meeting indicate good feeling and readiness to cooperate in the common interest and upon a sound and equitable partnership basis.

The way has been cleared to go ahead in preparations for a program that of course may never be needed, but which, if needed, will be needed so badly that it will have been folly not to have prepared for it.

Swedes' Courageous Act

Sweden, which is right next door to Poland and is within arm's reach of Russia as well, is exhibiting the highest degree of courage in refusing to surrender some Polish exiles upon demand of their former government. Instead Sweden is offering the Poles haven as political exiles.

The question which Sweden had to decide was a very ticklish and delicate one for it deals with the laws of the sea that are very well defined and lived up to by nations as well as individuals.

In this case a dozen Poles, sailors on a minesweeper (a Government naval vessel) mutinied, overpowered their officers, took command of the vessel and sailed it into a Swedish port. There they surrendered to the Swedes and asked for protection.

If the Swedes had been a bit weakkneed they would have turned the mutineers over to Poland and had the best excuse in the world for doing it, But the Swedes concluded, as everybody else would conclude, that the mutinous Poles must have had very good reasons for their high crime of the seas and that their punishment, if they were returned home, would be out of all proportion to the wrong they committed.

So the Swedes answered no to Poland. At the same time they agreed to provide refuge for others who are fleeing a country that is believed to have a reign of terror while the Communists are purging all dissidents.

It is easy to say that Sweden did the right thing. It would have been easy for a big fellow to act as the little fellow has done. But it has taken rare conviction and courage on the part of the little country that is so open to reprisals and even warlike attacks to take such a pronounced stand.

First True Peace Treaty

Mr. John Foster Dulles' calm and confident explanation of the way in which the Japanese peace treaty has been negotiated, the principles which have entered into it, the compromises it records and the reasons for expecting that it will be signed, as anticipated, on September 8 by a decisive array of the victor powers supplies a notable clarification of a great deal of confused and muddied thought. Neither the United States nor the Western world as a whole has anything to be ashamed of in a document which represents a real and patient effort to make a real and agreed peace, "scrupulously fashioned" to accord with the actualities of history and of the Pacific world. If it is in fact a "wrecking crew" which the Russians are sending to San Francisco, there is no reason to be alarmed at the prospect or to suppose that the wrecking expedition will succeed.

"Because," as Mr. Dulles says, the powers concerned "have been conferring quietly and courteously, the Communists pretend that we have not been conferring at all. It seems that, to them, no conference rates as such unless violent insults are publicly hurled." The world is tired of shows of that character. It is tired of the endless peace conferences which have met, not to make peace, but to give the Soviet Union a veto power over any solution which does not amount to a victory for Soviet dictation. The chasm between Russia and the West has rendered impossible any real liquidation of the war in any other area of the globe. Here a different course has been followed. Under intelligent but un-dictatorial leadership from the United States, it has produced the first true peace treaty — wholly satisfactory to none, but viable for all — which has emerged from the vast tragedy of the war. The contrast between the two approaches to the problem of peace carries an overwhelming conviction, which no amount of Soviet propaganda is likely to counteract. — N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Now That the Restraint Is Off— —!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman is the logical candidate to succeed himself for a third term. He has made the record. He alone can defend it from firsthand knowledge.

The constitutional amendment which prohibits two elected terms for a vice president who has served as President for more than two years does not literally apply to Mr. Truman. As for the argument that he is morally bound by the spirit of the amendment, this may have some weight in the campaign but will have none at the National Democratic Convention.

Any President can renominate himself either by saying nothing at all and letting his appointees who really run the political organizations in the various states do the nominating by a so-called "draft," or he can become an active candidate. In either event, he can cinch the nomination of his party.

This writer has always opposed any limitation on presidential tenure, on the theory that the people at each election can decide the issue for themselves, and has argued that the only amendment needed was one that would permit the people after two years to remove a President who had lost the confidence of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. The late MacKenzie King served as Prime Minister of Canada for 21 years under a somewhat similar system requiring only a majority vote of the Parliament.

Faced with Decision

Mr. Truman, however, is faced with a practical decision on the question of whether he will accept a nomination. His pride is involved. So are personal considerations. His family is reported to have urged him not to continue in the presidency.

Some political observers nevertheless have regarded the matter as settled. They say the behavior of the President is significant—that he acts like a candidate and talks like one. They say he is just as cocky as he was in 1948 and wants to show his critics that he can do it again.

The most striking piece of evidence offered to support that view is the fact that when Sen. Humphrey of Minnesota, Democrat, this week told Mr. Truman his name would be entered in the Minnesota primary, the President did not object. But Mr. Truman, in thanking the senator for the compliment, also said he would cross that bridge when he comes to it.

So far as pride is concerned, a "draft" leading to nomination would take care of it. Mr. Truman would appreciate the compliment of being given a unanimous nomination, which he also could dramatically decline. History would say his party showed confidence in him but that, for personal reasons, he declined to accept renomination.

Vote of Confidence

If then some other Democratic nominee were elected, it would be a further vote of confidence. It would mean the Truman administration's policies have been upheld.

A Gallup poll taken in the last few weeks indicates that, while Sen. Taft, Republican, would defeat President Truman, Chief Justice Vinson as the Democratic nominee would defeat Sen. Taft by almost the same margin.

As a skilled politician, Mr. Truman knows that, the longer a President stays in office, the more groups and factions he accumulates in opposition. If he examines the 1948 returns, he will find that the Democratic Party in the congressional contests in most states was far stronger than the presidential ticket. The Democratic Party is not as strong today as it was in 1948. In Ohio in November, 1950, Sen. Taft won reelection by nearly half a million votes, whereas Mr. Truman carried the state in 1948 by less than 8,000 votes. That's quite a reversal.

Should Make Race

From the standpoint of our political system, Mr. Truman ought to make the race. The people ought to have a chance to vote for or against Mr. Truman. He himself made the policies, and he has created the issues. The officeholders and machine politicians glibly predict Mr. Truman's re-election. They want to keep in his good graces. They want the Truman delegates to stay intact so as to control the selection of a successor.

Unless America is in the midst of a big war in 1952 which confounds everything, this correspondent has these impressions based on the situation as it exists today, assuming an election held tomorrow: Mr. Truman would be beaten either by Gen. Eisenhower or by Sen. Taft. But Chief Justice Vinson would win against either Sen. Taft or Gen. Eisenhower.

If the prediction had to be made today, it would be that Fred Vinson is most likely to be the next Democratic presidential nominee.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

On my bookshelf stands a whole collection of "How" books.

"How" books are supposed to be shortcuts to everything.

If you want to get rich — get a "How" book. "How" books tell you how to fix automobiles, how to do your gardening, how to cook, how to bring up children, how to build a house, how to become a writer, how to be happy, how to cure every possible type of disease.

* * *

Now comes the latest "How" book.

I don't know whether it is going to do more good than any of the others.

But it's worth reading.

It is called "The Psychologist Looks at Sex and Marriage." It is written by Dr. Allan Fromme, published by Prentice-Hall, and is for sale at all bookstores.

If there is a space in your bookcase for it, get it.

* * *

The book tells you how to get along with your wife, or your husband.

Say something nice about the meals she has cooked, the hat she has bought, the curtains she has made, or about any of the other numerous activities which occupy her daily existence.

By the same token, a man anticipates with equal pleasure his wife's approval of his business activities, his apparent understanding of politics, his behavior at the party.

* * *

The wife's beauty — for which, perhaps, he married her — is not enough to sustain the marriage.

Dr. Fromme suggests that most women don't look as nice in the morning as they did in the moonlight during courtship.

On the other hand, the young woman who has looked forward to cooking, washing, mending, as delightful labors may soon look upon a greasy pot in a hot kitchen with the same disgust which she felt before she fell in love.

Don't criticize your wife in a disrespectful manner. She'll resent it if you disparage her political opinions, or her inability to select a radio program for an evening's entertainment.

Likewise, women similarly deride their husbands for their extravagance over some gadget, or the color scheme of a room.

Don't nag your wife or your husband.

That will drive them to "blow off steam."

And blowing off steam will often lead to extra-marital affairs.

I shall not tell you what Dr. Fromme says about extra-marital affairs. That would be giving away the plot.

There is a lot of good, common sense in this book.

And that is about all that can be said about marriage.

Use common sense.

The best way to treat marriage — and you don't need any books for that — is to treat each other as if you weren't married at all.

Imagine that your husband is a houseguest. Imagine that your wife is a visitor.

The same courtesy, the same consideration, the same respect for each other's feelings and privacies will go a long way.

And always remember this: Marriage must be a handcuff to which the prisoner has the key.

(Copyright, 1951)

Horoscope

If you are alert and don't push matters too rapidly, and are also willing to accept suggestions, much should be accomplished. Business should make excellent progress during the next 12 months. A clever and original personality is likely to develop as today's infant grows.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call Of Aug. 18, 1926, a Wednesday

The advanced state of commercial aviation in Europe was described in a letter from Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Leh who were touring countries on the continent.

Fiss Toshi Takaki, a native of Wahamitsu, North Japan, and a student at the Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn., was the guest of honor at a meeting of the Loyal Bible Class of Salem Reformed Church held at the home of Miss Margaret E. Koehler.

Calvary Council, Knights of Columbus, and members of its Ladies Auxiliary, along with the general public and organizations from the Ninth District, K of C, held an outing at Central Park. Atty. Eugene J. Gorman was chairman of the general committee.

Miss May B. Shoemaker, Jackson St., and Mrs. Lloyd A. Moll, Linden St., left on a trip which was to take them to the Great Lakes and to the Pacific Coast.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A great French novelist, whose creative genius was exceeded only by his inordinate vanity, was strolling through his garden one afternoon, lost in thought, when a contemporary came to call. "Plotting another masterpiece?" inquired the visitor. "Not at all," answered the novelist. "I have been wondering how I should address God when I stand before Him." "I'm surprised that this should trouble you," said the visitor. "Why not just call Him 'colleague?'"

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IN MACUNGIE: Yar, 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg worra m'r weil in Macungie, ow'r hen weiters net tzu fiel neiichkata ous g'funna. Mohl fer ains, m'r sin awenich shpote onna kumma, un noh wor glei der program om gae om band shtand—'n tzeit fer hoericha un net fer blauderra. Gaea owet, wie aw owets dafor on Andreas, sin dreava wolka hinna rei umma, un die weil os m'r net bleiva hen kenna fer owets sin m'r ous gatzoga glei noch dem os die shwetzerrei feriwwer wor. Un dadarrich—wel m'r hen yusht net so fiel neiichkata ous g'funna os m'r hetta won m'r langer darta sei hetta kenna.

'S wor ow'r 'n lot tzu larna darrich die shwetzer uf 'm program. Der Miles Horst is immer gute, un der Dave Miller doh fom Call hut 'n shaenie ous laiging gewwa fon seinra freea yohra erfohring in Macungie ols 'n tzeitings mon—un wie er leit fon Macungie grick'd hut fer der Morning Call laisa. Der Billy Weaver hut aw gute gaduh mit seim history wie 'n Macungie picknick 35 yohr tzurick woh die socha in arder grick'd sin werra fer 'n kounty agent noch Lechaw griega—un woh niemond shunshd wor wie der Al Hacker.

Der Al Hacker hut 'm Bob Aten bei g'shtonna helfa der program blawna. Die picknick wor uf kours 'm Bob sei drahm —'n g'fiehl os ebbes gaduh sei sot in da Macungie gagend fer die bauer ehrra—un arbadich so, der Dr. Fritch, der airsht mon fon da gagend os in gross'm nei gonga is blons grumbierra raisa.

Die krowd nommy dawgs wor net nagshd so gross os sie sei het kenna—arbadich so die weil os es nix gakosh'd hut fer nei os wie 's parka. Ow'r der dawg wor hase, un blenty bauer hen arwet dahame kotta. 'S worra im kontest fer bluga, un woh der Clarrence Williams fon da Star Grange owwa uf 'm haufa rous kumma is. M'r hen der kontest gons un gore ferfail'd, ow'r hen die bauerra g'shar boova sehna ihra socha ob weissa woh sie darta hen bei da hilly un filly. Sei lava wor net so fiel nei bauerra g'shar in Macungie wie die drei dawg tzu sehna is on darra picknick—un woh danovet tzu ma end kumt.

'N lot leit hen gaglawk'd 's bauerra g'shar wear tzu weit ousa nonner. Wel, 's gait awenich weit der hivel nuf gaeich Shimersville tzu, ow'r sel wor der aintsich'd waig miglich fer yaderra kumpany grund fewwa fer bluga, aiga, un duh wos ever os sie duh wolla fer ihra socha ob weissa. In da tzelter sin aw fiel socha tzu sehna,—allas os tzu duh hut mit bauerreia un bauerra hameta is bol darta — un dabei aw leit fer ouse laiga wos ol die socha sin. Sis 'n lot tzu larna on da Macungie picknick, un neimond os kon sots heit ferfaila—der dawg woh sie net yusht 'n parade hen fon Trexlertown rei noch Allentown, darrich Emmaus tzurick noch Macungie—ow'r aw der dawg woh der Governor Fine shwetzt.

Sis aw blenty tzu essa on da picknick. Die weibsleit fon da Macungie Grange un 'm Park, hen tzomma g'shpont, un gewwa ocht uf die kich. Sie hen folla eems, un aw onnerra socha fon alla orta. Die gons picknick is so gore 'n Fair, yusht os die tzucht, yocht un side shows faila. M'r missa ow'r sawga os der Charlie Lichtenwalner 'n wunnerborie lot alt bauerra g'shar tzomma g'somm'd hut. 'N windmeal mit hiltzna komma radder, un 'n lot onnerra socha os der blotz helfa gucka mocha wie 'n Fair. 'S guck'd evens awenich 'm Farm Show gleich, bardich so won m'r unna om eck fom tzelt nei guck'd, woh die Bob Reichards fosfate Farm Show Drilling ihra uffendhalt hen — niemond shunshd os wie der Roy Butterweck, der Lloyd Kline, un der Aaron Crouthomel.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

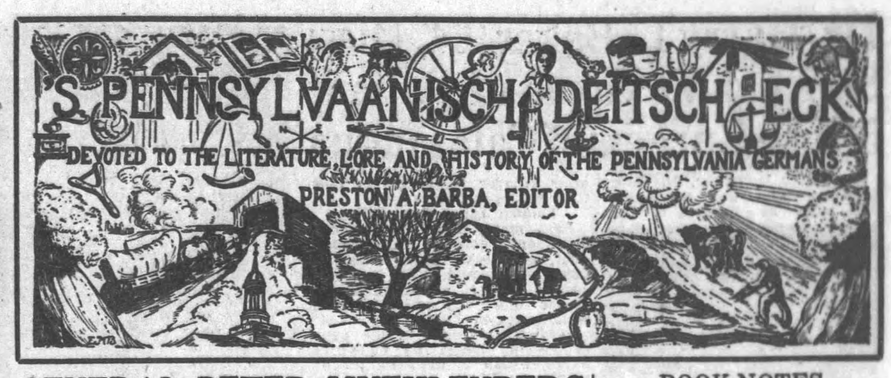
Evens der Milt Leiby fon Wannamakers wor 'm Dunnershdawg on da picknick, ow'r sei nochber Howard Kistler huts net mocha kenna—'s wor der dawg 'm kalanner noh sawga sie, woh der Howard hecka shtraima gabutzt hut fer rosselshlonga fonga, fers fet ous broda, shmear mocha fer da nochberra ihra grae auga ferdriva.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 15:32-41

It will, no doubt, seem to be harsh punishment that was inflicted upon the man who was caught gathering sticks upon the Sabbath Day. He was probably intending to use them as fuel for making a fire 'in the kitchen stove', as we would say today. He could have gathered them the day before, had he wished to observe the spirit of the Ten Commandments, among which is the one which commands us to keep the Sabbath Day holy. The heart of the natural man has no interest in acceding to God's commands. Such a man God cannot use for His purposes, hence the severe judgment of death pronounced upon him in verse 35, Stoning with stones was the method of inflicting capital punishment in those days. We wonder whether Sunday movies have anything to do with the recent sharp increase of juvenile (and adult) delinquency! Lack of respect for one of God's laws must mean contempt for the rest. The 'fringes' on one's clothes, v. 38 (like a string tied on a finger today) were to help God's people to remember His commandments.



GENERAL PETER MUEHLENBERG

and

His German Soldiers in the American War for Independence

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Luther A. Pflueger)

CONCLUSION

The year 1779 passed away also without any particularly important events. But at the very beginning of 1780 great dangers threatened the American army. Washington foresaw that a bloody battle would take place in Virginia. There the traitor Arnold had gone with a considerable force and marked his route by the most terrible devastation. Forces had to be sent at once, and Washington gave the command of the troops to the highly esteemed General Steuben, who gladly assumed this post of honor, but in doing so begged the general-in-chief to be allowed to include Muehlenberg's brigade in his troops. Unfortunately soon after this arrangement those militia-men whose time of service had expired had to be dismissed, and when Steuben moved into Virginia it was with a very small force. From this force he wished to send 400 regular troops to General Green, who had lost a great many men in South Carolina. But the officers, who had long been in arrears with their pay, refused to march, and informed the general of their decision. Steuben immediately sent Muehlenberg to the refractory officers and he succeeded in bringing them back to obedience.

About this time the Governor of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, conceived the plan of capturing the traitor Arnold, and he commissioned Muehlenberg to carry it out. The undertaking came to nothing on account of the wariness of the crafty Arnold.

As the union of Arnold's and General Philipp's forces increased, the strength of the British in Virginia to the point of threatening the whole colony General Lafayette was ordered to go there with his army. In the meantime the British who were again attempting to capture Richmond, sailed up the James river and landed 3,000 men at Petersburg. Muehlenberg and his Germans courageously hurled themselves upon the enemy and bravely defended the bridge that led to Petersburg. He was compelled, however, to yield to superior strength and retreated in good order with his few hundred men. Governor Jefferson in his report to Congress expressed the highest praise for the courage and daring of the Germans. The American army now retreated to Richmond, where General Lafayette arrived with a considerable force and took command. General Muehlenberg's brigade was again strengthened by regulars. In the meantime the British general Cornwallis had come from North Carolina and thought that he would settle with young Lafayette and completely eliminate his army. But when he learned that General Green with his forces had joined Lafayette he found it advisable to give up the pursuit and to fortify himself in the neighborhood of his ships at Yorktown.

Washington now conceived the plan of striking a decisive blow and attacking Cornwallis in Yorktown. September 14, 1781, Washington and Rochambeau with their united forces arrived at Williamsburg. The commander-in-chief now had under his orders 16,000 well armed men, and a superabundance of munitions. October 15 the Americans attacked the redoubts of the enemy, that up to this time had been so dangerous an adversary. They stormed the forts and captured them after a bloody fight. Muehlenberg with his brigade was among the assailants, and to him belongs a great part of the success of this glorious military achievement. Unfortunately he lost in the battle many of his brave and intrepid Germans, among them Colonel Baumann, who died a hero's death pierced by nine bullets. Muehlenberg himself received a slight wound, and the poor Indian Pic-to-nu was critically wounded as he stood beside him.

This siege was the decisive event of the war. Cornwallis could no longer hold the city. Four days later he surrendered, with his whole army and the ships in the harbor. The war was practically won . . . . America independent and free! . . .

After Muehlenberg had put all the affairs of his brigade in order he went home on furlough to his family at Woodstock. There he spent the winter recuperating his strength. In the spring General Washington appointed him the military commandant of Virginia. He was active in recruiting and drilling troops, intending to send them south to join General Green's forces. This, however, proved to be unnecessary, for the British sailed away from Charleston and withdrew their troops from all the southern colonies. Nevertheless Muehlenberg, who did not trust the English, kept his troops together until March 1783, when preliminary arrangements for peace were inaugurated. Some months later followed the definite treaty of peace, and the American revolutionary army was disbanded.

Muehlenberg bade a cordial farewell to all his soldiers, and then collecting his faithful men from Woodstock and the neighborhood went home with them. The return was like a triumphal procession, and on their arrival a magnificent reception awaited them. Unfortunately less than half of the men of Woodstock who had marched away to fight for freedom returned to their homes.

After Muehlenberg had fully recovered in Woodstock from the hardships endured in the war his congregation begged him to resume his former position as pastor. The General thanked them for the offer, but declined to accept it with the remark, "It would not be wise to graft the pastor again on the soldier." Since he had sacrificed all of his fortune during the war he saw himself compelled to look about for a livelihood to support himself and his family. The 13,000 acres of land which congress had voted him for his services and his outlay in money were at that time of little value to him. And so he decided to move to Philadelphia with the little that he possessed, and with his brother-in-law to establish a mercantile house. He found it very hard to take leave of his friends in Woodstock. There he had spent before the Revolution the happiest days of his life, loved and respected by all who knew him. With tears the whole family bade farewell to the parsonage in Woodstock.

In Philadelphia he met many of his comrades in war. They were all glad to have brave Muehlenberg among them. He found on his table as soon as he moved into his home invitations from Steuben, Green, Lafayette, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, all of whom greatly esteemed him. General Washington also was much attached to him and begged him cordially and urgently to attend the meeting at which the new constitution of the country was to be discussed, and to give his advice on the matter, and this he did conscientiously. He came also into closer contact with Hiester of Reading, who then happened to be stopping in Philadelphia, and these two men saw to it that the German deserters from the English army who had served under Muehlenberg and Hiester received presents of land in Berks and Lancaster counties. Later when he traveled about the country Muehlenberg often relived happy hours and spent the night with his Hanoverian dragoons, who had become excellent farmers.

One day as he was leaving the house of his brother-in-law on Second Street (a building now used as the draper's shop of Jacob Schandein) he saw a man sitting on the steps of Christ Church. His face was hidden from view, but he thought he recognized his figure. He approached to inspect him more closely. The man, a wretched looking cripple, was consuming his scanty meal with the best of appetites when he suddenly saw Muehlenberg standing before him. And with the cry "Peter, my good Peter! Don't you know your Pic-to-nu any more?" he threw himself on his neck, and the two friends of youthful days held each other in a long and close embrace in front of the church. Muehlenberg at once took the Indian to his home where the family gave him the kindest reception and the best of care.

When Muehlenberg had finished his most pressing business in Philadelphia he hastened with Pic-to-nu to the Trappe to visit his beloved parents and his brothers. How delighted he was to find all of them, including his dear Maria and his friend Cac-tu, safe and sound. The General went through feast day after feast day at the Trappe settlement, for the brave Trappe soldiers who had returned home from the war insisted on entertaining their old commander in every possible way. One day they arranged in his honor a great festivity to which their military comrades from Berks, Montgomery, Lancaster and Lebanon counties were invited. General Hiester of Reading, Colonel Forney of Lancaster, Major Burckhardt of Lebanon and Captain Jacoby of Montgomery County arrived punctually with all their old soldiers, and they celebrated with a genuine German festival of victory and of peace such as no other place in America could boast. Soon after this festival Muehlenberg bade farewell to his parents and returned to Philadelphia. It was the last time that he saw his father alive.

Peter Muehlenberg now distinguished himself as a statesman just as much as he had formerly done as a soldier. He took a most active part in all proceedings that looked towards the welfare of the country. He had lived scarcely a year in Pennsylvania before he was elected lieutenant-governor of the state of Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin being then the governor. Posterity owes its deep gratitude to both men.

The hero of our story died October 1, 1807, leaving two sons Peter, major in the United States army under General Jackson, and Francis, congressman from Ohio.

His earthly remains were laid beside those of his father in the graveyard at the Trappe, and near the old church that his father had built. The gravestone bears the following simple inscription:

Geweiht dem Andenken des Generals
PETER MUEHLENBERG
Geboren am 1. Oktober 1746,
Gestorben am 1. Oktober 1807
Er war tapfer im Felde, getreu im Rathe, ehrenhaft in allen seinen Handlungen, ein aufrichtiger Freund and ehrlicher Mann.

Sacred to the memory of the General
PETER MUEHLENBERG
Born October 1, 1746,
Died October 1, 1807
He was brave on the field of battle, a faithful adviser at the council table, honorable in all his dealings, a sincere friend and an honest man.

TO THE READER

The narrative about Peter Muehlenberg, as told by Ludwig August Wollenweber, was begun in the ECK for May 12 and is concluded in this issue. It was originally published in the High German language in 'Der Deutsche Pionier" a German monthly managazine founded in Cincinnati, Ohio, in March, 1869, where it appeared in serial form beginning with January, 1870.

Buried and forgotten for some 80 years it was revived by the Editor of the ECK, translated by Dr. Luther A. Pflueger and offered to our readers for the first time in the English language.

Those who have not kept the installments as they appeared may wish to know that the whole series printed on better paper can now be obtained from the Circulation Department of the Allentown Morning Call at 5 cents for each installment.—ED.

BOOK NOTES

THE LOWER JORDAN VALLEY PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SETTLEMENT. By David G. Williams. Proceedings of the Lehigh County Historical Society. Volume Eighteen. Allentown, Pa., 1950. Pp. 181. —$5.00.

To the general reader a book about so circumscribed an area as the eight miles of the Lower Jordan stretching from Guthsville to the confluence of the Little Lehigh and the Lehigh rivers at Allentown would seem to be of little significance. It is true that no great and stirring national events have ever taken place in this small area. In the past our historians have been only too indifferent to the significance of local events, acts and ways of life in pioneer days. Today the historian with scientific approach sees in the faithful and objective recording of such details the definitive sources for the future historian of larger mold.

David G. Williams, the author of the above, has been associated with the Trojan Powder Company for many years as chief engineer. In his work as searcher of titles to lands occupied by the company he long ago became interested in our local history. With this interest he has happily combined his professional skill as engineer and draftsman. The work is abundantly illustrated with regional maps, charts and architectural drawings.

In Part A the author has achieved the formidable task of listing the Warrants and Patents as issued in the Lower Jordan Valley of Lehigh County, with descriptions of the same, accompanied by charts showing their location. All this is here reliably presented for the first time and hence of great use in the future.

Part B, "Settlement of the Lower Jordan Valley" presents the general backgrounds of the early Pennsylvania German settlers, reasons for their emigration, the voyage to America and settlement, etc. It is for the general reader the most interesting portion of the book. In the opinion of this reviewer it should have been placed first in the plan of the book. Although the material of this part is professedly based upon the author's general readings in the field, he has shown skill and originality in bringing it to focus upon the particularly small area of his choice. An interesting Addendum to Part B are the fine plates illustrating the buildings erected in the Lower Jordan Valley subsequent to 1780.

Of special delight to the antiquarian and the student of local architecture are Part C "The Troxell 1744 House, Believed to Be the Oldest Existing House in Lehigh County" with its many beautiful photographic illustrations, maps and architectural drawings; Part D, "Ground Cellars in the Lower Jordan Valley;" and Part E "Old Barns in the Lower Jordan Valley; these three parts, with their profuse illustrations, present rich material for future students.

This latest book to be published by the Lehigh County Historical Society we consider easily the most notable and original contribution to local history in many a year. —P.A.B.

* * *

THE MONTGOMERY COUNTY STORY. By E. Gordon Alderfer. Issued by The Commissioners of Montgomery County, Norristown, Pa., 1951. Pp. 302.—$2.00.

This is the first history of Montgomery County to be printed since Howard W. Kriebel's 1923 publication. It was prepared by E. Gordon Alderfer from the writings of the Germantown historian, Edward W. Hocker. It is a compilation of historical data adapted to Ninth Grade Textbook use. But it is also a serviceable supplementary text for students of other grades and for the adult reader as well.

This is more than a collection of facts and figures and dates and events. With its sixty illustrations it presents the dramatic passage of history over the local scene. The text deals with the heritage of nature; occupation of the area by the Red Man; the invasion of the White Man; the German settlements; the spirit of Colonial Life; the battleground for Independence; the new county in an age of change, and Montgomery County of the present day.

Our particular reason for bringing this county history to the attention of our readers is the fine presentation of the part the 18th century Germans played in the early history of Montgomery County. All of Chapter III is devoted to "The German Settlement" and there are also frequent references and allusions to the Pennsylvania Germans in subsequent chapters.

* * *

THE HISTORY OF SCHUYLKILL COUNTY. Published by the School District of the City of Pottsville. Director of Publication, Herrwood E. Hobbs, The Historical Society of Schuylkill County, Pottsville, Pa. 1950. Pp. 107.

This little county history was published for the young of the county in the hope that they might better understand the role Schuylkill County has played in the growth and development of our state. More than 40 school districts have cooperated in its publication.

The material is presented more briefly and in simpler style than that of the history of Montgomery County considered above. We are pleased to note that it also deals objectively with the place the German settlers occupy in the history of the county, including the Indian massacres of the early settlers, the Regina Hartman story, the struggle for the maintenance of German schools, the place of the Pennsylvania German farmer, etc.

These two county histories prepared for public school pupils are no doubt the result of the enactment of the state law that makes the teaching of Pennsylvania History in our public schools mandatory.

These counties have set an example that we in Lehigh would do well to follow. We have long contended that the study of history, like proverbial charity, begins right here at home.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Library's Service Record

The U. S. Census last year did many other things than merely count population and arrive at totals according to nativity, sex, age and so on.

Among other things, as a report concerning the Allentown Free Library shows, study was made of the American people's reading habits as far as sales of books, borrowings from libraries and the maintenance of such libraries by municipal government can determine.

This report concerning Allentown is not the best for the thousands of communities in these United States. In fact it is far from the top in the list of 104 cities which have a population of 100,000 and over and with which we must stand for comparison.

In the first place the report shows that our municipal governments are getting off more easily as to appropriations for this important phase of public education than 100 of the 104 cities for Allentown is 101st on the list in this matter. It is therefore not surprising that, with almost the smallest appropriations afforded a public library in cities of our class, Allentown buys and offers comparatively few books to its readers. In this respect Allentown is away down the list at the 100th position and only four cities are in meaner position.

However it is more important as to what people do with books than the number they possess. Shelves full of massive tomes whose pages have not even been cut mean nothing. It is the use which is made of books that counts.

Here is the point at which Allentown shows to far better advantage. In the cataloguing of the cities on the basis of the use of the library by children and their borrowing of books Allentown moves up to 84th place while in the total of books circulated by the library our place is 91st.

There are some encouraging figures and connotations. In fact, in every category of the library's work the Census showed that Allentown's library rates far higher in service than the cost of operating the library would indicate. Allentonians are getting more for every dollar of their library money than perhaps any other city in the country. The Census thus tells an interesting story of efficiency up at 914 Hamilton St. which our public officials and the public will not be slow to appreciate.

Monument in Vets' Hands

When the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument was erected on Centre Square in 1899 the site was selected not alone because the general public wished it to be placed in the most conspicuous spot in the city but also because the veterans of the Civil War asked for that spot.

Thruout the years, while transition from the horse-and-buggy era to the motor age has been affecting so many matters in our complex urban existence, repeated waves of public opinion favoring the removal of the monument to an outlining park have arisen and then have subsided. Generally they fell because the veterans of later wars put thumbs down upon the proposal. They spoke as they believed the Civil War men would have spoken if they were still alive.

Even tho it was represented that a majesty impossible in the midst of traffic in the city's center would be provided for the monument in new surroundings, the veterans objected.

Again the issue has been raised. But this time it has been raised by the veterans themselves, a condition that prevailed on no other occasions. It has now been made known that the American Legion discussed the matter at length in the course of a recent meeting. Properly, it was decided by them that the matter should be submitted to the United Veterans for an opinion that shall express the mind of every group of veterans in the community.

If the veterans give the word that they want the monument moved who doubts that our public authorities who are in charge of the shaft will take the steps necessary to procure a suitable place and install it thereon. And if and when such steps be taken, it will also be proper to restore the symmetry of the monument, a symmetry that was disturbed when the base was reduced in dimensions years ago to accommodate the flow of traffic thru the center of the city's business center. It is that increasing flood of traffic which again is dashing at the monument to bring about its removal and which may help to shape the veterans opinion and decision.

Big Year on U.S. Farms

Recent U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates indicate that crops this year will be the second largest in the American people's history. With this estimate comes the statement of fact that these crops are being grown by 11,334,000 people, all but 3,060,000 of whom are family workers.

Thus fewer than eight per cent of our people are doing the work necessary to produce all the food eaten by more than 150 million people — perhaps the smallest pro-rata agricultural population in any country on earth.

But helping those few millions of family and paid outside workers on the farms are more than four million tractors, just to mention one type of farm machines so generally in use in the United States. There is where the great difference lies between American agricultural methods and those in use in most countries.

It is also satisfactory to note that estimates of farm income for the year are good. The American Farm Bureau Federation estimates it will be about $18 billions, or $4 billions higher than in 1950 and perhaps will equal the all-time high which was achieved in 1947.

Action on Oatis

The House of Representatives took action this week and by a vote of 231 to 1 condemned the Czech arrest and conviction of AP correspondent William Oatis and proposed that all commercial relations with that country be suspended until he is freed. It is expected that the Senate will take similar action.

While our Congress is busy passing these resolutions which are high sounding but somewhat ineffective because they "ask" and don't "demand," the United Nations Economic and Social Council sits and deliberates in Geneva about freedom of information. The U. S. State Department has asked this international body to do something about Oatis. It could if it would.

But the nations of the world who are members of ECOSOC talk about freedom. They aren't expected to do anything about it.

They are considering the proposed UN treaty on freedom of information which has been made into a monstrous farce, an instrument that will do more to destroy freedom around the world than it will to re-establish it. The nations which are responsible for the present construction of the treaty, over the protests of our government and several others, are more interested in creating loopholes for censorship and repetition of the Oatis case in other countries.

Therefore, it is not to be expected or hoped that a majority of the United Nations will have the courage or desire to take any action toward Czechoslovakia.

The U. S. may have to carry the ball alone, as it has been doing so far ineffectually. The State Department has the right idea in curbing Czech airliners over Western Germany and in moving to cancel Czech trade concessions in the U. S. Perhaps it will follow through with the Congressional proposal to terminate all trade with that country. It is becoming obvious that only a strong and tough policy is worth while. Editor & Publisher.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

To the Rev. Harold Mongerson, minister of the Community Nazarene Church in Moline, Ill., go my thanks for calling my attention to the following extracts from the Bible.

To save you the trouble of looking them up, I shall quote from the 24th chapter of St. Matthew, which he mentions:

"And ye shall hear of wars, and rumours of wars; see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

"For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places."

Then, in the 11th verse:

"And many false prophets shall rise, and shall decieve many."

The Rev. Mongerson then asks me to read the 11th verse in the 13th chapter of St. Mark:

"But take heed to yourselves: for they shall deliver you up to councils; and in the synagogues ye shall be beaten; and ye shall be brought before rulers and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them."

And the 22nd verse:

"For false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect."

And then the 21st chapter of St. Luke:

"But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified: for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by."

* * *

The Rev. Mongerson writes:

"To me it seems that these statements of the Lord are already being brought to pass even now."

For, he refers me to these verses of the 21st chapter of St. Luke:

"For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.

"And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren and kinsfolks, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death.

"And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

"But there shall not an hair of your head perish.

"In your patience possess ye your souls."

* * *

Just one more quotation:

"And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkeness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon your unawares."

There are hundreds of other passages in the Bible that fit into these present days as well as they did into the days of Matthew, Mark and Luke.

I think it would be a good thing for our President, our senators and congressmen to pay more attention to the Bible than to the Congressional Record or their hometown newspaper.

They would, if the title of the Bible were changed to "How to be Reelected".

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Aug. 25, 1926, a Wednesday

It was announced that construction of a $50,000 club house for the Italian Building Cooperative Association, a social and beneficial organization, was to start at Cedar and Jordan Sts.

A special session of the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, Knights of Malta, convened in Malta Temple for the purpose of conferring the past commander's degree on a class of candidates.

Former Congressman Arthur G. Dewalt, candidate from the Berks-Lehigh district, was the speaker at a meeting of the Allentown Lions Club in the Hotel Allen. George Radeline was chairman.

Horoscope

Don't be too critical of those you love, as they are probably doing their best. A certain amount of good fortune seems to be due for you in your next year. Today's child should be blessed with imagination, and be an artistic and musical person.

Is Sabotage!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The world is being taught a lesson in Communist trickery—how wearisome negotiating techniques are used to seek victories that cannot be won on the battlefield.

Persons familiar with the strange kind of peace parleys that frequently marked the relations between the Communists and Nationalists in their Civil War inside China say that the procedures being tried on the United Nations negotiators now are neither novel nor unusual.

What makes the Korean negotiations hard to fathom is that the two parties on the opposite side—the so-called Chinese "Volunteers," who can be repudiated at any moment by the Peiping government, and the North Korean officers, who are supposed to be puppets of the Moscow regime—have no responsibility in an international sense. Neither group represents a government that is accepted in the family of nations as capable of fulfilling international obligations when once assumed.

With all the difficulties in communication between the Far East and Europe and the delays necessary for translation, it is surprising that anything is agreed upon in the oral conferences.

Little Headway

Today, after nearly two months of bickering about a cease - fire, the main issues are not any nearer settlement than they were at the beginning. Both sides talk about about a line of demarcation for the armistice as if that is the principal issue, but the main point—how to keep the terms of the armistice either by self-restraint or by mutual inspection —hasn't been resolved at all.

It begins to look as if the armistice negotiations may go on for another two or three months before there is a cease-fire. When winter comes, fighting conditions will be worse for the Allies, whose new troops being sent in from month to month are unfamiliar with the rigors of the Korean climate.

In No Hurry

The Communists want an armistice but they are in no hurry about it. Why should they be? The UN forces are in a strait jacket of diplomatic entanglement. Without the consent of all the allied governments, maximum force cannot be applied against the enemy. The Communists will make sure that they do not furnish the provocation for an all-out war. In the end the Communists will get half of Korea and demand the withdrawal of UN troops.

The Korean problem, it now seems clear, will not be settled by a cease-fire agreement. Negotiations will be prolonged even after the armistice line is drawn.

The latest developments are naturally a disappointment to official Washington and in particular to Congress, where a vast majority had hoped that a lessening of the tension on the military front would permit an easing on the economic front and perhaps on the taxation front, too.

Picture Unchanged

But the picture hasn't changed much since June 23 when Malik made his first proposal. The drive is toward more armament and more spending and a speeding up of the whole preparedness program.

One thing seems strange in the picture. It is the sudden paralysis of the United Nations. Not a word has lately come out of that institution concerning economic measures which could put the screws on the Communists. Not a word has come as to what measures are to be taken to outlaw the aggressors and fix their punishment for what has happened in Korea. The impression is conveyed that the UN members are content to let the whole subject drop once there is an armistice agreement.

Such a course of inaction is rationalized as expedient on the theory that the allies need time to build up their military strength against Russia and that pressure on Moscow cannot be exerted to the maximum at the moment.

What may develop out of the whole business is a sudden discovery that Russian influence is by no means paramount with the Chinese and that, while they have no intention of breaking with Moscow and going over to the other side, they can still maintain an attitude of independence in the field of international policy, mischievously causing more and more trouble for the allied powers in the Far East.

When military pressure behind diplomacy is relaxed, the force drops out of diplomacy. That's the reason the allied negotiators are being given the run-around in Kaesong.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HET SHIER HOTCHTSICH GEWWA: Da onner dawg hets 'm leicht fersaryer Russell Scheirer fon Siegersville shier ei g'shloga-het in aim hoar 'n fraw grick'd. Der Russell is shun long uf 'm marrick, ow'r is so weit noch leddich gabliva. Wie der Paul Held ous Trexlershteddle noch Jonas gatzoga is, der Russell aw mit fer rous helfa so fiel os er kon. Nadierlich is der Russell ols noch dahame in Siegersville so weit os sei bisnis aw gait, ow'r wons hais'd fer 'm Paul rous helfa, is er immer tzu finna on Jonas.

'M Russell sie grossa indressa on Jonas, sin fer sehna os die leit woh hee kumma fer essa, so g'shwind os miglich 'n dish finna maiga. Der Russell lawft immer rum mit ma weissa shartz aw, un 'n honduch iwwer 'm ohr'm, un is arbadich akommodadish won leddicha maid un widweiver rum sios. Doch darrich allas hut der Russell ow'r noch naryads nix g'funna os 'n recht gaboss'd hut-ebbes os der heirrawds bobierra mon Clarence Gilbert im Russ Benfer seinra Kourt Hous offis, net gawist hut. Der Clarence uf kours is immer uf bisnis ous-des da mainer fon sella bobierra os er nous dut, des da besser is der Russ tzu fritta.

Wel aenicha waig, wie der Clarence un sei Bertha g'sehna hen wie g'shick'd os der Russell is fer da leit ob worta in da ess shtub, hen sie gamaint 's wear grawd ous tzu arrick os er ken fraw het. Wie Sundawgs immer der fol is beim Paul, 's sheind wie wons gons Lechaw Dahl darta owwa nous gang'd fer essa, war sot noh datzu g'shtiv'ld kumma, wie der musigander Dr. Harold Marcks. So im gablauder hut der Clarence noh g'sawt er dade garn 'm Russell 'n heirrawds license gewwa fer nix, won er mohl ains breich'd, un ferhoftich sei won der Dr. Marcks noh net fershprocha hut fer shpiela fernix on da hochtsich.

'S nagshd is der Macungie poshtmaishder Frank Neumeyer un sei Helen datzu gadobt kumma, die weil os der Clarence un der Harold om blauderra worra waeich 'm Russell seinra hochtsich, un hut fershprocha fer ol die shtamps gewwa os es nemma dade fer die hochtsich brief nous shicka-un hut aw fershprocha fer 'n truck griega fer die brief weck nemma fon da Macungie poshtoffis-der Russell hut 'n wunnerborie lot freind. Noh war sot noch datzu kumma os wie der inshurancemon Claude Dech, aw fon Macungie, un woh grawd willins wor fer sei dale duh, 'm Russell sei hochtsich darrich sehna so os es 'n nix koshda dade.

Der Claude Dech ols 'n inshurancemon hut net grawd gawist wos os er duh kent fer rous helfa, un hut mohl shtarta darrich die bobierra bladderra woh er die seck immer dick mit ous g'shtupt hut. Endlich hut er g' sawt, "Doh is wos ich duh kon. Ich geb ihm 'n warigle huls inshurance policy fernix-'n inshurance woh 'n uf alla waiga proteckt won die fraw 'n ob dresh'd mit 'm warigle huls fer owets tzu shpote hame kumma, odder won er onnerra weibsleit sheb aw guck'd." Der Paul Held is noh datzu kumma, un hut gawunnert wos om aw gae wear. Wie sie 'm g'sawt hen sie weara om blawna fer 'n Russell sei hochtsich, hut der Paul g'sawt, won der Russell heirra dade, dade er ols essa finna os es nemma dade fers hochtsich fesht, un aw noch die Kutztowner Hoch shule band nuf griega fer shpiela.

Bis es fartich, wor, hen sie allas shae in arder kot os wie sie hen ken barra' kot. Endlich hut der Dr. Marcks gamaint er dade gawiss os allas glawwa os der Porra Richard Klick, 'm Russell sei Porra on da St. Pauls kerrich doh in da shtadt, 's aw fernix dade.

Allas wor noh shae ous gablawn'd, un hen der Russell niver garufa fer 'm sawga wos sie willins weara fer duh fer 'n, won er heirra wot. "Yar," hut der Russell g'sawt, un galocht iwwer 's gons g'sicht wie 'n g'shmutzter sees kucha, "ihr blawnerrei is ol recht, ow'r wen sol ich heirra."

Noh ferhoftich sei is es rous kumma os der Russell fer ae mohl in seim lava kennie om band'l hut -un hut gaduh wie won er aw net wist woh hee tzu gae fer aenie finna. Aenicha waig, sie hen 'm now dreisich dawg tzeit gewwa, un won er net kumt mit ainra is der in seira tzeit gons barya so weit os die gang aw gait, "Noll un Void."

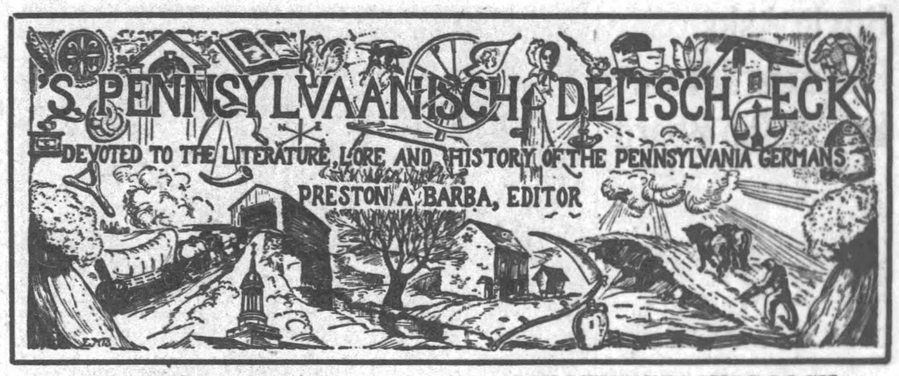
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Danovet 'n woch is die gross liegner match in Reinholds Langashter kounty, un dawg danoh, un dawg druf, die Schnitzerrei un Lodwarick parties, on Dorney Park.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 21:10-35

This passage furnishes some geographical details concerning the forward march of Israel northward on the eastern side of the Jordan valley. In v. 16 they come to a place named Beer, which is the Hebrew word for a 'well' of water. (The Arabic word today is the same, usually spelled 'Bir' on the map). The name Beer-sheba, for example, means 'the well of the oath'. Wells were important institutions in that country, so when Israel arrived there, they sang 'the Song of the Well', one of the oldest Hebrew poems, vs. 17-18. From Mount Pisgah in the land of Moab Moses sent a request to Sihon, King of the Amorites, for safe conduct through his territory, which extended from the Brook Jabbok to the Arnon Stream. This was refused, whereupon Israel smote the Amorites and occupied their land which Sihon had taken out of the hands of the King of Moab. Moving northward, they did the same to Og, King of Bashan, wherefore the frequent reference to Israel's victory over Sihon, King of the Amorites, and Og, King of Bashan, as in Deuteronomy 3:2-4.



JAMES C. LINS

POLITICAL COLUMNIST

By HEINZ KLOSZ

James C. Lins (the name was originally spelled Lentz) was born in Franklin Township, Columbia County, Pa., November 13, 1860. He came to Reading at an early age, where he was active for a time as a telegraph operator and later also in Kempton. Upon becoming a printer he published the weekly "Kempton Rural Press" which was moved to Reading in 1890 and changed to "Reading Press." When the weekly newspapers were forced out of the field, Lins carried on as a printer. He died in Reading, April 12, 1918.

Lins' best-known contribution in the field of dialect lore is his "Common Sense Dictionary of Pennsylvania German (1887) of which a second edition appeared in 1895. It has been claimed recently (see **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** for Aug. 4, 1949) that this dictionary is largely the work of a certain Amandus Leibold, a rural teacher. Much of the dictionary is, however, taken over from A. R. Horne's **Manual**, published in 1875, but the number of entries has been increased from about 5,500 to about 9,600, chiefly by the introduction of compounds, idioms and words derived from the English. The introduction is notable among other things for calling Pennsylvania German persistently a "language" and not a dialect, as was also done many years later by J. William Frey, in the introduction to his **Pennsylvania German Grammar** (1942).

Well-nigh forgotten today is Lins, the dialect columnist. Under the assumed name of "Sam Kisselmoyer vun Wohlhaverschtedel" he commented for many years on the current affairs of his county and his state and nation. The following is a fair specimen of a Sam Kisselmoyer letter. We have retained the original orthography.—

Wohlhavershtedel, Sept. der 12t, 1894

Mister Drooker:

Die wuch hob ich 'n shtick in 'n Fildelfy tzeitung g'sahna dos 'n mon naigsht on Elsdown finf-un-tzwonsich dawler g'fined un fooftzain moonet in die bresent g'shteckt worra is fer tzwae quart karsha shtaila dos ferleicht tzain cent wart wora.

Now ich glawb net on shtaila, un die Ann aw net, ovver mier hen ousgamocht won seller mon net gilty is fon onnera dinga shtaila wie sel, dos der squire woo 'n warnd gevva hut fer so eppes set selver in die bresent g'shteckt sei un der judge woo ehn g'sentenced hut dertzu.

Ich hob shon feel fum Judge Olbrecht fon Lechaw g'hard, un hob nuch immer gamained ar ware fair un shquare, un ovver ich glawb net dos 's fair is fer so 'n unbarremhartzichy shtrofe 'ma mon tzu gevva fer so 'n trifle. Ich wase net wie 's in onnera counties is, ovver won 'n mon in Barricks county on die court kumt mit so 'n penny case wie sel ward ar ousgalocht un hame g'shickt so bol dos ar die unkushta batzawled hut. Old Barricks is tzu bissy fer sich boddera mit so socha.

Ich wonner wos selly Calamity Howlers denka fon dem wos die tzeitunga alla dawg publisha dos die factries in olla ecka ufshtarta? Won die "dooma" Demokrawda so schlechta tzeita mocha, I, don gookt's shear gore dos won sie nimmy in offis wara un die g'sheita Republicans data roola. Wie is 's, Mister Womsher?

Die Fildelfy Press hut 'n orrick grose gagrish gamocht waga die blech factries, dos sie now oll nunner shtuppa mista, un ovver ich denk der brooder Schmidt wos der edditer is fon der Press hut nuch 'n dale fon die Rooslenner ehrem shtawb in seina awga, shunsht kent ar sahna dos sel net wore is. Ich hob yusht die wuch in der tzeitung g'sahna dos die blech factries in Norrisshtedel, Harrisbarrick un Pitsbarrick ufshtarta, un ains fon die graishta factries in der welt sul gabowd warra in Pitsbarrick, un sul in sex moonet reddy sei fer shtarta.

Wie doot sel bossa uf dei gagrish, brooder Schmidt?

Ich wooner eb der brooder Shmidt net aw ferleicht im Bengy Harrison seim grossdawdy sei shtitz g'falla is un kon net recht rous sahna? Ich main selly shtitz wos der Bengy ehm gevva hut wie ar ehn noch Rooslond g'shickt hut fer minister. Ferleicht maind ar aw die leit in Wohlhaverschtedtel warda so dum un data ken onnera tzeitunga laisa das wie seiny, un ovver ar is gons ferdeihenkert g'fool'd. Niemond grickt sei tzeitung im shtedel dos wie der old Womsher, un dar graicht sie net won ar sie batzawla mist, fer ar is tzu geitzich.

SAM KISSELMOYER

What is perhaps most striking about this letter is its seriousness with only a Bikini suit to give it the appearance of humorous fiction. Except for the passing reference to his wife Ann in the second paragraph, and to Wohlhaverschtedel's Womsher (a character invented by him) at the end of the letter, there is nothing that might not as well have been written in an English editorial. In 1918 Reichard said of Sam Kisselmoyer's column: "Very many of these letters are distinctly political and do not take the trouble to introduce fictitious names; the only reason why they did not appear on the editorial page (Lins was himself the owner and editor) is because of the greater license allowed to this letter column (Harry Hess Reichard in **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings**, p. 221).

Mr. Lins, then, affords an example of the adaptability of Pennsylvania German to journalistic assignments, and many of his letters are proof of the existence, in the so-called dialect, of a fairly developed non-fictional prose. Some letters of his, while equally preoccupied with politics, are more liberally dotted with humorous remarks:

Wohlhavershtedel, August der 20t, 1894

Mister Drooker:

Well, der Grover Cleveland hut avva sel Wilson bill net g'signed. Die Ann hut gamained ar het sei nawma draw shreiva sella, un ovver wie ich ehra mohl explained hob wie die dinga shtain hut sie mer recht gevva.

Der old Womsher hut gamained ar het's tsurick shicka sella eb die tzain dawg uf whora so dos sel McKinley bill net dote gamocht ware worra, un ovver ar mus net denka dos der Grover so dum is wie oll sell.

Ich wed dos feel fon die Republicans, un arbardich die grosa capitalists, in hase wasser g'huckt hen fer tzain dawg.

Die Fildelfy PRESS, selly grose blobainich tzeitung main'd now wunners wos sie date fer publisha dos der Cleveland so 'n bill 'n law warra hut lussa, un hut's net tsurick g'shickt nooch 'm house fer die Senniters nuch enger drivver fechta. Ufcourse sie wisse wull dos won der Cleveland 's tsurick het dos 's net gapast het kenna warra.

Now sel bill is net uf naigsht wos 's sei set, un sel is die shuld dos 's so long ganumma hut fer 's tsu passa beim Sennit. Sel wore now grawd 'n g'shicht wie der Check Hulsknipper mohl g'hothut wie ar nuch kohla g'fohra hut fer om olda Hasapetzer sei fonnis. Ar hut ols drei geil un tzwae aisel in der foor g'hot un so bol dos 's selly aisel eikumme is don hen sie sich g'shteiperd un hen backa wella. Ufcourse die drei geil wora shtarricker un die aisel hen 's letsht ufgevva missa.

Won net so feel goota Demograwdisha Senniters dort gawest warda fer selly shtreidicha ivverweldicha, I, don hetta sie evva ufgevva missa.

Ich bin goot derfor dos won sel Wilson bill net ferennert ware worra beim Sennit dos der Cleveland 's grawd g'sign'd het, un ovver 'sis so rum gadrusha worra, so dos 's die grosa capitalists net so hard dreft, dos 'n President dos ainicher reshpeckt hut fer die shofleit net so 'n bill signa date.

Sel bill is net naigsht wos die goota Demograwda 's hovva hen wella, un ovver 'siss duch 'n dousend mohl besser wie seller McKinley rawb tariff bill, un fer sel hetta die Republicans garn g'hotta dos der President's tsurick g'shickt het eb 's 'n law wara worra.

Fer wos hut der Matty Quay so orrick g'shoft fer sel ochtel cent tariff uf tsucker? Ich denk ar hut ferleicht aw 'n noshun fer sich in selly tsuckey trust nei shoffa un heifa die orma leit rawwa.

Ich un der old Womsher sin shear gore shtreidich worra geshter ovet wie ich tsu ehm g'sawt hob ich date glawva dos ar 'n hoodo ware. Sel hut ehn gons ferflomt base gamocht, un ovver 's hut tsu nix amount.

Ich denk won's net fer der Fred Sackwommes un der Check Heckerbossem gawest ware don het er broweerd fer my necktie fereisa, un ovver sie hen ehn ruich sei mocha. Ich bin fro dos sie ehn net gae galust hen fer ich bin ennyhow ken gooter freind tzu 'm duckter Kuppernickel, un won ich mei hend uf ehn grickt het ware ar in tzwae manoota may dote wie lawendich gawest.

Ich wase dos die Ann's gaglicha het won ich un der Womsher shtreid grickt hetta fer no darft ich nimmy nivver gae un 'n pull greega on seliem olda eppeljack.

SAM KISSELMOYER

Sam Kisselmoyer, the staunch party man, represents the other extreme to that genial gentleman, Danny Kratzer (alias E. M. Eberman, [1834-1903] of Bethlehem, Pa., whose letters remained almost untinged by politics. That Lins should have taken to the use of the dialect in his newspaper is all the more remarkable, since Pennsylvania German was not his mother tongue. In Columbia County, where he was born, it had begun to fade out at an early time. He acquired it only after his parents had removed to Berks County. So we may remember James C. Lins for three reasons: 1. As the maker, or at least co-maker, of a dialect dictionary; 2. As a convinced returnee from Pennsylvania English to Pennsylvania German (or, to put it a little less hyphenatingly, from English to Pennsylfawnisch); 3.—As the co-shaper of a distinctly non-fictional Pennsylfawnisch prose the existence of which is something Pennsylvania Germans might well be proud of. For experience shows that in the gradual unfolding of literary languages the forging of prose is harder to accomplish than the flowering of fine lyrics. Scotland, the land of Robert Burns, does not have a vernacular prose even today—in spite of Hugh McDiarmid and other internationally known vernacular poets.

DIE MUTTERSCHPROOCH

'S iss gsaat vun unser Mutterschprooch,
'S waer yuscht en Newekind—
So'n Kaudergrippel das mer yuscht
Bei dumme Deitsche findt.

Was macht en Mundart ennihau?
Wu aryets dass mer geht,
Iss es die Warte eener schwetzt,
En annerer Mann verschteht.

Eb's kaafe un verkaafe iss—
So was es Volk aadreibt;
Eb's schwetze, beete, schaffe iss,
Un was es bissel schreibt.

Un noch eens yuscht weil vleicht en Mann,
Kann uns net recht verschteh—
Sell iss net gsaat dass mir sin dumm—
So'n Karl iss zimmlich glee.

Ungarisch hot's—Franseesisch, ya,
Un Italyeenischa aa—
Un Spanisch, Russ—all Mundart lieb,
Zu Leit am schwetze draa!

Weil mir die Leit dann net verschtehn,
Soll mir sie heesse dumm?
Doch unnich denne gebt's aa deel,
So gscheit wie eenich rum.

Sin vun de greesscht geehrte Mann
In unserm grosse Land
Vun Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch haergstammt,
Wu heessen's gaar ken Schand!

'S gebt dumme unnich eenich Volk,
Des kann mer hendich seh;
So der wu wuhnt im glaase Haus,
Der besser schmeisst ken Schtee!

Un weegge unser Mundart, weil,
Fer iwwern hunnert Yaahr
Hot sie die Schpetter ausgelebt,
Un schteht noch siess un klaar!

Sie hot die Eltere gut gedient
Un ken Verdruss gemacht;
Ach! helf mich ehre, wie ich sott,
Die Schprooch so rein un aacht.

1947 RALPH S. FUNK

COMMONPLACE PEOPLE

The dialect poems of Louise A. Weitzel (1862-1934), the Moravian poetess who spent her last years in the Sisters' House in Lititz, have frequently delighted the readers of this column. Her English poems were published under the title "A Quiver of Arrows," but the following English poem, written in the popular tone of an Edgar Guest, is not included in that collection.—ED.

What will you do with the commonplace man,
And the commonplace women, say?
With the men not led by visions and dreams,
For whom no fortunate star ever beams
Upon the commonplace way?

With the men who have not the artist's eye,
For the glory of land and sea,
Nor the hand to mingle the pigments rare,
And picture the beauty of earth more fair,
Than we dreamed that it might be?

There are men who have not the poet's soul,
Nor the voice of the singer divine,
Who can never sway the masses of men,
With the silver tongue nor the ready pen,
Nor charm the gold from the mine.

There are men who have never ruled a state,
Nor paced in the scholar's gown,
Who have never won the hero's name,
Nor grace the Temple that men call Fame,
And never wear a crown.

There are men who fight in the rank and file,
And may never command the host,
Whose bodies must lie 'neath a nameless mound,
While never a drum or trumpet will sound,
And no one will miss the lost.

There are men who must sow while others reap,
And toil when others rest,
Who must delve and search although not know
What it is to find and to have, but throw
Life away in fruitless quest.

Ah surely we need the commonplace men;
There's commonplace work to be done,
And the men who bask both early and late
In the smile of a beneficent Fate,
Are fewest under the sun.

There was One who came to this commonplace world,
For commonplace people to die,
And rose again from a commonplace grave,
A commonplace race from its sin to save,
And fit it for Heaven on high.

Then surely we can live a commonplace life,
Since our Master did not disdain
To bear our commonplace burden and care,
Nor thought us too commonplace to share
In the glories of His reign!

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Editorials

For Glad, Not Sad Weekend

Annually, if weather permits, the weekend that includes Labor Day is the most widely employed by the American public for extended outings.

Always there is a three-day vacation period at this time for millions of families. With motor cars at the curb and all outdoors in front of them the urge to travel becomes irresistible.

Furthermore it is the last opportunity for many to take an outing under the most favorable conditions. Summer is nearing its end and raw autumn and cold winter days are ahead.

While Labor Day is a holiday and free from toil, it suggests for many that a period of renewed work is ahead. Children are about to get down to their big job of getting an education in the schools. Business and industry, which have disposed of most of the vacation periods for employes and executives as well, are ready to go into full production with complete organizations.

The weekend that includes Labor Day thus becomes an important period and annual turning point in the life of the American people. It is the final, extended vacation period of the year for our people in general. It is an interlude between the almost universal vacation season and the season for intensified American business.

Labor Day's weekend brings a final fling at pleasure by multitudes. But likewise it brings all too often cloud upon the national horizon. With motor cars by the millions moving upon the nation's highways at high speeds and operated by gay and often careless drivers, national accident statistics take sharp rise during this period.

This year the truckers of the United States have promised to keep their vehicles off the highways during the weekend. This should reduce accidents substantially because trucks figure in so many catastrophes.

Still, motor cars by the thousands are going to be encountered by every motorist. It is incumbent that drivers have put their cars into good operating condition and that, most of all, their competency as drivers shall be above reproach.

Remember School Bus Law

School bells will ring again next week to summon Pennsylvania's children to their books for the current season. So it is pertinent for motorists everywhere to be alert to the changed conditions that will prevail in cities and out on the township roads.

Millions of children four times a day will be moving to and from school and will use the same streets and highways that motor cars and trucks employ. They will be encountered almost everywhere and often will surprise motorists by their sudden appearance or will be surprised by the motorists' sudden and unexpected appearance.

For more than two months most children have been away from the disciplines of the schools and teachers. Many will have forgotten the caution and the training implanted in them in the school room during last school term.

Until the schools have regained their disciplinary grip upon the young people it will be advisable for motorists to be extraordinarily cautious. They will be dealing with children who are unpredictable and have not yet learned how best to take care of their own safety.

Then too it is good for motorists to be realizing that a new school bus law is effective in Pennsylvania. Those "School Bus Stop" signs, which have had no meaning during the past 2½ months, suddenly will become vitally important on next Tuesday morning. Those signs have been set up for a splendid purpose—to save life. They mean exactly what they say: "Stop."

The habit of ignoring these signs during the summer suddenly must be broken and a real respect for them must be evidenced.

Racial Bias at Its Worst

If we were not a democratic people and ready to accord all possible freedom to the press and to public expression we probably would have suppressed the story about the Winnebago Indian whose body was denied interment in a Sioux Falls, Ia., cemetery because of his race.

It is stories of this kind which are seized thruout the world where white people do not predominate in numbers and those of color are in command. Such stories are propagandized to manifest American unfairness to and discrimination against people of color. And who will deny that Americans who do such asinine things are doing an unfriendly and unfair thing to the entire American people?

Certainly the Winnebago Indian, descendant of a race that was in America thousands of years before Columbus and any other white men ever touched our shores, was "American" by all standards of nationality. Furthermore, Sergeant John R. Rice gave the highest evidences of his Americanism thru military service while in the losing of his life in Korea he made the supreme sacrifice. Yet officials of a cemetery, which provides for burials of "members of the Caucasian race" only, denied the widow the right to have his body interred within its precincts.

The Government of the United States however has had the final word, the glorious word for the family of the dead hero, the devastating word for the cemetery officials in Sioux Falls. President Truman has directed the Army to bring the hero's body to Arlington Cemetery and to place it there with the nation's most illustrious dead. He has expressed the conviction that "national appreciation of patriotic service should not be limited by race, color or creed."

Science to Save the Race

All the while that world population is growing by leaps and bounds, while many countries increasingly are in difficulty about feeding their hungry mouths, war and modern industrial development have been consuming the earth's resources and the forces of Nature, principally erosion, have been decreasing food production.

While many a school book referred to "endless" or "unlimited" resources in forest lands, coal, iron, copper, oil and various mineral deposits, the geologists and the agriculturists now tell us that all these articles have a very definite limit in supply. For many, the point of exhaustion is near at hand.

What is man going to do when he has tapped all the available petroleum from the ground and has emptied the vast subterranean pools that now seem almost boundless? What is going to be done when the coal has been burned, the iron and copper have been mined and dissipated?

One scientist who is not mourning about the gloominess of such a future is Charles F. Kettering, pioneer automotive engineer and former vice president of General Motors who observed his 75th birthday anniversary this week. Instead he is highly optimistic that the human race is not going to "run out of" anything unless it be brains. He believes that the people of the United States are the only unit "with any creative ability left" and the environment and opportunities within which to make that ability work. What he is afraid of is "stupidity" which he is willing to leave entirely "on the Russian side."

Mr. Kettering is not alarmed about the predictions concerning exhaustion of the soil and depletion of coal and oil reserves. Science, he believes, is going to find a way to tap the energy of the sun. "We have been utilizing only the accidental sources of power," Mr. Kettering said. "But the sun gives off enough energy in five weeks to equal all our fossil fuel reserves.

"Think of it," he added, "we are only picking up one-tenth of 1 per cent of the sun's energy. We are on the right track, I believe, to double this energy source."

"We should be able to fix enough energy from one acre of ground to run an automobile for a year," he said.

The United States, which now can feed 200 million people, Mr. Kettering added, should be able to support a population of 400 million when the sun's rays are put to work.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Just in case you overlooked it in your paper, I want to call your attention to a story that came out of Mos v.

Victor Suslov was the director of a large tractor factory at Minsk.

One day the Minister of the Tractor and Auto Industry was scheduled to visit the factory on an inspection trip.

Suslov was not very pleased about the visit. His tractor production was way behind schedule.

So he called hundreds of workers out of the factory and put them to work planting pansies, roses and other flowers and beautifying the grounds all around the place.

The men built nicely sanded paths and splashed silver paint over trash cans and other unsightly spots.

Comrade Suslov hoped that Comrade Khlamov, the minister, would not notice the unrepaired roof, the rusting tools and the tractors with parts missing.

Instead, he hoped, he would notice the big sign over the entrance door, "Welcome to Comrade Khlamov, representative of the great Stalin," and the vases filled with flowers.

(Incidentally, according to Izvestia, the Soviet newspaper, Comrade Suslov also used a very unorthodox method of cleaning the window panes of his factory, a method which, however, I do not recommend to American housewives. He simply summoned the fire brigade and had the firemen knock o' all the dirty window panes.)

At any rate, his grandiose scheme went awry.

Comrade Khlamov was not fooled by Comrade Suslov's tricks—and at this writing Comrade Suslov is either on his way to the salt mines, or, for all I know, he may be looking for his head.

I wonder wheth.: this little story is not typical of all Russia.

I wonder whether all that bluster, all that talk, all that saber rattling isn't just a colossal bluff.

I wonder whether we are justified in being so terribly afraid of a country that puts up an iron curtain—for what?

Every once in a while some visitor will come to our house when it is very much in disorder.

My wife will say to me "Keep 'em busy out in the garden. Show 'em the river. Show 'em the ducks. But, for heaven's sakes, don't let them in till I give the signal."

Could that be Russia? Afraid to let us see the awful mess her house is in?

* * *

Let us all heed the advice Gen. Eisenhower sent along to us by way of the Foreign Relations Subcommittee which recently visited Europe:

"The material, intellectual, spiritual, technical and professional resources available to the free world are so overwhelming as compared to what the iron curtain and satellite countries have, that it is almost ridiculous to be talking in terms of fright and hysteria which we often do."

Let us remember the story of Comrade Khlamov and Comrade Suslov.

Russia's atom bombs may just be roses and pansies.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 1, 1926, a Wednesday

Miss Louise Lerch was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner given in Chicago for prominent artists and stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Binder and Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Miller returned from a 10-day automobile trip to Detroit and points in Ohio.

Horoscope

If you're feeling a bit under par, rest should help you to be stronger and feel equal to your responsibilities. It is probable that financial success and promotion will be yours in the next year, but be discreet. Today's child should be clever and robust in health.

The Piper



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

A long forgotten Irishman had an idea—and so, at summer's end each year, America gets on wheels for its final hot weather holiday, Labor Day.

The long weekend began, few people know, just about 70 years ago. Those were the days when a little Jewish cigar maker, Samuel Gompers, was first president of something new called the AFL. So impoverished was this "little giant" who was to build the world's most powerful labor coalition, that he walked to work in bedroom slippers for he couldn't afford shoes. When the AFL had it, he drew $20 a week for salary and expenses. He used a wooden shack for an office and a crate for a desk.

That's a long, long way from the unions of today—unions with private hospitals, skyscraper real estate (Lewis' coal diggers own four buildings), vacation playgrounds, multi-million dollar banks, and $25,000,000 treasuries.

Working closely with little Gompers, was the Irishman, Peter J. McGuire. Had it not for him, there'd be no Labor Day weekend.

Pete and Sam were raised in the New York East Side slums but soon enough McGuire headed west, settled in St. Louis, organized the Carpenters Union, raised the pay scale from 15 cents to 30 cents an hour in two years and then felt that what America needed was a national labor outfit. So he launched the now famed and all powerful pivot of the construction trades, The Brotherhood of Carpenters of America.

Born in Pittsburgh

Most of America's labor men got to know "Pete" and got him to write the call for a national parley on Nov. 15, 1881—and there, in Pittsburgh, the American Federation was born. Pete, with the characteristic political organization genius of his people in New York, worked behind the scenes and his old friend, the cigar-maker, became the AFL's first president, an office Gompers held until he died in Texas in 1923.

Six months after the AFL set up shop, Pete visited his home town and nostalgically went over to the East Side to find his AFL brethren meeting in a Central Labor Union session in ancient Clarendon Hall. Cries of "speech" went up. And with the lyricism of his homeland, he soon was fervently eulogizing labor.

There were days hallowed by saints, he said, in a rich, purring brogue. There were days memorializing soldiers, statesmen, explorers, musicians and even poet. But nowhere could he find a day "for those who, from rude nature, have delved and carved all the grandeur we behold'—the men and women who work for a living.

Came Naturally

Old Clarendon Hall shook as the "walking" delegates in bowler hats, vests and high brogans cheered the idea. Labor Day weekend was born. Excitedly they asked McGuire to set a date. He thought it should be between Independence Day, July 4th, and the Thanksgiving date. That they liked. Soon they hit on the first Monday in September, because they were accustomed to thinking in terms of the first Monday, or the second Tuesday, etc., etc., for their union meetings. It came naturally.

But oddly, the first Labor Day celebration was held Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1882, for that was the first day on which they could organize a parade. And for those times they sure turned out a crowd. Some 10,000 simply took the day off, flocked into New York's Union Square and marched up 5th Ave. In the line were bricklayers, freight handlers, typographical people, painters, and cigar makers.

They carried signs calling for the eight-hour day, attacking high taxes, and strangely enough, in view of the important part the cost-of-living index plays in the pay of millions today, they had a sign saying "We demand a Bureau of Labor Statistics."

Because it was not yet a holiday, employers refused to pay for the day. So not until evening did the crowd grow to 15,000. Up 42nd St., pretty much the top of the town, went the parade, and according to the New York Tribune, "It was applauded loudly by the spectators who thronged the sidewalks along the route." They wound up in a giant picnic in something called Wendell's Park.

Oregon First

The next year, the Central Labor Union ran its celebration on the first Monday in September. On Feb. 21st, 1887, Oregon became the first state to make Labor Day an official holiday. Within three months, Colorado, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York followed.

Some 30 states later—in 1894—Pete McGuire got to President Grover Cleveland and Labor Day became a national holiday.

That's how it started. Hope you enjoy it.

(Copyright 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

TZWAE GROSSA DAWG ON DORNEYS: Morya un iwwer morya gebts widder tzwae grossa Dawga on Dorney Park. Morya nommy dawg un owet werra die ebbel g'schnitzt, un da Mondawg wert der Lodwarick gakoch'd. Soicha os da Mondawg die gons lodwarick kocherrei ei nemma wolla, besser mocha sich noch 'm park—net shpaiter wie finf uhr moryets. Lodwarick kocha sin socha os tzeit nemma, sis 'n g'sheft os m'r sich net dummia kon, odder won m'r dut, heil'd der lodwarick so shure os allas won er ous g'shebt wert. Un wos is badirelicher os wie wesserricher lodwarick.

'S Lodwarick kocha wor feralters immer 'n grossie tzeit uf da bauerrei. Nochberra fon weit un braid sin bei kumma helfa die ebbel schnitza, un der lodwarick kocha—'s same wie sie aw duhna da Sundawg un Mondawg on unserra yairlicha Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties on Dorney Park. Die nochberra os bei kumma fer die arwet helfa shoffa, sin imma grossa dale gleader fon da Harmony Grange nagshd on Pennsville. Un aw net yusht gleader fon da Grange, ow'r aw gleader woh ragler die grange fersommlinga ei nemma, un willins sin fer shoffa, 's same wie aw wons hais'd fer noch Dorneys kumma.

On ol sella alta familia un nochberschoft fersommlinga, huts alla orta g'shpichta gewwa, 's same wies aw widder gebt da Sundawg un Mondawg on Dorney Park. Da Sundawg hen m'r so gore 'n fier shtimmicher kerricha kor darta fer fon da alta Deitscha lieder singa woh heit tzu dawg bol nimmy tzu hoerra sin. Noh gebts aw blenty onnerrie singerrei, evens 's glae fensa mic'l sol ei shluppa—des is won die hund 's net fershtairra os es fert shpring'd. Der Aaron Rehrig un sei dochter Florence, un der "Woody" Peters sin darta fer singa un shpiela die tzwae dawg, un Mondawgs uf kours gabts die donserrei.

Soicha os maina die yunga leit fon heit dada ol die alta socha fergessa kenna onnishder sehna da Mondawg won die kinner fon da Harmony Grange iwwer nemma uf 'm dons floor. Die setta gaina fon da grossa, nunner tzu da glaina—un ich kon eich sawga os sie donsa os der shtawb flieg'd. Die Harmony Grange donser woh mit noch St. Louis worra sin uf kours aw darta, un gewwa widder 'm Bobby Sobers sei "lodwarick dons," 'n dons os er bardich ous g'shoft hut fer die Dorney Park lodwarick party. Noh gebts aw widder der alt frankish lanser, 'n dons os heit tzu sawga bol gons un gore fergessa is.

Ow'r 's gebt aw noch blenty onnerra socha wie yusht die singerrei uns donsa. Der Marvin "Muff" Wetzel un sei Mabel, un der Silas un die Betz Frantz sin darta, un da Sundawg die Dorothy Alexander, un da Mondawg der Porra Brendle fon Egypt. Uns sin aw noch onnerra darta os m'r uns yusht grawd now net erinnerra kenna. 'S werra aw die tzwae dawg 'n lot fon da alta games g'shpielt—games woh heit tzu dawg bol gons un gore fergessa sin. Un ol os helfa sin gons alt frahkish aw gaduh—wie die leit ewwa awgaduh worra 50 bis 'n 100 yohr tzurick.

So weit os der lodwarick aw gait, wert widder 'n lot dafon ferkauft fer der park, uns sis ershtounlich wie fiel os shun gawunnert hen waeich kans bringa—denk sie hen onnerra yohrra ferleicht 'n lodwarick seierrei kotta bis sie die bobbadeckle boxa dahame kotta hen. Sel is ol recht, bringa die kans da Sundawg rei, yaders grick'd 'n tzettle mit ra nummer, un die kans werra da Mondawg nommy dawg g'fill'd in da arder woh sie rei kumma sin. Un oh yar, 's gebt aw widder garoash'd welshkern—Dorney Park hut bardicha effa uf gaduh so os des yohr niemond long worta brouch fer sei welshkern greiga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Danovet uf kours is der owet fon da yairlicha liegners match in Reinholds, un aw die tzeit woh der Assaby un die Sabina mice fonga wolla mit ra gonsa neia ort mice fol.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 23:14-23

A second time Balaam offers his sacrifices, expecting a communication from the Lord, which he did receive. He then came to Balak and his princes. Balak was eagerly awaiting him, and asked: What hath the Lord spoken? Balaam then utters his second parable, beginning at v. 18: 'God is not a man, that He should lie; hath He said, and shall He not do it? Behold, I have received commandment to bless, and He hath blessed, and I cannot reverse it. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, nor hath He seen perverseness in Israel; the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them. God brought them out of Egypt, and surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel. According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought? How many recognize this latter sentence of five words in connection with the first long-distance communication by wire?



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

NOTE.—The writer in the following pages has endeavored to give definite form, life and color to an ancient tradition concerning the old Moravian Sun Inn, that has drifted down the stream of Time since the perilous days of Indian wars, and the years of stress in the Revolutionary period, in which were enacted many thrilling and impressive events full of moment to the young American Republic.

The stranger who seeks the shelter of its massive walls comes into a knowledge of the old abandoned subterranean passageway that leads from the great crypt in the basement to some long forgotten outlet. Many a fine theory has been spun to account for its existence, in the cool, pleasant atmosphere of the vault by the visitor as he contemplates the narrow entrance from one of the comfortable inviting corners on a hot summer day or evening, but like the bouquet of the fragrant wine he is sipping it lingers only as a pleasant intangible fancy which soon passes away.

The writer has accepted the legend of a secret tunnel as an actual fact, and evolved, with perhaps indifferent success, a not impossible historic background for it, using the license freely granted to romancers. The characters that play their part in it are with possibly two exceptions actual personages who were at one time guests of the Inn, and closely associated with its fortunes; characters that would have given the greatest fame and distinction to any of the great historic old-world buildings had they been as here, actors in the mighty drama of a new-born nation.

An inn that can number among its honored guests such men as Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Greene, Steuben, Hancock, Pulaski and a host of others of like undying fame, enjoys a distinction unique, unrivalled in the annals of American taverns, and is worthy of all the art that may be bestowed upon the telling of its history by any of the great masters of romance.

The writer asks for the gentle, considerate judgment of the reader, and, moreover, apologizes to the genial landlord of the Inn for the liberties he has taken with him during the explorations of the secret tunnel. The situations he created for him were essential to the proper movement and logical ending of the legend for without his presence and adventures the story could not have been told as it is given.

"DONNERWETTER!" exclaimed the astonished landlord, Colonel John Clarence Morgan. The occasion of this sudden outburst of profanity, for which there was ample reason, and for which transgression we feel sure the reader will grant him absolution is given later on.

Mine host, Colonel Morgan, landlord of the ancient "Sun Inn", most famous of American taverns, located in the beautiful old Moravian town of Bethlehem on the Lehigh, is a happy compound of the traditional boniface, antiquarian and politician, for besides dispensing the hospitality of the historic hostelry to wandering wayfarers he occupies the dignified position of a city Father in the making of laws for the governance of his fellow citizens. He is, moreover, a handsome, vigorous amalgam of pioneer Welsh blood, as his patronymic indicates, with the proverbial Welsh pedigree reaching back to the siege of Troy or thereabouts, and good old German stock from the Valley of the Rhine, where his maternal ancestors came from nearly two hundred years ago, a blend of Celt and Teuton that is producing one of the finest types of the American race today.

Colonel Morgan could not well help becoming an antiquarian and local historian of Colonial and Revolutionary days, even were he not endowed with a natural love of things reminiscent of the olden time. The whilom guest of the old Moravian Inn, however brief his stay, inevitably succumbs to the spell that permeates every nook and cranny of the great stone building — "ein feste Burg," as well as an inn. He cannot help drink in the atmosphere of romance that envelops the ancient streets, and the quiet sequestered spaces, veritable havens of tranquility, with their gray stone communal buildings, erected by pious hands long since folded in eternal rest, hands that truly "wrought in a sad sincerity," in their earnest endeavor to realize the noble ideals of their consecrated lives. The stranger never fails to be impressed with the quaintness and picturesque quality of the architecture of these old buildings and the air of mediaeval days that clings to their ivy-clad walls. They were reproductions from the Brethren's old Germanic homes, and formed striking contrasts with the prevailing types that obtained in the English settlements during Colonial days.

How complete must be, therefore, the surrender to the influences of the place, of a sympathetic landlord in constant association of the stirring days in which the mighty foundations of the inn were laid, and its roof-tree raised in the dark shadows of the unbroken wilderness; through whose wide halls and spacious chambers swept a splendid pageantry of illustrious men and women of many races: builders of Commonwealths and founders of a puissant Nation; patriots and foemen, conquerors and captives; the dusky Sachems of a race already touched with the virus of decay; the gentle but forceful members of the Unitas Fratrum — the devoted Brotherhood, who, in the New World, rescued from destruction and ancient Apostolic Church by planting it anew in freedom's blessed soil; the proud, brave yeomanry that were transforming vast areas of wilderness into the happy abodes of men, far from the wretched German lands that gave them and their forefathers birth; forever quit of the tyranny and injustice of petty princelings, the despotic rulers of the fragments of a shattered empire; secure from the famine and pestilence that followed in the wake of the wars of foreign despots, drunk with the lust of power; forever quit of the horrors of religious wars and their fearful aftermath.

Zinzendorf's Old Oaken Chest

Not so long ago, while burrowing among the discarded accumulations of bygone generations stored in a long forgotten limbo, accidentally discovered in an unfrequented part of the inn, our landlord found an old oak chest bearing the Zinzendorf armorials, beautifully carved in the ancient Gothic manner, a fine example of the Mediaeval wood-carver's art, which once adorned the great hall of the ancestral Schloss of Count Zinzendorf, at Bertholsdorf, in Saxony, a fact disclosed from the perusal of family papers found therein. It was brought to America, with other precious heirlooms to furnish the stone manor house, erected for the Count at Nazareth in 1755-56, now known as Nazareth Hall, later the famous Moravian Military School for boys. It was a great discovery, and was the beginning of a long series of thrilling adventures in which Colonel Morgan was destined to play a most important part.

The chest was filled with relics of the olden time: quaint garments, vestments portrait, silver cups and a tea service, the handiwork of Cellini; also a splendid collection of ancient, illuminated manuscripts such as Missals, Gospels, Books of Hours, Latin and Greek classics, the splendid productions of the Monastic Scriptoriums, and rare Incunabula from the presses of the first printers, a collection the sight of which would have tempted a Mazarin or a Brunet, to break or even pawn the Decalogue if necessary to obtain possession of it; or rob of sleep our own Pennypacker had he but suspected its existence. The sight of it would have been enough to wreck a saint's vow of poverty had he been a Bibliophile as well and the desire for possession strong upon him. Here was a copy of the Biblia Pauperum, the famous black letter book, not a leaf missing; the Psalter of Faust and Schoeffer, printed at Mainz in 1457, one of the first dated books in existence; a wonderfully well preserved copy of the Bamberg Bible of Pfister, long thought to be the first printed book, older than the famous Mazarin Bible; a unique copy of Virgil from the press of Aldus, 1501, the first book ever printed in Italics; a priceless copy of Theocritus in the original Greek from the same hands; the Naples edition of Horace of 1474, called by Dibdin, the "rarest classical volume in the world." Here, too, cheek by jowl, was a copy of the first edition of Lucretius of which only two copies had hitherto been known to have been in existence; also a superb copy of Virgil 1636, from the press of the Elzevirs; a miniature copy of Clement Marot's metrical version of Les Psaumes de David, a precious possession of the Huguenots of France, in the days of persecution before and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here were also beautiful editions of the classics from the Etienne press of Paris, and a remarkable copy of the celebrated Bohemian Bible of Kralitz.

All this treasure bore ample testimony to the rare scholastic taste and artistic nature of Count Zinzendorf, who took such pains to have these precious outputs of the ancient monasteries and primitive presses brought, as he fondly imagined, to his new home in the American wilds. The devout churchman, the solicitous bishop of a Church, struggling for continued existence is shown also in the carefully preserved copies of the Ratio Disciplinae Ordinisque in Unitate Fratrum and the Historia Persecutionum Ecclesiae Bohemicae, written by Johann Amos Comenius, the last Bishop of the Moravian line in Bohemia, for the purpose of securing against utter destruction and unforeseen dangers the doctrines and discipline of this ancient, persecuted Church. The wise, brave old bishop had also taken good care to secure against extinction the Apostolic Succession handed down through the Waldensian line. These two books therefore to a faithful Moravian were indeed "the precious life blood of a master spirit", and were worthy of all the care bestowed upon them.

A Moist Inventory

Snugly ensconced in the midst of this wonderful collection, Colonel Morgan also found one of the old account books of the "Sun Inn", a stowaway seemingly anxious to get into good company, in which was recorded an inventory of its equipment as it appeared in the month of May, 1762, and among the items that were of special interest to him as an innkeeper were the following:

"20 gallons of Madeira, 10 gallons of Tenerife, 2 quarter casks of White Lisbon, 109 gallons of Philadelphia rum, 8 gallons of Shrub, 40 gallons of Cider Royal, 4 hogsheads of Cider and one barrel of home-brewed beer from Christian's Brunn on the Barony, incontestable evidence of good cheer, all snugly stored in the cool vaults of the great cellars, now become a favorite Ratskeller on hot summer days and nights for oratorical local statesmen and captains of industry. He discovered also an enthusiastic passage regarding the inn recorded in a diary of Lieutenant Anburey, a British officer, who spent some days as a prisoner of war within its sheltering walls in the autumn of 1778.

"You may be sure," said the Lieutenant, who is revealed in his book as of thoughtful, kindly nature, "our surprise was not a little after having been accustomed to such miserable fare at other ordinaries, to see a larder displayed with plenty of fish, fowl and game. Another matter of surprise, as we have not met with the like in all our travels, was excellent wines of all sorts, which to us was a most delicious treat, not having tasted any since we left Boston, for notwithstanding the splendor and elegance of several families we visited in Virginia, wine was a stranger to their tables. For every apartment a servant is appointed to attend, whose whole duty it is to wait on the company belonging to it, and who is as much your servant during your stay as one of your own domestics. The accommodations for horses is equal. In short, in planning this tavern they seem solely to have studied the ease, comfort and convenience of the travelers; and it is built upon such an extensive scale that it can readily accommodate one hundred and sixty persons."

Colonel Morgan gave an impatient grunt as he exclaimed in the patois of the Lehigh Valley:

"Now, was der Dichenker did the blithering redcoat expert from a Moravian landlord? Didn't he know that the children of the Rhine brought a wholesome love of good eating, and an expert knowledge of wines along with them when they came to Pennsylvania, and so help me, their descendants haven't lost their appetites since, or the knack of getting up square meals — nor has a Pennsylvania German landlord forgotten the old-fashioned courtesy and hospitality due to a guest. Your New Englanders and Virginians were not in the same class with the Pennsylvania Germans when it came to good living, and a lot of other things too. Bethlehem had the first water works in Pennsylvania, and the first fire engine in America, for instance, as well as the first Female Seminary."

ANCIENT PRAISE OF THE SUN INN

And more of the same sort in praise of the old inn came to the attention of the Colonel, now becoming thoroughly absorbed in the reading, but perhaps nothing interested him quite as much as the following flattering passage from the pen of the Marquis de Chastellux, a major-general in the army of the Count de Rochambeau, in his "Voyages dans l'Amerique Septentrionale," a fine clean copy of which, bound in tree calf, he found in this amazing collection of books in Count Zinzendorf's old chest.

"We found no difficulty," wrote the Marquis, "in finding the tavern, for it is precisely at the entrance of the town. The house was built at the expense of the Society of Moravian Brethren to whom it formerly served as a Magazine, and is very handsome and spacious. The person who keeps it is only a cashier, and is obliged to render an account to the administrators."

In a footnote to this passage the translator, George Grieve, an English gentleman, who resided in America at that period, makes this interesting comment: "This inn from its external appearance, and its interior accommodations is not inferior to the best of the large inns in England, which indeed, it very much resembles in every respect. The first time I was at Bethlehem we remained there two or three days, and were constantly supplied with venison, moor game, the most delicious red and yellow bellied trout, the highest flavored wild strawberries, the most luxuriant asparagus; and the best vegetables, in short, I ever saw; and notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring good wines and spirits at that period throughout the Continent we were regaled with wine and brandy of the best quality and exquisite old Port and Madeira."

"Now, that reads well," commented the Colonel, "this gentleman was evidently an honest-minded chap, and had, too, a delicate taste as well as a trained appetite, and, moreover, appreciated good fare whenever he found it. However, after his confessed experience elsewhere he would be an ungrateful, cold-blooded cuss not to praise fare like this. Think of it! no refrigerated commisary here! Everything just as the Almighty made it. What! Deer shot within a hundred yards of your own dining-room, grouse and quail from your own meadows, live trout from the Monocasy every morning, and fresh shad daily from the Lehigh, with strawberries growing wild close at hand, to say nothing of bear meat, and all he had to pay was six pence for breakfast, a shilling for dinner, and six pence for supper, with a glass of good rum thrown in, and the best wine for only a shilling a pint! I guess our Pennsylvania German great grandaddies knew a thing or two about good wines. A thousand years among the vineyards of the Rhine Palatinate ought to tell on a race!

TO BE CONTINUED

TO THE READER

This fantastic tale about the old Moravian Sun Inn in Bethlehem begun in the ECK for today is certain to interest our local readers as well as those who have become acquainted with the Sun Inn upon their pilgrimage to our Christmas city and its annual Bach festivals.

One wonders why so civic-minded a town as Bethlehem has not long ago started a movement to restore to this most historic Colonial inn something of its eighteenth century atmosphere, thus adding another to its fascinating group of early American buildings.

"Brother Albrecht's Secret Chamber" appeared first in the June, July and September numbers of The Pennsylvania German Magazine for 1910, and is here reprinted with slight changes and omissions of notes and illustrations. It will continue to appear through a number of successive issues of the ECK.

We advise our readers to clip these issues for future readings. —ED.

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Editorials

Buses to Philadelphia

The eagerness of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. to rid itself of trolley cars and go into the bus business exclusively was indicated by the swift action on Thursday when the last trolley was operated out of this city to Norristown and, yesterday morning bright and early, when bus service was instituted over the route that for almost forty years has been served by the Liberty Bell Line.

The change was sudden and unexpected at this time altho the doom of the trolley line was sounded when in December last the company made petition to the Public Utility Commission for the right to change to bus service. When such permission came thru on Thursday no time was lost in making the change. The company had prepared for it. Nothing was to be gained by delay in carrying out the change.

Certainly the traveling public expects that the change is going to be beneficial. There was a time in the early days of this trolley line to Philadelphia that travel over it was enjoyable because it was swift and smooth and pleasant for the scenery in the country traversed. Those qualities either had been impaired in recent years or had been displaced by other interests that concern travelers.

As in other sections of the country the trolley car has been passing out. In some sections it has been swifter; in others it has been slower than hereabouts. For local purposes the bus has come to serve the public better. Transportation companies and the public alike have come to the conclusion that the trolley is on its way out and that the bus is here for a long, long stay.

Protection for Guests

Great as is the unpopularity of Andrei Gromyko and his associates, who are attending the San Francisco meeting for the signing of the Japanese peace treaty, they are guests in America and as such they deserve and will have thrown around them every possible measure of protection during their stay.

Even tho they have come here in disagreeable mood and, it is firmly believed, with sinister intentions, their lives must be protected. This the San Francisco police are doing against possible attempts at assassination.

It can be no secret to the Russians themselves that they have a widely distributed and healthy lot of enemies who are just as well trained in the processes of violence and force as they are. In the course of the rise of the current day rulers of Russia, of whom Gromyko is one, there has been vast "liquidation" of those who dared to oppose the Soviet bosses. The United States is full of Russian emigres, many of whom would have no qualms of conscience if they could wipe out, in any way, the entire governing body of their native land.

While Gromyko and his fellows like to refer to Americans in general as "gangsters," the fact is that they are in little or no danger from native Americans. They are menaced just about everywhere they go by their former countrymen who have sworn vengeance for loss of loved ones, property, titles and everything else that they possessed.

Americans will have no regrets when Gromyko et al leave the country. But they do want to see them go without physical harm. If they be harmed it will be despite American police precautions. It will be because the vengeance of those whom they have wronged has caught up with them, as ultimately is going to be the case with their associates back home in Russia. As they advanced and rose thru assassinations so they can expect to be reduced.

Others Can Heckle Too

He said he'd do it, nevertheless it appears that Congressman O. K. Armstrong of Missouri caught Mr. Gromyko of the Russian delegation napping in San Francisco when, innocently enough, he offered a map of Russia to the testy Soviet leader and it was accepted with a brief showing of interest.

Armstrong, weeks ago, said that inasmuch as the Russians have been in the habit of heckling all the international gatherings, he'd give them a dose of their own medicine even tho he was not named to take any official part in the peace treaty proceedings. Armstrong promised to ask the Russians all the embarrassing questions he could think of and press for answers.

At Thursday's sessions he had his opportunity. To what degree he bothered the Reds cannot be known but he apparently surprised them when he offered a map showing the location, as he said, "of all the slave labor camps in Russia."

Gromyko is said to have taken one look, handed the map to an assistant who promptly tossed it into an aisle as rubbish. Naturally it had no value to the recipients who must have known in advance pretty well what information was conveyed by the map.

The disturbing fact for them must have been that other people know about their slave camps even tho an iron curtain separates them from the rest of the world.

Lesson in Socialism

As a teacher in the public schools, I find that the socialist-Communist idea of taking "from each according to his ability," and giving "to each according to his need" is now generally accepted without question by most of our pupils. In an effort to explain the fallacy in this theory, I sometimes try this approach with my pupils:

When one of the brighter or harder-working pupils makes a grade of 95 on a test, I suggest that I take away 20 points and give them to a student who has made only 55 points on his test. Thus each would contribute according to his ability and—since both would have a passing mark—each would receive according to his need. After I have juggled the grades of all the other pupils in this fashion, the result is usually a "common ownership" grade of between 75 and 80—the minimum needed for passing, or for survival. Then I speculate with the pupils as to the probable results if I actually used the socialistic theory for grading papers.

First, the highly productive pupils — and they are always a minority in school as well as in life — would soon lose all incentive for producing. Why strive to make a high grade if part of it is taken from you by "authority" and given to someone else?

Second, the less productive pupils — a majority in school as elsewhere — would, for a time, be relieved of the necessity to study or to produce. This socialist - communist system would continue until the high producers had sunk — or had been driven down — to the level of the low producers. . .—Thomas J. Shelly, in California Real estate Magazine.

The Lowing Heard?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

America and the free world can be proud of the statement that a President of the United States was able to make on the occasion of the signing of a treaty of peace between the victor and the defeated.

Nowhere in the technical phrases of the treaty itself, quite naturally, are to be found the phrases of interpretation which a magnificent speech by President Truman bequeathed to all history to read. There are two sentences of that speech which tell the story of an achievement unparalleled in modern times, indeed, of a document unmatched anywhere in the treaties of peace of the past. Those two memorable sentences read as follows:

Pact of Reconciliation

"It (the treaty with Japan) does not contain the seeds of another war. It is a treaty of reconciliation, which looks to the future, and not the past."

To be able to make that statement persuasively, to be able to point to the deeds that actually prove its truth in the records of our army of occupation, to be able not only to say that there was no spirit of revenge but to be able to point to acts that corroborate it, is to express the moral force of America in the free world.

This moral force is not the attribute alone of the American government of today. It springs from a long line of precedents expressed in public pronouncements since World War I began. It is the reflection, moreover, of the viewpoint not of just one political party but of all parties in the United States, not of just the spirit of American ideals but of the ideals that free men hold everywhere. All this has not come to fruition heretofore in such concrete facts of international relationships as are evidenced in the treaty between the Japanese and those who fought victoriously against them.

Kind Wanted

The kind of peace outlined in the treaty with Japan is the kind that men of all religions have hoped and prayed for, and particularly the kind of peace urged for Europe, too, by President Wilson after World War I and by President Franklin D. Roosevelt after World War II. It is the kind of peace Pope Pius XII has been petitioning for in his public addresses since 1944.

President Truman in his San Francisco address to the assembled nations rightly pays tribute to the "outstanding leadership of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur" for "the way in which the allied occupation has been carried out." And the President also points with pride to Gen. Ridgway as MacArthur's "able successor" and to the splendid work of John Foster Dulles, who worked so patiently and intelligently in negotiating the treaty itself.

Historical Speech

Rising above party and domestic controversy, the President recognized that, in writing this speech, he was writing for future history a chapter of accomplishment which can prove an inspiration to those who will be custodians of American world policy in the years to come.

For in a sense the treaty, while not mitigating the evils of war or condoning the aggression which started it, does show that, when peoples put aside misguided leaders and take into their own hands the cause of decent international relations, they will find in the people of the United States ready and willing partners in supporting those aims.

America did not receive a single dollar of governmental indemnity out of World War I or World War II. Nor did America annex a single acre of territory from either war.

Interest Outside U. S.

Mr. Truman's address at the San Francisco gathering of nations will be read with even more intense interest outside America than inside. It will rank as one of the great state papers of all times—not because of its simple phrases but because it recites eloquently the record of American postwar behavior and challenges the rest of the world to adopt the letter and the spirit of that behavior.

The implications as to the future, so far as they relate to an ultimate settlement with the people of Russia and the iron curtain countries — and, indeed, as they may relate to the Chinese people once the Korean aggression can be dealt with in similar fashion—will not, it is hoped, be lost on the people of those countries which are still in the grip of totalitarianism, even as Japan once was. Unfortunately, the Korean war has not gone to the point of defeating on the battlefield the forces of aggression. There has been no effective contact as yet with the peoples of those countries where troops are bing mployd against us.

Military force must go hand in hand with moral force in making peace, and the consummation of the Japanese treaty is an excellent example of what can be done once evil governments are removed from power.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

FON DA LODWARICK PARTY: Ferol os die widdering mechdich feranderlich wor fer die 1951'd lodwarick party, is allas gute ous gatarn'd, un sin weck kumma mit ous raya. 'S wor dreab da gonsa dawg, un net bis m'r bol ready worra owets fer der ledshd kessel lodwarick ob hanka, os die sun rous kumma is. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r het ken drei cent gewwa da gonsa dawg fer ol die widdering tzaea mile um Dorney Park rum.

M'r worra shun moryets fartel bis finfa im park un hen 'm watchmon Milt Heydt kumpany k'halta, bis er hame is so on da halver nina rum. Bis finf uhr wor fire unnich da ocht kessel, un bis sex uhr worra sie g'fill'd mit cider un gahairich om kocha bis die airshda lodwarich kocher bei kumma sin. Die Lizzie Ruch un ihra Arthur, kessel boss un firemon, sin uns darrich gabrent un nous noch Indiana iwwer Labor Dawg fer freindschoft p'sucha, un 'n grossie fair dart drous ei nemma. Der Charlie Beil wor noh firemon, un die Stella Frack kessel boss.

So hesslich os die widdering wor, wors 'n blessier tzu sehna wie die leit fon alla ecka bei kumma sin-leit os yohr fer yohr kumma die lodwarick party ei nemma. Uns beshd fon ol, 'n yaders os m'r gablauder'd hen mit, leit fon Trenton un Camden, N.J., Nei Yarrick, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., un 'n lot onnerra bletz, hen g'sawt, sie hetta fon ihra freind mit gabrocht. Die Yarrick Kounty Grangers fon Hanover worra aw widder doh bei bus-37 dafon, un ol hen 'n iwwer rousie gutie tzeit kot. 'N lot os shun on onnerra lodwarick parties worra hen g'sawt, 's gleichas fon unserra Dorney Park party hetta sie noch naryads g'funna—'s wear evens ken fergleichness hen etlicha g'sawt.

Wie m'r etlicha mohl 'm Mondawg g'sawt hen on Dorneys die weil os die programs om gae worra, ains fon unserra obsichta in da party is, fer die yunga leit fon heit griega, os sie die alta socha woh m'r ehrra, aw in ehrra halta maiga. Fer sellie uhrsoch hen m'r da kinner fon da Harmony Grange 'n lot tzeit gewwa fer donsa, singa un shpiela, un sin shure os sie noh 'n lot may tzu duh hen bis 'n onner yohr. Tzaea-tzwelf yohr tzurick wie m'r die airshda lodwarick parties kotta hen, huts fiel leit kot os kumma sin sawga, sie hetta aw 'n monichie nocht helta lodwarick riehrra. Ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg, now kumma 'n lot un wunnerra wos m'r om duh weara—'n baweiss os die lodwarick kocherrei bol gons un gore fergessa is.

M'r wolla gross donk sawga tzu ol da fiela Harmony grangers, tzum Aaron Rehrig un seinra dochter Florence, un 'm Woody Peters, 'm Marvin "Muff" Wetzel un seinra Mabel un boo Willard, 'm Irvie un da Betz Frantz 'm Shtivlie Rex, 'm Porra Tom Brendle, un ol da onnerra os helfa hen die programs gewwa. Ebbes neias wor der waig wie die Harmony Juvenile Grangers "Oh Fensa Mous," gewwa hen, un aw dawaig wie sie 'm Bobby Sobers sei neier lodwarick dons gadonst hen. So weit os die esserrei on da party aw gonga is, hut niemond hunger leida breichaferol os sie party gons un gore owets fregessa hut lodwarirch lodwarich tzu essa, wie m'r gawiss denka dade os sie dada. Sel mus 'n onner yohr in ocht ganumma werra—'s mus lodwarick uf der dish-hen yusht gadenk'd m'r dada 's doh sawga os der lodwarick fergessa gonga wear, so os onnerra uns net draw gamohna breichda.

Noch nee mohls hen m'r ow'r so fiel lodwarick nous gewwa mit brode un kase wie des yohr. Uns welshkern woh der Dannie Handwerk un sei Claudine in hond kotta hen, but aw net note galidda. Ol in ol wors 'n grossie party, un wil wetta wons lava un die g'sundhate ous halt, os die 1952'd parties widder doh sin eb m'r uns um sehna hen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des sin grossa tzeita alla weil in Vera Cruz-der blotz is now 'n hunnerd yohr alt, uns sis da eiwohner fon da gagend gore net tzu fer denka fer die gross tzeit now om gae, heit 'n parade, un morya programs da gonsa dawg.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Do you know if a trip to Alaska is a sensible venture?" asks a Bridgeport, Conn., reader.

"For weeks my nephew and three of his boy friends have done nothing but talk about taking a trip up there, getting some land and homesteading.

"We are not against him going, but feel it would mean a very rugged life for some time and a very lonely one."

* * *

Frankly, I don't know much about Alaska.

But for several years now my wife and I have planned to go up there some time and see what it is all about.

Of course, we won't go homesteading. We'll go as nice, well-organized tourists with maps and folders, and a pocketbook with money in it.

I shall probably write a few postcards to friends at home, a few columns about the things I have seen—and put the whole thing in my memory book.

But that way of traveling is not the way of youth.

* * *

How I wish I had the pep and the energy to go as that fellow's nephew and his friends want to go.

They are probably not so much concerned about Alaska.

They want to get away from the humdrum, well-regulated life in Connecticut.

They may well want to get away also from relatives who try to tell them what to do and how to do it.

So what if it is lonely in Alaska?

So what if it is rugged?

Loneliness gives a fellow a chance to think.

Ruggedness makes him strong.

* * *

Where do you think this country would be today if it hadn't been for the pioneers who wanted to get away from religious and other prejudices, from the injustice of existing conditions, and carve out a new future for themselves and their offspring?

Away back in the days of the Bible, Paul went on many travels to carry the gospel of Christ to other peoples.

"Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep," he said in 'Corinthians.' "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

I think I can guarantee the Bridgeport fellow's nephew and his friends that their trip will not be nearly as rugged or as lonely as Paul's.

* * *

Incidentally, I am glad to see that many of our congressmen and senators are now going on little jaunts to Europe and Asia.

It is only by personal contact that one understands other lands, other customs, other people. Or, as Samuel Johnson said:

"Let observations with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life."

* * *

However, there is another side to the picture:

"The fool that far is sent, some wisdom to attain,
Returns an idiot as he went, and brings the fool again."

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 25

Satan has more ways than one to attack, weaken, and destroy the people of God, if possible. The appetites and passions are the avenues through which he usually approaches men with his temptations in his effort to destroy them. Alcohol is his chief weapon by way of appeal to appetite, and the 'lusts of the flesh' (whoredom in this chapter) are the means of enticement by which many are entrapped. The general moral 'Let-down' in high places and low, chronicled in every issue of our newspapers, indicates the hold Satan has on our civilization, and when Jesus says that, as it was in the days of Noah (corruption and violence, Gen. 6:11-13), so shall it be at the end of this age (Luke 17:26), we may expect conditions to grow steadily worse in view of the feeble efforts taken to stem the tide. In our chapter, Israel is in carnal alliance with Moab, vs. 1-5, cursing themselves, whereas Balaam could not do so (chapter 22-25). At v. 6 a personal instance is recorded of a man bringing in a Midianitish woman into the camp, for which he and the people, as well as the woman, were terribly punished.

Horoscope

Knowing your job is likely to help realize your ambitions. An idealistic personality may be noted as today's child.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

COURAGE

Were courage something men could buy,
The rich would force the price too high.
They'd bid for it, from day to day,
Much more than poorer men could pay.
They'd hoard it, and the day they died
Leave it for children to divide.

It is a simple truth to state
That courage is an asset great,
A priceless treasure all admit
When man invests his heart in it.
Who has it faces unafraid
Whatever challenge may be made.

'Tis well that courage can't be sold
Or stolen as can coins of gold.
The poor boy may possess a share
Greater than may some rich man's heir,
But since it's on no market shelf
He must provide it for himself.

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BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

Continued

A Curious Old German Manuscript

The most interesting find of all, as well as the most momentous, however, was discovered in a curious old German manuscript Journal, bound in pigskin, and fastened with a quaintly embossed silverclasp, with the initials J. A. A. 1767 engraved thereon.

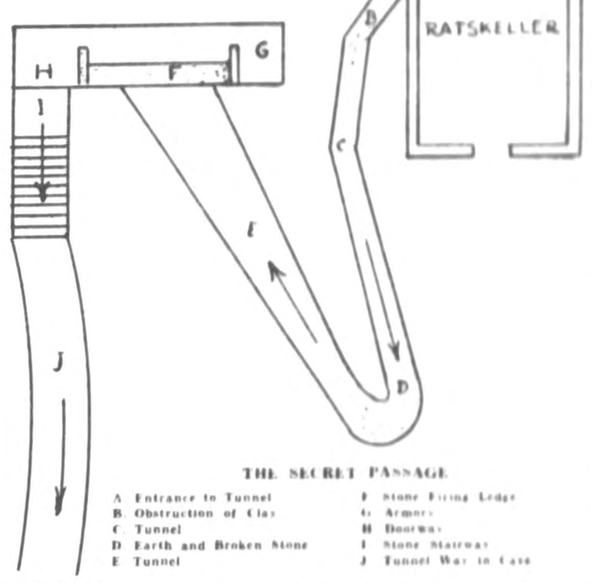
On page 187 appeared this entry:

"I, Johann Andreas Albrecht, have this day, the seventeenth of May, 1768, stored in one of the chambers midway in the secret tunnel that leads from the cellar of the inn to the thicket on the banks of the Monokasy the following belongings of the Brethren—inasmuch as there is information brought from beyond the Blue Mountains of bands of Iroquois Indians on a warlike and marauding expedition. This is done for the sake of insuring their safety, and in case of need, should our peaceful community be so unhappy as to have the savages assault it. Two barrels of Madeira, three casks of Teneriffe, one cask Canary, one half cask of White Lisbon, ninety-eight gallons of West India rum, a quarter cask of Shrub, one barrel of Cider Royal, four barrels of beer from Christian's Brunn, and one hundred and twenty bottles containing various wines and liquors, besides one barrel of bear meat, forty smoked hams, twenty haunches of dried venison, two barrels of salted shad, and one barrel of smoked pigeons."

In a postscript this also appeared:

"There was likewise concealed in the hidden vault of the chamber, the place thereof known only to the Bishop, the Schatzmeister and myself, the Brethren' strong iron box containing 3172 pounds in gold, English money, with 2150 silver florins from Germany."

The reading of this greatly astonished Colonel Morgan, for here at last, was confirmation of the truth of an old tradition that had been handed down from generation to generation, that there existed a secret passage from the inn to a refuge of safety somewhere in the impenetrable forest growth that lined the banks of the Monocasy in ancient days. The thought that it was reserved for him, John Morgan, to discover this old subterranean passageway, and perhaps in the secret chamber described by Albrecht, the innkeeper, find some, if not all of the precious vintages and brews, with the gold and silver, now surely become treasure - trove, stored away in that far off time for safety, gave him such a thrill he had not experienced the like of in many a day, not since the summer evening he kissed his first sweetheart down in the Saucon Valley.



THE SECRET PASSAGE

A Entrance to Tunnel
B Obstruction of Clay
C Tunnel
D Earth and Broken Stone
E Tunnel
F Stone Firing Ledge
G Armory
H Doorway
I Stone Stairway
J Tunnel Way in Case

Exploring the Secret Passage

With such possibilities staring him in the face, you may be assured that the mysterious gallery leading from the Ratskeller, which had always been a profound problem to the patrons of the inn, was to be explored forthwith, and the next day the Colonel, with an air of great importance and mystery about him, disappeared along with a pick, shovel and crowbar, and was not seen again by his friends until many days had passed. His good wife and boy found it difficult to recognize him as late each night he sneaked softly up the stairway from the vaults looking like a gigantic mole, begrimed and covered with dust. He succeeded however late one afternoon, after strenuous labor amid great clouds of dust, with sorely blistered hands in breaking through a large body of earth that had been tightly packed in an ingenious turn of the tunnel, made at an acute angle, closing it effectually, and giving it the appearance of a natural barrier, at a distance of about fifty feet from the entrance to the Ratskeller. The tunnel was evidently planned by someone who had intimate knowledge of and experience in military matters, for an enemy could be held at bay with the greatest ease from the vantage secured by the peculiar plan followed in its construction. At a distance of about forty feet from the point of the angle, the tunnel here assuming a labyrinthian character, was constructed a miniature fortress and armory. Leaning against the wall of the armory behind a stone ledge from which an advancing enemy could be fired on were a dozen or more old rifles of the famous Henry make, several blunderbusses and a half a dozen heavy sabres. The tunnel was so recessed at this point that a relay of men could be loading rifles while their companions were fighting the invaders. It took time beginning right away quick as he cried out Sam Druckamiller would say with your humble servant John Morgan, landlord of the Sun Inn successor and heir to wise old Brother Albrecht just now of blessed memory.

As the Colonel came prepared for any emergency he had no difficulty with the aid of a bung starter and accessories in gaining access to the contents of the barrels. The ubiquitous corkscrew which every citizen of the Lehigh Valley is said to carry along with his jack-knife, a wicked slander however spread by some jealous unregenerate outlander, presently enabled him also to determine the character of what the bottle contained. Slowly making the circuit of the cave—which in time of danger might have served as a sanctuary, now lighted by an old swinging iron lamp, a relic of the pioneer days of the Brotherhood which the Colonel found almost filled with oil and speedily utilized—and critically surveying the formidable arrays of barrels and casks he exclaimed with sudden energy:

"They say that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and by the same token if I am to arrive at a knowledge of the wines and liquors which Brother Albrecht undoubtedly bequeathed to me, I readily see that there will be some multitudinous drinking going on here, and I may as well start in at once, for as Macbeth remarked, when he put up that horrible job on poor old Duncan, 'if it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.' So here goes for this barrel of old Madeira!"

Tapping the barrel gently almost affectionately, the landlord soon found his way to its imprisoned sunshine and cheer, and filling a wine glass he held it to the light, watching and admiring its rich color as he passed it to and fro, then inhaling its aroma in the most approved fashion of the connoisseur as if it were the fragrance of some rare and delicate flower and also inclining his ear as if listening to some song or message from the vineyards that gave it birth no some fair Madeiran hillside. Like a true lover of good wine he abhorred haste in its drinking. He would not drown its flavor in a murderous vulgar gulp, in the manner of a boisterous swashbuckler swallowing stale beer. He would as lief swallow a cup of weak tea coffee in a Bowery restaurant. On the contrary he touched almost imperceptibly the brimming glass with his lips. Closing his eyes softly, and moving his lips ever so gently, he seemed to have fallen into a deep revery from which he quickly awoke to take a sip with an expression that was almost ecstatic. Then another sip and another and then a smack of the lips that sounded like the crack of a rifle, which collected and echoed in the cave like the firing of a platoon. Then came a discourse on wines that displayed a most remarkable acquaintance with the history and virtues of that much abused drink of the Patriarchs, a talk that would have delighted Anacreon and Tom Moore.

"They call Madeira an old fashioned wine no longer cared for," he said, "let me tell you though that Sherry the rival that fashion every now and then puts in its place can't hold a candle to it. Madeira possesses rare and delectable virtues and will always come into its own again no matter what whims for a time may set it aside. Now here is a genuine wine rich in natural flavor and color no counterfeit artificial concoction none of your muskin Madeira but with a splendid body and matured to perfection. Hummph! It didn't have to hurry to do that in all these long years. Old wine drinkers tell us that Madeira has not yet been drunk to old. I'll bet the old man says that this is the oldest vintage in the world today. a glass of it would almost raise the dead so here's to Brother Albrecht. Most loyal of landlords and most faithful of the Brethren. May his memory never grow cobwebbed in this good old Moravian House of Entertainment!

The neighbor to the Madeira was a cask of Malmsey that appealed strongly to our now thoroughly animated landlord. Going through much of the same ceremonious handling of the fine old wine that made his introduction to the Madeira so impressive he continued:

This old Malmsey has a bouquet like a ripe pineapple a sort of first cousin to Madeira I should say. This is the wine they call Teneriffe a New York boy friend named Peter Marie once told me. And come to think of it one of the Lehigh University professors reminded me a year or so ago that Richard the hunchback king of England the chap who was afraid of his looking-glass drowned his nephew a half name sake of mine, in a hogshead of this same old Malmsey. Now that beats having a knife put into your innards or having your head cut off before breakfast to which some less favored royal celebrities could testify. Now if by some unhappy decree of fate I am to die by drowning let it be in all means in a tank of Malmsey for this is beginning to make me feel mighty good and that is what we all should be good and happy said my preacher last Sunday. What a grand Missionary old Malmsey would make.

These barrels and casks are not as full as they once were if old Albrecht told the truth in his inventory but what has been lost in quantity I allow has been more than made up in quality. Old Father Time has a habit of taking toll from wines and spirits. This is surely an exciting wine and I guess I can hazard another glass or so here's to the jolly good fellows past and gone who once passed the flowing bowl in this good old inn. Ach! If I only had them around me now we would make a night of it.

Coming to a curious bit of cooperage stamped White Lisbon he cried out:

Now we are under way. [illegible] Sam Druckamiller and [illegible] Brother Albrecht [illegible] Ach! [illegible] Tapping the [illegible] Filling a glass and sipping it gently and then executing a graceful Pas seul that would have done credit to a West Point dancing master he exclaimed:

[illegible] And what have we here in this dwarf of a cask with a Spanish name Manzanilla. Hummh! I'll be quite a linguist if drinking these foreign wines is a short cut to the mastery of their languages. I'll be a fine polyglot or perhaps something more extraordinary if there is much more of this. Lord, what a School of Languages I could establish if the only teachers were wineglasses and the curriculum these grand old wines. Lehigh University and Lafayette College wouldn't be in it with me, no, not for a minute. I'd make Doctors of Languages in short order. This cave would make a great recitation room.

Filling a glass and sipping it gently and then executing a graceful Pas seul that would have done credit to a West Point dancing master he exclaimed:

[illegible] And as he [illegible]

TO BE CONTINUED

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Editorials

Avoid Absurd Gerrymander

In the reapportioning of counties and other political subdivisions and the shaping of thirty Pennsylvania congressional districts, as against the present thirty-three, the General Assembly now in session has a difficult job but one which, it is to be hoped, will be carried out in statesmanlike and not peanut politicians' manner.

The inescapable fact is that Pennsylvania will have lost three seats in Congress when the next session of that body is held. It is inevitable in politics that the majority party in the matter of reapportionments will seek to gain advantages by such reapportionment. But never should a majority party be guilty of the absurdity and the injustices that have been described in the single American - coined word—gerrymander.

While the geographical lines of the new apportionment have not been announced and certainly have not yet been decided, there is insistent rumor that the 20th district, in which our neighbor Northampton County is included, is slated for virtual elimination and that its elements will be included in an absurd gerrymander.

While this would not assure the elimination of that highly capable Representative, Hon. Francis E. Walter of Easton, is it hinted that his political death after almost twenty years of uninterrupted service in the House is being sought. This might be done by a gerrymander and a loading of heavy normal Republican districts upon Democratic Northampton. However the vote-getting ability of the congressman who is Pennsylvania's leader at Washington cannot be overlooked. It will require some unusual massing of counties in this section to accomplish his political end, providing of course that he decides to run for reelection in 1952.

The hope of the electorate must be that the State will be divided not only equitably but also with some sense of the common interests of the people in the counties that are included in any one congressional district. The gerrymander for purely political reasons is a blight that should be avoided in Pennsylvania.

Buy Bonds for Defense

In opening its campaign to spur the sale of U. S. Defense Bonds the Government properly emphasizes the twin security features this type of investment has for the average American.

One security aspect is well recognized. It is that behind each bond stands the Government of the United States, guaranteeing payment at any time. Not only that, but the interest is assured if the bonds are held. For $3 invested today, the bondholder can be sure of getting $4 ten years from now.

But there is another kind of security involved. Bonds offer a measure of security against inflation. Money put into bonds will not be used to increase the demand for goods and thus help push prices higher. It will help keep down prices paid by consumers and by the Government for its defense materials.

These security aspects of savings bonds offer strong backing for the new campaign. They are much more important than discussions about raising the interest rate on Government bonds to make them more attractive, although that is an issue that must be dealt with. By buying—and holding—Defense Bonds, we help ourselves in many ways, and help our country. Americans should respond generously and repeatedly to this new drive.

Peace Soon for W. Germany

Another of the many effects of Russian trouble-making at San Francisco can be seen in the agreement reached in Washington by the foreign ministers of Great Britain, France and the United States to give West Germany a peace pact at a very early date.

At Frisco the Russians, while trying to dynamite the peace conference with the Japanese, solidified the western world. Even the Asiatic nations indicated that they were able to talk for themselves and needed no interpreter from Russia to assist them.

Inasmuch as it is impossible to do business with Russia, France, Britain and the United States have determined to wait no longer in reference to restoring Germany to the family of nations where Japan again has become a member.

The difficulty of course is that the Big Three are dealing with two-thirds of a nation whereas they'd like to be dealing with it in its entirety. Russia likewise would like to be dealing with 100 per cent of the Germans but the West Germans must be saved from that sad fate that already has enslaved their brethren in the Eastern section.

Accordingly a peace pact will be drawn up very soon, but it will be vastly different from that signed by Japan. While it will be generous, even charitable, to those who have been left behind to liquidate the indebtedness to the world which was amassed by Hitler and his Nazis, it cannot under the circumstances provoked by Russia be as complete as the Japanese peace. The western powers are not going to remove their hold entirely upon Germany. Complete sovereignty cannot be accorded until the menace from Russian communism in the East has ended.

The West desires that Germany, with her vast potentials of men and machinery, be securely aligned with the democracies and that it be a strong and vital part of the bulwark against communism. With such limitations peace will be accorded to the Germans west of the Elbe. They soon will be put upon their own to work out their salvation.

Rails Back to Steel Mills

While sentiment suffers somewhat in the decision to end service on the Liberty Bell trolley line to Norristown and Philadelphia, replacing it with buses, a highly practical and immediately useful idea seems likely to be served. This is the salvaging of scrap steel for which the furnaces of Bethlehem Steel Co. are crying.

Within the past few days Charles E. Wilson made appeal to the Steel Industry to step up its production so that national goals set for a year or so hence may be attained in a matter of a few months instead of years. But Mr. Wilson recognized the fact that steel production is dependent upon the supply of scrap which can be induced to flow steadily to the steel mills.

In this community Bethlehem Steel Co. already has sought to get several thousand tons of steel out of the automobile graveyards. Of even better quality is the scrap steel which will be realized if and when the trolley lines are torn out of the streets and rural right-of-way. The Wall Street Journal recently estimated that trolley rails which should be ripped out of Pittsburgh streets will yield about 12,000 tons of scrap, Cincinnati and Buffalo 20,000 tons each and Allentown 11,000 tons. It was not indicated that the Liberty Bell line rails were included in this latter figure.

As it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, so the exit of the trolley lines well may serve a national emergency. Certainly if American steel production is to be boosted to 108 million tons this year, production of scrap all over the country will have to be stepped up to keep pace.

Girls Who Accept Rides



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

There may be another labor boom for Eisenhower for President.

That's what you hear among influential labor chiefs now on transcontinental flyers heading for the AFL's annual convention—a gathering of the world's 700 most powerful union leaders who could easily raise millions, and plan to at this convention, to swing their political friends into White House and Congressional power.

There's nothing but the friendliest feeling towards the General. For among these leaders are those who wanted to make Ike president in '48. That's not strange. The first Eisenhower-For-President boom was sounded by union chiefs. They were of another tribe—but they were labor leaders. Until now that story has never fully been told.

Began in 1945

It began back in 1945, when the man who drove into Germany as a conquering hero cabled Sidney Hillman to fly into the bombed-out Reich and discuss the handling of Nazi labor. Hillman and Eisenhower liked for hours. And with characteristic energy, the labor leader returned to the States to whipthings up for his genial general.

Soon Eisenhower was invited to speak at the Atlantic City CIO convention in '46—a great coup for the CIO, for Eisenhower was on the paths of glory and a much sought-after man. And on the committee which went out to escort the general into the hall was an ex-GI by name of Emil Mazey, soon to become Walter Reuther's second in command.

That night, two newsmen were called in by aides of Mr. Hillman, I know. I was one of those told that the CIO thought it would be a great thing for the nation if Eisenhower were nominated in '48. Naturally, we reflected that semi-officia position in our stories.

Enmity Outspoken

The enmity towards President Truman was outspoken. Only months before, he had urged that railroad strikers be drafted into the Army. And about a year earlier, here in Chicago, CIO leader Phil Murray had gotten up at a caucus of the Pennsylvania delegates to the Democratic National Convention, on the Sunday or Monday before the Convention actually got under way. Murray, a delegate-at-large, quickly moved that the 70-man Pennsylvania bloc vote unanimously for Henry Wallace for vice-president.

Assisted by former Senator Joe Guffey, the CIO leader actually swung some two-thirds of the delegation to that unhappy mystic. Regardless of other versions it develops that that was Franklin Roosevelt's request. Guffey, who was frequently called Mr. Roosevelt's "most faithful Senatorial whip," would not have bucked FDR's desire.

But the man who is now Mayor of Pittsburgh, David Lawrence, backed by John Kane, highly influential in the AFL Printing Pressmen's Union, picked another—Sen. Harry Truman. Unanimous endorsement of Wallace was blocked—and there are those who say that had this not happened, and had the big Pennsylvania delegation endorsed Wallace on the convention floor, the conclave would have been stampeded on the first ballot. There'd be no President Truman today.

No Affection for Truman

There was no affection for Mr. Truman in many labor circles right throught '48, although, in many, many ways he was a more cooperative friend than even FDR. For days in '48, in the convention city of Philadelphia, I sat with labor delegations as they kept constant contact with their people assigned to get Eisenhower into the city to stampede that convention.

When Ike refused to fight his chief, despite bids from AFL, CIO and New Deal powerhouses, many of the labor leaders quit the city—but fast. One western group of union men left saying that Eisenhower had actually been black-mailed out of the nomination.

There's strong Eisenhower talk again. But this time the labor people want to know how the general stands on labor laws and issues. Some circles have put him on the spot.

This was done in a letter made public by Barney Tassler, managing editor of the AFL's official magazine, The Federationist. "No one has a clear picture of the General's thinking on those measures in which working people are keenly interested," the missive said.

If Gen. Eisenhower chooses to answer the note, he can do so at a most strategic moment. These labor leaders are gathering at a moment when their AFL Weekly News Service has suggested banner headlines to its 800 affiliated newspapers saying, "Don't Take Labor For Granted, AFL League Warns Both Parties."

30 to Decide Policy

In San Francisco, probably on the night of Sept. 17, the AFL's veteran—and politically sophisticated—15-man high command will sit down at a private dinner with another 15 leaders of the Federation's key international unions. These 30 men will decide policy for the 1952 campaign year—and what to do with the $720,000 a year they hope to give their political educational league for just routine activities. The money will come from increased per capita dues. They'll also decide on whom to be neutral against.

This is an important moment for the general, if he's interested in the labor vote. It appears interested in him.

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 15, 1926, a Wednesday

Cedar Crest College held opening exercises for 150 students, the largest number ever to be enrolled. The exercises were preceded by a procession of faculty and students across the campus.

* * *

Atty. J. F. Henninger was speaker for a Rally Day meeting of the Four Square Club of Allentown, with Louis J. MacGregor as chairman. The meeting was at the Hotel Allen.

* * *

Prominent officials of the state department of labor and industry praised officials of the Atlas Portland Cement Company, Northampton, after an inspection tour of their plant.

* * *

Miss Katie Masson, sister of the late Rt. Rev. Monsignor Masson, founder and director of Sacred Heart Hospital, was guest of honor at a farewell party prior to her departure for her native Germany. The Ladies Auxiliary of the hospital sponsored the affair.

* * *

The Adelphia Debating Society of Allentown High School held its first fall meeting in the home of Warren Hunsicker. George Held was unanimously chosen coach.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

America has the finest advertising men in the world, no doubt about that.

They can advertise almost anything—from garbage cans to $5,000 automobiles, from insect powder to mink coats.

They can go into ecstasies over a hole in the ground and call it "Sunshine Manor." They can transform shacks into fairy castles by just the use of words.

They can entice dollars that should go into food, to be used for perfumes and by calling hats "chapeaux" they can induce our dear ladies to make darn fools of themselves.

* * *

Yet, with all this artistry, our American advertising men have completely overlooked one thing—America.

Europeans and Asiatics come here almost daily and stand in awe at the America of which they have never heard.

Oh yes—they know all about American television, about radio, washing machines, refrigerators, motor cars and the many other products which you can see, touch and see.

As an industrial nation we have no equal, they all know that.

* * *

But when it comes to the spiritual side of our life—they may know Dagmar, Uncle Miltie, Howdy Doody and Faye Emerson.

But that is as far as it goes.

Our "Voice of America," intended to tell the peoples of the world about us, has been sadly negligent in letting them know our spiritual virtues.

Ed Barrett, assistant secretary of state and head of the "Voice," lived right across the river from me before he moved to Washington.

It was a beautiful spot—tall trees, wild ducks, squirrels, birds of all kinds, magnificent sunsets and all the other wonderful thins that nature has given us so richly.

Of course he could not very well have told Europe and Asia about the squirrels. They might have thought he spoke about the squirrels in the Pentagon Building.

But why is it that such glorious surroundings did not inspire him to do better?

* * *

Is it perhaps that Ed and all of us here in America are so used to the glories of nature and of the spirit that we don't see the woods for the trees?

Is it perhaps, that we don't know how to recognize our spiritual values?

Thian Lam, a 23-year-old student from Singapore, probably expressed it the other day when he said: "Americans are living such a fast pace that they never have time to form spiritual values."

Look at our highways.

People will race along those highways at 50 miles an hour, never stopping to look at the beautiful scenery along the way—just to get to the next hot dog stand.

They will get to the day's destination so tired that they never stop to look up at the waterfall nearby or at the sun going down behind a snow-capped mountain.

They have time to listen to "On Top of Old Smoky" on a jukebox, but drive through the Smokies like greased lightning.

I have seen tourists standing in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York just because it is a "must" on the sightseeing list.

Yet, inside that cathedral, is God—waiting for them.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

EEMA UN KLAMS SHOFFA NET TZOMMA: Fon ol da klambakes os da summer shun, worra, is ainer os denna woh darta worra fer 'n longie tzeit net fergess'd. 'S wor drowwa in Egypt in da Emma Kohler ihr'm bungert os die socha g'shaina sin—der arrickshd eema uf ruhr omma klambake os sei lava noch wor.

'N kerl fon Emmaus hut der klambake garish'd, un die klams bei gabrocht rote gleadich hase in grossa shtanner mit deckle druf. Aina waig odder da onner hen sie ae shtanner tzu nagshd onna eema koshda g'shteld, un wie der deckle runner gajump'd is, wedder der eema kevich, noh boova hut die g'shpass g'shtart.

'S worra die Eagle Point Vets os der bake kotta hen, louder laedich boova os shun arya socha darrich gamocht hen wie sie fert im griek worra. Ow'r so'n erfohring wie sie doh aenie kotta hen hen sie ol ihra lavens tzeit net erlaibt kotta, un 'n monicher os hame kumma is mit ous aenicher g'fohr fon g'shossa werra, is doh fershtocha werra os gross ordich wor.

Sie hen bout ol on longa dish k'huck'd, ready fer hinnich die klams gae wie die lumberrei in der gong kumma is. Die eema sin dick tzum koshda rous, un monsleit un weibsleit tzu gleich tzu da hoar nei—tzu sehna wie sie ol g'shloga un g'fawk'ld hen, het m'r waricklich denka kenna sie weara ol abissel fershova. Der Clarence DeLong hut ow'r 's beshd gaduh. Wie ken onnerer waig wor, is er kups feddershd tzum tzuver fol wosser nei woh sie die keffer bree glasser drin g'shwank'd hen, un hut die eema uf 'm kup fersaf'd.

Die blumma fraw Irene Balliet is ol recht weck kumma, ow'r ihra Alfred wor so olmechdich fershtucha hinna 's gnick nunner, os sie fer paar dawg nix tzu duh hut wie eema ongla rous rubba. Evens der garagemon Ted Eberhart hut paar nei g'sol'd grick'd, un sei Florence hut aw ous g'funna wies fiel'd, won 'n eem em shtech'd. Der Merrit Berger uf kours huts 's arrickshd har halta missa—die eema hen ihm rechts un linx nei k'hock'd bis er so arrick fershtocha wor os er hame ins bed gamist hut.

Sie hen 's gons dish waisa uf ganumma un fert gadrawga, ow'r niemond hut 's hartz kot fer gae die klams hola. Noh hen sie gessa so wos sie kotta hen, un die klams shtae galust bis es owets dunkle werra is, un die eema sin ei g'shlupt. Soicha os noh noch obadit kotta hen fer kalta klams, hen gessa, un die onnerra hen sich ferweil'd un ihra eema shtick gariva.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wolla sie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

CLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Laird Creitz fon doh owwa drous, wor da onner dawg so olmechdich uf g'shoft wie er tzum Fred Leiby wor fer 'n shtick bauerra g'shar welda lossa, os er hame is un hut fergessa die dochter Joan mit hame tzu nemma, un sei fraw die Lydie, hut gae missa die glae hame hola.

Today's Text

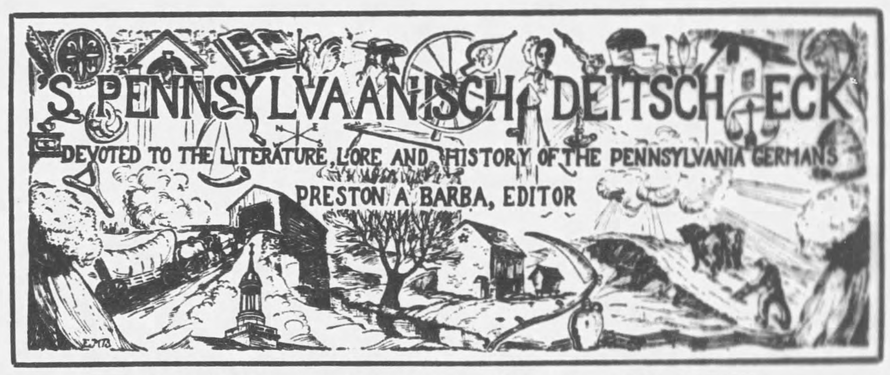
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Numbers 34.

This chapter gives us the boundary lines of the land of Canaan as one would find the same kind of data in an ordinary deed of conveyance today. The geographical names afford the same difficulties as the more numerous names in the preceding chapter, for the site of some of them is unknown today. Others are more familiar, as the word Edom in v. 3, a territory east of the Jordan. The word 'coast' has nothing to do with the seacoast, but means 'border' as in the next line. The salt sea is the Dead Sea. Kadesh-Barnea in v. 4 is on the southern border of Canaan. To 'fetch a compass' in v. 5 means to make a circuit. The 'great sea' in v. 6, the western border of Canaan, is the Mediterranean Sea. Chinnereth in v. 11 is the Sea of Galilee, from which the Jordan River flows out and then south into the Dead Sea to form the eatern boundary of Canaan. The names of the representatives of the tribes who were to divide the land among them after they had entered Canaan are given in vs. 17-28. Only the names of Caleb and Joshua are carried over from the list of names in chapter 13. See 32:12 for this.

Horoscope

Your own industry and endeavors should bring you good fortune. A firm, strong character is indicated in today's child.



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

Continued

The Landlord Becomes Exuberant

Colonel Morgan had arrived at that stage where his exuberance of spirits began to find expression in song and poetry, with a decided inclination of his feet to shuffle accompaniments.

"Great Scott! But there's something exhilarating about these spirits come to life again. No, hang it, I mean come to light again. I don't mean spooks, John Morgan, though I am beginning to see strange, odd looking things that make faces at you, and to hear queer noises. You can't tell what unearthly things moved into these caves and tunnels during the last one hundred and forty years and living here rent free ever since; but I am going to see this thing through, no matter what the devil I see, or what happens, 'be it goblins damn'd or blasts from hell.' So move on, John, and keep your eyes peeled."

Just then, as if in defiant contempt of the Colonel's courageous manifesto, two enormous bats just grazed his head as they went whirring by with a mighty sweep of wings. In no wise alarmed he shook his fists at their disappearing shapes, crying out: "wait until I get my hands on you, you infernal interlopers."

Stooping over a small cask he found modestly reclining in a niche of the stalagmite wall, he exclaimed, "Here we have something stamped **SHRUB**. Well, I'll be hornswaggled! Shrubs! I never knew before that you could drink shrubs. We always make button hole bouquets of them around here. But, let us taste it anyway. "Pshaw," turning up his nose, "that's a sweet weak made-up sort of drink—something, I should say, expressly concocted for the ladies—God bless them! However we won't linger over that; it isn't a man's drink, but a Nancy boy's beverage! Your little dudes that lisp when they talk."

Picking up a demure little keg, and tossing it in the air, he exclaimed:

"What a diminutive affair, and so snugly bound? It has an air of great respectability about it though, and its name **is LACRYMA CHRISTI NAPOLI.** No wonder it is put in so small a package, for this is one of the rarest wines in the world, and none but a **'Sourbred'** as my old **Gringo** friend Major Horn facetiously would say; none but a gentleman and a scholar, should ever be allowed to drink it. It is a sweet luscious Italian wine with an exquisite flavor, reserved for the most exacting palates, and we have a few of them right here in Bethlehem. It is said that this is the old Falernian, with which Horace was wont to regale his dear friend, the good knight Maecenas, and the young blades of Rome, on the famous Sabine farm; and many of the famous Odes, I have no doubt owe their existence to it. It's full of inspiration. I'll be sworn, this was religiously reserved for the sole use of distinguished guests, possibly Count Zinzendorf, who, good pious bishop that he was, yet believed with the Brethren, in sunshine, music and good cheer. I would not for the world miss a taste of this most exclusive of aristocratic wines — the joy and solace of many a prince of the old church **bonum vinum laetificat cor homanis!** as some convivial old Abbot would say. These wines are certainly conclusive evidence as to the character, requirements and accomplishments of both hosts and guests of the old Sun Inn, in the early days of its history."

Mixed Society has its Drawbacks

Assuming a rather strained, upright bearing, decidedly military, albeit with considerable effort, Colonel Morgan solemnly exclaimed, pointing to a big barrel:

"We have come to real trouble now, I am afraid. Here is some genuine old West India rum, nearly one hundred and fifty years old, and as fiery and vindictive as the Old Nick! These old piratical spirits never would mix with your aristocratic wines; it's a fierce old drink, full of hurricanes, if you provoke them, and nothing irritates them more than an introduction to polite society, and when you turn your stomach into a drawing-room the devil may be to pay when the introductions begin, for mixed society has its drawbacks. It's a school for scandal, I tell you. I am game though, so here's for better or for worse." Filling a glass, and holding it rather timorously, he continued, "My aristocratic friends, let me introduce my old acquaintance, Jamaica Rum, but for Heaven's sake, don't rile him — he's a cantankerous old cuss! The older they grow, the worse they are, you know. Whew! Wow! Steady, John Morgan! You've got your hands full now for you have turned your stomach into a Donnybrook Fair. There's something wrong too with the law of gravitation in this old cave the way the floor keeps moving up and down."

"Now, for the plebeian beer from Christian's Brunn! I can't go back on this honest old Moravian brew."

"This is truly **lager** beer — something you don't get nowadays, for it has lain here nearly one hundred and fifty years as well as the wine which is a lager wine for the same reason."

"Jetzt schwingen wir den Hut" Das Bier, das Bier, war gut!"

"In its long sleep it has acquired many genuine old fashioned virtues, and talking of sleep I am beginning to feel as if I were being 'rocked in the cradle of the deep,' the way this old cave is rocking. Next thing I'll know some outlandish creature will be singing a lullaby to me, one of those gnomes we used to read about in German story books."

"Himmel! Here's another barrel to sample, and then for the bottles. This cave is like a Merry-go-round, the way it's whirling about, and the barrels and casks looking like wooden horses, camels and ostriches; the durned thing won't stop long enough to give a feller a chance to get on board, so there's nothing left but to jump for it. **Blitzen,** I missed it that time! **Wart a bissel, du rinds fie!** I'll get you next time," and he did, plus a scratch or two.

"Cider Royal!" he exclaimed, "that's a new one on me, but as Brother Albrecht brought you here, I'll see what you're made of," and a right good drink he found it — better than much of the so-called champagne of today. "And now, for the bottles! If I can only catch them; they seem to be playing leapfrog and having a good time. Whoever saw the like? Watch me get one of 'em. Eins' zwei' drei'er! Mished them all! Guesh I'll crouch behind one of these pillars and interchept 'em! Look a here, John Morgan, I want youish to understand that I'm not doin' all this hard drinking, becaush I like it. I guesh I know when I have enough, be gosh! I want youish to know that I'm taking an inventory, and musht drink to keep the accounts straight. Can't trusht nobody else to do thish. No, not even my brosher. They'd all get drunk. It ish a solemn duty, and I'd be an ungrateful dog not to drink to the helsh of old Albrecht, and all hish frents. There's nothing mean about me, and don't you forgesh it, John Morgan, you old Buccaneer."

The reader must not assume that the Colonel was in the habit of tarrying unduly over the wine cup —on the contrary, he was a very Prince of Sobriety, and not given to hilarity. He had extraordinary duties imposed upon him in this adventure, and most manfully and faithfully did he perform them.

The Landlord Delivers an Oration

The Colonel now began to see things double and treble, and to hear voices. He thought some one was crying out: "Speech! speech!" Rolling a barrel of Canary, which somehow he had overlooked, into the middle of the cave, he succeeded in mounting it after considerable effort, and making a profound bow, began the following oration:

"Mr. Shairman, and fellow citishens, I feel very proud to be permitted to addresh this august assembly on this suspicious occashion. I desire to expresh my appreschiation of the great honor you have imposhed upon me by making me the orator of the evening. Now, my dear breshren, I musht asshure you that makin' speeches is not quite in my line. I am devilish sly when it comesh to putting up a politischahl job, and I am no slouch at shampling old wines and sphirishs ash you all will bear me witnesh, nevertheless."

And then the barrel began to wabble violently, and John Morgan incontinently was forced to abdicate.

"Look a here, John Morgan, you've abshorbed about enough of thish inherishtance of yoursh, don't be a prodigal, leave a little for—well — anosher occashion. You mush take the resh of the asshets on trust, or you'll get as full ash Billy Heller's goat. I am a little drowshy, too, and I am going to quit, with jush one more drink. I'm going to make a poosh cafe, one of them hifalutin things they drinshs down in Ashbury Park, one of thosh things thash look like hokey-pokey ishcream."

No French **boulevardier** could have done better; the **pousse cafe** was beautifully constructed, but it proved a night cap for Colonel Morgan, who soon found himself peacefully reclining full length in the midst of Brother Albrecht's ancient hoard, oblivious to war, or to the rumors of war or to any other disturbing element, even to the gold and silver in the Brethren's strong box, the quest for which he had reserved as a finale.

A Dream and an Oath

Through his brain now floated gorgeous dreams, pictures of the days when these vintages were quaffed by lords and ladies, famous soldiers and statesmen, and carried away by his enthusiasm he swore a mighty oath, that he would celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the inn by giving a grand reception to which he would invite all the celebrated people who were ever sheltered beneath its roof.

"Of course," said the Colonel, "all my Beslehem friends will be there, too, to meet the illustrious guests." It is wonderful what effect a little wine will have on some people's diction and pronunciation, even when taken for the stomach's sake."

Invitations engraved in the best manner of the art and couched in the most punctilious form were sent out at once to all the great folk whose addresses the Colonel could find. Now that he had shot his bolt, so to speak, to which there was no recall, plans for the celebration on a scale worthy of the occasion, and of the guest of honor whom he felt certain would grace it by their presence began to pass in almost endless procession through his brain. That it must be unique, and in good taste withal he insisted at once, and moreover it must be in all particulars an affair in which distinction was the keynote. Colonel Morgan would have nothing commonplace; he was a true Moravian in that resolve; he would reproduce the ancient environment, the social atmosphere and manners that were in vogue when the ancient Moravian landlords welcomed the coming, and sped the departing guests, with a hearty **"adieu"** and **"komme bald wieder,"** which sentiment still obtains, to which the inscription over the arched entrance to the Inn bears testimony.

Very quickly Colonel Morgan had matured elaborate plans out of the multitude that clamored for recognition, and on the eventful day, the greatest ever known in the Lehigh Valley, the old Inn was resplendent without and within. The ancient weather-beaten sign of the Sun, which long had hung on the outer wall eclipsed in the dust of generations, was brilliant in fresh colors, shedding its cheerful rays with a glow and warmth that turned the temper of the town into the most amiable of moods.

Bethlehem in Tremors of Excitement

The distinguished guests began to arrive early in the morning and continued all through the day. Some had come the day before. Many came by the old-fashioned stage, drawn by four horses, some arrived in Windsor chairs, others in Curricles, again some in Jersey wagons, some in Sopus wagons; and a goodly number of gentlemen on horseback, accompanied by their grooms and valets while others again traveled in great state in coaches drawn by four horses with outriders and postillions.

The arrival of so many noted people soon set the quaint old town into tremors of excitement. The appearance on its streets of so many strangers appareled in the picturesque costume of Colonial and Revolutionary days occasioned open-eyed wonder among the citizens. The courtly fashion of the bowing and scraping, the snuff-taking, the complimenting, and the stately demeanor of the newcomers was in such striking contrast with the curt, bluff way of the modern town, it was not surprising that it was looked upon as a sort of gala occasion, a masquerade affair — or **meschianza fete,** such as was once held in Philadelphia in Revolutionary days during the British occupation. The citizens had forgotten that this was the daily fashion of their forefathers which had passed away, and unhappily with it much of the old fashioned charm and formality of manner, the lack of which has made our modern life very commonplace indeed.

Watchman, What of the Night?

Great too was the marvel of the town when twilight fell upon it to see emerging from the old Moravian burial-ground—where bishops and laymen, Indian converts and devout sisters, rich and poor, the forefathers of Bethlehem sleep in true democratic fashion, each under a slab of stone, in no order of precedence, giving but the sleeper's name, birth and death, no more; brothers and sisters, truly, —the form of one of its ancient watchmen, garbed in the raiment worn before the war of Independence, and armed with a long spear, swinging a quaint old lantern, and singing the while ancient Moravian hymns. As he approached the old Inn the clock in the church tower began striking the hour. Quitting for the moment his singing he cried out: **"Die Glocke hat Zehn geschlagen, und alles geht wohl. Gott sei Dank!"** and then proceeded slowly to make the circuit of the town, which on this night the venerable Brother found a fatiguing as well as a bewildering and terrifying task. The town was no longer the village he knew in the old days when the watchman's beat was no great affair and when a drink of wine or ale in the evening, and another at dawn, at the old inn was the custom the gift of the **unitas fratrum.** The custom held good this night, too, and Brother Feisenbach was served with the best. Landlord Morgan could boast, which was no better, however than the beverages the ancient watchman was accustomed to, as mine host would willingly admit.

Well it was for the old man to be fortified with spirits, for he was not of the unearthly ordeal awaiting him on his nocturnal rounds, for as he approached the rear of the town, in the neighborhood of Nisky Hill, along the bluff overlooking the Lehigh, he caught sight of the great stell works across the river, vomiting myriads of brilliant sparks of incandescent fire, falling like the stars of heaven from autumnal skies; belching forth huge volumes of smoke, intermingled with blazing tongues of flame, colored with all the hues of the solar spectrum, while over the shining waters of the swiftly flowing river came the might clangor of gigantic hammers, the rumbling and rattling of machinery, the puffing of steam engines, where he saw, too, the forms of busy workmen running to and fro in the light of furnaces, who he thought were imps of Satan, intent on some hellish task, and hastily concluded that he was in the neighborhood of the bottomless pit. He was more than ever convinced of this fact when, in the midst of his terror, one of the night express trains, with its flaming headlight, spitting fir and sulphurous breath from the engine's smokestack, its long sinuous line of coaches brilliant with light went dashing up the valley, with a deafening roar and thunder, its whistle shrieking and howling as if in titanic pain and rage, sights and sounds alien to his simple life and generation. Dropping his spear and lantern, and lifting his outstreatched hands to heaven, the devout old brother exclaimed, **"Allmaechtiger Gott In Himmel!** The great dragon of the Apocalypse, Apollyon, the old seprent has broken down the gates of hell, and escaped to wreak destruction on the faithful. Woe is me, O my beloved Bethlehem! What fate is thine, O home of the Brethren!"

Then hurrying and stumbling in the utmost terror, he fled to the old church he knew so well, to rouse the citizens with the ringing of the great bell, and to appraise the Brethren of a great and imminent danger, whose presence he had just discovered.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Editorials

MacArthur Day a Triumph

General Douglas MacArthur has come and gone and the many thousands of people in Eastern Pennsylvania who contributed to the triumph of his trip thru this section to the Allentown Fair and the crowds who poured into the Fairgrounds will attest the fact that this community enjoyed itself thoroughly on MacArthur Day.

While the famous war hero, with his charming wife and interesting young son, had come to Allentown to see a County Fair and to head up Father and Son Day, General MacArthur dominated every phase of the long and varied program which had been prepared for the MacArthurs' all-too-short stay.

It was just about a perfect day in all respects. The weather was that of late summer or early autumn at its best. The program that had been arranged and announced well in advance was carried out virtually to the letter and well within the time limits that had been established. Just about everybody got just about as close to the celebrities as was possible under the conditions, and certainly everybody inside the grandstand area heard every word of the oral programs, thru the loud speaker system.

It was a high honor that the General conferred upon the Allentown Fair by coming here as a guest. Even the most sensitive, thinnest-skinned partisan politician could find no fault with a single word in his brief utterances to the cheering crowds.

It was their first visit to any Pennsylvania community since the MacArthurs' return home to the United States. The cordiality and hospitality with which they were received was typical not alone of this Pennsylvania Dutch country but of the entire State.

A great man was accorded the highest honors that the community could confer on an occasion such as this. The spirit back of every phase of the program for the community's famous visitors was that of highest esteem and sincerest hospitality to an estimable American family and more particularly for a famous American, certainly one of the greatest soldiers and statesmen of our times.

Near Perfect Policing

Abundant praise must be accorded to the elaborate system of policing that had been planned by Chief of Police James Christine for General MacArthur's visit to this city and in which he received the invaluable cooperation of Col. C. M. Wilhelm of the Pennsylvania State Police, the Military Police and local National Guard units.

A public affair such as yesterday's easily can get out of control because of crowds and their eagerness to be up front. The police arrangements were so complete and they were carried out so smoothly that at all times the crowds were happy altho under complete control. General MacArthur and his party proceeded freely, and according to the plans, while spectators themselves had the best possible opportunity for enjoying the day.

Yesterday's demonstrations were among the biggest public affairs in this city's history yet, despite their size, they were undoubtedly the best policed.

British Election Oct. 25

American affairs and our future have become so closely tied in with whatever goes on in the British Isles that there will be very great interest on this side of the big pond in the elections which have been announced for October 25.

Unlike our own system, the British can hold an election almost any time. Such election date is determined by the political party in power, subject of course to pressures that are exerted by public opinion and the Opposition.

American interest in these forthcoming elections is natural for American money has been financing Britain in large measure and American international interests are linked almost everywhere on this globe with those of our English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish cousins.

It is to American interest that the British people be well governed and that they have a sound economy. On the turn of the elections next month the future of the British, perhaps for many years, will be decided.

The Remington Reversal

The United States Court of Appeals, in an opinion unanimously assented to by three of the nation's leading jurists, has reversed on technical grounds the conviction of William Remington, charged with perjury. Mr. Remington is, understandably, "very pleased with the result;" but the public may well have other feelings about a decision which places fresh legal obstacles in the way of prosecuting a man whom a jury has found guilty of concealing Communist affiliations. It is not always easy to appreciate the subtleties of the law. Yet in these subtleties, these infinitely complex and deeply - rooted safeguards and precautions, lies as much of justice as man in his long quest has been able to domesticate and practice. It is the mark of a free people that it can honor the process, even while in specific cases it deplores the results to which the process leads.

The crux of the present judgment centers upon the rules of evidence as they affect perjury. They are particularly strict in this field. In his charge to the jury in the Remington case, the judge stated that membership in the party could be established if "all the evidence" was convincing of that fact beyond a reasonable doubt. The higher court held this to be "vague and indefinite," ordering that in any retrial the jury be told what specific facts could be properly held proof of membership.

The ability to assure truth under oath is at the very heart of our whole judicial system. The rules defining perjury and providing for its prosecution have been worked out over centuries; it would be reckless to throw away, for the sake of transitory gains, the elaborate structure which experience and moral insights have confirmed. — New York Herald Tribune.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 4:1-13

Reading this chapter, one can form a good estimate of the fine character of this great man, Moses. How interested he is in the future welfare of his people, and how definitely he bases their prosperity upon obedience to God's commandments, from which they were not to take anything away, and to which they were to add nothing! Those who had in the past been obedient, and who had trusted their God, were alive to enter the land which had been promised to the seed of Abraham. Even the nations of the earth, v. 6, were to realize that in God's moral law Israel had something they did not possess, for to no nation had God been so nigh, and among no other people did righteousness and justice prevail as in Israel. "Forget not" says Moses, "the things which thine eyes have seen, lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life, but teach them to they sons, and to thy sons' sons." Especially were they not to forget the day when God through Moses gave them the Ten Commandments amid the thunder, lightning, and smoke of Horeb, that is, of Mount Sinai, v. 10.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Isn't it about time for Hollywood to do something about it?

I mean the decent Hollywood—the Hollywood in which thousands and thousands of law-abiding, hard-working, respectable Americans live, work, and own their homes.

In spite of all the wonderful advantages Hollywood has—climate, scenery, beauty, all the average person knows about Hollywood is the fact that it is America's movie capital and that a large number of its inhabitants behave like a bunch of idiots.

* * *

Take just one issue of a New York newspaper.

A three-column headline:

"Sinatra Denies Suicide Try; 'I Just Had a Bellyache'".

All about Sinatra taking an overdose of sleeping pills after a fight with Ava Gardner.

True the story does not come from Hollywood, but from Lake Tahoe, but Sinatra and Gardner are Hollywood, and Hollywood has to bear the brunt of their misbehavior.

* * *

Headline No. 2 in the same paper:

"Rita Arrives in Slacks, All Set to Dust Off Aly".

Dateline Reno—but Hollywood gets the credit—or rather the debit—for it.

Here's another one:

"Jilted Suitor Sues for 17G Ring".

It's all about 'screen actress' Helen Gilbert, who is being sued by a man who asserts she broke off her engagement to him, and who wants his $17,000 engagement ring back.

* * *

On the same page:

"Abbe Lane Squares Off for Court Fight on Triangle".

It's all about the 19-year-old singer who claims that what is supposed to be a nude picture of her taken in a hotel room by Xavier Cugat's wife isn't her picture at all.

I am not familiar with the circumstances. Maybe the picture is Cugat's Chihuahua dog, for all I know.

But I do know that it's darn bad publicity for Hollywood.

* * *

And so it goes almost every day. Actors committing suicide; kicking people in the jaw; being arrested for speeding, for being drunk, for fighting in public places.

That sort of thing doesn't only hurt Hollywood. It hurts the movies in general.

The picture moguls are very much concerned over bad business.

People don't go to the movies anymore, they say, and blame it on television.

It isn't television, you gentlemen of the cinema and you bankers who back them.

It is the low morals and the shenanigans of your high-priced actors and actresses.

The public is disgusted. It refuses to see a fellow who is a maudlin drunk in real life portrayed as a moon-light hero, or a girl who is a bum as "the girl of my dreams".

* * *

I see in the same paper that Cheta, the monkey, is getting upwards of $10,000 a year, and all she needs for a happy life is "a cage, a few bananas and a couple of quarts of milk a day."

Which is more than one could say about a lot of the human stars.

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Sept. 22, 1926, a Wednesday

City officials moved to keep a tighter rein on construction of service stations in the city. The mayor didn't believe "every Tom, Dick and Harry's application for these service stations should be granted unless we know what type of a station is going to be built."

A baby checking station opened at the Allentown Fair. The station was conducted along the most rigid lines by trained nurses and lay workers of ability. It was sponsored by Allentown Chapter, Red Cross.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The season's prize for ingenuity goes to the antique dealer who had five rickety statues for sale, and labeled them "The Five Senses." Somebody bought one, and a new sign was put over the remaining four: "The Four Seasons." Another was sold, and the new sign read, "The Three Graces." When only two statues were left, they became "Night and Day." Finally, only one remained. The dealer called it "Solitude." When that was gone, the dealer locked up his shop, and left a sign reading, "Gone fishing. Back when the factory turns out some more antiques."

Horoscope

Be considerate, be kind, be willing to advise, for friends of your children are in your personal spotlight. Thus you make your own children proud of you, avoid any embarrassment. Today's is a fast pace, so be on your toes. Keep appointments, and speak with authority for others are listening.

What Kind of 'Rithmetic Is Most Important?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman needs a new code of ethics if upon further reflection what he said at his press conference Thursday isn't soon reversed.

The President declared, for instance, it was all right for the officials and workers in the Democratic National Committee to introduce people to such lending agencies as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation just so long as they didn't get any fees or payment for establishing such contacts.

But doesn't Mr. Truman realize that an introduction from the Democratic National Committee member or its personnel carries with it far more influence than an introduction to a private bank which has an altogether different attitude toward its depositors' money than RFC officials seem to have had?

For one thing, it is the rule under the Truman administration that most of all important appointments have to be "cleared" through the office of the Democratic national chairman. So long as appointments to office are made on such a political basis, every appointee is bound to respect the wishes or at least consider with greater weight the introductions or contacts brought about through Democratic National Committee help.

Fees Receipt Disclosed

It has been disclosed that William M. Boyle received fees as a lawyer just before he became Democratic national chairman and that his law partner continued to receive fees after a loan was obtained from the RFC by a St. Louis printing firm. That same loan had previously been denied by the RFC three times.

The Senate testimony shows that suddenly after some telephone conversations between the RFC office in St. Louis and a friend of Mr. Boyle in which reference was made to the "committee," the RFC loan was granted. The friend was E. Merl Young, whose wife used to work at the White House and got a "mink coat." Mr. Young admitted he was a "volunteer worker" on the Democratic National Committee at the time the St. Louis printing company loan was being sought.

Yet Mr. Truman washes his hands of the whole business and says that while nobody, not even a volunteer worker, should get fees if he is a part of the Democratic National Committee, nevertheless it is the duty of the committee personnel to help anybody who comes along and wants an introduction to government lending agencies.

The President overlooks the fact that there are Republicans as well as Democrats paying taxes and that their money also is being loaned by the RFC. To allow a lending agency entrusted with public funds to be in any way related to a national political committee which engages in this type of political influence is something that ought to be repudiated instead of condoned.

Impression of Casualness

Coming on top of the various scandals in the RFC, uncovered by the Senate Investigating Committee, Mr. Truman's attitude at his press conference gives an impression of casualness which is either the product of the Pendergast school of politics or the manifestation of a curious naivete.

Mr. Truman cannot seriously believe that the American people will accept his indifference to unethical conduct on the part of members of his political family and that "prosperity" will erase all opposition to his administration at the polls next time.

For the history of politics shows that morality is a deeper cause of concern and can wipe out the "prosperity" advantage of any incumbent party. To say, for example, that a mayor or governor or Democratic member of Congress can be a crook and yet if the people are prosperous he will be re-elected is to reflect on the intelligence of the men and women who today compose the American electorate.

Mr. Truman's attitude toward the wrongdoing that surrounds his administration is one of bold indifference. He calls it all a smear or a misrepresentation. But the facts that are coming out of the Congressional committees will be weighed by the voters. The big issue of 1952 may be reminiscent of the slogans of yesteryears when the people were asked to "turn the rascals out!"—and usually did.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

On Da Allentown Fair
MacArthur Dawg,
da 21d Sept. 1951.

My Lieva Laiser:

Ich wase net eb n'r 's wissa, ow'r der General MacArthur un sei fraw die Jean, un boo Arthur worra heit on da Fair. Yar bei jupps won sie net worra, un bei na wor 'n gonser hang'l onnerra grossa kerls so wie der John Fine fon Harrisbarrick, der General Charlie Curtis doh fon da shtadt, der Howard Singmaishter, bresident fon da Fair, un so aw on da roy nunner. Die sawg is, sie hetta 's MacArthurs mohl sot sourkrout g'feeder'd im Howard seinra offis uf 'm tzweta shtuck fom grandshtand.

'S wor 'n blessier tzu sehna wie fiel leit os kumma worra die MacArthurs familia sehna. Sie worra doh fon alla ecka-in ol unser 'm Fair lava fon ungfare 25 yohr un langer, wissa m'r net os m'r so fiel leit Fridawgs g'sehna hen on da Fair. Un der grandshtand wor aw so tzu sawga fol. Monicha worra ow'r mechdich badroga-sie hen gamaint der General MacArthur sot driwwa uf da gross a platform sei bei da onnerra show actors -ow'r sel wor net ferwos die MacArthurs familia kumma wor die Fair ei nemma. So wie mier die socha fershtaiha, hut der Howard sie yusht ei galawda fer kumma die Fair sehna, un wie der General g'sawt hut-er wor froh fer kumma so os der boo sehna kent wos 'n recht shoffendie londs Fair sich gleich gucka dade. So wies uns ow'r fohr kumma is, glawwa m'r net os aenicha fon na fiel g'sehna hen fon da Fair-nix os wie geils races un die shows fer 'm grandshtand. Won sie driwwa uf da onnerra side gawest weara, hetta sie gore nix g'sehna wie ae gonser sae g'sichter uf da onner side 'm race track.

Ow'r won die MacArthurs' familia aw net fiel tzu sehna hut grick'd fon da socha wos die Fair mocha, hen sie 'n gonser haufa Fair socha grick'd fer mit hame nemma-die Jean so gore 'n ous gshtupter elefont, der General 'n doll bub-hut g'sawt er het now tzwae bubba fer mit hame nemma, un der Arthur hut aw alla hond socha grick'd, so gore 'n g'shwinder ob nemmer koshda fon da Boy Scouts. Onnerra kinner in da drup sin uf kours aw net fergessa gonga, yaders hut socha grick'd, un woh na gewwa is werra bei maid ous 'm George A. Hamid seim owets show.

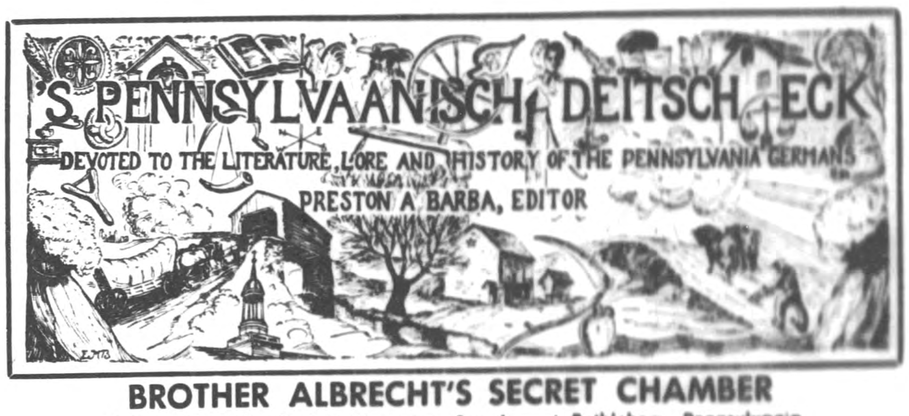
Der gross druvel heit wor, os tzu fiel leit gamaint hen 's dade so olmechdich fol werra os niemond sich ferraiga kent-un fer sellie uhrsoch sin 'n lot dahame gabliva os so kumma weara. Noh wie m'r paar hoerra hen sawga die woch darrich, "Ferwos noch da Fair gae der MacArthur sehna, ich hob 'n yoh dahame im parlor kot net long tzurick uf television-ferwos wil ich noch da Fair gae fer ihn sehna. Finf un tzwonsich yohr tzurick het 'n mon wie der MacArthur 'n lot may leit gatzoga wie heit tzu dawg. 'S wor 'n grosser Fridawg noch ma grossa Dunnershdawg, un yusht dawgs fer wos m'r glawwa os aw 'n grosser Somshdawg gebt.

M'r wotta m'r hetta 'm Dunnershdawg owet 'n mic'l sei kenna drowwa in Steins Korner wie der Eli Wiesner hame kumma is fon da Fair, un hut fergessa kot tzu worta bis sei Lill, un die Annie Bittner fom grandshtand kumma sin. 'S wor uf kours awenich 'n uf k'hudd'ld waisa. Die sochter Ethel Kunkle hut die Lill un die Annie nunner noch da Fair ganumma owets so on da siva uhr. Der Eli wor shun moryets om nine uhr on da Fair, un wie sei fees owets so uhra nina awfonga hen fiela wie hock kletz, hut er ous gamocht 's wear tzeit fer hame gae, un is noch Steins Korner kumma so on da halver elfa rum. Ol nadierlich hen wissa wolla woh die Mam wear, un der Eli hut so droashtmeedich g'sawt, "Hob miner sex fergessa sie mit hame tzu nemma."

Die weil os die leit fon Steins Korner grawd so iwwel ob sin won sie fert wolla un ken mashina wie aw die eiwohner fon Rockdale, Germans Korner un Weidasville- 's shtopt ken train uns gait hen bus ferbei, hen sie mohl rote k'halta wie die Lill hame tzu griega. Fer lawfa wors tzu weit, noh iwwel odder wohl, hut der dochtermon Russell Bittner ferwillich'd fer gae die weibsleit hola, un is tzurick kumma mit na, so on da halb nocht rum.

Un sel gamohnt uns on die Ada Snyder fon Macungie woh helft om Millers' ess shtand nava om race track nuf. Wie der Art un die Jessie Miller os der shtand hen, 'm Dunnershdawg tzu gamocht hen worra sie so imma huddle fer hame os sie hols die grank fergessa hen die Ada mit hame tzu nemma. Die sawg uf kours is, sie het 'n kousin aw gadroffa, un so long g'shtonna blauderra, os sie gamaint hetta sie wot net mit na hame, un hen sie tzurick galust. Die barichda sin, die Ada het 'n gahairich g'sicht gamocht wie sie ous g'funna het os sie hinner lossa wear-evens die Millie Fink un ol die onnerra fon dart drous woh aw helfa im shtand worra fert. Iwwel odder wohl hut 'n Emmauser famila ferwillich'd fer die Ada mit noch Emaus nemma, un hen sie darta ob lawda wolla wenich noch da halb nocht. Die Ada ow'r gabid sie sotta sel net duh-sotta sie folshter hame nemma, un so hen sie aw.

Wie immer, der
Pumpernickle Bill.



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

Continued

Brother Albrecht Announces the Guests

The old inn brilliant with lights shining from every casement with the rich familiar music of the famous trombone band pouring its sweet, almost human notes upon the summer air wrought such a change that one soon lost sight and sense of time and generation, and was not surprised therefore when ushered into the great drawing-room with a grand ceremony by Brother Albrecht, who, by the grace of Colonel Morgan became the major-domo of the evening.

The President and Lady Washington Arrive

The beauty, culture and refinement of all the Bethlehems and other points in the Lehigh Valley, decked in its most becoming fashion, already gathered in the spacious dining-room converted for the evening into a grand salon, and the hum of conversation was at the highest pitch when a sudden hush came upon the company as Brother Albrecht, with a low obeisance, and in a trembling tone of voice announced: "His Majes-Excellency, General George Washington, President of the United States, and Lady Washington." Brother Albrecht had almost said: "His Majesty!" for which he could well be pardoned for no King who ever sat on a throne could compare with General Washington in majesty of figure, or in stately bearing. Most kings would look like footmen in his company. 'His was a form indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." He possessed in an eminent degree a native dignity and nobility of manner that required no adventitious ornament, or studied pose to make his presence imposing. There was no mark of the fictitious, tailor-made dignity of bearing about him as there was about Louis XIV, **le grande monarque**, whose high French heels were relied upon to give him increased stature and royal carriage, or even as there was a certain assumed, studied air of majesty about an immeasurably greater French ruler, the mighty Napoleon, who studied dignity and pose under Talma, the celebrated French tragedian. Washington towered above ordinary men with his six feet and two inches, and was as straight as an Indian's arrow, and when he walked was grace personified.

In a voice of great dignity of expression mingled with much kindliness of manner and courtesy he acknowledged the salutations of the company. No one who has ever read any of Washington's letters, or State papers, can fail to be impressed with these qualities even when addressing people who merited his wrath and indignation. He was as dignified in his expressions of contempt for his enemies as he was in those of friendship.

He said: "It is a great pleasure to be once more in your town; to acknowledge again to a later generation the great services rendered the cause of liberty by the devoted Moravian brethren and their neighbors, during the dark days of the struggle for independence. I can never forget the kindness bestowed upon my wounded and sick soldiers who found an asylum here among their most cherished possessions and sacred associations, nor the succor of food and raiment so cheerfully sent to those who hungered and suffered in the dreadful winter at Valley Forge. These services were inestimable and patriotic in the highest degree for they were self-sacrificing, the kind of service acceptable to the Most High."

Lady Washington, whose gentle demeanor captivated the hearts of all who came into her presence, leaning on the General's arm received the respectful greetings of the assembly, with a graceful inclination of the head, and smiling gravely; a most fitting consort for so great a man.

By an intuitive sense the company at once assigned to these two the place of honor, creating, as it were, "the presence" to which homage must be given by all who entered. None refused that token of respect to Washington, not even those who were his enemies, for even a number of those by some miserable **contretemps** were later in the evening found to be present.

His Excellency, Doctor Benjamin Franklin

But a few moments elapsed after the remarks of Washington when "His Excellency, Doctor Benjamin Franklin" was announced by Brother Albrecht. A short thick-set man, with a great round head covered with a profusion of hair silvered with age nestling in great curls about his sturdy neck, out of whose smooth-shaven face beamed two large eloquent eyes, stepped into the room, and made haste to reach the side of Washington, who met him with outstretched hand, greeting him most heartily, and exclaiming:

"To what kind Providence am I indebted for this happy meeting, my dear old friend and philosopher, Poor Richard, without whose shrewd judgment and diplomacy our long struggle for independence would have been a failure. Ah, my friend, it was the French money and the French alliance, you secured that gave us the victory."

"Nay, nay," cried Franklin, "neither French gold or the French alliance would have availed without the master mind. It was you and your great genius and fortitude in war that alone made it possible for me to obtain either gold or the much needed alliance."

And so these two illustrious men continued to remind each other of the great trials of the colonists in the building of the Nation, both disclaiming any special credit for the part they took in the great struggle, all of which conversation commanded the greatest attention from the listeners.

The Marquis de Lafayette Arrives

The friendly debate was interrupted by the entrance of the Marquis de Lafayette, whom Brother Albrecht had just announced.

"Your presence is most opportune to settle a difference of opinion," cried Franklin, "our honored General will have it that to me is due the credit for bringing about the loan of French gold and the French alliance during the great war, and thus securing our independence, while I as firmly insist that but for his leadership in the war, as well as his great firmness, I would have failed in my mission. I leave it to you dear Marquis, to say who is right."

After a most cordial greeting from Washington, Lafayette replied:

"Alas, my dear Doctor, I was too long a member of General Washington's military family was too closely identified with his plans, his struggles, and disappointments, knew too well his supreme courage in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances to say that he is right and that you are wrong in your contentions. I do most heartily agree with you. But for his splendid leadership, patriotism, the French would never have come to our assistance. It was victories like that of Trenton, that won for you the aid of France."

The conversation now began to wax warm and animated. Washington showed his delight in meeting Lafayette again. The young French soldier twenty-five years his junior, the same age as Hamilton, another of his proteges had from the first day they met at the beginning of the war, won his heart, and never was man more true or loyal than Lafayette to Washington. After inquiring after the health of the Marquise de Lafayette, Washington asked: "And how is my namesake, your son?" Lafayette had named his only son after his American friend. It was a custom begun long before the close of the Revolution and is likely to continue to the end of time.

Unlike most men of the French nation Lafayette was tall and powerfully built, with broad shoulders and deep chest. His features were large and strongly marked. He had much dignity of manner and was of a quiet and self-possessed disposition. It has been said of him "among all the eminent Frenchmen of the French Revolutionary period he was perhaps the only one in whose career there is nothing to be really ashamed of." Of his absolute devotion to the American cause and fidelity to Washington there can be no question whatever and history records no nobler friendship than that which existed between these eminent men.

Soldier and Man of Letters

"Le Chevalier le Marquis de Chastelux" came from the lips of Brother Albrecht. The attention of all in the assembly was drawn to the notable figure that now stepped up to General and Lady Washington to whom he seemed to be well-known and from both of whom he received a warm welcome. The amiable qualities of the Chevalier, aside from his services in Rochambeau's army endeared him to Washington for that great man was not all austerity. He had a taste, in fact, a longing for the lighter touches of human intercourse, the diversions that made him for the moment forget the weight of the grievous burden he was bearing. Many of his letters and the anecdotes of him that have come down to us show the intensely human side of his character. The chat with de Chastellux was much of this order notwithstanding the fact that the Chevalier was a close observer and grave student of the institutions with which he came in contact. Washington often rallied him on his failing in love and becoming a married man as he had frequently said that he would never be other than bachelor.

The greeting from Franklin was no less warm. It soon transpired that he and the Chevalier had been for years on the most intimate terms. Franklin corresponding with him in the French language. In complimenting him on the publication of **Voyages dans l'Amerique Septentrionale** one of his recent works Franklin laughingly took occasion to say "the portrait you have made of our country and people is what in painting is called a handsome likeness for which we are much obliged to you." Then Franklin slipping his arm through that of the Chevalier drew him aside some little distance from the company where they were quickly engaged in a whispered conversation in which much quiet laughter found a place, the character of which may be suspected from the following words from the lips of Franklin overheard by a passer by.

Chevalier, dare I confess to you that I am your rival with Madame G———" I need not tell you that I am not a dangerous one. I perceive that she loves you very much and so does my dear friend, your humble servant.

John Adams and Benjamin Franklin in Combat

Vice President John Adams who had been announced soon after Washington's entrance found himself close to Franklin and de Chastellux, one of whom had been his colleague in France. He was conversant with Franklin's popularity with the ladies of France and created a ripple of amusement as he maliciously inquired after the health of Madame Helvetius, for everyone knew how Madame Helvetius threw her arms about the neck of **ce cher Franklin** at Passy. Adam's extreme and coldblooded temperament was never agreeable to Franklin, and he never forgave him for the manner in which he was ignored in the negotiations for the Treaty of Peace with England in 1783. Franklin retorted by asking him if he was still taken for his cousin Samuel Adams, who was regarded as a hero by the French Court for his Cato-like demand upon the British to get out of Boston in 1770. French society immediately lost interest in John Adams when it discovered that he was not the great rebel, Samuel Adams. It will be remembered that Franklin won distinction as a gallant at the Court of Versailles as well as a diplomat. He was ever a great admirer of the ladies.

The President of Pennsylvania Enters

Just then Joseph Reed President of Pennsylvania, who had entered the room a few moments before, after paying his respects to Washington came straightway to where the two were standing. Franklin presented the Chevalier as "a soldier, a gentleman and a man of letters," one who had discovered the secret of public happiness which he confided to the world that it might be benefitted by his benefaction. Reed at one time was a great favorite of Washington, which meant a great deal honor, merit patriotic service, all these it took to become believed by Washington. He became his military secretary after he was appointed to the command of the Continental army. Perhaps his devotion to Washington was nowhere better shown than in the matter of the attempted negotiations by the British Admiral Howe in July 1776, who was appointed a special commissioner to treat with the Americans. Colonel Reed represented Washington at the meeting which took place under a flag of truce, but inasmuch as the communication from Howe was addressed to George Washington, Esquire, he declined to receive it. His reply also to the British Peace Commissioners when they attempted to bribe him with an offer of 10,000 pounds, together with an office in the Colonies in the gift of King George shows the stuff he was made of, he said: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." Every schoolboy in former days knew this incident by heart. Are our boys and girls as familiar with it now in this Age of Graft?

The Baron and The Baroness

There was a note of real down-right pleasure in the next announcement as Brother Albrecht gave it in succession: "Le Baron Frederic Erdich Adolph von Riedesel und die Freiherrin." This addition to the company was of rather a remarkable character as they were the first of the long list of involuntary guests to accept the invitation to Colonel Morgan's reception. They were heartily welcome for their own sake, the Baron for his admirable traits of character and the Baroness for her charming personality and great goodness of heart and charity as well as for her beauty. Both had been guests of the Inn as prisoners of war after Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. They were favorably known to many that were present this evening. The Baron after paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washington was introduced to the rest of the company, among them to Franklin, when this interesting conversation took place. The Baron addressing Franklin began:

"I have often wished for an opportunity like this that I might have speech with you. First let me say now that the war in which I was your enemy has long been over. I am heartily glad that you were victorious for I became convinced before I left America that the war was an unjust one and the position I was in an ignoble one, that of a mere mercenary, the creature of a Prince who had sold my services and the lives of the soldiers under me to a foreign ruler. I have repented therefore many times that the illustrious soldier whom I have the great honor to meet here tonight succeeded in defeating the English armies.

"Nevertheless, he continued, in burying a grave all of regrets, I want to remind you Doctor Franklin that you made use of me miserable for a time with your ingenious and I must confess successful attempts to disorganize the Hessian regiments in inducing them to desert with your celebrated cleverly worded and printed messages in the German which you managed to get through to my camp. This did desert for they had no heart in the war to begin with and let us where the deserted that the were influenced by fellow Hessians to many of Pennsylvania and Maryland that many were of Hessian blood and numerous when they learned that the old Baron von Steuben from Berlin, the friend of Frederick the Great, was drilling our troops it was from the devil not Koenig Georg der dritte after that I couldn't be surprised to find descendants of these same deserting Hessians present this evening. The Baron after paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washington was introduced to the rest of the company, among them to Franklin

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Editorials

Warning to Bullies et al

Bullies, young and old, singly or in groups are reprehensible to society. The sooner they are cut down and reduced to impotency the better for themselves and for those who are forced to associate with them.

Conviction in the local court on Thursday of a pair of such youthful "bullies and brawlers," as the Court termed them, on charges of aggravated assault should prompt action in a number of directions that will be of benefit to the community.

In the first place, it became evident to auditors of the trial, from evidence almost casually introduced, that there is a considerable number of young "bullies and brawlers" who are at large in the community, that they move around almost nightly from taproom to taproom, that they purchase drink without question of their age altho many, as in the case of the convicted pair, are minors to whom sale of intoxicants is illegal even tho they may appear to be 21 and over. All of them are spoiling for trouble and generally find it upon some minor scale.

In the case of the convicted pair trouble developed upon major scale, prosecutions followed and very properly the costs to the victim were assessed against the defendants. Substantiating the designation "bullies" by the Court was the report that their victim, since his grievous injury at their hands, has been followed by them in menacing fashion. This absence of contrition was noted by the Court and of course it follows the pattern of bullyism.

There should be warning in this case to the taproom proprietors who can become involved very seriously thru the acts of these irresponsible young ruffians, especially when their unsteady balance is further upset by intoxicating drink. There is warning to parents of brash, blustering, roistering youngsters who are sowing their wild oats and can bring great embarrassment to all their kith and kin. There also is warning to the wild young asses of society who are just learning to bray and are kicking their heels in the lush pastures of present-day prosperity with its good jobs and big money.

Oil a Two-Way Business

The Iran oil squabble is far from ended but the desirability of arriving at settlement thru intelligent compromise must appear to both sides in the controversy. Certainly it is to be hoped that settlement can be made and that it will be far short of recourse to force and the threat of general war in another part of the world.

It should appear by now to the Iranians, who have been harping on the theme that Iranian oil should be used exclusively for the Iranians, that the oil business is far bigger than the matter of pumping crude petroleum from the bowels of the earth.

Iranian oil didn't bring a dollar to the country until foreign risk capital took a chance on digging wells, building a refinery, laying pipe lines and buying big tankers to haul the oil to customers many thousands of miles away. Iranian oil has not been bringing a dollar to the country since the seizure by the government in July.

Three months ago the Iran government offered its gigantic hoard of oil at cut rate prices to anybody. But the big tanks which the British filled before operations were ended remain filled. The tankers which used to take 600,000 barrels of oil out of Persia every day have been taken out of the service and there are no other customers with tankers to accommodate Iran, buy her oil and take it away so that the oil wells can be reactivated, the refineries put into operation and a constant flow of petroleum and its products can be maintained to Iran's profit.

The world today virtually can get along without Iran's oil. That has been demonstrated during the past three months. Expropriation of the oil wells by the government did not and could not include expropriation of the 300 tankers that were hauling Iran's oil to a vast network of customers in a score of countries. Since Iran can't get its oil to these far-flung customers it cannot get the dollars for which it is so hungry. In avarice the important facts about distribution were overlooked by the narrow nationalistic spirit that has gripped the Iranian government. All it could see was natural wealth and production.

Both the Iranians and the British have their sides. It should be possible to effect compromise. Unless it be effected quickly it can easily be ruinous for Iran. Markets already have slipped away. All can be lost or be recaptured only at great cost.

Throw Everything at 'Em

Arrival in Tokio of General Bradley at the very time when the Communists in Korea are giving signs of making large-scale attack and their truce representatives are more intransigent than ever may be a portent of more than ordinary importance.

Whether the United Nations forces, headed by General Ridgway, wish it or not the Communists may be moving already in tremendous numbers for determined attack. The war against them may have been stalled sufficiently through their fake pretenses of desire for peace and they may believe themselves strong enough now to wage a successful campaign.

How well the UN forces have been reinforced and trained during months of comparative idleness and how well they are prepared for new assault has not been reported. But there have been indications that any new Red attack will be met with a lot of confidence.There are indications too that the wraps under which General MacArthur labored and concerning which he complained will be removed in the event of a new, large-scale campaign by the Communists, especially the Chinese.

This may be the most important matter in the visit of General Bradley to Tokyo. If and when war on full scale is resumed, the United Nations forces can be expected to throw everything in the military book at the Asiatic aggressors. That is what MacArthur wished to do. That is what the Reds have been asking for. That is what they will probably at long last receive.

Rails Make It Look Easy

One of the best editorials yet written on the railroads recently appeared in the Baltimore Sun, under the apt heading, "The Railroads Make It Look Too Easy."

The Sun commented on some major new improvements made by railroads which serve Baltimore. Then it said, "Perhaps the railroads have only their own efficiency to blame for the fact that the public generally takes their services for granted. Their services are, on the whole, made inconspicuous by their smoothness of operation. When one travels by automobile one expects the delays, detours and dust made necessary by road repairs and new construction. The railroads, in contrast, somehow manage to rip up roadbeds, replace thousands of ties and rail sections each year and remodel bridges without any breaks in service. And the weather, of which one is acutely conscious in 'air travels, is not even a conscious factor (to the passenger) in railroading, short of a blizzard or hurricane.

"The city dweller expects, without thinking about it, that there will be a steady supply of fruit from Florida and California, potatoes from Maine, cars from Detroit, lumber from Oregon, meat from Chicago and off-season vegetables from the Gulf states. The traveler expects clean sheets and table linens, fresh meat and vegetables on the menu, hot and cold running water, air-conditioning and power for electric razors, wherever the train goes and whatever the conditions outside. The public expects, without knowing how box cars are routed or the price of one locomotive, that the railroads will instantly meet military supply and transportation needs, not only without excuses but without any real curtailment of civilian services."

Yes, the railroads make it look easy — because back of their services is the finest, best integrated, most efficient transportation organization the world has ever known.

—Benavides (Texas) Facts

Science Simplified



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman must have had his tongue in his cheek when he sent a message to Congress recommending that a law be passed which would require every official — whether in the executive, legislative, or judicial branches of the government —to make once a year a full disclosure to the public of all his sources of income besides his government salary.

For Mr. Truman has been outspoken heretofore in his claim that able and conscientious citizens do not want to come to Washington to work for the government because they might be smeared. Certainly it will be hard to persuade individuals to enter government service hereafter if they happen to have made a success in a business or profession and have put away their savings in securities.

The right of privacy is sacred in America. Only when a man or woman is accused of dishonesty is it lawful as a rule to reveal to a congressional committee, for example, an income-tax return. But, while it would be constitutional for legislation to be passed requiring disclosure of all the details of the financial affairs of a person who enters the government service, the big question is whether it would serve any purpose except to provoke smears.

Differs with Truman

Mr. Truman is rightly indignant that recent charges and rumors have cast suspicion on various persons in the government service, but he is mistaken if he thinks that all government officials now have been tarred with the same brush.

It is, moreover, not clear why the President thinks disclosure of annual incomes will of itself change the minds of those people around the country who, he says, "are getting a mistaken and a distorted impression that the government is full of evildoers, full of men and women with low standards of morality, full of people who are lining their own pockets and disregarding the public interest."

What Mr. Truman proposes will only open up to smear and suspicion the personal affairs of a lot of innocent people and, rather than go through such an experience, persons of means—the very people who, having won success in private life, can now contribute their time at low salaries to public service — will fight shy of any government posts. America would be the loser, because the job-seekers who in private business or their professions cannot earn more than government pay will be the ones who will be selected for positions in the government, not only for the federal bench.

Smarting Under Charges

It looks as if Mr. Truman is smarting under the charges which have been leveled at his administration and is trying to throw up a smoke screen to divert attention from the unmorality of individuals inside and outside the government who have been the beneficiaries of "pull" and influence and special privilege. This cannot be cured by offering a reckless proposal to reveal the family finances of every government official. For it would not be enough presumably to disclose the official's own income. Logically, the income of his wife or father-in-law or cousin or aunt would have to be disclosed, too.

What is most disappointing is that Mr. Truman succumbs to the very thing he has been denouncing — the assumption that men in the government cannot themselves be trusted to distinguish between proper and improper connections or interests. He does not confine this to executive officials but he puts the finger of suspicion on federal judges, too, and takes it for granted that justices can no longer be depended upon to disqualify themselves from sitting in cases involving companies or firms with which in the past they may have had some connection or in whose securities they at present have investments.

To assume that federal judges can't be trusted to conduct themselves properly and must disclose their financial affairs to everybody's gaze is a reflection on the judiciary which illustrates the utter carelessness and irresponsibility of the President's message. If Mr. Truman had sent to Congress a declaration that in America everybody is deemed honest in financial affairs and in the conduct of his office unless someone can come forth with evidence of dishonesty and that the discovery of dishonesty in government will be promptly prosecuted, he would have been on safer ground. But in the wake of the scandals in the RFC and in the Bureau of Internal Revenue—both of which have been under his immediate supervision as Chief Executive —it is a grave mistake for the President now to try to shift the blame by suggesting that all public officials disclose their private affairs.

What he is also doing—perhaps inadvertently — is to open up the question of whether the Democratic National Committee is in need of an authentic list of private incomes to help with the annual shakedown that usually precedes the $100-a-plate dinners and the collection of larger contributions. Stranger things have happened in politics.

(Copyright, 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

An editor who has just returned from a trip to Europe during which he visited England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, said to me:

"I wish you would tell your readers that they should never forget that they live in the most wonderful country in the world."

And indeed they do!

We writing people do a lot of griping. That in itself is proof of what a great country this is.

I am not in love with Harry S. Truman. But I would a thousand times rather have him for my President than "good old" Joe Stalin.

I can't say that I admire Dean Acheson any too well, although he has risen enormously in my estimation since the San Francisco peace treaty conference.

But I would certainly prefer him to any one of the European Prime Ministers.

I can't say that I am very pleased with what Congress has been doing, or rather not doing.

But our Congress, with all its faults, beats anything they have in Europe.

• • •

Take what I have written above, or any of the many things I have written before.

In some European countries they would have grabbed me a long time ago. I would have been either shot or poisoned, or, if I were lucky, I would have been sentenced to life at hard labor.

That in itself proves what a great country this is.

"Freedom of the Press" — a priceless American privilege. And freedom of the press means that our officials and congressmen and senators are being watched and exposed if they don't behave.

This freedom of the press, this calling of facts to the attention of the public does not mean that the country is going to the dogs.

It simply means that there is a watchman with his eyes wide open to warn the people before it is too late.

This country will never go to the dogs as long as there is a free press, freedom of speech, and freedom from fear.

I got an advertising piece from an investment service in the mail.

It contains a paragraph headed "Doubters, remember . . ."

Then it goes on:

"In 1848 Lord Shaftesbury said: 'Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck.'

"In 1849 Disraeli said: 'In industry, commerce and agriculture there is no hope.'

"In 1852 the dying Duke of Wellington said: 'I thank God I shall be spared from seeing the consummation of the ruin that is gathering around us.'

"Even in 1801 Wilberforce said: 'I dare not marry, the future is so uncertain.'

"And in 1806 the great William Pitt said: 'There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair.'"

• • •

I don't know just why the investment service quoted a lot of Englishmen. There certainly have been a lot of prophets of doom in our own country.

But one thing is sure — just as England has lasted another 150 years since Lord Shaftesbury in spite of wars and socialistic experiments, America certainly will go on — all gripers notwithstanding.

(Copyright 1951)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 6:7-8

Yesterday we were talking about the serious default on the part of many parents, in that they raise their children with no interest in their spiritual and eternal welfare. It has often been said that it is serious business to start a human soul on its way to eternity. How terribly handicapped are the children who are born to parents who have no conception whatever of their responsibility toward their children. No religious training in the home! No attendance upon Sunday School and Church! To avoid the electric chair it is well to begin with the 'high-chair,' for even small children can sense the atmosphere of a Christian home, so different from the one in which spiritual subjects are never mentioned.

Verse 8 was taken too literally by the Hebrews, for they are here told by a figure of speech that the commandments are to work out through the hands in daily conduct, and to be kept ever before one's eyes in daily living; not to be stuffed into paste-board boxes and literally tied on one's forehead!

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER RUSSELL IS WIDDER DAHAME: War sot da onner dawg ob shtoppa un unser'm desk dob om Call os wie der Russell Hahn fon Bath Yar der Russell woh ois der shtore kipper Russell wor in Danielsville, un now in Bath daheme is, un 'n lot fon seinra tzeit tzu bring'd travla gae. Grawd wie er awfonga hut blaudierra, hen un'r gamaint er dade abissel kayose shwetza — uns hut aw gore kon lang ganumma fer ous finna ferwos er hakose g'shwetzt hut. Der Russell is yusht tzurick kumma fon Konadaw, un woh sie nix g'shwetzt hen wie Fronsaesich — uns Fronsaesich shtoss'd 'm ols noch abissel fohr.

Der Russell wor mit 'm Lester Herman un 'm Leon Neff dart owwa nous uf 'n fisher trip. Eb er der fish garuch net shtanda hut kenna, odder eber liever so rum gakess'lt is kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, er is giet lose garissa fon da boova wie sie drowwa in thr'm fisher hond werra, un hut shtarta trips rum har nemma, schna wos shunshd tzu sehna wear in Konadaw wie bish hecka, wosser lecher, un grossa fish os gawainlich darrich gaina.

Die airsht trip os der Russell gamocht hut wor nuf noch Kitchner Ontario, woh er shun so oft k'hoert hut os sie ols noch Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza dada. Un er wor as net badroga — ol iwwer wie er onna kumma is hut er die Mutter shproch k'hoert. Die gross mehrtzahl on da nahma fon leit os er g'sehna un k'hoert hut sin aw Pennsylfawnish Deitsch — ungfare so nahma wie Moyer, Schweitzer, Schreiter, Heyer, Fries, un hut so gore aw Hahna g'funna. Die gross mehrtzahl fon da leit os er aw gadroffa hut shtomma har fon fohrelterra os fon Deitschlond kumma sin, un sin gawainlich Refamiert, odder Luderish. Net so monicha yohr tzurick secht der Russell, weara Langashter kounty Amisha leit darta nuf kumma, un woh fon da beshda bauers leit weara.

Die nagshd trip os der Russell gamocht hut wor ol dawaig owwa nous noch St. Anne de Beaupre fer 'n familia p'sucha os er 'n yohr tzurick bakont werra is — 'n ous un ous Fronsaesichie familia mit 12 kinner. Er wor 'n woch bei sella leit, un kon now leicht fershtae ferwos ihm 's Pennsylfawnish Deitsch ols noch abissel ferdray'd rous kumt — tzu denka os er fer ae gonsie woch Fronsaesich g'shwetzt hut. Der Russell is noch leddich, un hen 'n garetzt, 's het ferleicht shaina maid dart owwa drous, un hut net "nay," un net "yar" g'sawt. Er hut ow'r uf gaaigen'd os es yingshd fon sella 12 kinner 10 yohr alt wear, un fon darta aw nuf. War wase ebs net ferleicht aw noch 20 yairicha maid hut dart owwa drous.

Der Russell hut 'n 1200 mile rigelwaigs trip ganumma uf 'm hame waig uf drei unnershittlicha rigelwaiga. Er kon net sawga wie wunnerbore os er sich blessiert hut, un wil wetta os es net long nembt bis er mohl widder darta owwa nous gait. Uf kours 'm Russell gaits wie aw ol da onnerra leit os m'r wissa — die graish'd blessier fon ra trip is fer hame kumma fer sehna wos for 'n wunnerborie shaenie lond shoft os m'r hen fer drin lava, gaeich onnerra bletz os m'r sehnt. Alla blotz os m'r onna gait mawg shae ganunk sei fer aw gucka, ow'r fer drin lava is ols noch ken blotz in da gonsa welt, wie unser aiga Lechaw Dahl.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Danovet tzwae wocha is die tzeit woh m'r ferlossa fer Ni-a agara Falls — halver tzaea is die tzeit, un sin widder tzurich bis Sundawg owets uhra elfa.

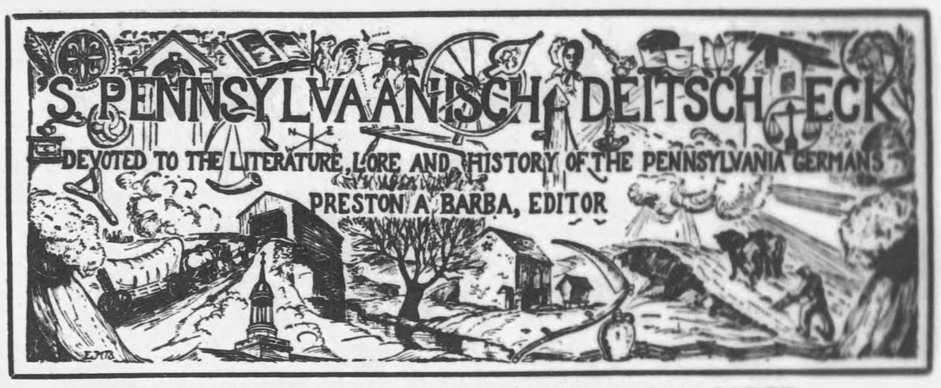
'N ad aryads im heits Call, gebt die folla barichda fon da trip.

Horoscope

Affairs relating to uncles and aunts must be attended to. Journeys and communications are in order. Make your presence felt favorably by others. A new week begins. Be ready to face it with the knowledge that your aims and desires are fully understood. Defer new starts. This is a time for caution.

25 Years Ago

Charles P. Lynch, one time state factory inspector, assumed the office of Recorder of Deeds. He was sworn in by Prothonotary Wilson A. Wert.



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

Continued

A Famous Rifleman Arrives

"Major-General Daniel Morgan" came in stentorian notes the announcement of the arrival of the famous rifleman of the Revolution. The entrance of General Morgan created something of a sensation, particularly among the ladies, who always adore a hero, and when that hero is also one of the handsomest of men there is no limit to the incense burned by them in his honor. Like Washington of whom he was a close rival in manly dignity he was over six feet in height and weighed over two hundred pounds, and possessed of magnificent strength and endurance while in beauty of features and expression he was equalled by few men of his time. His manners were quiet and refined; his bearing was noble, and his temper sweet, though his wrath was easily aroused by the sight of injustice. His conduct throughout life, like that of Washington, was regulated by the most rigid code of honor. It was not surprising therefore, that he was a man after Washington's own heart, and that the welcome he received from him was something far above the perfunctory greeting usual at gatherings of this sort. Though born in New Jersey, he became a Virginian by adoption, and made the acquaintance of Washington, during the ill-fated Braddock expedition, where he assisted greatly in bringing away the wounded from the terrible disaster that overtook the British Commander. The acquaintance then begun ripened into the deepest friendship during the Revolutionary war by reason of Morgan's quick march with his famous riflemen to the succor of Washington, at Boston; the splendid part he took in the battles of Freeman's Farm and Bemis Height, the counterpart of the services rendered by the heroic Herkimer at Oriskany, resulting in the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and the crowning glory of his career at the battle of the Cowpens, which enabled General Greene to drive Cornwallis to bay at Guilford Court House, leading finally to the coup de grace by Washington at Yorktown.

There was a note of affection as grasping with both hands the extended hand of Morgan, Washington exclaimed:

"You are most welcome my gallant, loyal friend. I am rejoiced to see you here tonight, to have again the opportunity after many years to recount in your presence the inestimable services you rendered the cause of liberty. Believe me the memory of Bemis Heights and the Cowpens has never faded from my heart. You and Herkimer and Stark, and poor Arnold first reversed the gloomy scene in the opening years of the Revolution."

Morgan's fine face flushed like a boy's at such praise, and in a low tone of voice replied,

"You give me overmuch credit; I did buy my duty which God vouchsafed me to see clearly and to do fully. The humblest of my riflemen did as much and loved his country in no smaller measure. I am grateful, believe me, my venerated Commander, for this expression of your friendship. No reward was ever so coveted as your word of commendation. Believe me, I shall cherish forever the memory of this meeting here in this quiet, beautiful Moravian town."

While this unusual greeting of Washington's was going on, the company crowded close about these two plendid figures. Admiration shone from every eye while hearts swelled with pride at the thought that these two were the embodiment of the spirit that revolted against tyranny and finally achieved independence. Many and eager were the hands that touched it with warmest grasp those of the famous rifleman, and with it many a fine, sincere word of welcome.

But now, as if to cap the climax of this ovation to General Morgan, Brother Albrecht announced the name of Morgan's old commander in the southern campaign:

The Greenes are Announced

"Major-General Nathaniel Greene, Lady Greene, and the Misses Greene."

Then there was a commotion, for Greene was very popular and ranked in military ability and achievement next to Washington, and has even been considered by some as his superior in the higher qualities of military genius. His campaigns have been compared with those of Turenne and Wellington for the masterly strategy he displayed in forcing the movements of Cornwallis's army. Of Quaker parentage his career as one of the greatest fighters in the Revolutionary army was an anomaly, and excited heated comment in Quaker circles resulting eventually in his withdrawal from the Quaker Society. Like Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," he was a "fighting Quaker" as were many others at that time, and as many Moravians have become since the days when they were noncombatants. The militant spirit became pronounced in our Civil War when many of the Pennsylvania regiments were recruited from among the Moravians and officered by them, many winning great distinction. The meeting between Greene, and Washington was most impressive, and more so that it was in the company of Morgan. The pleasure of Washington at such a reunion of his generals was unmistakable, and the way they talked and listened and gesticulated, an onlooker would have thought that a council of war was in session debating some strategic movement of the utmost importance.

"I have just expressed my great pleasure in meeting the hero of the Cowpens again," said Washington to General Greene, "and I am sure all I said in praise of that brilliant victory and the subsequent forced marching to effect a junction with your forces would have been fully seconded by you. Our friend is as modest as he is brave."

Greene putting his arm about Morgan replied, "Nothing, General, that you can say in the highest praise of this my old and trusted friend and comrade can be otherwise than deserved, and would meet with my warmest endorsement. He and his riflemen were Paladins. You remember what Burgoyne said to him at Saratoga after the surrender: "My dear sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

He had good reason to say all of that. Then Washington turning to where Lady Washington was deep in conversation with Lady Greene and her daughters he expressed his delight at meeting her again, and that she had not forgotten to bring her beautiful daughters with her."

"And which one is Martha, and which Cornelia?" One of General Greene's daughters was named after Lady Washington, and both were pupils at the Moravian seminary after the close of the Revolution as were other daughters of Revolutionary soldiers and statesmen.

Lady Greene was tall and "of a stately dignity" and dressed in rich brocade and lace with a long sweeping train making a striking figure; she was, as one who saw her once in the old days of Bethlehem; "a pattern lady of the old school," a fit companion for a "gentleman of the old school."

It seemed as if Colonel Morgan, our hospitable landlord, had in mind to give Washington one of the most pleasurable evenings of his life, and most admirably did he succeed, for nothing could have given the old Commander-in-Chief so much enjoyment as this reunion of his old comrades in arms. It was the antipodes of the said parting at Fraunces Tavern, in New York City, so many years ago, the only Inn, by the way, that can in any way be regarded as a rival in historic interest and associations to the Sun Inn.

Another Distinguished German Arrives

There was a broad smile on the honest German countenance of Brother Albrecht as in his finest German accent he announced: "der Freiherr und General, Friederich Wilhelm von Steuben."

It seemed to do the old Thuringian Seneschal a world of good to usher in men of the old high-born German race. There was strong within him the old Teutonic pride of blood and birth, a trait that is dominant to this day in descendants of the forefathers of this interesting locality. Many of the leading men in the Pennsylvania German churches and communities were men of gentle birth and culture — the peers of the best in other Colonial settlements, a fact that is slowly making its way to the knowledge of present-day historians of the United States. The horizon of American history has been vastly enlarged since the days of Bancroft and Hildreth. The discovery has been made of the existence of other races than that of the English who played as great a part in the making of the Nation, a part that any race may be proud of, and one worthy of emulation in the centuries to come.

Of all the foreign military men who offered their services to the struggling revolutionists, Baron von Steuben was by far the ablest, and the services he rendered of the greatest value to the American cause. In a spirit of grand self-abnegation, and an unselfish love of liberty he assumed the thankless temper-trying task of a drill sergeant of the American army. One of the most inspiring sights in the whole series of events during the Revolutionary period is the familiar one seen in the reproductions of the historic painting: "Steuben at Valley Forge." In the midst of a dreary, snowclad landscape, dotted with the soldiers' rude log huts is seen Steuben before a detachment of half-clad and half-starved soldiers with rifle in hand exemplifying the manual of arms. In that awful winter began a systematic course of drilling and tactics, something quite unknown previous to his advent that was eventually extended throughout the entire American forces and which bore ample fruit in future campaigns as at the Battle of Monmouth, where Steuben rallied the retreating and disorganized troops of the blatherskite General, Charles Lee.

Hamilton who witnessed the steady action of the troops under Steuben said: "He had never known till that day the value of discipline.' '

In spite of Steuben's choelric temper often provoked to the explosive point by the awkwardness of the recruits, he was beloved by the soldiers for his kindness towards them and the sympathy he showed for them in caring for them in their sufferings. As Carnot was Napoleon's great organizer of victory so was Steuben Washington's great organizer and disciplinarian.

Steuben wrote the first Manual for the order and regulation of the United States army, and subsequent manuals are an evolution from this work of the old drill master.

The meeting of Washington and Steuben was a sight long remembered by the guests of that memorable evening. There was a long, silent hand grasp with deep emotion plainly visible on their strong impassive countenances. There was ever between these two soldiers the profoundest respect for each other's great ability; both of noble nature and given more to deeds than to speech. The conversation that ensued was carried on in subdued tones by both. The Baron in his broken English expressing his great pleasure at meeting his old Commander again, and Washington in no wise behind him in showing his own delight. One may be assured that in the long winter at Valley Forge Washington and Steuben had many confidential hours. A seasoned veteran of the great Frederick was too valuable an acquisition not to be made the most of, and Washington was never reluctant to learn of anyone where his own knowledge could be bettered.

General Greene also showed his pleasure at meeting the old Baron for Steuben was one of his greatest lieutenants in the great Southern campaign. He exclaimed, "Baron, it does my soul good to meet you again; it seems like the old days in the trenches before Yorktown, when so many of us here who are present to-night were making the last victorious fight for this beloved land: Lafayette, Morgan, and the rest. We must fight the battles all over again to-night," he laughingly continued.

Steuben replied, "I would have been better satisfied with ought else than keeping that scoundrel Arnold in check, with my handful of riflemen, while you were carrying out 'ein grosses Krieges spiel' — in which I had some experience while serving under the great Frederick."

"Believe me, my dear Baron," replied Greene, "no other man could have done what you did in aiding me, in playing as you call it, the grand game of war for it meant the close of the great struggle and the glory of it was as much yours as mine; the glory is everlasting for all who did their duty in the part assigned them in those heroic days. You never failed, dear Baron, in doing yours, never."

Count Pulaski, Revolutionary and Friend

General Greene had hardly finished speaking when Brother Albrecht was heard announcing: "The Count Casimer Pulaski." There was a real thrill of excitement as the picturesque looking figure of the young Polish nobleman stepped up to General Washington. He was another of Washington's young proteges, a distinction earned by the most brilliant service. His experience abroad had been of the most varied kind. A revolutionist in Poland, and failing in his efforts to free his country from the thralldom of Russia, and after wandering about Europe, his estates confiscated, and himself declared an outlaw, he found himself in 1777, at the early age of twenty-nine, on American soil where he at once attached himself to the American cause becoming a member of Washington's staff, taking part soon after in the Battle of Brandywine, where he quickly proved his ability as a soldier. His military capacity and swift action facilitated the retreat of the American forces for which service he was rewarded with a Brigadier-General's Commission, and placed in charge of the cavalry.

His Legion formed some time after this, became famous during the short period he was permitted to fight in the cause of liberty. He died from the results of a wound received in the siege of Savannah in 1779, mourned by all who knew his worth as a soldier and as a man.

Washington's welcome was of the most flattering nature. He had learned to respect the great ability of the dashing young officer, and sympathized with him in the efforts he made for the emancipation of his native land. In the conversation that followed many references were made to the sojourn at Valley Forge. Franklin also joined in giving him a pleasant welcome for it was he who really induced Pulaski whom he met in Paris, to enroll himself under the banner of the American Colonists. The friendly greetings that were showered upon him on every side gave the young Polish soldier a delightful experience.

The Moravian Sisters Serenade

In the midst of these greetings the sound of low, sweet music was heard as if at a great distance, but becoming more distinct every moment, and swelling in volume when the music began to be accompanied by singing.

As Brother Albrecht stepped aside at the entrance of the salon, a procession of Moravian sisters led by the Sister Benade entered, carrying a crimson silk banner beautifully embroidered, and singing as they approached Pulaski the following hymn:

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these heroic hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.
Take thy banner! and beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield you then."

The sensation this entry of the Moravian sisters made was most intense. All recognized the crimson banner as the one embroidered by the Moravian sisters, during Pulaski's sojourn at Bethlehem, while he was planning the formation of his famous Legion and where he was also visiting Lafayette, who lay there wounded. The quaint garb of the sisters was most impressive in the midst of the gay and fashionably dressed assembly making a picture and a contrast never to be forgotten.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Editorials

Give U. S. Your Pennies

Uncle Sam stands in such grave need of the metals that go into the making of our pennies and 5 cent pieces that appeal has been made to Americans to exchange any accumulations of these coins for large denominations of money.

It is a known fact that there are millions of small savings banks in American homes. In all likelihood several billion pennies are stored there. These are the hoards of cash that Uncle Sam seeks because he can use them for the coining of new money or return them to circulation and ease the demand upon the mint for supplies of small change.

In this community carrier boys of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers are spearheading the drive to coax these hoards out into circulation and bring about their exchange for larger denominations of coins or paper money. Our young salesmen during current national Newspaper Week have accepted Uncle Sam's challenge of service to them.

All our readers can help the boys and, in helping them, they will be helpful to our national government and to our far-flung American business.

Israel Needs Help at Once

Verification of the Biblical prophecies concerning the return of the Jews to Palestine is occuring constantly as thousands of unfortunate refugees every week arrive in the new republic, Israel, from all parts of the world.

Total Jewish population in that country now must be about 1½ millions and annual accretion amounts to more than 200,000. Furthermore, altho the virtual desert cannot possibly feed and otherwise support immediate population, not a man, woman or child whether rich or poor, young or old, weak or strong is denied entrance to the country.

This seemingly impossible economic problem, which is added to every day of the week, is being resolved only because in the United States there is a consecrated people who thru their unexampled generosity have been contributing millions of dollars to transport, feed, clothe and house the refugees until they get on their feet in agriculture, industry and commerce.

Presently the situation is so critical that $35 million will be needed to tide over the situation until January 1. Tomorrow in this city effort will be made to raise the local quota of urgently needed funds which the United Jewish Appeal will distribute.

In the past the Jewish Community in this section has met its quota consistently or has exceeded it magnificently. It can be expected that the present emergency appeal will be answered in like fashion.

Bond Issues for Streets

Just as rapidly as Allentown streets are repaved there is almost mad rush on the part of motorists to use the new stretches of magnificent, smooth-as-silk highways that are being built. There is general and immediate comment: This is the kind of streets that we should have everywhere in the city.

The latter wish may come true. It will come true if electors on Nov. 6 put their "O.K." on the two bond issues which City Council has submitted to the people for their consideration, followed by approval or disapproval.

The one issue that is proposed is for a round million dollars. If passed, the funds will be devoted to rebuilding of streets that in years past were paved at the expense of the abutting property owners. Since property owners cannot be assessed a second time, rebuilding of the highways can be done only at City government cost. It is pertinent to note in this connection that Allentown's highway department very much desires to improve Hamilton Street and Hanover Avenue east of the Lehigh River bridge after the trolley rails have been removed. All motorists also must desire it very much. But the cost of that job alone may run as high as $700,000.

The second issue that is proposed is one for $500,000. If the voters approve this one also, it is going to be possible to build a very large amount of streets for this money is to be devoted to work on assessable streets only. Streets and alleys that never have been paved at the expense of the abutting property owners can be so improved, the costs collected and returned to a rotating fund. Ultimately it should be possible to retire the bond issue itself from the collections.

At the elections more matters than those of electing public officials will be presented to the electors. In fact some of these matters may be as important or more important than the decision as to who will fill various offices in the Court House and in City Hall. Certainly it is highly important that Allentown electors do not overlook the issues as to improvement of streets. It will take a little additional thought while the elector is in the election machine enclosure. But it is a question that every elector should help to decide.

Time to Stop Inflation

At the Gatlinburg Conference of State Governors Monday occurred the following interesting exchange:

Gov. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina: "Don't you think the only way you can stop inflation is to establish a line and hold it regardless of inequities that it may cause: War always bring inequities."

Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson: "I think that is the only hope for the economic salvation of the country."

Mr. Byrnes: "The experience of the last war proved that until you do that there is no way to stop the spiral of inflation."

Mr. Wilson: "I agree."

Which recalls a Senate committee hearing in July, 1950. The Korean war had broken out a few weeks earlier. Prices were rising. President Truman had asked for a mobilization law, but had said he did not want price and wage controls. Bernard Baruch was on the witness stand, telling Congress it should vote price-and-wage control authority to the President whether he wanted it or not — for the President would be sure to need that authority.

Said Mr. Baruch: "The time to stop inflation is always—now!"

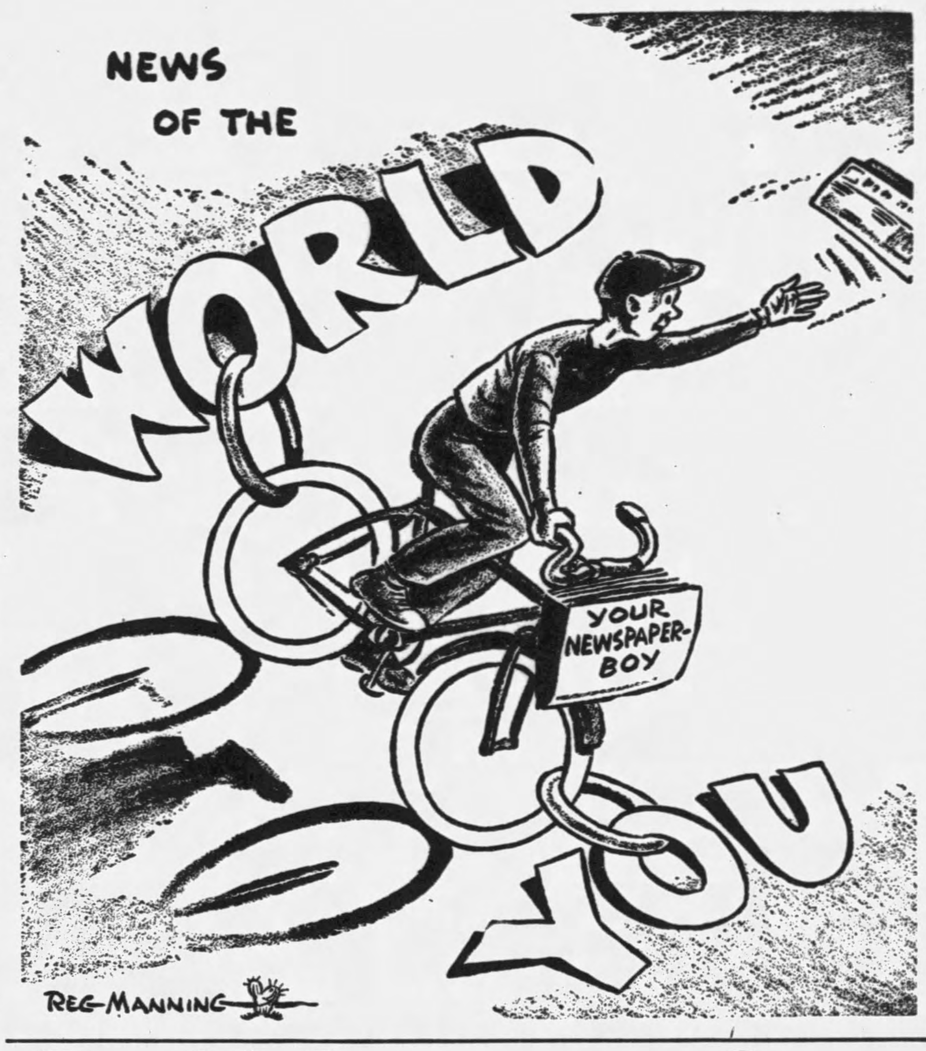
Congress passed the kind of law Mr. Baruch recommended. But the President didn't begin to try to use the controls until several months later and prices and wages and living costs were several notches higher.

Mr. Wilson was not appointed mobilizer until December, and it was last January when he tried to fix a ceiling. But immediately the political pressure of labor unions ran their escalators through the new ceiling, and prices climbed apace.

Congress, dissatisfied with the way its good law had been administered, passed a law which is much weaker. But Mr. Truman and Mr. Wilson could do better than they are doing, even with the present weak law. And they would have a much better chance of getting a stronger law from Congress if they would show determination "to establish a line and hold it regardless."

Although many months and billions late, it is still true that the time to stop inflation is now! (N.Y.) World-Telegram & Sun.

He's the Link



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman was certainly right about one thing in his controversial conference with the press on the subject of censorship — it always has been and always will be the duty of the newspapers and periodicals to refrain from publishing data that could be useful to the enemy.

This is what is called "voluntary censorship." It operated successfully during World War I and World War II. But, unfortunately, that is not the real issue that has arisen over Mr. Truman's "Iron Curtain" order. What the President has failed to do is to set forth, through consultation with the representatives of the newspapers, periodicals and radio, the specific categories of tabooed news of a military nature so as to guide the press. This is very readily accomplished, but for some strange reason Mr. Truman and his staff spurned all idea of cooperation on the accustomed basis that has prevailed in the past.

Order's Origin Military

The origin of the order which Mr. Truman has been persuaded to sign undoubtedly was in military quarters. If the military bureaucrats' viewpoint were always accepted, the American press would have to suppress 95 per cent of the news that normally comes out of the government, and the morale of the nation would suffer accordingly. It's not a new problem. Mr. Truman has simply been caught in one of the oldest traps that bureaucracy has ever fashioned. President Wilson resisted it and so did President Franklin Roosevelt.

When Mr. Truman told his press conference that the reason all other bureaus and departments — including, of course, the civil agencies which haven't anything to do with defense — had to be covered by the executive order was that they sometimes were given copies of important data concedning military matters, he was using an official excuse that has been offered hereabouts for 40 years. It is not a justification for the blanketing of all agencies from the RFC to the Fish and Wildlife Serice.

Stung by the criticism that has arisen, the President veers away from the use of the order on non-military matters and applies his customary political demagoguery and sarcasm to the discussion. One would think from listening to him that the press wanted to aid the enemy and had less regard for the safety of the United States than he has. That's not the way to bring about cooperation between the press and the government.

So far as maps of various cities are concerned which the enemy can use for bombing, these can be bought or obtained free at the gasoline stations of the United States or in the souvenir booklets in tourist agencies and bazaars throughout the country. Also, if the Russians haven't bought all the maps our own government has been selling for years, they are more stupid than anybody thinks.

Act Termed Tragic

It is nothing short of tragic that a President of the United States should stand up before a group of intelligent newspapermen and try to tell them, in effect, that that he wants is security for America and what they want is to give aid and comfort to the enemy.

Unless the President is ready to take advice from persons experienced in the field of voluntary censorship — there are many among his friends who served in wartime and who could give him the right information—the net result is going to be an increasing suspicion that the real secrets Mr. Truman is anxious to suppress are those which now are coming out of congressional committees revealing graft and corruption in some of the bureaus of his administration handling public funds.

The "Iron Curtain" order is wrong because it is European and not American. It centralizes the whole business of suppression in politically appointed officials. It makes no provision for a check or review by disinterested individuals of the information now to be officially suppressed. And, what is even more disturbing, it puts into effect a rule of fear and intimidation throughout all civil agencies and departments, so that objective-minded officials will not dare to issue information to which the public is entitled without clearing it with the headquarters of the administration to determine whether it is politically embarrassing.

The situation could be easily cleared up — and certainly Congress is asleep at the switch if it permits Nazi and Communist methods of news suppression to take hold inside the government of the United States under the guise of a military emergency.

(Copyright 1951)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Frances Rodman tells of a morning Ernest Hemingway was working on his novel Across the River and into the Trees on the terrace of a small hotel not far from Venice. A couple of tourists appeared upon the scene, talking loudly, and the proprietor hastened to whisper to them, "Quiet! Don't you recognize that that man there is Ernest Hemingway?"

"No!" exclaimed one tourist. "What's he doing here in Italy?"

"Finishing a novel,' declared the proprietor. "How nice for him," enthused the tourist. "What's he reading?"

25 Years Ago

Taken from the Morning Call of Oct. 6, 1926, a Wednesday

The Woman's Club opened its new season at the Hotel Traylor with a well attended and enthusiastic business meeting. The feature of the meeting was a reception tendered 25 new members by club officers.

A check for $20,000 final payment of a $7,000 pledge made by the Sacred Heart Hospital Ladies Auxiliary toward the improvement fund, was turned over to Rev. Leo G. Fink, hospital director.

Horoscope

Make allowances for rapid changes in your plans, and keep a broad view when others' opinions run contrary to your own. Your year should move on happily until you reach another anniversary. Good-nature is likely to be one of the main traits noted in today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

G'SHEIDHATE ODDER DUMHATE: Ebs g'sheidhate odder dumhate wor is net fer uns tzu sawga—wos m'r duh wolla is eich die g'shicht fertzailla, un denka lossa wie n'r wolla. Shun fer etlicha yohr hen m'r 'n kucha muddle kotta—'n goul 'n foos hoch, un bout fuftzae tzol long fom shwontz bis on die naus. 'S wor 'n alter muddle gamocht ous blech—tzomma g'sodder'd mit blei wie ewwa ol die alta kucha muddle g'sodder'd worra. Oh yar, er hut aw tzwqe handle hinna druf kot fer halt nemma fer die geil ous 'm dake dricka. 'S wor der graish'd un der shanshd kucha muddle os m'r in ol unserra tzeit g'sehna hen.

Free'r im yohr is 'n fraw kumma un hut gawunnert eb m'r 'n "ginger bread" kucha muddle hetta, 's wear ihr'm kindskindt sei gabutzdawg, un sie wot 'n surprisa, 'n "ginger bread" kucha bocka. M'r hen ra g'sawt m'r hetta nix os shicklich wear in selra hee sich'd, 's aintsich'd os m'r hetta imma grossa kucha muddle, wear 'n goul. Die weil os es kindskindt arrick is fer geil, hut sie gamaint sel wear ra 'n lot liever wie yusht 'n "ginger bread," boo muddle, un hut gawunnert eb sie 'n laina kent fer 'm glaina 'n goul kucha bocka.

M'r hen der muddle grick'd, un'n da fraw gewwa unna aenich ebbes weiter sawga. Wons 'n yung weibsmench gawest wear os ferleicht airsht k'heiert het kot, hetta m'r g'sawt wie der muddle tzu yusa, ow'r won sie mohl rum kumma fer kindskinner gabutzdawg kucha bocka, sotta sellie socha net notewenich sei. Die fraw wor arrick shtoltz mit 'm muddle, hut galocht fon ohr tzu ohr, un gamaint sie kent ihra kindskindt shun sehna won er der kucha graich'd—des wear ebbes os er hoch nee mohls dafor kotta het.

So weit, so gute. Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, ihr hetta numma mohl sehna solla wie selar shae alt kucha muddle hame kumma is. Allas wor in shticker. Die tzwae handle hinna druf worra ob g'shmoltza; 's hinner dale woh 'n gross shtick tzomma g'shmoltza blech wor, wor in shticker; der goul wor hunna—hut yusht may so hee un doh abissel fosht k'honka. Der blei hut in feina faid'm weck k'honka, uns gons waisa wor fershmiert mit aw gabrenter kucha dake.

Die fraw hut sich aw g'shick'd wie won sie die socha arrick hossa dade—un wie sie fermuthlich aw hut. Sie hut g'sawt ihra mon het sie g'sholda, het g'sawt er het grawd fom shtart gamaint sel wear ken pon fer kucha drin bocka, ow'r sie het gamaint 's wear. Noh wos hut sie gaduh kot, os wie der kucha muddla ava fol kucha dake gamocht, un huts gons waisa in der leckrick offa, uns gabocka fer shier 'n halb shtun. Wie sie uf kours kumma is fer der kucha rous namma, wor der kucha muddle ol in shticker fershmoltza—un denk der muddle wear aw so gabliva won fon da East Penn Battery boova on Lyons, sich net erbarm'd hetta, un hen uns der muddle widder g'fix'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Heit 'n woch is die tzeit woh m'r owwa nous noch Niagara Falls gaina bei waig fom Lehigh Valley Rigelwaig, mit ra neia ort Diesel inshein fer 'n alt frankishie exkursion train tziega. Ow'r ebs 'n neiie ort inshein is, odder 'n altie ort, m'r sin shure os es 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit gebt, un maichda aw sawga os m'r net glawwa, os aenicha tickets may tzu griega sin noch 'm 9d October.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 11

In verses 1-11, obedience to the commandments of God is enjoined, especially because of the wonderful acts of God in the past in behalf of Israel. Based upon such obedience is the promise for the future, vs. 10-15, that God would keep His eyes on the land into the land into which He was bringing them. This would imply rain for the fields and good crops. On the other hand, the heavens would be shut against them if they were to forsake Him in favor of the heathen idols, vs. 16-19. Observance of God's law would bring 'the days of heaven upon the land, v. 21, a striking phrase. Furthermore, when this people came into the land, they were to place six tribes on Mt. Gerizim and six on Mt. Ebal, v., 29, the former group to recite aloud the blessings God promised them, and the second group to recite the curses (see Joshua 8:33.) I well remember seeing the long, gentle slopes of these two mountains, easily capable of holding a large number of people. 'Champaign' in v. 30 means 'country,' derived from the Latin word, campus, a field or plain.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Whenever I get a little bit conceited and think what a wonderful thing the human being is, along comes a mouse and proves that there is nothing wonderful about us humans at all.

For instance, I have a very bad cold right now.

My doctor gave me a brand-new medicine, something that is related to oreomyacine, but much more effective.

When the druggist saw the prescription he looked at it, shook his head and said: "This is a medicine for which they have not yet invented a disease."

Then he charged me $6.60 for twelve capsules.

The regular price is $7.70, but he said he didn't have the heart to charge me so much, and furthermore I was such a good customer that I am entitled to a discount.

• • •

So, with proper ceremony I showed the $6.60 wonder-drug to my wife and proceeded to take it.

For some reason or other she showed me a newspaper article entitled "Altitude Affects Disease Resistance."

It was all about mouse studies at Randolph Field in Texas, where they have a School of Aviation Medicine.

By the way, the studies are being made by Dr. L. Joe Berry, of Bryn Mawr College. Just how a girl's school instructor comes to make mouse studies at an Aviation School is rather a poser. I must look into it some time and report to you.

Well, it seems that mice at very high altitudes—say 20,000 feet—practically never get pneumonia.

On the other hand, they are more susceptible to typhoid fever. So please don't rush to the mountains if you feel pneumonia coming on. You may get typhoid fever, for the treatment of which the doctors charge just as much.

* * *

But that is neither here nor there.

The thing that makes me wonder is that so many things pertaining to human beings are first tried out on rats, mice, dogs and guinea pigs.

It makes one feel just a little inferior that rats and human beings, supposedly so far apart in their thoughts and actions, should have so much in common.

Perhaps you can figure it out. I can't.

* * *

Did you ever know that Gloria Swanson is a vegetarian?

And did you know that she has made the Los Angeles butchers pretty mad, by insisting that one doesn't have to eat proteins to have a nice "hard" body?

She says she is 52 and SHE has a nice hard body.

And she made that statement while having her picture taken eating an artichoke.

Gloria has made a scientific discovery.

"Take animals who have hard bodies and great strength," she says. "The gorilla and the ox and the horse and the mule. It's very curious but none of them eats meat or proteih. They eat hay and wheat and grass.

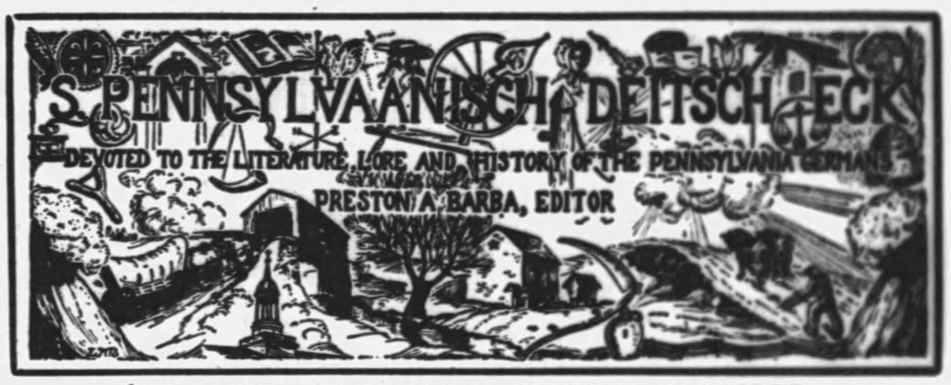
"I'm a layman," she went on, "but it's been my observation that the very animals we eat to get protein from, do not eat protein themselves."

And here is another one of Gloria's observations:

"The animals who DO eat protein are mean-tempered. Lions and bears and wolves eat meat. And look at them."

I guess I'll start eating hay. My wife told me this morning I shouldn't be so mean. And I was eating oatmeal, at that!

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BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

Continued

The Bishop Speaks

Bishop Ettwein, the famous Moravian Brother on whose shoulders rested the bulk of the burdens and responsibilities of the Community during the Revolutionary period, who had entered the drawing room with the Sisters now stepped forward and after paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washingtn who greeted him most warmly for they were friends of long standing spoke as follows: "Your Excellency and friends: I cannot refrain from adding something to the sentiment of the beautiful hymn sung in honor of the valiant soldier, the Count Pulaski, whom we learned to love and to admire during his stay with us in the sad days of the Revolution. We Moravians can never forget his chivalric treatment of the Sisters in the Spring of 1778; the protection he afforded them, surrounded as they were by a rough and uncouth soldiery, sometimes forgetful of the courtesy and respect due to womanhood, and how he himself often in person shared the duties of the sentinel he had appointed as a special guard around the precincts of their House; nor the May day he attended divine worship in our chapel with his Legion in martial array. In spite of our creed which forbade a warlike spirit we could not feel otherwise than thankful that there was stationed in our community so gallant a soldier and so redoubtable a body of followers. Right worthily did he bear himself during his stay and with much sadness we saw him depart on that long journey south to the home of our dear friend Henry Laurens, the honored President of Congress, where he was to win great glory and lasting fame."

The reception accorded the Sisters, whose spokesman the beloved Brother Ettwein had become, was an enthusiastic one, for all in that assembly had intimate knowledge of their devoted lives, and their services to the cause of Liberty, which many like Washington, Ethan Allen, Greene, the Bayards, the Livingstons, and the Lee family, showed their appreciation of, after the close of the Revolution by sending them their daughters or relatives to be educated. The training young ladies received in those far off days fitted them for the most exalted spheres of life and was in no wise impaired by the note of simplicity and utilitariansism that was dominant throughout.

The useful arts as well as the ornamental branches were taught by the Sisters and were specially pleasing to Washington who hated sham and idleness, as any one may discover who will read his homilies to his nephew and niece. Spinning, knitting and weaving were among the accomplishments of the Sisters and it is said that Washington supplied himself with domestic goods from the "first domestic manufactories of the land" as he styled the weaving department carried on in the Sisters' House. Here he made a selection of "blue stripes" for his lady and "stout woolen hose" for himself.

Bishop Ettwein's reference to Henry Laurens brings to mind the close friendship that was formed between them at Bethlehem and which continued unbroken to their lives' end. The intimacy this formed became on many occasions of the greatest service to the Moravian Community, notably so in the month of September, 1777. "While Brother Ettwein was conducting the lately arrived Delegates to Congress through the Widows' and Sisters' Houses, he took occasion to plead for their inmates, whose removal from their homes had been urged by the surgeons in charge to meet the growing wants of the army hospital which had been established here. The appeal resulted in Laurens, as President of Congress, authorizing Richard Henry Lee to make the following order which was signed by the Delegates to Congress present at Bethlehem, all of whom were the guests of the Sun Inn, where a fac-simile reproduction of the original order and autographs of the signers can be seen at the present day.

Bethlehem, 22d, Sept., 1777.

"Having here observed a diligent attention to the sick and wounded, and a benevolent desire to make the necessary provision for the relief of the distressed as far as the power of the Brethren enables them,

"We desire that all Continental officers may refrain from disturbing the persons or property of the Moravians in Bethlehem; and, particularly, that they do not disturb or molest the houses where the women are assembled."

Baron von Kalb Arrives

"Der Baron und General, Johann von Kalb" from the lips of Brother Albrecht announced the entry of the celebrated German soldier who like Steuben became a devoted supporter of the American cause, eventually giving up his life in the Southern campaign under Gates. He was in command of the Delaware and Maryland troops at the disastrous battle of Camden in which he received eleven wounds, fighting against overwhelming odds. No more heroic figure ever drew sword in battle. "Bareheaded and dismounted, with sword in hand he engaged in one personal encounter after another, encouraging his men with his voice as well as his example.' 'He died three days after the battle and was buried at Camden, where a monument was erected to his memory.

In passing, attention may be called to the interesting historic fact, that men of German blood and lineage played a much larger part in the Revolutionary struggle than is generally known or suspected. German soldiers, mercenaries, constituted probably a majority of the British forces. The records show that 29,867 Hessian troopers came to America of which number only 17,313 returned. Of the remaining 12,554 more than 5,000 deserted, either making common cause with the Americans as combatants or identifying themselves with the communities in which they found a refuge. Many of their descendants can be found in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland today. Over 7,000 were killed, or died of wounds or sickness.

The greatest number of soldiers under British officers in any one of the Revolutionary battles was 20,000 at the battle of Long Island Aug. 26, 1776, where so many Pennsylvania Germans were present. At the battle of Brandywine Sept. 11, 1777, the British forces under Howe numbered 18,000 and 15,000 at Germantown Oct. 4, 1777.

At Monmouth, June 28, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton's army numbered only 11,000, and at Charleston, May 12, 1780, but 9,000, while Lord Cornwallis commanded only 7,500 men when he surrendered his army at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781. Burgoyne surrendered with but 6,000 men to Gates at Saratoga, Oct. 7, 1777.

Generals Knyphausen, von Heister, von Riedesel and Rahl, the commanders of the Hessians were veteran soldiers who were trained in the school of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War and in military capacity were the superiors of the English commanders. The service in America was extremely distasteful to the German officers. When Knyphausen returned to Europe in 1782 broken in health and minus an eye, he voiced the opinion of the German officers when he said he had "achieved neither glory nor advancement."

The Germans Fight for the American Cause

The German element in the Continental army was a large and most important one and on several occasions a decisive factor for the American cause. The battle of Oriskany fought under the heroic Herkimer was fought and won by the Germans of the Mohawk valley and Schoharie. The story of the achievements of Morgan's famous riflemen is the recital of the valor of soldiers of German blood, for more than half of his gallant companies were Germans from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The rifle with which his corps was armed was a German weapon brought from Germany by the first settlers, many of whom had been soldiers, and perfected by the Pennsylvania German gunmakers into the firearm that wrought such havoc with British officers during the Revolution and in the war of 1812.

The muster rolls, of Bucks, Lancaster, York, Berks, Old Northampton, Montgomery, and the border counties as far west as Westmoreland County reveal an overwhelming German element in their makeup showing not only its numerical preponderance but the intense patriotism of the Pennsylvania Germans, and devotion to the cause of liberty. A list of German officers in our Revolutionary army headed with the names of Herkimer and Muhlenberg to the Captaincies in the militia would present a formidable appearance and prove to be an instructive chapter in the history of the American Revolution. When to these we add the names of Steuben and Kalb, soldiers who had served under Frederick the Great with distinction, we cannot fail to be impressed with the great part played by men of German blood in our war of Independence and to wonder that so little has been said in American histories in praise of their achievements and patriotism. Not until the record of their work in the building of the nation shall have been as fully and faithfully set forth as the achievements of men of English blood have been in the past, can it be said that we have a really true and impartial history of the American people.

A Strange Hubbub and Raucous Sounds

In the midst of the festivities now growing more animated with every new arrival a strange hubbub was heard in the hall of the Inn in which raucous sounds, guttural alien speech were mingled with the energetic protets of Brother Albrecht in his half English and half German accents finally ending in the announcement by the faithful Albrecht of "die heidnisch, unmenschlich Indianer von der wilderness" with several muttered side remarks in German not intended for the ears of the company assembled—among them expressions like: "die schaendlich niedertraechtig hunde" etc.

Now took place the most imposing spectacle that had yet been enacted that memorable evening. Fifty-one chiefs and warriors of the Iroquois Confederacy or Six Nations entered the drawing room much to the disgust of Brother Albrecht who had attempted to limit the number to the Chiefs, but without avail and who had moreover vivid recollections of the visit long since, of the celebrated Teedyuscung and his unwashed followers, across the Lehigh at "The Crown," the ancient predecessor of the "Sun Inn" and of the rejoicings of Ephraim Colver, the long suffering publican, when they had departed for the lands of the Wyoming and he could sleep in peace and cleanliness once more.

Indians Attend the Grand Reception

The Indian visitors were headed by Red Jacket or Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (He keeps them awake) the famous warrior and orator of the Seneca nation frequently called the Indian Demosthenes. With him was the noted Cornplanter, the first temperance lecturer in the United States, the uncompromising foe of strong drink in the Indian nations.

There were also Good Peter or Dominie Peter, Big Tree, Farmer's Brother, Little Billy, Captain Shanks, the Infant, or Hanangaikhon, the tallest warrior in the Six Nations, measuring fully six feet and four inches, and Pierre Jaquette or Otsiquette the young and intelligent Oneida chief who had been adopted into the family of Lafayette and taken to France at the close of the Revolution to be educated.

Red Jacket in spite of his antagonism to the arts of civilized life appeared this evening wearing the richly embroidered scarlet jacket which had been presented to him by an English officer soon after the Revolution as a reward for his fleetness of foot in a running contest, and which gave him this nickname by which he is best known to the American people. He also wore the medal of solid silver which Washington gave him on the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Six Nations in 1792. His tall erect form and dignity of manner in walking made him an impressive figure, while his address while speaking at Council meetings has never been surpassed for majesty by any of the great orators of the white race. In spite of his implacable hostility to Christianity he was most friendly to the Moravian Brethren whose unselfish devotion to the Indian race he had long been cognizant of and reluctantly acknowledged. "The majority of the party were dressed in white linen shirts, short woolen coats, Indian leggins, consisting of a piece of cloth bound around the calf of the leg with thongs, and snugly fitting moccasins of deerskin, which latter the wearer is wont to dip into cold water in winter before going abroad in order to protect the feet from frost. A number had the sleeves of their coats adorned with large plate of silver, or wore trinkets of the same material on their bosoms. Some had silver rings and pendants inserted through the cartilage of the nose; most of them wore massive earrings of silver or copper, which by their weight drew down the extremity of the ear and lengthened the slit through which they were passed. Their faces were curiously painted in red, and vermilion was strewed on the lock of hair left on the crown. A few carried rifles, the rest were equipped with tomahawk, knife, tobacco pouch, and the trusty bow and arrows. The more civilized were dressed somewhat after the manner of the whites, wearing in place of cloaks, the favorite blanket around the shoulders, and on their heads uncouth caps of fur."

No guest in the Assembly was more astonished at the entrace of the dusky procession that Landlord Morgan who began to say things that were more forcible than poetical, and particularly so when he expressed himself in the Pennsylvania German patois, "Wass ist loss da!" he exclaimed "Wass fa dumma socha sin do?" "Ich hab sie net all eingelauten; usht en halb dutzen oder so und do kumma finfzig oder sechstig — wass muss der Washington denka?" It was not until he had seen Washington shake hands with Red Jacket and his followers and had been assured by the Rev. Samuel Kirkland the Presbyterian clergyman and missionary who had accompanied them that they were all sober, that he became reconciled to their presence in the midst of the grand company he had brought together. Even then he was seen to shake his head vigorously during the rest of the evening and to hold confidential talk with Brother Albrecht, much to that worthy's discomfort and evident annoyance.

Wariaghejaghe Enters Amid Shouts

The entrance of Sir William Johnson still further mollified Landlord Morgan when he noticed the effect his presence produced upon the Indians. The moment they caught sight of his dignified and pleasing figure they began to cry out: "Wariaghejaghe! Wariaghejaghe!" the name given him when he was adopted by the Mohawk nation. After paying his respects to Washington and Lady Washington, whom he reached with much difficulty, so enthusiastic was the reception given him by the Indian chiefs and warriors, he began to converse with them in the Indian tongue which he spoke fluently. It is said that no white man that ever lived possessed so great an influence over the Indian tribes as Sir William Johnson.

He cultivated their friendship by accommodating himself to their manners and sometimes to their dress and by his unfailing justice and honesty in his dealings with them he won their entire confidence and became the most powerful personality on the Indian borders. His marriage to Catharine Wisenburg daughter of one of the German Palatines of the Livingston Manor who subsequently settled in the Mohawk Valley gave him additional standing and influence among the Germans of that region. The proverbial fidelity of the Indian character when once their friendship has been given was amply shown on this evening. The delight and demonstrative pleasure manifested by these stern impassive warriors was remarkable exhibition and long remembered by the guests of the evening.

Even Brother Albrecht began to think that he had been perhaps too harsh in his judgment of the Indian guests when he saw how amiable and decently they behaved during the evening after the advent of Sir William Johnson, and how great was the interest shown by Washington in Red Jacket and his fellow chieftans. He had an knowledge of the invitation from Washington to Red Jacket to meet him at Philadelphia to discuss a treaty with the Six Nations, or he might have understood something of the assurance with which these sons of the forest forced their way into the drawing room. No place in their estimation was too sacred in which to meet the great White Father and particularly so on Moravian soil which to the Indian was always a refuge of safety or comfort in case of need. The Moravians were not behind the Jesuits in their friendly, kindly treatment of the Indians.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Editorials

Our Firemen Real Thing

The several thousand persons who witnessed the fire-fighting exhibition on Center Square on Wednesday night, and were thrilled by the live-saving stunts that members of the department put on for their entertainment, could not have guessed that, within a few hours of the exhibition, the firemen would be doing the real thing without any rehearsals with their near-victims.

In the darkness of early yesterday morning fire in a Sixth Ward storeroom trapped people in an apartment overhead. Threatened with death from fire or suffocation from smoke, one woman was carried by ladder from her third floor apartment. With care that befitted her delicate condition the firemen did their precarious job and received the high praise of the predawn assemblage.

Ours are not parade firemen. They are the real thing. They have complete equipment. They have received extended and intensive training. They have the ability and the courage to use both.

Boys Teach Big Lesson

Call-Chronicle newsboys have good reason to be extraordinarily proud of their accomplishment in the project that significantly has been termed "Operation Piggy Bank."

To celebrate the gathering of half a million pennies, a point attained on Thursday, a group of the boys paraded under police watchfulness to all the city's banks with their express wagons loaded with sacks of coins. In this way they put every bank in Allentown in a position where it could supply its customers with small change in the course of business yesterday and will be able to supply them for days, yes weeks, to come.

In addition to the pennies, the boys rounded up more than a thousand dollars worth of nickels to ease the shortage locally in this denomination.

In all likelihood the boys will round up a million pennies before the impetus provided by the drive this week dwindles away and the boys call quits. By that time they will have saved this entire section of country from the business inconveniences resulting from scarcity of small change.

Better than that however is the nationwide lesson which our boys have taught. They have told every community in this country what to do in the event of a shortage of coins. They have shown that boys anywhere, by effecting an organization, can get hoardings of small change out of hiding.

Just think what our local boys could do if they were to go after dimes — a coin that has been most popular among the thrifty!

Golf No Public Burden

For almost forty years Allentown has provided a great variety of recreation for its people upon its parks and playgrounds. Proudly it has been able to say that it has charged them nothing for all the fun they have been able to get. It has provided extra conveniences thru the operation of concessions but the basic facilities have been free to the public and their cost has been borne by the City as a whole.

Accordingly there is going to be great interest, from the economic point of view, in the public golf course when it opens next year. This is the first public recreation spot that ever has been developed in this city with the thought that it may nearly or entirely pay for its operation and be no burden upon the City's treasury.

Inasmuch as the course was laid out without anticipation of profit there will be no disappointments if its operation just breaks even. But golf experts say that, unless Allentown be different from all other communities, the course will not only pay for itself but will yield a profit. The latest expression of such an opinion comes from the superintendent of the public park system of Baltimore who spent Thursday on a local tour. He based his statement on the experience of his home city which has four public courses and makes money on all of them.

With this opinion of experts at hand it would appear to be the part of wisdom to omit nothing in the set up of the new course that will be attractive to golfers. They are the one group of sportsmen who expect to pay well for their game, whether they play upon private or public courses. By their fees they sustain thousands of courses all over the United States.

Loss of a Fine Citizen

There will be widespread and sincere regret that Allentown and the Lehigh Valley are going to lose Frank Gwynn, earnest American Legion man and a citizen who could be counted upon at all times to serve in any good enterprise for his community.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gwynn has been a citizen of this Lehigh Valley for only 20 years because his imprint has been so strong upon so many institutions as to suggest a lifetime of work with them.

It is all the more a tribute to the character of the man that in only a score of years he attained such high place in the esteem of so many people. It should be added that his place was attained not thru his own ambitious efforts for leadership but because the people with whom he became associated immediately recognized his high qualities and harnessed them to their movements.

The satisfaction of Mr. Gwynn's many friends is that altho he is leaving them to return to his old home in Missouri it is not with the purpose of going into enforced retirement and inaction. He will busy himself with many movements that he likes to foster. No matter where he will be his memories of the many friends that he made here can never fade just as their memory of him will remain ever green.

Taft-Hartley Amendment

The amendment to the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 which permits employers and unions to write a union shop agreement without polling employes beforehand is a milestone not only because it is the first revision of the law but also because it is the only change in which organized labor has concurred. Hitherto the labor slogan has been: "Repeal the Taft-Hartley Act."

Passage of the amendment by the House, following action by the Senate, is a reminder that a proposal to the same effect was one of the twenty-eight amendments to the law sponsored by Senator Taft more than two years ago. On June 30, 1949, the Senate passed the Taft bill, but the House did not follow suit.

While the Taft bill was pending there were voices raised by some in sympathy with organized labor which ventured the opinion that since half a loaf is better than no bread the unions would be well advised to accept the measure as a beginning. Both the Administration and labor, however, preferred to retain the repeal policy for political reasons. How mistaken that decision was is now apparent.

Organized labor has the alternative of "saving" its repeal policy for the 1952 political campaign or of seeking modifications piecemeal. We think it will gain more in the long run if it takes another tack and favors gradual changes in the controversial act. The law is not perfect, but the union plan to scrap it in toto and substitute the Wagner Act of 1935 has made no progress in Congress in the last four years and prospects for early repeal are more than dubious.

—N. Y. Times

No Rest for the Wary



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The rejection of the British by Iran and Egypt is not unrelated to the position the British have adopted toward China. A political and economic empire can only maintain itself by proud might. When an empire even gives an appearance of fear and cowardice, the peripheral areas will rebel; allies will look to their own interests; subject nations will bare their teeth.

The British empire was created by force and trade penetration. It consisted not only of colonies, seized, occupied and governed, but of contractual relationships with physically weak and economically backward countries. In Iran, the British once enjoyed a sphere of influence as did Russia. That had been reduced to an economic contract concerning the Anglo - Iranian Oil Company, which has now been altered by nationalization.

Relationship Complex

Great Britain's relationship to Egypt is complex. The most ancient country, Egypt had, from 1517 to 1882, been within the Turkish empire. In the latter year, because of internal disturbances, the British sent troops there to protect the Suez Canal, which had been opened in 1869, but it was not until 1914 that a British protectorate was declared, to last until February 28, 1922.

As the Suez Canal has been so important to the existence of the British empire, it has been British policy to maintain a general overlordship over Egypt. The condominium agreements of 1899 gave the British management of the canal. Since 1936, the Egyptians have been demanding a revision of these agreements.

The Sudan is a large area in Africa which was gradually coming under Egyptian rule until 1833 when the Mahdi revolted. His movement was eventually suppressed by the British, who thenceforth governed the Sudan.

Since 1936, the Egyptians have been seeking to drive the British out, actually starting negotiations to that end in 1945. Had British policy been firm in China and Iran, the Egyptians would not have dared to assume their present attitude. As British policy in China has been one of constant retreat, and as Iran has so far suffered no really disastrous effects from a unilateral cancellation of the Anglo-Iranian oil concessions, Egypt is encouraged to risk Britain's anger. Unfortunately, the United States is included in that anger.

Egyptian Insistence

In the United Nations, Egypt has insisted that the troops of one nation have no right to be on the territory of another nation except by invitation. As British troops guard the Suez Canal and are in the Sudan by treaty, Egypt, to maintain her attitude, now seeks to abrogate the treaty.

Both Great Britain and the United States have had ample warning of dissatisfaction and trouble in Egypt and the Sudan. Unfortunately, the American policy is geared to support Great Britain in all countries where British interests had prevailed prior to World War II. This policy, however, brings us in conflict with countries which seek to free themselves from contractual relation. with Great Britain. The Egyptian foreign minister, Salah el Din Pasha, made Egypt's position clear last July when he said:

". . . The most important point in any Anglo-Egyptian talks is that Egypt will not stand on their side at any time so long as they insist on occupying our territory and on separating the Sudan from Egypt."

Egypt has been placing restrictions upon the movements of shipping and goods in the Suez Canal, an issue now before the Security Council of the United Nations. Egypt's participation in Arab wars against Israel raises the question of her right as a belligerent in the control of the Suez Canal, wich is in her tereitory.

Egypt Stands on Rights

The crux of the problem is that Egypt stands on her sovereign rights as an independent state. Great Britain cannot enforce her will on any country; the United Nations cannot enforce its decisions. Therefore, such countries as Soviet China, Iran and Egypt violate treaties, contracts and international law without fear of reprisal.

The burden of maintaining the power and authority of both Great Britain and the United Nations therefore falls upon the United States, which has never been an imperialist country and has never recognized the right of one people to control the affairs of another. From the Declaration of Independence to the Atlantic Charter, this country has insisted that every people has a right to a government of its own choice. If foreign troops are stationed in a country, except by the invitation of that country, do the people have free choice? And can the United States afford to be Britain's muscle-man?

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Howard Lindsay, the playwright, is punctilious about his business engagements but on the forgetful side when it comes to social functions. He has been known to wander off from one of his own dinner parties for a brief nap and then forget to come downstairs again.

Names of friends and acquaintances frequently elude him. When in doubt he calls everybody Herb, except his friend Herb Mayes, whom he hails as Jerry. For years he engaged in a bitter feud with an actor who had let him down and wouldn't stay in the same room with him when they accidentally met at a party. Then one night Lindsay's wife, Dorothy Stickney, was amazed to find him in close and harmonious conversation with the actor at the other end of a Hollywood soiree. The conference ended in a burst of laughter, and Lindsay clapped the actor on the back. "I wonder what caused Howard to forgive him?" thought Mrs. Lindsay. At this moment Lindsay whispered hoarsely in her ear, "Who was that fellow I just was talking to, anyhow?"

(Copyright 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

In the third grade of a nearby school the kids were asked the other day what they wanted to be when they grew up.

You can guess the answers — fireman, aviator, Hopalong Cassidy, general in the army, policeman. One said he wanted to be a gambler on a Mississippi riverboat. Another said he wanted to be "baseball commissioner." He must have read of Ford Frick's appointment at $65,000 a year.

NOT ONE of the kids expressed his desire to be President of the United States, in spite of the magnificent salary and tax-free expense account, in spite of his yacht and gold-plated baseball passes.

NOT ONE wanted to be a senator, a congressman, a cabinet officer or any other kind of politician.

What is it that makes politics so unattractive to children?

Could it be that there is not enough money in politics? I doubt it. Kids don't care much about money.

Could it be that all the youngsters hear about politics is BAD?

Could be.

The result is that this aversion to politics is carried right along into adult life — and that those we have in politics are, as a whole, a pretty mediocre lot.

Somehow there is a bit of a smell in politics to the average person.

The moment the word politics is mentioned one thinks about graft, smoke-filled rooms, the "machine" crookedness at the polls.

The movies have done their best to foster this line of thought.

Whenever they can't think of anything else, radio and television picture a "crooked politician," a big cigar in his mouth, holding forth in the backroom of a saloon, mixed up with gangsters and schemers.

It's too bad that it is that way. But it is.

And what is the reason?

It's because it is based on TRUTH.

Take the old Pendergast machine — or better let us leave out the word 'old.' Take the Teapot Dome scandals. Take the Kefauver Crime investigation. And now take the Police Graft case in New York and that miserable Harry Gross, the bookmaker.

In every community, in every county, in ever state there are examples of crooked politicians.

In addition, the moment a man enters politics, he is exposed to insults, to slander, to temptation.

So it is that two kinds of people go into politics now. One is the fellow who is so hard-boiled that he doesn't care for insults or slander. The other is the fellow who hasn't been able to make a decent living anywhere else and to whom graft is just a pleasant little side line.

There are exceptions of course. Many fine men, many men of independent wealth have gone into politics.

But politics will never be a popular calling until the third graders consider it as good a career as to be a Hopalong Cassidy or a fireman.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 21: 18-23

The putting to death of a son by the community who refuses to obey his father and mother may seem rather harsh to us today. Naturally, such conduct on the part of a son is a direct violation of the fifth commandment, demanding that a child shall honor father and mother, and promising long life to those who do so. Prescribing death for a son who refuses the chastening of a father for disobedience emphasizes the importance of God's moral law — quite in contrast with the indifference too frequently shown to the demands of God's laws, obedience to which on the part of individuals or nations tends to the prolongation of life. A provision in vs. 22-23, in the case of a man guilty of capital punishment, demands that when a criminal is executed, and his body hanged on a tree, the body is not to be allowed to remain there over night, 'lest it defile the land', for 'cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree'. See how this verse is quoted in Gal. 3:13 with respect to the body of Jesus on the cross.

Horoscope

Attend strictly to business and material gain will probably be realized. Look for originality and independence in the child who is born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ARYIE MENSCHHEIT: M'r hen ois gamaint 's wear yusht drous West os fee g'shtola dade werra -aenicha waig doh in da ledshda yohrra. Fuftsich bis 'n hunnerd yohr tzurick wor 'n lot fee shtailerrei om aw gae doh rum, bardich, so weit os geil aw gonga is. 'S worra inshurance kumpanies om gae woh leit ihra geil inshur'd hen waeich da deab. Alla gabut fin'd m'r noch alta bichelcher un onner bobier un korta waisa woh die kumpanies rewards shtae hen kot, fer aenich ebber os so'n fee deab ferwisha dade.

Ow'r fer 'n longie tzeit huts g'sheind wear die fee shtailerrei gons un gore ous g'shtarva in darra gagend-hut gamaint m'r mist West gae fer fee deab finna. Ow'r so wie m'r doh shun etlicha mohl k'hoert hen in kartz'm, huts ols noch so shwarnaiter rum-deab woh nei gaina fer fee shtaila. Fer gawissna uhrsocha wolla m'r ken nahma nanna, un aw ken gagenda sawga woh die socha g'shaina sin. Doch, des is wos ken so'n monichie tzeit tzurick g'shaina is drous in londs gagenda, ken hunnerd mile weck fom shpitza fom monument, on da Sivat un Hamilton shtross doh in da shtadt.

Im airshda fol sin paar boova wenich noch da halb nocht 'n ferlaidlicher waig hame bei mashine. So wie m'r fershtaina wora 'n shwartzer waig, un hen ihra aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna, wie sie 'n yunger ox g'sehna hen navich 'm waig mit ma strick on da harner, awgabunna onna baum navich da shtross. Sie hen mohl g'shtopt un gaguck'd, un noh ous gamocht 's mist gawiss fon ma nagshda nochber seim rins fee sei, un sin niver noch 'm hous un hen 'n ous 'm bed gagrisha.

Wie der gawissa bauer k'hoert hut wos om aw gae wear, hut er sei flint grick'd, un is mit niver woh der ux awgabunna wor-un shure ganunk wons net ainer fon seina wor. 'S uxa feld wor net weit ob, un wie sie die uxa im feld gatzailt hen kot, hut ols noch ainer g'fail'd noch dem os sie der awgabunna tzurick ins feld gadriva hen kot. Die weil os sie noh om blauderra worra hen sie gamaint sie hetta ebbes fon ra kayosa tzucht k'hoert 'n shtick on ra line fens drowwa. 'S hut galoud wie won 'n heevier goul rum wear, odder ebbes dade shnoppa noch 'm ochdem.

'S hut der bauer un die boova 'n gaweck'd hen kot, net long ganumma fer ous finna woh die tzucht bei kumma is. 'N ordlich shtick fon da line fens drowwa wor der onner ferlora ux aw gabunna, yusht selar wor fosht gamocht um der hols. Aina waig odder da onner hut der shtrick sich tzu gatzoga, un der aintsich'd waig fer 'n lose griega wor, fer der shtrick scheneida-un sel is wos der bauer gaduh hut. Mit 'm shtrick ob is der ux um g'falla un hen net onnishder gadenk'd os wie er wear dote-hut sich ken pieces ferraig'd. Endlich hut er ow'r awfonga tzovla un der kup uf k'hova, un is noh tzurick uf die fees gagrodd'ld, ow'r bletzlich widder um g'falla uf die onner side. Wie er widder wenich galaiga hut kot, is er nocha mohl tzurick uf die fees, un hen 'n nunner ins feld tzu da onnerra gadriva.

Niemond hut noch ous finna kenna so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, war die uxa ous 'm feld ganumma hut, un ferwos sie aw gabunna worra. Ow'r ferol os m'r wase, maichts sei wie aw noch weiter fertzailt wert os ken so'n monichie tzeit tzurick 'n bauer ken hunnerd mile aweck fon woh die uxa g'shpichta aw gonga is 'n bauer nochts ous 'm bed garufa is werra fer paar truck kerls helfa 'n sow lawda os sie g'sawt hen wear na fom truck gajump'd. Der bauer hut helfa die sow lawda, un da nagshda morya wie er nous is fer sei si feedra, wohrhoft won er net 'n sow kartz wor- hut all'm noh helfa sei aignie sow lawda.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit 'n woch is die tzeit woh die Pennsylvania German Society ihra yairlichie fersommling hut in Elizabethville- die hamet fom Pennsylfawnish Deitscha dichter Solly Hulsbuck, un aw die hamet fon da Eisenhower familia.



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

Continued

Echoes of Braddock's Defeat

Attention was diverted from the Indian chiefs by the entry of General Thomas Gage the Commander of the British forces at Bunker Hill. In meeting Washington he renewed an old acquaintance formed in the first instance in the Braddock Expedition in which he was wounded. While Washington was covering the retreat of Braddock's panic stricken soldiers, Gage, then a Lieutenant Colonel, rallied a few of his troopers and succeeded in taking the mortally wounded Braddock to a place of safety. Gage in the course of his conversation with Washington recalled the events of that disastrous venture to the Forks of the Ohio, as being the occasion that first gave the English government some idea of his military capacity and energy, the full extent of which was to be realized on many a hard fought battle field in the Revolution.

Referring to the defeat of the British arms in that great struggle Gage frankly acknowledged that Washington's role as a peacemaker between the Colonies and the Mother Country was infinitely more successful than his part when he attempted jn Boston in the year 1774 to adjust the differences that divided the two countries. In calling Washington "a peacemaker," he meant, the successful general, who could extort a treaty of peace after a successful campaign. He realized, he said, that mere talk and threats such as he indulged in before the battle of Bunker Hill made no impression on a people who felt the justice of their cause and were prepared to battle and die for it if need be.

Unrealized Intentions

During this conversation John Hancock and Samuel Adams had joined the group that surrounded Washington and by whom they were introduced to Gage who immediately recognized them as old Boston acquaintances whom alone he exempted from pardon in his proclamation promising clemency to all rebellious New Englanders.

He intended to hang Hancock and Samuel Adams. Laughing he shook hands cordially with them expressing his great pleasure at meeting them again and reminding them that "it was one of the attributes of humanity to be at fault occasionally in its judgment of men and things, and that he had become convinced long since that the Colonists had just cause for grievance at the ill treatment of the home government. The narrow nature of George III and his fatuous advisers was responsible for the loss of the American Colonies to the English Crown, an irreparable loss, but he believed best though for mankind, "a sentiment heartily applauded by Hancock and Adams, who had long ago forgiven him his vindictive manifesto. Franklin who overheard the conversation quietly smiled in that sagacious manner of his that became famous on two continents. It was truly a great gathering of old time friends now rejoicing in the blessings of peace and in the success of whilom rebels.

Two Generals are Welcomed

The announcement of Brother Albrecht of the arrival of General Richard Montgomery and General John Sullivan added greatly to the stir and interest that was manifested in the now crowded drawing room. It will be remembered that Montgomery and Sullivan received their commissions as Brigadier Generals in the Continental Army on the same day; both young men and in the prime of life. Both were figures of surpassing interest to the company — Montgomery for his gallant illfated invasion of Canada and Sullivan for his successful expedition against the Indians of the Six Nations, and both were welcomed with every evidence of respect and admiration — Sullivan receiving quite an ovation from Red Jacket and his fellow chiefs and followers. The Indian nature is generous in its recognition of a brave and talented foreman and Sullivan received a proof of it this evening.

Montgomery was a most attractive figure: he was "tall, of fine military presence, of graceful address, with a bright, magnetic face, winning manners and had the bearing of a prince." So he was described on the eve of his departure from Saratoga on his Canadian Campaign.

General Gage had reason to study the personality of Montgomery with more than ordinary interest inasmuch as his exploits at Boston were contrasted with that of Montgomery's in Canada and to his disadvantage. Montgomery's untimely death was mourned by friends and enemies alike, both paying tribute to his valor. In the British parliament, Edmund Burke, contrasted the condition of "the 8,000 men, starved, disgraced and shut up within the single town of Boston, with the movements of the hero who in one campaign had conquered two-thirds of Canada." To which Lord North replied: "I cannot join in lamenting the death of Montgomery as a public loss. Curse on his virtues! They've undone his country. He was brave; he was able; he was humane; he was generous, but still he was only a brave, able, humane, and generous rebel." "The term of rebel," retorted Fox, "is no certain mark of disgrace. The great asserters of liberty, the saviors of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called rebels."

A Spectral Review

Of a sudden in the midst of the festivities, above the lively hum of conversation and hearty salutations and good natured laughter was heard the distant sound of muffled drums and fifes, playing a stirring warlike march that made all comrades in arms present, stand at attention. Hurried steps were heard coming through the hall and a messenger hastily entering the drawing room quickly elbowed his way to Washington with whom he held a whispered conversation at the end of which Washington, strangely moved turned to Generals Greene, Morgan, Steuben and Kalb and in a voice that almost trembled with emtion addressed them: "My old comrades: I have but this moment received a message that may well disturb the poise of the strongest man. Dear as is the memory of this beautiful town to me by reason of the many splendid services and loyalty shown the cause of liberty in many a dark hour of our great struggle for Independence by the Brethren here, yet I have been often saddened by the thought of the hundreds of my brave soldiers who bivouacked these many years on the hospitable Moravian soil, who succumed to disease and to wounds notwithstanding the faithful and tender nursing of the Sisters and Brethren, to the faithfulness of which you will, I am sure, bear glad testimony my old friend," turning to Lafayette who had joined the little group of Generals. Continuing Washington said: "Among these were many Virginians, some of whom were members of your corps of riflemen, General Morgan; most of them gallant young men, choice spirits, too young to die. In some strange mysterious way they have learned of my presence here tonight and have begged me to grant them the favor of review as at Valley Forge and at Brandywine. They will be on the march presently and I request you and those assembled here to share with me the honor of their salutes."

Then was witnessed another strange sight on this memorable night of wonderful experiences. The spectral forms of nearly a thousand Continental soldiers and Riflemen in the well known Continental buff and blue uniforms and the Riflemen's buckskin jackets and leggis came marching up the street toward the old Inn, where stood Washington surrounded by the Generals and officers present, marching in solid ranks and in perfect alignment with arms at a carry. As they neared their commander the command of "Platoons right, present arms!" was heard and platoon after platoon of the long procession wheeled with beautiful precision, facing Washington and presenting arms, wheeling again at the command of "Platoons right! carry arms!"

This incident affected Washington profoundly as well as General Morgan who recognized among the riflemen many of his young Virginia backwoods friends. Steuben too, was filled with strong emotion when he noticed among the Continental soldiers numbers of the recruits he had drilled at Valley Forge, and Lafayette also when he saw some whom he had met while he himself lay wounded at Bethlehem. The sight of these old veterans of the Revolutionary armies brought back innumerable incidents of the war to the memory of the officers assembled. The dangers of battle, the pangs of hunger and fatigue on the long and lonely marches were realized again by them all as they looked upon the marching columns. The silent salutes impressed them more than salvos of artillery or loud huzzas.

Unwanted Guests

During the excitement created by the passing of the Continental soldiers and Riflemen several announcements were made by Brother Albrecht, and when Washington with his escort of officers returned to the drawing room quite an accession to the number of guests was apparent. Conspicious among them were a number of officers who seemed to gravitate to each other by some mysterious influence. Their presence created much surprise and embarrassment by reason of their well known antagonism to Washington in the early days of the Revolution. The two most prominent in the group were Generals Gates and Conway the leaders of the famous "Conway cabal" which for a brief time came near controlling the deliberations of the Continental Congress in their endeavor to displace Washington as Commander-in-Chief and putting Gates into his place. The capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga proved too much for the vanity of General Gates. He developed very quickly a "swelled head" in the parlance of the present day which only attained normal proportions after his defeat at Camden in the disastrous Southern Campaign where he was superseded by Greene

Landlord Morgan in his generous invitations to the old guests of the famous Inn overlooked the fact that perhaps some of the guests might be persona non grata to Washington which was the case so far as Gates and Conway were concerned, notwithstanding that Conway in a letter to Washington acknowledged the great wrong he had done him. Generals Sullivan and Schuyler were seen scowling furiously when they saw Gates in close conversation with Conway—while the New Englanders present avoided meeting them. A number of these worthies were involved in the beginning of the Cabal with Gates in the effort to deprive Washington of the Chief Command. Washington's exposure of Gates however as a liar and the author of certain dishonorable correspondence made the New England members of the Continental Congress ashamed of their conduct, the memory of which they sought to keep in the background this night by avoiding anything like cordiality in a meeting with Gates or Conway. Sullivan and Schuyler had ample reason to dislike Gates. His treatment of Schuyler and of Arnold before and after the battle of Saratoga was contemptible and was productive of great harm to the American cause. Sullivan a generous Irish blood asserted itself when he exclaimed to Schuyler: "There's the coward responsible for Arnold's undoing. Arnold's brilliant work at Saratoga and at Freeman's Farm and the cowardly conduct of Gates were so well known to the army officers that there was always more or less sympathetic feeling for Arnold among them, in spite of his treason.

A Tragic Figure

By a strange coincidence just as Sullivan made his reference to Arnold, the announcement was heard: "Major John Andre!" There was possibly no incident during the eventful evening that so fully marked the extraordinary character of Landlord Morgan's reception as the entry of Andre representing as he did the most tragic event in the Revolutionary struggle. The engaging personality of the handsome young officer at once won for him the warm friendly sentiments of the assembly. Even Washington's kindly regard was shown in the manner in which he welcomed him. During the evening not the least reference was made by anyone in conversation with him to any of the unhappy incidents that so tragically closed his career. It was the refined, polished gentleman who was recognized, and graciously received and entertained.

In a conversation Andre had with Landlord Morgan he expressed his pleasure at again being a guest of the Sun Inn many years before, while passing through Nazareth and Bethlehem on his way to Philadelphia he said he had enjoyed its hospitality, a fact not generally known. Our landlord was greatly pleased with Andre's reference to his first visit to Bethlehem and with the compliments he paid him on the brilliant gathering he had so successfully brought together.

The Ties That Bind

That the reception was a success was evident; there was no lack of movement or conversation among the guests, who very soon formed themselves into groups drawn together by the memory of old ties of friendship or of service in Colonial or Revolutionary days or by reason of kindred taste and pursuits. This was shown in a little coterie aloof from the crowded space about Washington that was engaged in an animated and evidently enjoyable conversation. The character of the topics discussed may readily be guessed when we learn the personality of those composing the group. The most eminent of these was the astronomer and philosopher David Rittenhouse, and the others were Peter S. Du Ponceau for a long time the President of the American Philosophical Society, the Abbe Correa de Serra, Minister to the United States from Portugal, a member of the Royal Society of Lisbon and distinguished as a naturalist and linguist; Dr. John Schoepf, the celebrated traveler and naturalist; Baron Hermelin the Swedish mineralogist; the Rev. Johan Augustus Miller, Chaplain to the Baron von Riedesel, a scholar with eccentric tastes; the Chevalier Conrad Alexander Gerard, the Minister from France to the United States, who was honored with the degree of LL.D. by Yale College; Don Juan de Miralles, a Spanish gentleman, a friend of Chevalier Gerard, the Right Reverend John Ettwein, the Moravian Bishop; Joseph J. Mickley, the Antiquarian and First President of the American Numismatic Society, several of the professors from Lehigh University and Lafayette College and President Joseph Willard of Harvard University.

The conversation was learned and manifestly of the greatest interest and withal interspersed with suggestions of trade and commerce. Dr. Schoepf was particularly anxious for information concerning the "pearl fisheries" of the Lehigh river, while Baron Hermelin had a great deal to say about the silver ores near Nazareth. Dr. Schoepf was very persistent in his inquiries after a deposit of agates, cornelians and other varieties of the morco stone he had tried to locate many years before, which he believed would be found in the Blue Mountains. The only thing that the Doctor could locate with definite certainty however was a rock on the other side of the Lehigh, cavities in which were filled with a fine yellow powder, which was used in Bethlehem to form an "writing sand." When informed by the professors from Lehigh University that blotting paper had taken the place of writing-sand he was quite astonished and seemingly disappointed. He examined with great curiosity some of the blotters that Landlord Morgan presented him with later in the evening. The Baron and Dr. Schoepf were amazed when told that the iron ore, cement rock, and slate found in the Lehigh Valley had brought greater wealth to it than all the pearl fisheries of Ceylon ever produced or half the silver mines in the world. They were convinced of the truth of this statement the following day when Landlord Morgan took them over the Lehigh Valley in his airship. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Bethlehem Steel and Iron Company, who had been announced a few minutes before, was introduced to the scientific group by Mr. Alfred Brotherhead the proprietor of the Sun Inn, and experienced the busiest half hour in his busy life, answering innumerable questions from all sides concerning iron, steel, armor plates, vanadium, manganese and iron ores, bessemer processes, the blasts, magnets and railroads. They were greatly impressed with the description given of the process for hardening steel armor plates by George and Charles F. Pettinos, of Bethlehem, who discovered and are supplying the material used in the operation.

to be continued

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Editorials

Stop the Vandalism

Some very drastic action must be taken if many people in this community are to be saved heavy losses, great inconvenience and annoyance and even physical harm as a result of pranks of young people in vandalistic, pre-Hallowe'en celebration.

In this city there was report yesterday that during Thursday night automobiles and a dwelling house were smeared with paint. A lot of other mischief, not so costly but equally annoying, was also reported.

From residents in the vicinity of Huckleberry Hill, near Guth's Station, came report that snow fences had been rolled on to a highway, that a mail box had been torn from its foundations and that other damage had been caused for a number of families.

All this is very bad. Since such conduct has been noted in many sections during recent days it is likely that it will be continued, perhaps on increasing tempo, unless sharp halt be brought to the perpetrators. Twelve more days and nights of such behavior cannot be borne in silence nor with indifference.

It cannot be argued that any of this mischief is brewed by innocent, childlike minds. It is conceived and carried out by brats who full well know what they are doing and evidence that fact by the fact that they do it all very slyly and surreptitiously.

Unless there is to be a lot more of this serious kind of juvenile behavior law enforcement officers may well accept the challenge to their ability to discover the culprits, bring their deeds to the attention of their responsible parents and then spread the news widely that such kind of funny business does not pay and will not go unpunished.

If the reports from the South Whitehall area be correct, then it would seem that the State Police have a definite job cut out for them. State property has been damaged and public safety on a State highway has been jeopardized.

In the case of the daubing of automobiles and a dwelling with paint in this city, our local police are challenged to discover the young culprits — almost certainly young people of the neighborhoods in which the offenses were committed — and bring about repayment for damages sustained.

None of our local communities deserve such treatment from their young people. Hereabouts there has been a very definite, and a constructive philosophy and policy concerning the observance of Hallowe'en. The theory is that if a pleasure be taken away from children, a substitute should be provided for it. Inasmuch as, years ago, dubious "pleasure" was gained from malicious mischief on and around October 31, Allentown and other communities organized parades for Hallowe'en. They strove to give the young people a better time than they possibly could shape for themselves.

This has been going on for two score years. Every year there is effort to do better by the young people than in previous years. Effort is made to leave no place for malicious mischief.

Our communities have been eminently fair to their young people. None of them are too young to know that in all justice and equity they too should be fair and decent in their dealings with their community. It is evidenced that, young as they are, they have a sense of wrong. Conversely they must have a sense of right as well. This is the sense which it is expected they will exercise. If a few of them have to get rough treatment from law enforcement officers it will be no more than they will expect and deserve.

Challenge to Home Guard

It is a matter for no expressions of pride that a visit to this city next week by the Red Cross bloodmobile unit has been cancelled because there was virtually no response to an appeal for donors.

The unit was to have been brought here on two days, namely Wednesday and Friday. Response was insufficient for two days of work so the latter day's visit has had to be cancelled.

The amazing thing about all this is that the blood which is being sought in the course of these visits is for a very definite, patriotic purpose. American soldiers are engaged in a war in Korea that is just as much America's business as any war that American boys ever have engaged in. American forces in Korea, up to this time, have suffered more than 80,000 casualties. More than 60,000 of these have been injuries and treatment of the victims has required blood in enormous quantity. The Red Cross has sought to help the United States Army by assembling the blood. In so doing it has had to appeal to the people and to their patriotic spirit.

The fighting is far from over even tho there are moves in the direction of a truce. All the indications are that there are going to be many thousands of casualties in Korea before our boys can come home. A lot of them are going to die. They could be saved if patriots back home in the United States were to think and act now in truly patriotic terms to help the patriots on the dangerous battlefront against entrenched Communism.

Light in Center Valley

Congratulations must go out to the residents of Center Valley who deplored the lack of street lighting in their village, decided to do something about it and on Thursday night officially dedicated a system to brighten the way of traffic and pedestrians over two miles of the community's highways.

Certainly the town is much the pleasanter for all this brightness by night. Certainly it is going to decrease traffic and pedestrian hazards. And certainly, as all police department records show, brilliant street lighting is going to do much to control crime (of which the village, very fortunately, has had but little).

Baseball Fans in Tokyo

News that half a million Japanese turned out in Tokyo to shout "banzai" for Joe DiMaggio and Lefty O'Doul is the sort of thing that keeps up our hope for some eventual international understanding. The Japanese have been baseball fans for a long time, and there is some significance in the fact that when the military clique came to power in the mid-Thirties baseball came under official repression. It was too good an international language.

What we are all trying to find is those means of communication that can jump across language and culture-pattern barriers. Sport is one of those means. That has been demonstrated again and again, as in the case of the splendid Finns who have been our guests here, in Sugar Ray Robinson's recent "ambassadorial" job in Europe, in the fine history of the Davis Cup and, indeed, in the whole concept of the Olympic Games. We don't expect the world to be transformed on the playing fields, but every little bit helps. When the Japanese shout their "banzais," in this case they are helping to shout in a better world.—New York Times.

Another Renovation Job Urgently Needed



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

This country is being railroaded out of a million dollars a year. And, since I'm not on the political beat, that kind of money isn't exactly petty cash to me.

Especially when it's being spent by the U. S. Army so that 12 colonels, operating under a brigadier-general, can each open one telegram per day as their war-time tour of duty. And especially when those telegrams say, in effect, that no one has stolen the nation's railroad tracks, the trains are running on time and the Navajos haven't captured the Super-Chief.

This all started back in August, 1950, when Mr. Truman ordered the Army to seize the railroads. Obeying its Commander-in-Chief, the Defense Dept. had the Army assign a brigadier-general, 12 colonels, 15 lt. colonels; 14majors, one captain, three 1st lieutenants, one sergeant and eight clerks to "Operation Railroad."

Basic Cost High

The basic cost of this maneuver is $42,500 a month or $510,000 a year.

Since the colonels have cars, assistants, travel and other expenses, and the Pentagon must supervise the deadly paper work involved, it is estimated that at least another half a million has been spent since.

Just what is this "Operation Railroad?"

Every day, in each sector of the nation, each railroad dispatches to the colonel in charge of its region a wire saying all is peaceful. The colonel sees to it that this vital information swiftly makes its way to higher and, of course, more expensive echelons.

Nil Issued to Roads

But all that goes up doesn't come down. Nothing is issued by the colonels to the railroads, which they ostensibly operate. Not one letter. No technical instructions. For the most part, the colonels feel silly. Most of them are the railroad presidents themselves. After being commissioned, they went out and bought uniforms, were assigned staff cars and chauffeurs — and were told to draw Army pay.

None of them needed the $6,840 a year. None of them wanted it. Col. Ernest E. Norris, president of the Southern Railways System, one of the nation's top men in his field, draws $75,000 a year from his company. So does Col. R. H. Smith of the Norfolk and Western and Col. Robert S. McFarlane of the Northern Pacific.

They want neither their colonelcies, their uniforms, their Army pay checks nor their headaches. Apparently the administration wants no headaches either. So for 14 months — and it may go on forever unless this has some effect — the Army has "run" the railroads in an assignment virtually forgotten by the public.

There haven't been any conferences. Leaders of the three unions which technically haven't settled their differences with the lines have been living in Washington's Hotel Hamilton for over a year, waiting for some word.

White House Silent

These union men, chiefs of the engineers, firemen and conductors, haven't heard from the White House since July. A few weeks ago they did get Sens. Wayne Morse, Matthew Neely, Harley Kilgore, Herbert Lehman, Wm. Langer and James Murray to go in and talk with Mr. Truman personally. He said he'd see what could be done. Apparently the President's staff is still looking — and the railroad executives and the union chiefs are still waiting.

Result? The railway unions won't do anything to prevent those daily telegrams from reporting peace on the rails, but they sure are waiting for the Presidential campaign.

However, we may not have to wait that long for action because of the failure of any dynamic labor policy to develop. Already militant union leaders, such as Walter Reuther, are saying publicly that this is a "phony seizure."

This sort of charge must not be ignored. It comes from the men who generally make national labor policy — and set the styles for action inside labor. It means that as the current wave of bitter strikes crashes into our war production schedules with terrific and increasing intensity, Mr. Truman may be forced to seize steel mills, coal mines, gun plants or jet pump and parts factories. Soon, too.

Crippling War Effort

Already, unions whose loyalty to the government is unimpeachable are crippling gun production, tool flow and jet part assembly lines in showdown fights over wages, production speeds and the power a union will have inside a plant. Some of these battles will get tougher this winter and next spring.

If Mr. Truman tries to seize, he may find the unions won't order their men back because of what they call an effort to slap a "phony" peace on them, as in the million - dollar "Operation Railroad." They'll come to bury seizure, not to praise it as in the past.

Somebody had better whip up a national labor policy on short order.

(Copyright, 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Wives of America, awake!

You have been too perfect.

You have spoiled your husbands.

They are getting bored with you.

So writes Ruth Millett in her column.

A man doesn't want perfection always, she says.

He wants a change of pace. That's the only way to hold his love.

You must not always meet him in a fresh dress, with shining hair and lipstick just applied, when he comes home.

Look sloppy every now and then. That will make him realize that you have worked hard all day.

Don't always get up in the morning and cook a hot breakfast for him. Let him go to work every once in a while without breakfast. Or let him get his morning meal in a restaurant.

Don't always greet him with a smile and a kiss.

Don't always be companionable and evince an interest in his business and in what he has been doing during the day.

If you do all this — says Miss Millett — you will never startle him into noticing how "special" you look some evening.

The same old kiss every night becomes monotonous. So monotonous, in fact, that he may go looking for a new kind of kisses somewhere else.

The wife who takes up every hobby her husband takes up — says Miss Millett—makes a mistake.

A fellow takes up a hobby because he wants to enjoy something ALONE.

Like fishing. A fellow likes to go out fishing by himself or with MEN. You just COOK the fish when he brings it home.

In other words don't ALWAYS be perfect.

Make him appreciate your PERFECTION by occasional imperfections.

I want it distinctly understood that I am not recommending this approch to your man.

I certainly wouldn't like to have my wife try it on me. As a matter of fact, I didn't even show Miss Millett's article to her. I don't want to put ideas into her head.

But if you think your husband needs a bit of jacking up — you may want to try the prescription.

After all, almost anything is better than a divorce.

By the way, in the same paper appeared a letter from a fellow who says that he doesn't know why women squawk so much about their hard work.

His wife went on a vacation, he says.

He cleaned and spruced up a six-room apartment every day in about two hours.

While she was away he had another man with him.

"The two of us don't smoke, drink, entertain, leave our clothes on the floor," he writes. "We leave the bathroom clean and tidy, ready for the next person's use. And yet, I hear nothing but the eternal complaint about being overworked with housework."

Of course that fellow is a very rare bird. I smoke, drink, entertain, leave my clothes on the floor, and the bathroom dirty.

So I am really no judge.

This fellow also "removed every bit of useless junk," while the wife went away, which cluttered up the place. "In their place I put vases filled with flowers."

I would have liked to see his wife's face when she returned!

(Copyright 1951)

Horoscope

The anniversary is an auspicious one, according to the stars. Substantial gains and pleasant surprises are likely for you. Good nature and sympathy should be conspicuous traits of today's child.

25 Years Ago

Taken From The Morning Call of Oct. 20, 1926, a Wednesday

A contract for paving 3,721 feet of highway from the top of Steckel's Hill to Fullerton Junction, Whitehall Township, was awarded by the state highway department for a low bid of $51,278.57. Cost of the road was to be apportioned between the county and the township.

Dr. Clayton Hamilton, dramatist and lecturer, spoke to audiences of students at Muhlenberg and Cedar Crest Colleges on "Henrik Ibsen."

Allentown children were entertained at Mealey's auditorium by screen star Wesley Barry. Barry was on a personal appearance tour with his Hollywood Harmony Hounds, an eleven piece orchestra.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

HUT 'N GRICK'D: Tzum ledshda kon der Donald Lichtenwalner fon nagshd on East Macungie hinkle raisa mit fershtond. Now uf kours fershtaina uns recht—m'r maina net os die hinkle ken fershtond hetta, 's wor der ragoon os 'm die hinkle g'fressa hut, os ken fershtond kotta hut. Shun fer long hut der Donald gamaint sei drup hinkle hets ob nemmas, ow'r hut nee mohls ous mocha kenna wohs faila dade. 'S wor net bis doh gons kartzlich os er ous g'funna hut wos om aw gae wor—'s wor 'n ragoon dahinner.

Net long tzurick nochts hut der hund mohl hesseldawnish gadoabt. Der Donald is nous sehna wos letz wear, ow'r die hinkel shtol dierra worra ol shae tzu, 's wor naryads nix letz, un er hut net onnishder os wie gadenk'd der hund dade bloffa fer seim shwontz un wists net, un is widder tzurick ins bed.

Da nagshda morya wie der Donald uf g'shtonna is wor der hund ols noch uf gariehrt, un is im hofe rum g'shprunga wie won aryads ebbes gross letz wear. Der Donald hut der hund, g'sholda, un 'm g'sawt er het nochts gabloff'd fer ewwa fiel, un sot sei tzucht un g'shpring shtoppa odder er dade 'm ains ous leichta. Der hund huts ow'r g'sheind het ken ongsht kotta sella morya—shelda hut 'm nix aw gabrocht, uns nagshd os wor, hut der hund evens gabroviert fer omma hocha mabla baum nuf groddla farna im hofe.

Der Donald, woh g'sehna hut os der hund die gons tzeit hinnershich un farshich g'shprunga is g'shwishich da hinkle ben un sel'm gawissna baum, hut om baum nuf gaguck'd, un 'n grosser ragoon sehna drowwa in dibble hucka. Sis leicht tzu denka os der Donald gonga is fer die flint, ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, noh hut er yusht may fier kugla kotta—fierra, un net aenie mainer. 'N guter shitz hut er uf kours gadenk'd het shun 'n monich mohl grick'd wos er gonga wear dafor mit ainra kugle, hut mohl gatziehlt un g'shossa ow'r der ragoon is net g'faila. So hut er noh noch drei mohl efter g'shossa, ow'r der ragoon hut sich net ferraig'd. Die shuss worra noh ol, un der Donald hut gawinsh'd won er numma galarnt het fer marrick sheesa in seinra yuchand.

Der Donald wor noh in ra mechdicha fix, un hut gore net gawist wie aw tzu gae. Won er gadenk'd het der ragoon dade der hols ferbracha won er runner kaimt, het er sich net fiel dafon gamocht un der gross dich mabla baum um k'hock'd woh der ragoon druf wor. Ow'r die weil os der ketzer 'm noh ferleicht noch fert g'shprunga wear, hut er da fraw Betty g'sawt sie sot g'shwind nous noch Macungie gae mit da mashine 'n box fol kugla hola—er dade sich unna on der baum hucka so os der ragoon net runner kent.

Mit ra balla bat in ainra hond, unna guter g'sunder hevel in da onnerra, hut der Donald noh gawort bis die Betty tzurick kumma is mit mit ra frisha box kugla. Noh hut der griek nocha mohl g'shtart, un ferol os der ragoon gabroviert hut fer sich hinnich 'n dicker nosh'd hucka, hut er 'n gadroffa, un is bartzelbaum owwa driwwer runner kumma. Wie shwear os er wor kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r der Donald is shure os die finf un sivatzich yunga hinkel—un ferleicht ols noch mainer, 'm ragoon ken shawda gaduh hen. Er wor shlutta fet, un tzitter os der ragoon wech is, hut der Donald net ae hinkle ferlora.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In ontwert tzu da fiela leit os shun gawunnert hen won m'r widder 'n train exkursion hetta—won ganunk sin os gae wolla, tzaila m'r da tzweta Sundawg in Dezember noch Nei Yarrick tzu gae fers Grishdawgs show sehna in Radio City Music Hall, un nadierloch aw 'n bus tour mocha fon da shtadt.

Lossa uns hoerra won ganunk schreiva gaina m'r, m'r sin shure os es aw widder 'n aryie shaenie tzeit gebt.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 24

Without making any comment on vs. 1-4 of this chapter, it will be more interesting and helpful to read Jesus' reference to them in Matthew 19:3-9. Verse 5 would seem to imply that the 'honeymoon' of a newly married couple should last for a year. During that year the husband shall not 'go out to war,' meaning exemption for that period of time. The 'Mill' for the grinding of grain was a rather simple but important household institution, consisting of a fixed stone and another rotating on it, between which the grain was ground. Neither the nether (lower) nor the upper millstone was to be taken from a man to pay a debt which he owed, for it would mean as much as to take his life. Man-stealing, with a view to selling him as a slave, is forbidden in v. 7 (see the word in 1 Timothy 1:10). Mercy, justice, kindness, and consideration for others were characteristic of the laws of God in Israel, for God would have His people show the same consideration for their fellowmen as He had been conferring upon Israel, vs. 10-22. For verse 16, read Jeremiah 31:29-30.



BROTHER ALBRECHT'S SECRET CHAMBER

A Legend of the Ancient Moravian Sun Inn at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

By James B. Laux

CONCLUSION

While Mr. Schwab was explaining the technical processes of making steel armor plates, his audience was increased by the presence of Commodore John Barry, the Commander of the old Frigate United States, ranking officer of the old Navy, who at once began another series of searching questions. It will be remembered that the Commodore superintended the building of his flagship of which he was very proud. He seemed quite skeptical for a time when told that battleships built entirely of steel plates a foot thick and weighing from 20,000 to 30,000 tons could float in sea water, carrying cannon, firing balls weighing half a ton and over to a distance of three miles and farther. He looked very quizzically at the Messrs. Schwab and Pettinos, when with an amused smile he inquired whether the Blarney stone had been stolen by some enterprising Pennsylvania German in recent times and set up in Bethlehem. A midnight ride in Mr. Schwab's automobile (in itself a marvel to the ancient Commodore) to the steel works after the reception was over, quickly convinced him that naval architecture had undergone a decided change since he had built the "United States" and that he would not have much show in a fight with a modern battleship. He was very quiet on the way back to the Inn; he realized that times had changed and that he belonged to another age—as he confidentially informed George Washington whom he met on his return to the Inn. "Horseless carriages and ships without sails propelled with hot water" he said "are too much for my simple brain. Today while getting out of the way of a chap riding between two wheels hitched tandem fashion I was nearly demolished by an airship that came sailing down the street at the same time. I was told too that they talk now through solid wires for a hundred miles or more, and bottle up music like wine. You take out the cork and the music flows out in any tune you want. It is too much for me, Your Excellency."

An incident of unusual interest was the greeting given by Washington to General Daniel Brodhead, the ancestor of Mr. Albrecht Brodhead, the proprietor of the Sun Inn. General Brodhead was among the most trusted of Washington's officers. The confidence he reposed in his ability and discretion was shown in a conspicuous manner when he appointed him to succeed General Lachlan McIntosh as Commandant of Fort Pitt in 1778 and to undertake the chastisement of the Indians in the Western Country who had become a source of great annoyance, their hostility interfering greatly with his plans of operation in the east and south.

George Washington is Having a Big Evening

After a hearty handshake Washington said: "This is the most wonderful social affair of my life. I cannot turn in any direction without seeing some cherished friend, some officer whose ability and loyalty were of such vast service to their country in aiding me in my most trying position as Commander-in-chief of the army. Here I meet you most unexpected, my dear General, also my valiant Sullivan and the faithful, meritorious McIntosh, three of my best Indian fighters." Turning again to General Brodhead he continued: "I would have been in sore straights had you not so thoroughly chastised the Mingo and Muncy tribes on the Ohio giving them a lesson they did not forget during the rest of the war. My dear friend Sullivan here gave the same thorough punishment to the Six Nations, the memory of which their tribes will never forget. I needed every soldier in my operations against the British forces and could not afford to have them doing duty on the Indian frontiers. I have never forgotten your brilliant and effective services—and am very happy this night in being permitted to thank you again for all you accomplished and that I meet you here in company with Sullivan and McIntosh under the same roof. This is truly a wonderful affair—to me at least, meeting as I do so many of you gentlemen of the army. Here comes also my old friend Knox, good soldier and sound statesman as I always found him. Lewis too and Maxwell, and Armstrong and Woodford and the worthy Mifflin, veterans all. It makes my heart glad to see you all here together."

Attention was called to a distinguished looking group surrounding Benjamin Franklin engaged in spirited conversation. It was a reunion of the signers of the Declaration present this evening, among them George Walton, Lyman Hall, William Ellery, William Whipple, John Hancock and Charles Thomson "the Samuel Adams of Philadelphia" who should have been a signer, so great and patriotic were his services.

The surgeons of the Continental Hospital also had their little gatherings to recount their sad experiences at Bethlehem and else: Dr. William Shippen, Dr. John Morgan, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Duffield and Dr. John Warren, brother of General Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill.

The chief magistrates of Pennsylvania were well represented in the persons of Governors James Hamilton, Richard and John Penn, and Thomas Mifflin and had much to discuss when they found themselves in unexpected convention. They were joined by Governor Davis of North Carolina, and by James Allen the founder of Allentown and the Huguenot, John Bayard a distinguished patriot of the Revolution, Colonel William Polk of North Carolina, Colonel Eliot, Colonel John Bannister and Colonel Harsfield and James Lovell of Boston, member of the Continental Congress, and who was imprisoned by General Gage the British Commander at Boston in 1775, were among the belated guests of the evening but received nevertheless right cordially. General Gage later in the evening apologized to Congressman Lovel for sending him to Halifax: "but you must blame your passionate devotion to the idea of "Independence" which you were aware I was sent to America to combat" he explained.

Among the guests who seemed nervous and discontented was the restless Frenchman, Brigadier General Roche de Fermoy who somehow proved unsuccessful as a soldier by reason of insubordination, and became much disliked by Washington in consequence. He was really responsible for St. Clair's unhappy experience at Ticonderoga.

A King Arrives

When the evening had been far spent and the flow of conversation in the gallant company was at flood-tide and all invited guests had long since arrived, Brother Albrecht was heard above the babble as with a beaming countenance he announced in a ringing voice: "The worthy and venerable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach, Koenig von Musikland." There then stepped into the room, a blind old man, his head covered with a great wig, much like that of an English Chief Justice,—a face which once beheld never after forgotten; massive, noble features, almost stern, eyes in which shone the light of genius and about him the unmistakable air of a master. Bowing gracefully to the company, he addressed it with much dignity of speech and manner: "My friends" he said, "you will forgive I am sure the intrusion of an uninvited guest—a poor old musician whose whole life has been devoted to music, the composing of it as much as its interpretation, and who was simple enough to believe that he had written something that expressed, as nothing ever before by man, the glorious mission of music, when he composed his B Minor Mass; who had hoped and prayed that he might be privileged to hear it sung as he had conceived it should be sung, before he had passed beyond this mortal life; to hear the "Sanctus" sung by a devout and worthy chorus.

"That happiness was denied him in his old home in Germany, but not so in this new and wonderful land where music is regarded as a rare gift of the Almighty and singers and composers are not treated as if they were beggars, but as princes. We dwellers in the realm beyond the grave, know and hear things you dream not of. A great English master, one of the Immortals, whom I have met and who calls me "brother" once said, as you will remember: "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." 'Tis true! the blind see, the deaf hear; we live the life denied to us on earth; the soul expands and is in harmony with the majestic order of the universe. Think you that you can send a message across the seas on the winds of heaven as men to know and question our ability to hear such messages too; aye, and to send them also? Can you doubt our faculty to hear the music of mortals when our souls are attuned to the music of spheres. "There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest, but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim; such harmony is in immortal souls; but while this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.

"Ah, can you conceive with what emotion I have heard sung in this beautiful burg in your May Festivals, the music I composed when the Moravian Brethren first made this their home in the wilderness, a Pennsylvania Germany, where men are born free and equal. The singing was more than even I dared hoped for; your singers gave it qualities I dreamt not of. Your great critic expressed all that I felt when he said: "anything more inspiring than the delivery of **Cum Sancto Spiritu** in the **B Minor Mass** it would be impossible to conceive. It was magnificent in the vital throbbing of its beat, in the growth of its tone from beginning to end and in the breadth of its style. Such choral singing is indeed a privilege. It was a performance in which the sublimity of the music was perfectly disclosed."

"Believe me it brought tears of joy to my poor old blind eyes. I felt repaid for all my labors and its lack of appreciation in my own day. And this is why I am here tonight, that I might greet you all and thank you for the great honor you have done my memory in your splendid May Festivals and to wish you God speed in your devotion to music, for believe me it is the speech of happy souls on earth and in Heaven."

The commotion, the presence and remarks of Bach created it is impossible to describe. To have among them the King of Music, the master, but for whose genius the famous May Musical Festivals of Bethlehem would be unheard of was conceived to be almost as great an honor as the presence of Washington. To place the stamp of the greatest distinction upon the occasion, a memory to be treasured as a precious thing, Professor J. Frederick Wolle the genius of the May Festivals approached Bach with the greatest reverence and begged him to play some of his favorite clavier compositions, sonatas, and arias for the company. Consenting most graciously Bach was escorted, leaning on the arm of Professor Wolle, to the grand piano, which excited his boundless wonder and admiration. All his work of this nature had been done on the ancient clavier with its primitive keyboard and other limitations, but such as it was, it did not hinder him from becoming the greatest pianist of his time.

This night he played as never before. The flood gates of music seemed to have opened and glorious melodies deluged player and listeners alike. Not only did he play his favorites of the long ago, but he improvised as he only could do, on theme after theme; one in particular holding the company's rapt attention. He caught the spirit of 1776, a most appropriate theme on such an evening and in the midst of such a gathering of the heroes of the Revolutionary struggle. He expressed, in magnificent phrasing the pangs of a new born nation and its triumphant career to the present time.

The playing of Bach created an almost startling effect on the company, particularly so upon Washington and his old officers, who notwithstanding their lack of musical culture recognized the marvellous genius of the great composer. The German and French officers present were in raptures as they had more or less acquaintance with Bach's compositions, having received musical training in their younger days. The Baroness von Riedesel seemed transformed. She had approached the blind old master during his playing and hung on every note with intense emotion. While Bach was resting for a moment the Baroness whispered a request which brought a succession of smiles to his face as nodding he at once graciously complied.

With Measured Tread

The atmosphere of the inn began to thrill with music that brought every lady and gentleman to their feet, old and young were quickly in the delightful mazes of the waltz, treading measures such as mortals never trod before. Washington dancing with the Baroness von Riedesel and Lafayette with Lady Washington. The poetry of motion was never before so beautifully demonstrated by so distinguished a company and surely never before under the spell of music such as that which Bach gave in unstinted measure and in the most wonderful rythmic movements.

Landlord Morgan showed himself a paragon of the Terpsichorean art with Lady Greene as his first partner and with many others before the music ceased. The dancing ended with the stately minuet, a French dance very popular during the Colonial period in Europe and America and frequently indulged in at the Court of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV, that monarch often taking part in it. It is doubtful if the Court at Louis ever witnessed so noble a presentation of this aristocratic dance led as it was by Washington in his grandest manner with Lady Schuyler as a partner. There too in the same company were General Morgan and Lady Washington, Lafayette and the Baroness von Riedesel, Richard Henry Lee and Lady Greene. In other sets were John Hancock and Lady Penn, Governor John Penn, and Mrs. Morgan, the mistress of the Sun Inn, Colonel Ethan Allen and Mrs. John Adams, Governor Morris and Mrs. Wade Hampton, Baron von Steuben and Miss Martha Washington and Lady Mifflin destined to become the General's second wife.

Never before was the minuet danced to such music as given by Bach accompanied by the famous Trombone band, and never before or since was the minuet danced so gracefully or so naturally. Ach Gott! die Amerikaner sind ja alles eins tanzen oder soldaten, exclaimed the Baron von Riedesel as he witnessed the beautiful revolutions of the dancers. He looked in wonder at the splendid figures of Washington, Morgan and their associates moving with the utmost grace through all the figures of the dance and when it was finished he was profuse in his expressions of delight and in his congratulations.

A Famous Toast

When hunger had been stilled and the clinking of wine glasses began to be heard on all sides, toasts began to pass freely around the tables, toasts couched in the approved fashion of the day, formal, and fashioned in the quaint phrases of the times. The toast given by Richard Henry Lee was acknowledged by all to have been the best of the evening. "Here's to the health of General George Washington: First in War, First in Peace and First in the hearts of his Countrymen." The toast embodied the sentiment of all mankind and was received with overwhelming applause by the company, who drank it in the rare Lachryma Christi wine found by Landlord Morgan in the secret chamber of Brother Albrecht. Toast followed toast in rapid succession and an era of good feeling was evident very soon in the midst of which speeches of felicitations and congratulations were freely given. Landlord Morgan had risen to his feet to propose a toast when a tremendous racket and shouting was heard.

Where Are You?

John Morgan! John Morgan! Hello! John Morgan! Where are you? Hello! was shouted by lusty lungs and echoed through the subterranean galleries until it reached the sleeping form of our adventurous landlord in Brother Albrecht's Secret Chamber who was suddenly awakened by the glare of torches in the hands of friends. John Morgan found himself confronted by a numerous company come in search of him in the midst of which he recognized his good wife and little son.

Rubbing his eyes and giving a mighty yawn and stretching himself so that every joint and muscle cracked and creaked he exclaimed: "I had the most wonderful dream ever dreamed in Bethlehem. Let's take a smile." Taking John gently by his hand Mrs. Morgan replied, "Come John, dinner is ready."

THE END

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Editorials

Big Job for Old Man

The figure of Winston Churchill, outstanding British leader in two great wars, has reappeared upon the international scene with the victory in Great Britain on Thursday of the Conservative Party. Thus the old bulldog, who symbolized British independence, courage and strength in various British crises has been brought back to guard what is left in the British household after vast and successful raids upon her century-old, accumulated holdings.

The victory by the Conservatives over the Labor Party candidates for Parliament's 625 seats has not been overwhelming. Still, the margin by which the Churchill - dominated party has won power would appear to indicate that a considerable part of the independent voting group in Britain became dissatisfied with the experiments in Socialism which have been in progress under the Labor party. It is also believed to indicate that many Britons have been stung to the quick by the rapid process of liquidation of the British Empire abroad under the Socialists. That process was resisted while Churchill was in power. It cannot be forgotten that he retarded freedom for India with the declaration that he had not been elected "to liquidate the British Empire."

Since the war India has been lost, Iran is giving the British no end of trouble and threatens her with huge losses. Egypt wants to take over the Suez Canal, one of the biggest assets in the possession of the Empire. Iraq is getting restless. Britons, who have been proud (even arrogant), do not relish the idea that everybody is kicking them around. It is quite a startling experience for a people who, for more than a century, held Asia in awed respect for the white man in general and white women in particular by frequent use of the riding crop.

It may be too late but Churchill undoubtedly has been favored by many to save whatever may be possible from the wreck of empire. At 77 it is a tremendous job for an elderly man to assume. For an old men to rebuild what a host of reckless youngsters has toppled and damaged or destroyed is a herculean task.

Churchill, who put courage and hope into the British people in their darkest hour with promise of nothing but "blood, sweat and tears," may accomplish another miracle of statesmanship in another dark hour of international politics and domestic problems. It is a lot to expect from any man. It is even more to expect it from a man who certainly is no longer in the prime of life.

Menace of Poison Liquor

At the last count 31 persons were dead and scores were blind or severely ill in Atlanta, Ga., as the result of drinking wood alcohol liquor. Many more persons are likely to die or be made ill before all the devil's brew has been disposed of by ignorant and reckless people or its remainder has been found by the law enforcement authorities and has been destroyed.

The tragedy is a warning as to what may be ahead of us in many communities. It is reminiscent of Prohibition days when the manufacturers and purveyors of "hooch" or bootleg liquor were responsible for many deaths and many cases of total and permanent blindness. While we in this community had few if any authenticated deaths from illicit and poisonous liquor we did have a considerable number of cases of blindness and illness.

In Prohibition days the temptations to manufacture illicit liquors and the profits from their sales were great. The bootleggers filled the gap that had been caused by Prohibition.

Today the problem is different but the temptations and profits are the same. Today high cost of alcoholic drinks is keeping the legitimate stuff out of the hands of many who crave it. They are easy bait for the manufacturer of moonshine whiskey and bathtub gin. With early increase in Federal taxes on liquors that bottle of hard liquor will be even farther removed from the alcoholic and other drinkers.

A surprising number of illicit stills and other liquor operations are raided and cleaned out annually in Pennsylvania. It can be expected that under the circumstances of higher taxes many members of the underworld will be ready to take a chance on manufacture and sale of illicit liquor. Not all will be careful in such manufacture. Not all will have the knowledge and equipment to assure purity and the absence of deadly poisons from their brews. A lot of bad stuff, deadly stuff, is likely to pass from peddlers in the back alleys and cheap dives to the poor and the lowly who lack control over their appetites and, in the search for dubious physical satisfactions, drink anything that they can buy or is proffered to them.

Value of Bank Insurance

The great value that lies in compulsory insurance upon bank deposits is illustrated in the revelations that have come from Western Pennsylvania in the last few weeks when thirteen persons standing high in financial circles confessed defalcations amounting to several million dollars.

In the case of ten men who juggled bank accounts and fooled the examiners of their books for years, every cent of loss was covered by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The depositors in the banks affected will lose nothing and the banks themselves retain their financial strength.

There is a different situation presented in the case of the last three persons to be shown guilty of defalcations. In this case more than a third of a million dollars were stolen from a credit union by three men who engaged in a conspiracy that operated for seven years. The credit union had a membership of about 2700 persons. These are going to bear the loss because there was no insurance upon their deposits in the business.

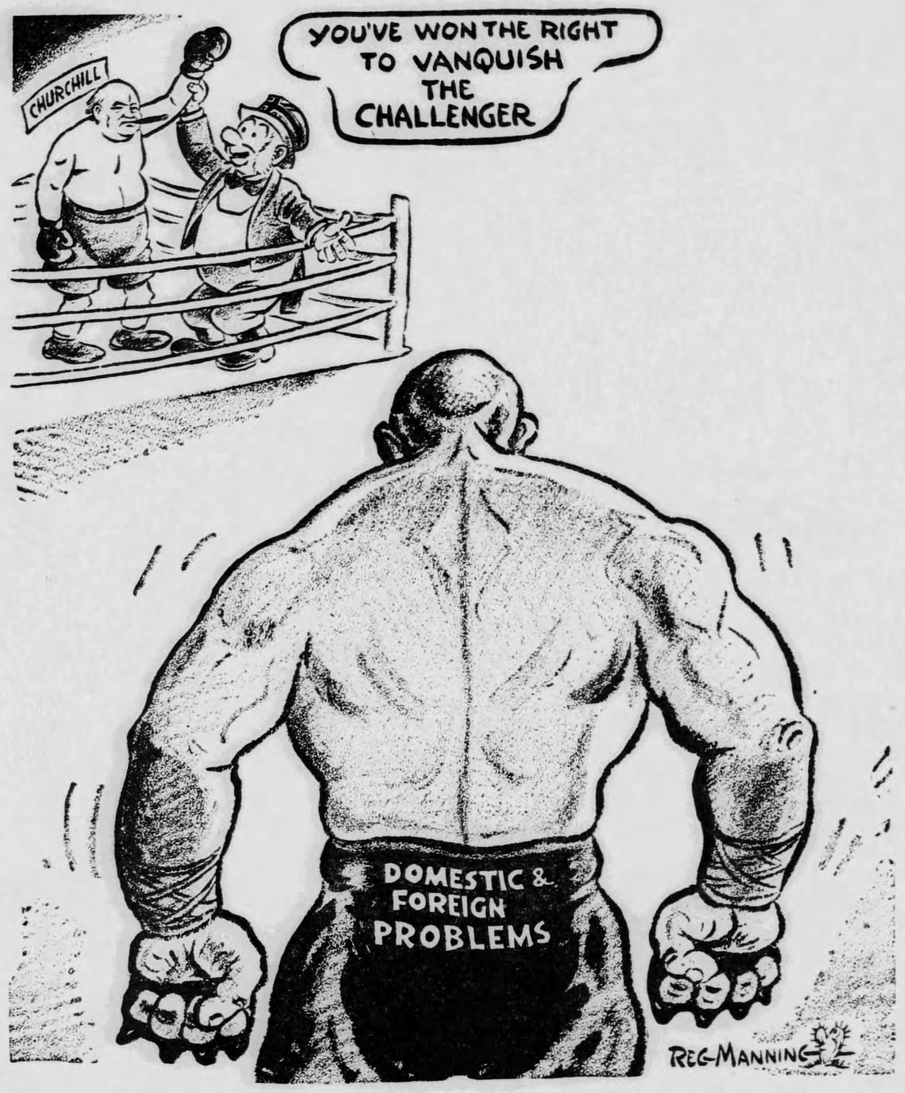
There used to be a widespread idea that bank examiners and such had eagle eyes for discovery of trickery in bookkeeping. There must be wonder after these eleven big cases of theft whether there should not be extensive eye tests for the examiners assigned to that part of the commonwealth.

Satellite Crisis

There is more than a little suggestion of panic in current pronouncements of Hungarian and Czechoslovak leaders on the latest economic crisis in their countries. The crisis arises from the complete failure of these satellites' coal industries to fulfill their current production plans, a failure which is working havoc upon the schedules for other related industries. As a result the air in these countries is now full of denunciations — of miners, of Government officials, and even of Communist party bosses. More than a few leaders have been displaced from their posts and the outlook is that more will share their fate.

Behind this crisis, as the Communist comment itself admits, is great dissatisfaction among coal miners in both countries. Crowded into poor lodgings, insufficiently fed, subject to constant accident hazards because of inadequate safety measures coal miners in these countries are working poorly. Absenteeism is high; labor turnover is tremendous, and productivity is low indeed. In addition the miners resent the speedup being forced on them and look with longing on the past, so that Czech Communist Vaclav Nosek had to make the remarkable statement that "What was revolutionary achievement in capitalist times is, in today's situation, reactionary and even counter - revolutionary." Could there be a more open admission of the gap between Communist propaganda before they gain power and their performance after they have become the masters? — New York Times.

The Winnah!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

When the leading Republican newspaper in the East — the New York Herald Tribune — announces on its first page that it plans to support Gen. Eisenhower for the Republican presidential nomination, it naturally evokes much comment in Washington.

It is the first sign of opposition to Sen. Taft that has come from any important quarter in the Republican Party since the Ohio senator announced that he would seek the nomination.

Even President Truman, who would like to throw monkey wrenches into the Republican Party, had nice things to say about Gen. Eisenhower at his Thursday press conference. There is a possibility that, by one of those curious turns of fate, the general may yet become the Democratic nominee if he is turned down by the Republican convention. So Mr. Truman who, this correspondent believes, does not intend to run, could be paving the way for an ultimate endorsement of the general.

In fact, the eligibility of the general for the Democratic nomination is being widely emphasized. Thus, Leonard V. Finder, former New England publisher, a Republican, to whom Eisenhower wrote in 1948 declining to be a candidate, states in an article in Collier's magazine that the general might even accept a Democratic presidential nomination in the event the Republicans nominate Sen. Taft. Mr. Finder declares that Eisenhower wouldn't seek the nomination and would accept the call only if it is "clearly an expression of the American people's wishes and there are no further war complications."

'Ike' Writes to Finder

But to the same Mr. Finder —who was at the time the publisher of the Manchester Union Leader of Manchester, N.H. — Gen. Eisenhower wrote on Jan. 23, 1948, a letter which was given to the press by the Public Information Division of the Department of the Army because Gen. Eisenhower was then chief of staff. In that letter the general said in part:

"It is my conviction that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to civil power will be best sustained, and our people will have greater confidence that it is so sustained, when lifelong professional soldiers, in the absence of some obvious and overriding reason, abstain from seeking high political office. . .

"Politics is a profession; a serious, complicated and, in its true sense, a noble one. In the American scene, I see no dearth of men fitted by training, talent, and integrity for national leadership. On the other hand, nothing in the international or domestic situation especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces. At least this is true in my case."

With the foregoing, such an eminent personality as Gen. Douglas MacArthur agrees, and it is for that reason that the latter has emphasized from the day he came back from Japan that he would not enter the political arena.

Opinion on Background

There are many persons, Republican and Democrat, who, while having a high regard for Gen. Eisenhower, will not feel that he has the background and training to deal with Congress or with the many civil agencies of government. That will be the principal argument used against his candidacy — his own words. As for his comment about willingness to run when there is an "obvious and overriding reason," this, of course, relates to a large-scale war, when a military leader in the White House might fit the needs of the times even more than a civilian.

Politically speaking, Gen. Eisenhower will have to acquire strong support in the ranks of the regular organizations in order to line up delegates against Sen. Taft, and if he takes the position that he will run only if drafted, he has only a remote chance of every getting enough to defeat anyone with as much political following as the Ohio senator probably will have when the 1952 convention assembles.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Oct. 26, 1926, a Tuesday.

Judge Frank M. Trexler was named head of the Allentown YMCA for the 34th straight year as officers were elected for the new term. Dr. John A. W. Haas, president of Muhlenberg College was engaged to give a series of six lectures on "Religion in Modern Times."

Pennsylvania State College broke all enrollment records with the signing up of 150 students at its engineering school conducted in Allentown's Stevens School. Limit of the school was set at 175 pupils, the mark expected to be reached before the week is up. R. S. Kerns, of the State College staff has been in town for several days setting up the school.

The Lehigh River was considerably swollen by the heavy rains of the weekend, the water flooding the lowlands at various places along the banks of the stream. Operations for the new bathing beach at River Front Park were suspended due to the high water. The water covered portions of the two islands, but no serious damage was reported.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

NO LAND LIKE OURS

No land like ours! No way of life,
With all we know of care and strife.
And all that bettered still can be,
So fair, so generous and so free!

No land elsewhere, however great,
With so much love; so little hate.
With all that's wrong, which change we should.
No land so close to brotherhood.

No land on all this troubled earth
With more of joyous song and mirth.
No land where freedom's bell is rung
So bountiful for old and young.

(Copyright, 1951)

Horoscope

If you have a brief or outline to submit to superiors, be sure it is in perfect shape—no errors. A busy and successful year is indicated for you. A child born under these stars should be mentally and physically alert.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Mary Garden, famous opera star of a bygone era, told a reporter upon her recent arrival in the United States that she never got married because she never found the right man.

"I don't like dumb men," she said, thus eliminating quite a proportion of us males.

Mary Garden, still a beautiful woman, is now in her seventies. She has had many, many proposals.

"But no swains ever filled the bill."

Who is the right man?

I suppose every girl has a different idea of him.

To one he is a knight in shining armor, the "dream man."

To others he is the Hopalong Cassidy type or the Franchot Tone type or the Laurence Olivier type.

Still others may prefer the Jimmy Durante or the Ed Wynn type.

There is no accounting for tastes.

And it is good that it is so.

There seems to be a Jack for almost every Jill—that is, every Jill who really wants to get married and is not any too particular about her choice.

Mary Garden, of course, could afford to wait for "the right man."

Others are not so lucky—and fortunately many girls seem to be able to fall in love with "a dumb man" and make the best of the deal.

A lot of poets—and also a lot of plain American girls—seem to have the idea that there is only one man for each female, and that somehow fate will bring them together.

Supposing that man lives in Timbuctoo or in Asia or somewhere else in the far distance?

There would be many more spinsters and many more bachelors in this world if the girl or the boy would have to wait for that one and only.

I sort of think that love—the great essential for a successful marriage—is a rather flexible proposition.

Else why is it that so many secretaries marry their bosses, so many nurses marry doctors, so many actresses marry actors?

Some years ago the word "affinity" was quite popular.

It was said that where there is affinity there soon is love, and where there is love there usually is marriage.

One of Webster's definitions of "affinity" is "a spiritual relationship or attraction held to exist between certain persons, especially persons of opposite sex."

The more often and more closely two people of the opposite sex are thrown together the more apt there is to be "affinity."

I would recommend to all girls who have the desire to get married not to be too romantic or finicky about their "right man."

You can't make anybody love you nor can you force yourself to love anybody.

But many a marriage based on "spiritual relationship" has ripened into love ;while many a marriage based on love turned out to be a complete flop.

Keep your eyes open, girls, the right man may live or work next door to you.

(Copyright 1951)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 28:36-48

Prophecy is history prewritten. One of the remarkable prophetic details of this chapter is included in verses 36-48, evidently referring to the so - called captivities of the Northern Kingdom of Israel, 722 B.C., and of the Southern Kingdom of Judah, 587 B.C. Of the Northern Kingdom taken by Assyria we hear little afterwards (the so -called lost Ten Tribes). After Nebuchadnezzar took over the Kingdom of Judah, carrying the Jews to Babylon, they spent 70 years in that strange land (see Ps. 137), returning thence to rebuild the Temple, the walls of Jerusalem, and to restore respect for, and observance of, the Law (the story of the books of Ezra and Nehemiah). It is remarkable that verse 36 should speak of "the King which thou shalt set over thee," for it was only after a number of centuries that Saul was to be proclaimed King of Israel. Verse 37 speaks of the unpleasant fact that these Jews were to become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword among all nations whither the Lord should lead them. Let us avoid all unkind references to them, for, as Christians, all that we possess came from the Hebrew people, according to God's plan.

While the neighbors (in the Dillingersville area) were planning a Church and School of their own, the King's Highway was being extended from North Wales, by way of Hosensack and Zionsville to Macungie. This road was "well travelled" by 1776 when the quaint mile stones were erected. (One of these markers still remains on the Harry W. Shimer property at Shimerville). During the years 1734-1735, as cart ways were made available, the Lutherans who may have worshipped at the Great Swamp Church, with others of their group, organized a Church at a spot where the "Old Spring" is located directly west of the present Dillingersville. They purchased a tract of approximately thirty acres and thereupon erected a log building. This was among the first or, it may well be the first Church building in Lehigh County. Among the organizing members, are found the family names of Mechlin (Mechling), Dillinger, Weitknecht, Moser, Wentz, Post, Eckhart, Ritter, Riesz, Guthman and Lutz. This building was likewise used as a school for Lutheran children until 1799; then it was razed and a stone building was constructed. The subjects they taught were reading (German), writing, arithmetic, singing and the Catechism. Whenever the Pastors could not take over the duties of teaching others were employed. Prior to 1757, when most of the Lutherans left to establish a separate Church "on the high hill" at the (present) Old Zionsville, the Pastors were Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, Ludolph H. Schrenke, and John A. Friederichs. Congregational records had not been made before 1749 when, by appropriate action, some one was designated to formulate a roster which contains the names of the fathers of the present Zion's Lutheran Church of Old Zionsville. Two of the teachers employed were John Jacob Loeser and John Friederich Vigera.

Before 1753 members of the old German Reformed Church, who lived nearby, attended the original log Church built by the Lutherans. A small log building was erected by Reformed settlers in 1753 on lands of Philip Herzog. This Church edifice 16 feet by 20 feet with earthen floor stood near the present site of the Reformed Church in Old Zionsville.

Before 1740, when the present Mennonite Church (presently located on the King's Highway between Zionsville and Old Zionsville) was organized Mennonites likewise had joined the Reformed members in worshipping in the first Church near the "Old Spring." Together these three groups, Lutheran, Reformed and Mennonite cooperated in leading the way for others to follow in the religious and educational life of the young community. In fact the wide spread interest in "Church and School" is most noteworthy. In nearby Kraussdale and before 1737 the Schwenkfelders under the leadership of the Kriebels, Yeakels, Schultzes and Krausses had organized a combined Church and School. Early land owners were ever willing to donate the necessary grounds for either Schools or Churches.

None of these original groups, however, entirely abandoned the desire for their own separate Churches or Schools. Such separate developments became possible only with the economic or industrial advancement of the community at large. While we are chiefly concerned with the days before the separation of the groups it may not be amiss to show that, with the turn of the eighteenth century, there was unexpected industrial progress. Before 1800, fifty soldiers were quartered at the Hosensack Hotel in the days of Indian troubles. George Stahl also conducted a store there. "More than twenty mills of different kinds have been operated by the Hosensack Creek and its tributaries." ("The Hosensack Valley" —P. W. Flores, Friedens Bote, 1880-86). Balthaser Yeakel operated a cassinet factory; John Krauss had a machine shop; John Jacob Dillinger was working his oil mill. Daniel Stahler welcomed the traveller at his tavern. The oldest mill property in Lehigh County (Fretz Mill) was doing business in 1740. John Hillegass and Adam Kohl had gristmills of their own and Jacob Dubs and John Schantz were running saw mills. Grain and corn must have been grown plentifully to supply work for still more mills: Schultz Mill, Stauffer Mill, Walter Mill, Krauss Mill and Engelman Mill. The men who worked these mills could obtain refreshments at taverns such as Walber's Tavern near Kraussdale, Larosch's Tavern near Zionsville and Stahler's Tavern at Dillingersville. Within several miles, the early fathers could use their crude implements in search of valuable ore near Shimerville and Limeport, and they could buy supplies, even in 1763, at Fisher's Store in Vera Cruz.

All of these enterprises were in progress before 1800 and within a radius of five miles from the "Old Spring." Farming and cattle raising prospered as well, and all hands were "diligently to the wheel" in building a fine colonial area of Penn's Woods. There is but to be expected that the rugged training of those days should produce strong men whose hopes and ambitions inspired the organization, still known as The Union School and Church Association. In fact, the leaders among them, at least some of them, became influential in the affairs of the County and the State; Ludwick Bitting and Samuel Moyer were members of the Legislature; Daniel Stahler and John Yeakel were elected County Commissioners; Joshua Stahler became a Register of Wills; Michael H. Albright (Father of Judge Edwin Albright); Philip W. Flores, Jacob Schwenck, Willoughby Gabel, Samuel Stauffer, Charles W. Wieand and David Gehman held Township or County Offices.

Between 1735 and 1750, there were then prominent among the pioneering colonists, the following: Balzer Guern, Jacob Rausch, Valentine Keiser, Michael Bischop, Frederick Notes, Michael Flores, Peter Rittenhaus, Abraham Meyer, Henry Funk, Andrew Eckhard, Frederick Kemmerer, Ludwig Bitting, Jacob Knerr, Melchior Stecher, Christopher Krauss, Hans Trump, Henry Huber, Conrad Wetzel, David Streib, George Sewitz, Johann Roth, William Bitz, Johannes Keichler, Dirk Jansen, Henry Riesz, Henry Schiszler, Leonhard Lutz, John Hiestand, Michael Meyer, Conrad Stamm, John Bingamin, Nicholaus Staehler, Peter Kohler and Philip Tawney (Doney).

All of these men acquired patents of lands usually covering more than one hundred acres of land. Members of their families became the original leaders in the organization of the Community. Some of them, in fact, lived within one and one-half miles of the "Old Spring" near which Michel Moser had built his fine house. This spring, as will be seen later served as the center of the most important community activities.

During those fifteen years (1735-1750) the wholesome influence of the Great Swamp Church (now Spinnerstown) was carried to the inhabitants of Lower Lehigh County. This congregation had been organized before 1730 by adherents of the Lutheran and Reformed faiths. When differences developed between the two groups a classical conversation took place between Sheets, the Lutheran, and Eberhard, Reformed.

Eberhard: "Neighbor Sheets, do you know the difference between the Lutherans and Reformed?"

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It is reported that this conversation resulted in the restoration of a friendship which had fallen when Eberhard had rushed to the land office in Philadelphia ahead of Sheets to record the Church premises for the Reformed group alone.

Under such auspices, springing from the driving energies of God-fearing men and women, the Association was organized and promoted.

Progress in Seventeen Ninety-Nine

On February 21, 1799, the three groups, or as many of their members who remained, met and took action as follows (but not before some one had brought in a pitcher of spring water):

"Since our forefathers deemed it advisable to acquire a tract of land and dedicate it for School and Church purposes, and also because they have by hard work and expense left to us the physical equipment and Christian heritage, we hereby bespeak our highest thanks to them.

"The original log building of 1735 being dilapidated and unfit for use, it becomes our highest duty to plan jointly, as it had been the custom for many years, and we trust that our planning may be mutual and unanimous.

"FIRST: That in our opinion a new School house should be built and that plans for same should be adopted at today's meeting, also that authorization be given to take subscriptions for the building of the School house.

"SECOND: Two responsible persons shall be elected every year to carry out all necessary duties as ordered by the organization.

"THIRD: That all business coming up for discussion shall be decided by majority vote particularly in reference to a School Teacher." (Skizzen aus dem Lehigh-Thal, 1880—Trexler & Harbold).

There were written pledges to this "Solemn plan and purpose" signed by Michael Flores, John Dillinger, Abraham Schantz, Christian Schantz, Heinrich Stahler, Conrad Zellner, Christian Zellner, John Dillinger Jr., Jacob Schantz, George Schuler, Bernard Lauten Schlager, Abraham Heist and Hannes Weizel, Hannes Rentel, John Stahl, Philip Walter, Henry Meyer, Heinrich Larss and John Mechling.

Thereupon a stone building (half Church and School and half dwelling) was erected. Definite rules and regulations for the Association had been adopted also on February 21, 1799. They were in the form of an agreement likewise signed by the members. The acknowledgment thereof was taken by Daniel Stahler, Justice of the Peace.

It appears quite certain that a farmer occupied the dwelling half of the building, also, that the teacher "boarded out" with him. This farmer needed a barn and in 1809 a log barn was built for him. This barn remained until 1844 when it was razed and replaced by a stone structure. As it developed, the teacher also did the farming and his salary was part cash with reduced rent.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S SOT 'N LAW SEI: Yar, m'r hoert fon fiel socha os leit maina os ferbutta set sotta bei law, un onnerra widder maina m'r hetta so alla weil shun tzu viel laws. So weit os 'm tendu grover George Miller fon Lynnville sei fraw die Ellie aw gait, maint sie, 's sot 'n law sei os ken shreiner bob fon aenichra ort vusa dartt os gucka dade wie milich.

'S GEORGA dochter Verna un Ihra mon, der gute bakont Alton Snyder hen sich so'n shaenie hamet gabout g'shwishich dahame un Lynnville. 'S aller airsht os sie gaduh hen, hen sie 'n grosser dom gabout so os sie bei fisha kenna tzum hinnershda bed shtubba tenshter nous. Ow'r sis net fom dom os m'r blauderra wolla, un aw net fon da fiela fish os es Altons' shun in thr'm dom hen.

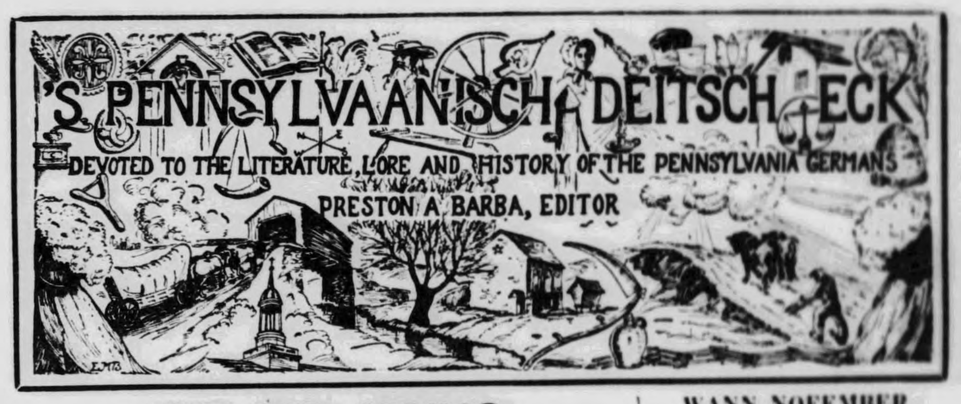
'N Fegelchie hut uns gapifa, die Ellie het doh net long tzurick so'n gutas gaduh wie sie helfa hut uf butza. Der shreiner wie die shreiner ewwa sin, hut ordlich socha rum leta kot-dabei 'n glaws fom bob, odder ewwa paste wie der English mon sawga dade. Die gawissa bob wor shnae shlossa weiss, ebbes neias tzu da Ellie, un woh net mohl evens gawist hut os es bob is. Iwwer 'm uf butza hut sie 's glaws ferwish'd un gamaint 's wear milich.

Sis shouderlich tzu denka wos os gewwa het maiga, won die Ellie die bob gadrunka het. Sis shlim ganunk fer leit mit ma tolsha gabisser gum kandy essa, un fer noh noch bob drinka hets ra holes die grank's moul tzu bobba kenna os ken docktor un ken shreiner 's may uf griega het kenna. Ow'r tzu all'm guta glick hut sie die bob ne - tdga glick hut sie die bob net gadrunka, ow'r so in da gadonka, wunners gamaint wie shporesome os sie sei wot, un hut 'n halvie buddle milich ous 'm refrigerator, un die bob darta datzu nei galairt.

Ferol os m'r wase, hetta 's Altons' net ous g'funna wos aw gonga wear bis da nagshda morya, won der shreiner net kumma wear gucka fer sei bob. Wos er om tzomma bobba wor kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wie sie 's gons hous 'n dudsend mohl un noch may ous g'such'd hen kotta, hut die Ellie gawunnert wie die bob gaguck'd het. Wie sie ra g'sawt hen 's wear in ma glaws gawest, un het gaguck'd so weiss wie milich, hut die Ellie die hand owwich 'm kup tzomma g'shloga un g'sawt, "Oy duh willa, ich hob gamaint sel wear milich, un hobs gons waisa in die milich buddle galairt."

Shure ganunk wie sie gaguck'd hen, wor die milich buddle woh kartz dafor halver lare wor, shier gore fol. 'M guck noh het m'r 's nemma kenna fer milich, ow'r allas os tzu duh wor, wor reecha draw, un sie hen gawist woh 'm shreiner sei bob onna kumma is. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Ellie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns. 'N aryie Ellie, net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'N monicher mensch os sich 'm summer wunnerbore blessiert hut unnich seina shodda bame, dade now numma tzu garn die bame fershwabba uf 'n hund un der hund dote shloga, os os er ken bladder tzu racha het.



THE OLD SPRING

A Brief History of the Union School and Church Association (near Dillingersville, Pa.)

By HENRY L. SNYDER, Esquire

An Address delivered at the School Building in connection with the Pilgrimage and Outing of the Lehigh County Historical Society

October 13, 1951

Among the followers of William Penn, none were more courageous than those who fought their way northward from Philadelphia to the lands where the present village of Dillingersville is located. To those of us who were privileged to spend childhood days among the foothills of Lehigh County, their early achievements naturally hold a special interest. Beyond the well-known hardships lurking everywhere in the early wilderness which they had to conquer, these men of great vision rushed from the completion of their crude homes to the building of Churches and Schools. From the very beginning they fought and built their way toward a wooden glen where a never failing spring was hidden among the rocks.

For our present purposes, their laying the foundations of the Union School and Church Association, perhaps the only organization of its kind in America, calls forth our pride, admiration and interest.

The Early Community

Promptly, after the turn of the seventeenth century, men, indeed families, left Philadelphia and proceeded northward, in small groups, along accessible streams to Spring House, then to Collegeville or Quakertown. Many of them met, after they had taken different routes, in the old Hosensack Valley. At first they merely settled in chosen spots, always along the streams or near flowing springs. Obtaining lawful title by recorded deeds was then neither essential nor possible. Prior to 1739, felling trees, making paths, building huts and endeavoring to survive left no time for other activities unless it was used to fight off Indian attacks.

Their early progress in establishing homes, agriculture and industries was amazing. In 1734 Henry Keiher built a house along Hosensack Creek. This house probably stood on a portion of the lands purchased by James Steel on January 21, 1729. In 1734, also, Jacob Dubs laid plans for the building of a grist mill. Henry Ritter built a huge log house in 1737. Walber's Tavern, established by Nicholaus Walber in 1735 along the King's Highway, was recognized as the first in Lehigh County. It will be remembered that it was in 1737 that the territory (now comprising the Townships of Upper Milford and Lower Milford) was separated as a district of Bucks County. Already then there was speculation in the hills about the possible presence of iron ore, corundum, limestone, mica and zinc. Commonly known grains and vegetables were being planted. Heinrick Wilhelm Dillinger was already comfortably settled on his plantation. Jacob Wetzel, also started intensive farming in 1734. Stephen Reiner had his grist mill in full operation before 1740. Again, in 1734 Theobald Mecklin (Mechling) was busy in the valley along the Hosensack Creek. Jacob Dubs was a neighbor of the Mechlings as were Hans Post, Ulrich Rieszer, Paul Ritter, Jacob Miller, Michael Eberhard, Matthias Ochs, Hans Ord (Ortt), Johannes Meyer, Peter Rosz and Michel Moser who lived where Dillingersville is now located. Some of these settlers and many others lived within one and one-half miles of the "Old Spring" which became so important because of the development hereinafter mentioned.

Between 1735 and 1750, there were then prominent among the pioneering colonists, the following: Balzer Guern, Jacob Rausch, Valentine Keiser, Michael Bischop, Frederick Notes, Michael Flores, Peter Rittenhaus, Abraham Meyer, Henry Funk, Andrew Eckhard, Frederick Kemmerer, Ludwig Bitting, Jacob Knerr, Melchior Stecher, Christopher Krauss, Hans Trump, Henry Huber, Conrad Wetzel, David Streib, George Sewitz, Johann Roth, William Bitz, Johannes Keichler, Dirk Jansen, Henry Riesz, Henry Schiszler, Leonhard Lutz, John Hiestand, Michael Meyer, Conrad Stamm, John Bingamin, Nicholaus Staehler, Peter Kohler and Philip Tawney (Doney).

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Before 1740, when the present Mennonite Church (presently located on the King's Highway between Zionsville and Old Zionsville) was organized Mennonites likewise had joined the Reformed members in worshipping in the first Church near the "Old Spring." Together these three groups, Lutheran, Reformed and Mennonite cooperated in leading the way for others to follow in the religious and educational life of the young community. In fact the wide spread interest in "Church and School" is most noteworthy. In nearby Kraussdale and before 1737 the Schwenkfelders under the leadership of the Kriebels, Yeakels, Schultzes and Krausses had organized a combined Church and School. Early land owners were ever willing to donate the necessary grounds for either Schools or Churches.

None of these original groups, however, entirely abandoned the desire for their own separate Churches or Schools. Such separate developments became possible only with the economic or industrial advancement of the community at large. While we are chiefly concerned with the days before the separation of the groups it may not be amiss to show that, with the turn of the eighteenth century, there was unexpected industrial progress. Before 1800, fifty soldiers were quartered at the Hosensack Hotel in the days of Indian troubles. George Stahl also conducted a store there. "More than twenty mills of different kinds have been operated by the Hosensack Creek and its tributaries." ("The Hosensack Valley" —P. W. Flores, Friedens Bote, 1880-86). Balthaser Yeakel operated a cassinet factory; John Krauss had a machine shop; John Jacob Dillinger was working his oil mill. Daniel Stahler welcomed the traveller at his tavern. The oldest mill property in Lehigh County (Fretz Mill) was doing business in 1740. John Hillegass and Adam Kohl had gristmills of their own and Jacob Dubs and John Schantz were running saw mills. Grain and corn must have been grown plentifully to supply work for still more mills: Schultz Mill, Stauffer Mill, Walter Mill, Krauss Mill and Engelman Mill. The men who worked these mills could obtain refreshments at taverns such as Walber's Tavern near Kraussdale, Larosch's Tavern near Zionsville and Stahler's Tavern at Dillingersville. Within several miles, the early fathers could use their crude implements in search of valuable ore near Shimerville and Limeport, and they could buy supplies, even in 1763, at Fisher's Store in Vera Cruz.

All of these enterprises were in progress before 1800 and within a radius of five miles from the "Old Spring." Farming and cattle raising prospered as well, and all hands were "diligently to the wheel" in building a fine colonial area of Penn's Woods. There is but to be expected that the rugged training of those days should produce strong men whose hopes and ambitions inspired the organization, still known as The Union School and Church Association. In fact, the leaders among them, at least some of them, became influential in the affairs of the County and the State; Ludwick Bitting and Samuel Moyer were members of the Legislature; Daniel Stahler and John Yeakel were elected County Commissioners; Joshua Stahler became a Register of Wills; Michael H. Albright (Father of Judge Edwin Albright); Philip W. Flores, Jacob Schwenck, Willoughby Gabel, Samuel Stauffer, Charles W. Wieand and David Gehman held Township or County Offices.

WANN NOFEMBER KUMMT

Wann Nofember kummt
Un die Daage, warre karz un gro,
Sei froh, mei Freind, sei froh!
Was sin die Nachte so lang, so lang!
Un so gewaldich gfillt mit Gsang—
Kuraasche dann, Kuraasche!
Immer meh—immer meh,
Wann der Nardwind brummt—
Kuraasche! Kuraasche!
So kann dei Gsang net vergeh!
—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

TO THE READER

In these turbulent days, when glaring headlines announce world-shaking events, it is well occasionally to focus one's attention upon the ways of our forefathers as illustrated in our local history. We are grateful to Henry L. Snyder for permission to publish "The Old Spring," a brief history of the Dillingersville Union School, seemingly insignificant in the light of larger events and yet also a stone in the building of the grand structure of our national history, a stone not to be rejected. —ED.

RABBIT, RABBIT, RABBIT-PIE

Haase, Haase, Haase-pie,
Weiwer, besser kaafen ei!
Eier Kinner brille glei,
Brille glei fer Haase-pie!

TWO LITTLE DOGS

Zwee Hundelcher sitze
Am Feier un schwitze
Un waerre noch schwarz mit Ruus;
Ee Hundel hot graad
D

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Editorials

A Real Public Service

Establishment of two new postal sub-stations, one in the west end and the other in the 16th ward, brings this feeder system for the central office to a total of twenty-one stations. This is a highly creditable number for a city of our population and expanse. This certainly is carrying the post office to the people. It is a tribute to Postmaster Henry K. Bauman and to the twenty-one businessmen concerned that the system is so large and so well spread.

Nobody ever made a fortune in operating a postal sub-station in Allentown. To conduct one generally is to court a lot of headaches and experience many annoyances from people who think they are conferring high favor upon a merchant by buying a three-cent stamp. Then they permit him to lick it, affix it and deposit the letter in a dropbox.

It can be taken for granted that wherever there is a substation, there is a person or persons with public pride and a desire to be of public service over and above a few probable business advantages.

That this city has more substations than it has wards and that they are almost as well distributed is a condition of which our postal authorities well may feel proud. Certainly it is a satisfaction for householders and business people anywhere in the city to be able in a few minutes to reach a sub-station where there rarely is a lengthy queue of customers and where service can be almost as complete and satisfactory as that which it is possible to get at 5th and Hamilton Sts.

Where Veto Can't Work

Everywhere there is doubt about decisions and retardation of action by the western powers because they are waiting to learn what Russia is going to do or what Russia wishes shall be done. Sooner or later there will be tiring in this waiting game. Then the democracies will decide to go ahead on their own.

In Korea, for example, there have been more than two months of restricted warfare in the hope that the Communist Chinese, Russia's stooges in that area, will agree to peace. There has been no bombing of the airfields in Manchuria out of which fly daily upwards of two or three hundred planes. Our air forces are not supposed to hurt Chinese feelings by such an attack.

For six years effort has been made to reach an understanding with Russia as to what to do about all of Germany. In recent months the western Allies had pretty well determined that it was futile to expect such an understanding and they were ready to come to agreement with Western Germany on the matter of armed occupation. The western democracies have been eager to restore sovereignty to the German people. The Germans desire it. But Russia stands in the way. The election of Winston Churchill in England and the suggestion that conference with Stalin on this and other questions may be arranged has furnished new delay to Germany's return to sovereignty. As can be seen, the entire matter hinges upon just one intransigent power.

In an entirely different field, but one in which swifter action could be taken and more easily, Russia can be circumvented. This is in the United Nations where, to the deep regret of most of the people of the world, there reportedly is no acknowledgment at any sessions of the greater Power than that of the United Nations which rules this world, namely Almighty God.

Avoidance of prayer at all sessions reportedly has been a sop to Russia. Yet this brings the obvious question: Shall Russia be respected and God be disavowed and ignored?

The United Nations have been trying to operate for six years without at least formal and official plea to God for help. It is about time that the United Nations seek out God as a partner in their business, as the Boss in fact of all their decisions and works, even tho Russia may rage. It is to be believed that even her veto cannot avail in this connection.

Where Scandal Hurts

When pay envelopes are opened this month there will be immediate note by virtually every wage-earner that income taxes have increased. Then they will realize that the new income tax laws became effective November 1.

With this awareness of larger deductions than before will come the added awareness that in this branch of government, which is devoted to the collection of such taxes, some of the most serious scandals are being uncovered.

As men, and women, note the deductions and the often pitiful remainders they must resent the stories that have come out about the bribery of internal revenue men and the generous "settlements" effected with them by men and businesses charged with vast evasion in income tax payments.

With half a dozen collectors of internal revenue in as many big cities already forced to resign or out of office because of sudden "illness," there is ample reason why Congress should pay very special attention in its investigations of wrongdoing to this department of government. Where the carrion is, there are the vultures. Certainly the pickings look promising in this particular field.

Freedom Can Be Lost

Like all good things that are enjoyed over a long period of time, freedom of the press has come to be taken for granted by the American people, along with their other freedoms.

We don't expect that freedom of the press would live behind the "Iron Curtain" in Russia and the Soviet-dominated satellites. We grow a little alarmed when we read of the great South American newspaper, "La Prensa," being snuffed out because it did not bow down to the Argentine dictator, Peron.

But what should make us really quake in our boots is that "it can happen here." In fact it HAS happened here in these United States. In Louisiana, a courageous newspaper and its staff have been threatened with fines and possible imprisonment because they dared to join with a group of alarmed citizens to fight corruption in their town.

Crooked politicians and big-time crime are always on the alert to knife a newspaper that has the courage and the ability to fight corruption wherever it finds it . . . and they have had some success in America, even in Georgia.

Without freedom of the press, how long could our other traditional freedoms — freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from slavery and subjugation — survive?

Freedom of the press has already sustained losses. That it should regain these losses and be again as vigorous as in the brave days of our founding fathers should be the concern of every American. — Manchester (Ga.) Mercury.

Barkley Is Willing



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Strange things are happening in national politics. Gen. Eisenhower is coming back for a conference with President Truman, and the supporters of the General for the Republican presidential nomination hint that it means a conference about a successor to the allied supreme command in January and the way will then be opened for an Eisenhower acceptance of political candidacy.

It is amazing the amount of comment recorded among Republicans who really ought to know their politics that they actually can nominate Gen. Eisenhower on the Republican ticket.

Passive Candidacy

What's amazing is that the Republican organization men, who will dominate the convention and who were displeased in 1948 because Gov. Dewey didn't make a sufficiently vigorous campaign, are now expected to decide that a passive candidacy will be acceptable to a majority of the Republican delegates.

For when Rep. Hugh Scott Jr., of Pennsylvania, former Republican national chairman, said that Gen. Eisenhower is a Republican and is "vigorously anti-New Deal," the question arose as to whether the General would ever really behave that way on the stump. The spectacle of Dwight Eisenhower going up and down the country denouncing the Truman administration and calling on the people to "turn the rascals out"—which is to be the main slogan of the Republican campaign — is not one easy to visualize as ever likely to happen.

Small wonder that Mr. Truman speaks of the General as "a nice man" and small wonder that the Democrats are so eager to say favorable things about the General. They would prefer him, first of all, to endorse the Truman foreign policy and, of course, take it out of the campaign as an issue. They would then like to see him go as lightly as his disciplined submission all his life to his superiors would persuade him to go in discussing as abstractly as possible the record of the Truman administration.

Maybe the Republicans who are insisting that Eisenhower would not make a suitable candidate would prefer to let the Democrats nominate him if Truman doesn't run. The General's position, as expressed by recent visitors, is that he will obey a call of duty from any party but will not aspire to the presidency, permit anyone to speak for him as an authorized sponsor, or lift a finger even indirectly to win the nomination.

In Demo's Backyard

On top of the curious developments in the matter of the Eisenhower candidacy, some strange things are happening in the Democratic party's backyard. Sen. Byrd of Virginia has let loose a blast against the Truman administration which is the beginning of a revolt that will not go the way the "Dixiecrat" rebellion did four years ago. It will not mean a third ticket. It will mean the placing of Democratic party electors on the ballot in each southern state pledged to vote as they please in the electoral college. This means the electors will be anti-Truman. The so-called "Civil Rights" issue will be the crucial question.

Sen. Byrd points out that 39 of the south's electoral votes didn't go to Truman last time and that, if the remainder of the South's 128 electoral votes had gone as did the other 39, Truman couldn't have been elected. He recalled that Truman had a margin of only 37 in the electoral college.

So the strategy of the Southerners is clear. They'll make a fight at the national Democratic convention to abolish the two-thirds rule on nominations and, failing in that, they'll seek to abrogate the "unit rule" whereby an entire state delegation's vote is cast as the majority of each delegation decides — something that doesn't happen in Republican conventions.

Speech Begins Split

The Byrd speech is the beginning of a real split in the Democratic party. Whether or not President Truman runs again, the Northern Democrats will know they have been in a fight by the time the Democratic national convention has adjourned next summer.

The Republicans are split on foreign policy. The Democrats are split on the so-called "Civil Rights" issue. It looks like nine months of bitter controversy ahead inside both parties before the nominees are chosen — and maybe, if the South really splits off, a President of the United States will be chosen next time in the House of Representatives in the special manner provided by the Constitution when no candidate receives a majority of the electoral votes.

(Copyright, 1951)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

They are making an experiment in connecticut, which, if it succeeds, will have changed human nature.

We have the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut, one of the finest in the whole country. It stretches from Greenwich to the Housatonic River, and for its whole forty miles there isn't a traffic light and never are the grades more than three per cent.

It is a four - lane highway, divided in the center by a wide band of parking, and the whole thing is a perfect temptation for speeders.

The speed limit is 55 miles per hour, which means to many motorists that it is 70 miles.

It is an accepted custom among motorists, as you well know, that a 40-mile speed limit means you go 50 miles; 50 miles means 60; 70 miles, as on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, means anything to 100 miles or whatever your car will do.

There have been an unprecedented number of accidents on the Merritt Parkway recently — thirteen people killed since January 1, and any number injured.

State Police Commissioner Hickey, an unusually efficient officer and a good friend of mine, decided he would put a stop to these accidents.

So now he has his State Troopers ride two abreast along the highway at a 60-mile speed, thus blocking the road for anyone who wants to go faster than the legal limit.

If anybody does sneak by the officers — bingo, he is arrested and taken into court for a stiff fine.

There are also officers equipped with radar along the highway, checking speeders. There are stations along the way where bail may be posted, with large yellow signs warning speeders.

For several days now all this has been going on and there have been no accidents.

So far the experiment is a success.

But as one of the State police officers told me the other day, "I don't think that all this will help very much. Sure, the motorists are obeying the law now.

"While we are patrolling the road, everything will be all right. They see our police cars, they see our uniforms, they see the big signs.

"BUT YOU CAN NEVER ENFORCE THE LAW BY MAKING PEOPLE AFRAID O F THE LAW.

"The only way to make them obey the law is by making them see the RIGHT of the law."

And that's about it.

That's the way it is not only with the speed laws but with ALL laws.

Making them AFRAID of the law means that they'll only obey the law when they know there is a policeman around.

The moment they think they are SAFE, they'll violate it again.

Making people behave is an educational process, not something for the cops or the judges or the jails.

An appeal to the pocketbook is not nearly as effective as an appeal to the conscience.

But that appeal must not be made by the police. It can be done only by the parents, the school, the church.

To HAVE to be good is one thing. To WANT to be good is another.

(Copyright, 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

AELAND, OH AELAND: Tzitter os der Bob Nace fon Minesite etlicha yohr tzurrich so'n aryie erfohring kotta hut mit ma gruck wei im kaller, is sei rote immer fer der wei drous im freia halta bis er feryohrra hut. Sella mohl hut der Bob 'n grosser gruck wei im kaller kot, un die g'shicht tzu g'shwind tzu g'shloga-hut gamaint der wei wear feryohrra eb er gons fartich wor shoffa. Mohl ae owet huts so arrick gagroch'd im kaller, os der Bob un sei Viola net onnishder gadenk'd hen wie 's weara rawwer rum os 'n kanoon lose g'shossa hetta fer sie fershracka. Un fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie worra gore mechdich fershrucha-der Bob hut fer 'n aewichsie lang 's hartz net kotta fer nunner gae gucka wos om aw gae wear. Un wie er is, ferhoftich sei won sie grosser wei gruck net in pieces fershprunga wor-die shticker hen im kaller rum galaiga, un der wei is uf 'm budda rum galoffa.

Ow'r wos m'r heit fertzaila wolla, is fom Bob seim nochber Earl Hawk-aw fon Minesite seinra arya wei erfohring doh weil tzurick. Die weil os der Earl net gawist hut wie aw tzu gae fer wei mocha wie die bidder kersha tzeitich worra, is er tzum Bob fer hilf, un woh 'm 'n lot gutie rote gewwa hut-dabei os er yoh net denka sot fer der wei gruck in der kaller nemma, sot 'n drous im freia halta. Un sel is aw grawd wos der Earl gaduh hut. 'S wor denk ich 'n finf golla gruck os er aw galaig'd hut, un hut der gruck hinna nous in der hofe g'shtedl, un 'n wedder der wesh lina poshda gabunna mit ma shtrick os er net fert lawfa, odder um falla kent.

Der Bob un der Earl hen der wei watcha shoffa bis gore ken lava may im gruck wor. Der Bob hut g'sawt won gore ken shaum may owwa rous kaimt het der wei ous g'shoft, uns wear tzeit fer 'n shtubber uf der gruck duh. "Ow'r" hut der Bob widder awbafohla, "los der ketzer noch weil drous im hofe shtae, 's fershrack'd em gahairich won m'r 'n im kaller hut, un die g'shicht fershpring'd."

Der Earl hut der gruck noh noch etlicha dawg drous im hofe shtae gafust, un endlich ous gamocht er het ous g'shoft, un is gonga fer 'n in der kaller drawga. Wie er 'n aw gabunna hut, hut er 'n uf kours gute aw gabunna, un der shtick net lose griega kenna woh er gayus'd hut kotta, un hut die ox grick'd fer der shtrick ob hocka. Now ebs der garuch fom wei wor odder wos, kenna m'r net sawga. Ow'r aenicha waig, in blotz fon der shtrick dreffa, hut er der gruck gadruffa mit da ox, un der gruck in pieces fershloga. Won sel net aeland wor im haichda grawd dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear. Un so weit os der Earl aw gonga is, denk ich is es 'm gonga wie aw 'm Bob wie sei wei gruck fershprunga wor, er het g'fiel'd fer sich hee hucka brilla. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Earl die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sundawgs, da 16d Dezember, is der dawg fon unsera train exkursion noch Nei Yarrick fers Grishdawgs Show sehna im Radio City Music hall, un aw 'n bus trip nemma darrich 's ewwer dale fon da shtadt Nei Yarrick-mit ma shtop on ains fon da grossa Nei Yarrick kerricha.

Meetings shall be held on the first Saturday of March.

Trustees shall make the by-laws.

Trustees shall appoint a Treasurer.

It might be stated here parenthetically that the teachers were then being paid $25.00 per month. From the date of incorporation, there were financial difficulties which threatened destruction. Something definite had to be done to bring money into the Treasury. Early in 1870 a petition was presented to the Legislature for leave to sell 27 acres 97 perches of land not directly adjoining the school building. On April 2, 1870, Governor John W. Geary approved an Act authorizing such sale. Pursuant thereto, the land with buildings, was sold to John N. Bitting. This sale brought approximately $4,000.00 into the Treasury. The organization survived and new plans were made. The teacher's salary was increased to $30.00 per month and there was much talk about a new school building; this would be the fourth or present building.

It appears that many residents were quite anxious to become Trustees and went so far as to send written nominations to the Secretary in advance of the annual meeting. This practice was ended when on March 1, 1879, the Trustees (themselves) unanimously adopted the following amendment to the By-Laws:

"Hereafter no candidate shall be nominated for Trustee before the opening of the annual election for Trustees; all votes found cast in favor of any candidates nominated before said day of election shall be rejected."

In 1884 the salary of John N. Bitting, the teacher, was raised to $32.00 per month but the following year only $30.00 was allowed him. It was now decided (1885) to erect the present School building; this was done at a total cost of $2,013.67. In this construction labor was paid at $1.45 per day and the skilled artisan received $1.95 per day. Henry C. Shoenly, the popular auctioneer, "cried" a "vendue" for $1.50. The teachers in the new building were Mary E. Roeder and William S. Geisinger. They taught for two and one-half months during the summers at $30.00 per month until 1906 when the Summer School was discontinued. The School District (School Board) had been paying only $30.00 a year for the use of the building and again a real struggle was on to preserve the assets.

During the years following, the work of the Association was gradually drifting to a new low. The Trustees met annually, collected rents and paid the bills. The year 1917 is typical; the receipts were $189.01 and the expenses amounted to $42.60. At the meeting called for March 2, 1918, not one voter appeared. On March 3, 1923, it again became necessary to sell some of the lands remaining. The premises known as the farm property were sold for $2,000.00.

Until August 7, 1942 the work of the Association lay dormant. It may be said that all the original functions had been abandoned. Only the annual meetings of the three Trustees gave evidence of its existence. It is curious to note that difficulty furnished by a mortgagor caused a meeting to be held on the above date in the law offices of Counsel for the Association. Finally — yes, finally, the mortgage was paid and the assets (including the school house with two acres) were very conservatively totalled at better than $5,000.00. The troubles mentioned fortunately served as new sparks of life; genuine interest in the revival of the original 'purposes' again swelled from the three Congregations all of whom had long since left their original home. But for the faithfulness of the three Trustees, and their successors, there would be no Association today. It seems only proper that their names should be mentioned. They were, John Dillinger Jr., Peter Wasser, Jacob Schantz, John Miller, Philip Mumbauer, Jacob S. Moyer, Henry Dillinger, Peter W. Flores, Readen Schantz, George Bachman, Samuel Stauffer, David Schuler, Jacob B. Hillegass, Edwin Burkhalter, Daniel Dillinger, Solomon Kemmerer, Christian Schantz, Samuel Steinbach, John A. Ziegler, William Schiffert, Charles Burkhalter, Edward Reinhard, Lewis S. Roeder, William Michael, Henry G. Schantz, Daniel Stahler, Henry S. Stauffer, Phillip W. Flores, William B. Kleinsmith, Henry F. Schell, Obediah S. Heil, Allen Dillinger, John N. Bitting, Morris L. Schantz, Henry G. Geissinger, Uriah Dillinger, Samuel Schantz, Edward Stoudt, Milton J. Wetzel, Uriah Wagner, Edgar Kauffman, Clinton Frey, Clarence Kleinsmith, William Hiestand, Howard Serfass, Albert Hiestand, Calvin Price, Moses Schell, Alfred Ehritz, and Emanuel P. Yeakel. These men served successively from 1837 to 1946.

The revival of interest and the stark realization that a fine heritage had almost been abandoned, led to amendments of the Charter. By appropriate Court action, following a well-attended meeting held on January 26, 1946, the amendments were effected to include the entire present and future membership of the three Congregations as planned in 1735, and "all adults residing within the aforesaid radius of 1½ miles leading from said School property." It will be recalled that the same radius was established by the founders and all then residing within that area "filled their vessels at the Old Spring."

By the said amendments the Board of Trustees was increased to nine, including the three respective Pastors. They further required an annual and joint public service which shall be of a religious, educational and historical character. As a result, the First Annual Pilgrimage was held on June 30, 1946 and was attended by well over a thousand persons. Such joint pilgrimages have been made annually since on the last Sunday of June. In addition, and according to early custom, old-fashioned debates and spelling bees are being held. The building and grounds have been beautified and, by all indications, there is ample evidence of permanence and constant improvement.

The present officers are:

President .... Norman S. Schantz
V. President .... Charles Fetterman
Secretary .... Emanual P. Yeakel
Treasurer .... Charles Berky
Director .... Rev. D. C. Kaufman
Director .... Rev. A. S. Mertz
Director .... Rev. Walter McDowell
Director .... William M. E. Yeakel
Director .... Clarence Kleinsmith
Counsel .... Henry L. Snyder, Esq.

With pride, which may be pardonable, we view the record, replete with struggles, faith and courage of the Union School and Church Association. It has remained hidden and generally unknown; however, it is submitted, that it stands, unique and sublime, as a real contribution to the Glory of God and the cause of Freedom in our beloved land.



THE OLD SPRING

A Brief History of the Union School and Church Association (near Dillingersville, Pa.)

By HENRY L. SNYDER, Esquire

An Address delivered at the School Building in connection with the Pilgrimage and Outing of the Lehigh County Historical Society October 13, 1951

(CONCLUSION)

From the Minute Book

Unfortunately the original records of the proceedings (1735-1837) are not available; it is earnestly hoped that they have not been lost or destroyed. The cherished minute book which is still used by the present Secretary was originally owned by or used by a Justice of the Peace as an official docket. This conclusion is reached because of the following entry:

"Samuel Mill: Capias demand not exceeding $100.

Vs.: Founded for Trespass.

George Brecht: Constable Klein brought the defendant the 22th day of April, 1831. Both parties agreed to appoint three men to settle all matters between them. They appointed—."

Apparently the appointment was not made and in all probability the dispute continued. It might also be stated that the 'Squire' may have suggested this method of settlement to avoid offending either of the parties.

The earliest available minutes begin with October 14, 1837 and are of German script. However, John Dillinger Jr. employed the new English script later that year. It is evident that some succeeding secretaries were limited to the German script which was not entirely abandoned until 1845.

It is of some legal consequence to note that on March 17, 1842, a deed to the lands of the Association was recorded naming Lorenz Stahler and Daniel Dillinger as Trustees for the three Congregations.

On January 18, 1845, a joint Congregational meeting was held at the 'School house.' Lands owned were discussed as pertained to the legal title. The interest of the three Congregations (not only of the Lutheran) was asserted and proper records were made. It was also then agreed that:

"The burial plot shall never be neglected."

"All buildings now standing or any improvements made to the grounds at any time shall be the property of the three (3) Congregations."

"All money in the Treasury at the present time or any coming in at any time shall be the property of the three (3) Congregations."

"The Congregations shall elect two (2) Trustees and one (1) Treasurer each year on the second day of Christmas."

At the same meeting there was entered into one of our earliest mutual fire insurance contracts. Note the following:

"The undersigned do hereby pledge themselves (in case the building should be destroyed by fire and the money in the Treasury is not sufficient to rebuild) we will assume full responsibility," signed by: John Mechling, Jacob G. Moyer, Jonathan Schell, Heinrich Stahler, Charles Burkhalter, Peter Geigenbach, Anthony Mechling, Jacob Schantz, John Dillinger, Henry Dillinger, Solomon Kemmerer, Charles Zellner, John Miller. Witness: Lohrenz Stahler, Justice of the Peace.

May it be observed that only men who would fear the loss of such a Church-School, would so obligate themselves.

Again, a new stone school house was built in 1848. It was located about three hundred feet north of the former structure. This new structure, with the advent of the public schools, was rented by the School Board during the regular term. A teacher employed by the Association taught "Summer School" and a joint Sunday School conducted services and in a sense, replaced the original joint "hour of worship."

An inquiry into recorded receipts and expenses may be of interest. Prior to 1848 most of the work done and materials furnished were donated by the members. When changes were made they were extremely low. On April 20, 1847, Joshua Stahler charged $1.37 for 2½ cords of wood. On August 9, 1848, 15 cents were paid for a broom and 6 cents for an ax handle. The highest paid labor involved the rate of $1.50 per day. Painters received 95 cents per day. Costs remained low and, had this not been the case, the assets of the Association would have been lost because the income from rentals (buildings and lands) hardly averaged more than two hundred dollars a year.

It might be supposed that the Civil War period disturbed not only prices but the very continuance of the organization; this was not the case. Meetings proceeded without interruption. Prices remained at pre-war levels.

Jan. 10, 1862—100 bushels of lime cost	$11.25
Apr. 21, 1862—3 days carpenter work cost	1.87½
Apr. 21, 1862—68 meals (workmen) cost	5.67
Apr. 15, 1863—1 day (labor) cost	1.00
Apr. 2, 1864—repairing gate cost	.08
Apr. 17, 1865—5 lbs. nails cost	.44
Apr. 17, 1865—1 day (labor) cost	1.50
Mar. 30, 1866—3 lbs. nails cost	.24

On January 23, 1867, the late Judge Edwin Albright, then a practicing Attorney, issued his receipt (pasted into the minute book) for $23.80 in payment of fees and costs for obtaining the Charter of The Union School and Church Association. A recording of this Charter is available to all in the Recorder's Office at Allentown. Among the signatories to the petition for the Charter are most of the men already mentioned but few names are also found such as: J. G. Rosenberg, John H. Berndt, Edwin S. Diefenderfer, Daniel Mill, Joel Miller, Israel Lorash, Nathan Carl, John J. Moll, John F. Fegely, William H. Wieand, John Furry, John S. Ziegler, Joel Yeackel, David Schuler, Edward Reinhart, Henry D. Moyer, Owen Rhoads, Henry F. Schell, and Isaac H. Shelly.

This Charter provided, inter alia, as follows:

The management shall be vested in three Trustees.

SAUERKRAUT

Sauerkraut is a Pennsylvania German gift to the American people. Today its use is nationwide. Its very name has become a part of the English language. We do not know who first thought of fermenting finely cut cabbage as a means of preservation, nor when. It has been popular for centuries in the northern countries of Europe, in whose cooler summers the cabbage family thrives especially well. Cabbage is one of the oldest of our domestic vegetables. The ancients ate it raw to prevent intoxication. Perhaps they also made sauerkraut, for we know that they preserved turnips by process of fermentation.

Despite the high standardization of commercial sauerkraut, we Pennsylvania Germans throughout the villages and rural parts still like in late summer and early fall to stomp finely-cut cabbage in big stone crocks or wooden vats (Schtenner), cover it with grape leaves and a round board or slate and weight it down with the large ancestral Wacke or cobble-stone.

The late John Birmelin, in merry vein and with the light touch that characterized our great dialect poet, wrote the following English verses about Sauerkraut for PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY, A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba (Schlechters, Allentown, Pa.)

Cut it on the cabbage cutter,
Slip and slice and flip and flutter,
Tender shreds in barrel dumping;
Nimbly then in barrel jumping,
One of us with naked feet—
That's what makes it good and sweet—
Ever treading, ever spreading,
Salty brine between the toes,
Layer over layer it grows,
Till it reaches to the top.
Then we know it's time to stop.
Sauerkraut, oh Sauerkraut!
See vonce! Now we find id oudt!

In similar vein, H. L. Fisher, in his notable long poem "S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes In D'r Schtadt (York, Pa., 1879), writes the following verses about the making and cooking of Sauerkraut:

M'r schneide's uf d'r Howel-bank,
Nord dhun m'r 's in'n Fass,
Un schtampe's dichtig mit de Fuess,
Sel macht's a'h nort so zaart un suess,
Un sel isch unser G'schpass:
Doch schmackt's ebmohl so artlich schtarik
Am Marik-haus do in Little Yorik.

Un wan m'rs in'n Haffe dhut,
Un Sei-schwanz noch dazu,
Un kocht's e'mol 'n artlich Weil,
Dan schtinkt's 'n hunnert dausend Meil—
More odder less fon do;
Doch kummt nix bessers an d'r Marik
Mitt' in d'r Schtadt in Little Yorik.

—P.A.B.

DIE GREMMEMM ISS SO DUMM

Die Gremmemm iss so schtowwrich!
Sie kann gaar net verschteh,
Dass ich viel besser weess wie sie;
Die Yunge wisse meh.

Sie waar in kenner college,
Diploma hot net grickt;
Geneeht hot sie, un gschpunne,
Gewesche un geflickt.

Was kann die alt Fraa wisse?
Im Land kummt sie net rum.
Was brauch ich uff sie harche?
Sie iss mer gans zu dumm.

Sie kenne es net sehe,
Die dumme alde Leit,
Dass alles iss gans annerscht,
Wie's waar in ihre Zeit.

Ich wunner wie mer's schtende kennt,
Wammer lewe misst wie sie;
Ich glaab mer misst verdrickle,
Ich weess ich kennt es nie.

Kee clubs un automobiles,
Kee movies, radio;
Kee jazz, kee dance, kee basketball,
Kee telephones, kee show.

Wie deet mer die Zeit verbringe?
Was hen sie denn gewisst?
Bin froh ich net gebore waar,
Ich hett so viel vermisst.

Sie waare nix waert, die Schule;
Was hen sie dann gelannt?
Duh ich die Gremmemm frooge,
Hawwich sie yuscht verzannt.

Sie gleicht net was mer koche,
Die Gleeder suute net;
Mer schtehne maryets zu schpot uff
Un gehne zu schpot ins Bett.

Mer kenne net 'agree'e,
Nix was ich duh passt ihr;
Ich kann mich net gedulde,
So hart ass ich browier.

Ich kann sie net 'convince'e,
'S iss besser in unserer Zeit;
Mer muss sie yuscht bedauere,
Die aarme alde Leit!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
(1862-1934)

Public Opinion

NO HONOR ROLL? THEN OUT WITH MEDALS FOR ATHLETES, SAYS TEACHER

Editor, Morning Call:

Re: Article "No Honor Roll at South Mountain" (Morning Call 11-1)

Certainly, if you ask the 85 per cent of the children who never get on an honor roll if they would prefer to abolish them, the answer would be yes. Similarly, the parents of many of these children might agree. We might even concede that honor roll ceremonies are not the acme of entertainment which could successfully compete with the Lone Ranger.

Further, many educators might even contend that since the honor roll is for a few it has no place in a democratic institution. Fine and dandy. Then let us be consistent. Let us honor mediocrity right down the line by eliminating all letters for athletes, all awards, and even further, all Purple Hearts and Congressional Medals of Honor.

Then we shall have a wonderful world free of frustration for everyone. But, as long as we need leaders, as long as we need professional men of high skill, it should be the mandatory duty of the public school, the fountainhead of democracy, to seek out and encourage to the fullest extent those who are capable and willing to work with their minds. Let us not lower recognition for mental talents and enthrone the brawn and habit formation of athletics, or similar endeavors.

'A Teacher'

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 30: 1-9

The opening verses of this third chapter of the series of three we have been reading give us a glimpse of better days for Israel, as they, the large group of Displaced Persons, return to the land given to them by a perpetual deed in the days of Abraham. 'When thou shalt call to mind the blessings and the curses among all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee, and thou shalt return unto the Lord thy God and shalt obey His voice, then will He turn thy captivity.' And so we read in verse 1 of this chapter of 'remembrance', in verse 2 of 'repentance', in verse 3 of 'regathering', in verse 5 of 'restoration', in verse 6 of 'regeneration', and in verse 7 of 'retribution' upon the enemies of Israel, and in verse 9 of 'replenishment' of the land, the land flowing with milk and honey, then lying desolate for centuries, but again producing milk literally, for the finest breeds of cattle have already been brought in, so also vast areas of orchards with bees fertilizing the flowers and producing honey. 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee' (Psalm 122:6).

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Nov. 3, 1926, a Wednesday

Commissioner of Public Safety Herbert W. Guth introduced a resolution in city council condemning a number of trees and instructing the City Tree Commission to take proper steps for their removal.

More than 100 representatives gathered at St. James' Reformed Church for the annual fall institute and the 23rd semi-annual convention of the Women's Missionary Society of Lehigh Classis of the Reformed Church in the United States.

Horoscope

This period is likely to be good for organizing your work. An energetic, hard-working and original personality may be expected of a child born today.

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Editorials

Help to Win Campaign

Campaigners for the Community Chest hope to make their final report on Tuesday. They have been working on a schedule up to this time and, if all goes well, as is should, they will wind up the 1951 drive for the community's useful agencies on that evening at their meeting in the Lehigh Valley Cooperative Farmers' auditorium.

All depends however upon those people of Lehigh County who have not as yet given answer to the appeal which has gone out to practically every person through various channels.

Four days remain during which the desired goal can be attained and report thereof made on Tuesday. During the weekend a lot of people undoubtedly will receive return calls from the campaigners who were assigned to solicit their contribution. As has been urged before, let speedy and courteous greeting be given by everybody to the self-sacrificing people who have given every spare minute of their time (and much more in addition) during the past few weeks for their community. They believe in the enterprises that bear the Red Feather emblem. They have been willing to give liberally to them and to ask others to give to them and in so doing to weary themselves in body and mind.

Everybody who is solicited during the next four days can hasten and ease the work during the closing days of the campaign by prompt and substantial action. Everybody would like to be told next week that the 1951 campaign for $417,000 went over the top by a big margin. Let everybody put his shoulder to the wheel to bring about that result.

Week-End Prayer for Peace

Celebration locally of the thirty-third anniversary of Armistice Day begins this evening with the annual American Legion parade in Catasauqua, and, by reason of the legal holiday on Monday, virtually the entire weekend will be devoted to patriotic observance.

On Sunday at 10:30 the monument on Center Square will be the traditional site for religious and patriotic celebration in Allentown. Every cemetery in this area, wherein veterans' bodies are interred, will be visited at some time during the weekend for the loving adornment of graves and for the conduct of memorial exercises.

Monday evening's big program and parade in Northampton, while arranged by the Northampton county elements of the Legion, really will be the Lehigh Valley's big windup celebration by reason of the participation of members of the Legion from both sides of the river. Political boundary lines will vanish on this great memorial day as they do for the veterans in all their affairs.

Falling as it does upon the Sabbath, Armistice Day will receive more than ordinary attention in the churches. There perhaps will be offered the most fervent prayer and expression of the hope that the dreams which a blood - bathed world shaped during two wars of great carnage will still be realized in an era of assured and extended peace.

Fight on Heart Disease

Altho heart disease continues its ravages and long will do so, there is increasing hope for mankind that medical science progressively will find ways to treat the disease with greater success and, what is more important, will be able to teach people so to live that their chances of incurring heart attacks will be greatly reduced.

There is tremendous interest in this work by the medical scientists because so many people have an immediate and a vital concern about it. About half of all deaths are caused by the various heart ailments. Many people suffer long and acutely from them. So it can be understood that just about everybody hopes that palliatives and cures will be developed.

Encouraging report upon this latter point is provided by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. This fund is maintained by 143 life insurance companies who not only want to see their clients live longer lives but also want to see them continue their productivity and avoid the inconveniences and distress that the disease causes for millions of people.

Altho only eight years old, this organization's program has been perhaps the biggest contributor to heart disease research. In its brief life it has distributed more than $4 millions to medical institutions and research centers in the United States and Canada.

In this time, according to the Fund's report, much new information has been obtained about the three types of heart disease which are killing or crippling so many people — high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, and rheumatic fever. More investigators have become interested in these problems of heart disease and better facilities are available for this research than ever before.

In his report as scientific director of the Fund, Dr. Francis R. Dieuaide summarizes the outstanding results of recent research. In the field of hypertension or hardening of the arteries, he notes that evidence is being accumulated which indicates that the seat of the primary disturbance in this condition is not in the kidneys but may be in the adrenal glands. In arteriosclerosis, Dr. Dieuaide reports, indications point increasingly to deranged metabolism of fatty materials as the basis for this disease, with dietary peculiarities and hormonal disturbances possibly important secondary factors. And in rheumatic fever, he notes very encouraging new evidence that the incidence of this disease of younger persons is declining.

The report makes no startling predictions. It holds up no false hopes. But it does indicate that with greater knowledge about the disease mankind should be able to do a lot to delay or even prevent incidence of the disease and to relieve the results of the disease when a man has become afflicted with it.

Been Celebratin' Ever Since



Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Woman has ever been one of the most interesting subjects in the world, but no man will ever understand her.

I have studied women for nigh on to a half century, yet the more I study them the less I understand them.

Red polish on fingers and toes, for instance, has ever been one of woman's great mysteries. The costume jewelry women wear is another one of those things we men will never understand.

Today in Austin, Texas, I saw a woman with a diamond pasted on to the side of her face.

I asked my wife what the reason might be.

She told me that probably the lady was an oil millionaire's wife and just wanted to be different.

I have been saving some newspaper clippings on "Women", hoping that they might give me some enlightenment.

They havent. Perhaps you can help me.

Here is one from Buenos Aires.

Evita Peron has just published a book about her husband. 300,000 copies have already been sold.

In it she calls President Peron "a giant condor who flies near the mountain tops and close to God." She describes herself as "but one sparrow amidst a huge flight of sparrows."

She denies that her marriage was a political one and that she had great ambitions for herself.

"Firstly the cause was his," she writes, "then it became mine. But when love reaches perfection, his cause and my cause merge into the sentiment of total unity and we call it our cause."

And Eva of the magnificent clothes, the gorgeous diamonds, the voluptuous figure and the dozen or so fur coats, says that she hopes that historians will mention her, "even if it is only a little note at the foot of a marvelous chapter which will certainly be dedicated to Peron."

From Toronto comes a note from Anton Wurm, a wig maker.

He says that women today are wearing more wigs than ever before.

"Nature tells us that you should have hair on your head. When you lose your teeth you get false ones. Why not hair? It helps morale and you don't catch cold nor dandruff."

Wurm also claims that women are becoming bald through worrying too much and eating the wrong food.

By the way I have noticed that more women are touching up their hair than ever before. The favorite color seems to be red.

That's something else I don't understand about women. They certainly don't fool anybody.

Here is one from London.

Lady Janet Harper, 21, agreed to turn over her 190-room marble castle in Wales to the British government.

In the first place she couldn't afford the taxes, and in the second place it took 1,200 persons to keep up the 40,000 acre estate.

Apparently the British government collects its inheritance taxes in advance.

Last year Lady Harper's taxes amounted to $1,479,800.

In Chicago a court has decided that a teen-age girl cannot get along without a telephone. It's the backbone of her social life.

Joseph Devlin had his eighteen year old daughter's phone taken out. "Too many calls", he said.

"Young people should have the same access to telephones as grown-ups," said the judge, "It keeps them happy at home, and out of trouble."

These are just a few random notes on women.

No man will ever be able to understand them. Perhaps that's why we love them.

(Copyright 1951)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Nov. 10, 1926, a Wednesday.

Allentown's greatest charitable campaign went over the top by more than $28,000.

No less than $600,000 had been asked of the people of Allentown for the Allentown Hospital just a week ago. Last night when the total figures were announced, the figures stood at $628,960 with assurances that additional pledges would be forthcoming that will swell the figure several thousands more.

Political meetings henceforth are "taboo" at the high school and in auditoriums of other schools throughout the Allentown school system.

This was one of the resolutions passed by a vote of 5 to 4 at the November meeting of the Allentown School Board. The decision to debar all organizations from using school buildings for political purposes was reached after objections had been made to such practices on the part of the proprietor of a local public auditorium.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

One of the great economic misfortunes of Europe has been the multiplying of customs barriers which prevent goods from moving from where they are made to where they are needed. They used to have such stations in China to collect the likin, a tax which has played a great part in China's ruin.

Now, we are getting such barriers in many parts of the United States. Often they are disguised as protections against germs or something, but wherever they exist, their purpose is to keep goods of one state from moving into another. They are interstate tariff bureaus.

Strength in Movement

The great economic strength of the United States heretofore was a result of free communications, of the free movement of American goods from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to Texas.

Recently, in Massachusetts, a citizen, Raymond S. Redfield, once president of the Springfield Chamber of Commerce, was actually charged with the crime of purchasing eight cartons of cigarettes, two gallons of wine and a quart of gin in Thompsonville, which is just over the Massachusetts line in Connecticut. Also, his car was seized. The court threw the case out, but it can happen again.

According to Redfield, he was in a town called Longmeadow on business and when he was on his way home, he went to Thompsonville and made the purchases. The State of Massachusetts had spies on hand who demanded to see the Connecticut purchases.

Springfield in Massachusetts is the general marketing city for residents of that area, which includes towns in Connecticut, and it is now possible that that state will enter upon a war of reprisal all along the border, seizing goods purchased in Massachusetts. It is said that Massachusetts is doing this sort of thing on its borders, which affects Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York and Vermont. It could turn New England into a Balkanized region.

Spying for State

New Hampshire caught Massachusetts agents who were spying on Massachusetts citizens and ordered them out of the state.

This is not a question of states rights; it is a question as to whether we live in the United States of America. Suppose a citizen is on a trip from, let us say, New York to Yellowstone, to see America first. Let us say that he stocks up with food, drink, cigarettes and camping equipment. Will he have to pay a customs duty every time he crosses a state line? Or suppose he buys Indian blankets and toy totem poles in Yellowstone, will he have to pay customs duties every time he crosses a state line? Maybe the AAA will issue an interstate tariff schedule to help its touring members.

Our lives are becoming increasingly and unpleasantly complicated as various agencies of the federal, state and municipal governments require more money. Americans are becoming involved in bookkeeping processes which are a nuisance and, so far as housewives are concerned, become burdensome because they are neither trained nor equipped to handle these chores.

Small businesses are unable to carry the personnel necessary to do all the paper work involved in filling out forms and covering the myriads of taxes. They add to their expenses by hiring accountants and lawyers to do it for them.

Barriers Harmful

When states erect barriers against their own citizens and other Americans, they are pursuing a harmful course, one, curiously, which was among the principal causes of the French Revolution. The octroi was such an internal revenue tax which broke the backs of the French people.

An American ought to be free to buy and sell anywhere in the United States. It is true that the automobile makes it possible for a citizen in one state to make purchases in another, and there is nothing wrong about that. The great shops in New York would die of starvation if citizens of New Jersey and Connecticut, to say nothing of Pennsylvania and even Massachusetts, were forbidden to purchase here. I do not know the Chicago market as well, but I should imagine that the shops there get a goodly business from Indiana and Wisconsin.

The time is fast coming when an American citizen will wonder whether he is a free man in a free country or is a hounded creature run by a flock of tax-grabbing politicians who find a law to use against their superiors. We once had a tea party in Boston over taxes. We might, with good reason, have a few of them in many parts of the country, dumping the tax-collectors instead of the tea.

(Copyright 1951)

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

THE GARDEN DESOLATE

The leaves are raked, the beds are made.
The trees have dropped asleep,
And soon the blankets will be laid
In snowflakes inches deep.

The blue jay's call is all we hear
Where once resounded song.
The ground is desolate and drear.
The winds are keen and strong.

Though death in winter seems the fate
Of many a lovely thing,
That resurrection they await
That comes with every spring.

Horoscope

Plot your course carefully and act upon your own intuitions, and life should proceed normally in the next 12 months. Born today a child may expect help when life proves somewhat hazardous.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

'S HUT GAROBB'LD IM LONGA HULS: Da onner dawg wie m'r darrich Palmerton nous sin, hen m'r g'sehna os 'n gahairichie ooving om aw gae wor uf ra gayusda mashina lut. Uf darra gawissa lut is 'n offis gabei abissel hoch uf shteltza g'shteld so os die woh inside drin sin, shae iwwer allas nous sehna kenna tzu da grossa fenshterra rous. Die ooving uf kours wor im gabei, un nix shunshd os wie 'n rote gleadich, peanuckle game g'shwishich 'm mashina ferkaurer Allie German fon Andreas, un 'm doda monkey onslaiger Charlie Gundelscheimer fon Palmerton. Der Ammon Schaffer, fon Palmerton mawgs sei wor aw mohl im game, ow'r 's hut g'sheind wie won sie ihn shun rous g'shmissa hetta kot-hut nix gadush wie hinna draw k'huck'd un tzu gaguck'd wie m'r nei kumma sin.

Der Allie un der Charlie worra ow'r nonner om nei flaxa os gross ordich wor. Tzeita weiss hen sie 'n shtawb uf gariehrt os m'r kens fon da tzwae wecker uhra hinna uf 'm dish-un woh net gonga sin, may sehna hut kenna. Evens der radio hut shtoppa shpiela, uns flash licht fer da uhrra, is uf 'm dish rum garoll'd wie wons 'm tzu hase wear, un wot sich ob keela. Allas is noh so fert gonga, — der offa hinna im eck is rote gleadich hase werra, un weara ferleicht ols noch om, shpiela, won der Ammon Schaffer net so sheb nava rous gaguck'd het, un hut die tzung so feishtanglich g'shspitzt un sie unnich da erreshda lefts rous g'shova un g'sawt, "Ich glawb ferhoftich os des der Pumpernickle is."

"Ei gawiss is es." hut der Charlie noh g'sawt, un bletzlich ol sei indressa ferlora im game woh er un der Allie om shpiela worra, un hen shtarta gablauder'd fon da alta tzeita. Ebbes os der Charlie uns ow'r net fertzailt hut wor, fom arya mashina druvel os er die gons woch kotta hut — hut sei mashine net shtarta kenna waeich da feichdichkate, un hut aw nix gabeeb's'd os er im sin hut fer in bisnie gae ols 'n leicht fersaryer fer doda monkeys ous laiga un bagrawwa.

Eb der Charlie so weit kumma is fer fertzaila fon sella socha, is es 'm bei g'falla os sei Annie all'm noh fartich wear lavesmiddle ei kaufa fer die woch, un hut g'sawt er mist gae die fraw hame nemma fom shtore. Mit da garage doora dawga nocht uf, un die mashine paar mohls dadawg ob drickla mit lumbades is die inshein—hut er die g'shicht widder ons shrpinga grick'd. So weit os die monkey bisnis aw gonga is, sel is in der gong kumma darrich der Metro Minnich fon nagshd on Berlinsville woh 'n noshion grich'd hut er wot 'n monkey howwa, un hut sich ainer kauft unna drous in Georgie odder da Carolinas.

Der Metro hut gute batzawlt fer der monkey, un allas wear ol recht gawest won er 'm net kalt grick'd het, un is dote gonga. Der Charlie un sei Annie worra bol 'n gonsie nocht drunna fer helfa 'm monkey ob worta. ow'r allas hut nix gabot—er is druf g'shnopt un wie 'n guter freind sot, hut der Charlie fershprocha fer'n helfa bagrawwa. 'S wor tzu shpote in da nocht fers grawd duh, noh is der Charlie un die Annie da nagshda dawg widder nunner helfa der monkey ous 'm waig shoffa.

Ow'r 's sin noh aw noch 'n lot onnerra socha gablauder'd werra darta in da gayusda mashina offis woh der Allie German socha in arder halt. Der Ammon Schaeffer hinna on da wond-'n ous un ous watcha jockey, hut fertzailt fon seina yunga dawga un dale arya erfohringa os er kotta hut. Ow'r sel dade tzu long nemma fer heit allas fertzaila, un da Mondawg is aw noch 'n dawg.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Dessa mohl won m'r noch Nei Yarrick gaina fers Grishdawgs show sehna in Radio City Music Hall, hen m'r mainer tzeit in da grossa shtadt os noch ae yohr—may wie 12 shtun.

'S airsht os m'r duhna is uf 'n tzwae shtun bus tour gae die 5d avenue owwa nous noch 'm ewwer dale fon da shtadt, so weit wie Grants Tomb om Hudson, tzurich runner noch Radio City, fer om elf uhr nei gae 's pageant sehna.

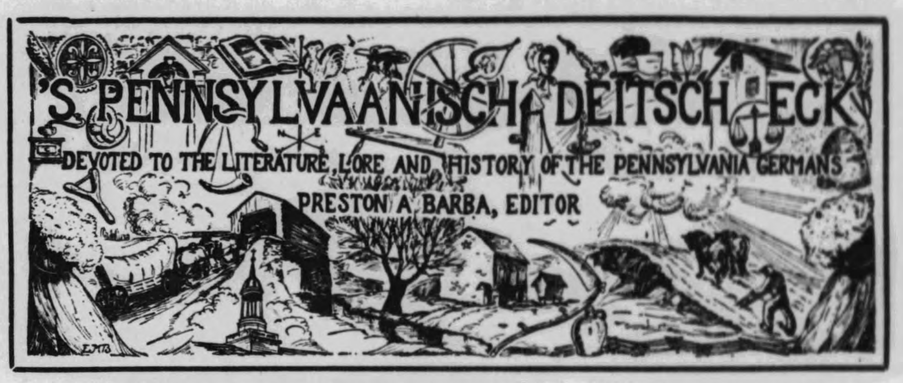
Nommy dawgs — un bis owets tzwonsich minuta noch da nina won die train ferlust fer hame, kon 'n yaders duh wos es wil.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 32:44-52

This is Luther's birth-day. He too, like Moses, is noted as a composer of hymns. Every important religious movement was sung into the hearts of the people. The song of Moses which we have been reading is ended, vs. 1-43. Shall we call it his swan-song, a word used to designate the last poem of a poes, according to a legend that a swan does not sing, until at the point of death it utters a musical note! And so the announcement of Moses' death is referred to in vs. 49-50. In v. 44 'Hoshea' joined Moses in speaking the words of the song in the ears of the people. (Hoshea is another form of the name Joshua). Moses adds a serious exhortation to the people: 'Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law. For it is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life; and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it.' But before Moses dies, he blesses the tribes of the children of Israel in the words of chapter 33.



STAGES AND STANDARDS OF LITERARY DEVELOPMENT

By HEINZ KLOSS

IS Pennesylvania German a mere folkspeech or a full-grown literary language, or something in-between the two extremes? "Pennsylvania Dutch is folkspeech. It is not yet a literary language." Thus begins a recent article by a man who otherwise deserves much praise for what he has done and what he is doing for the cause of the Pennsylvania Germans (J. William Frey in the "Pennsylvania Dutchman," Dec. 1, 1950). He then sets forth that a fully developed literary language allows for several levels of speech: literary proper, colloquial, provincial, sub-standard, and perhaps local dialect. Nothing of that for Pennsylvania German! It is to be considered folkspeech pure and simple. You cannot fashion in it a serious sermon (unless you are an Amishman), a political speech, a talk of any abstract nature. You even can hardly write in it serious poetry, some mighty few have done so, but the bulk of the output are "little four-line jingles with the simplest of content and form." It will take several 100 years before a self-sustaining literary standard for Pennsylvania Dutch can be reached. For of course: this cannot be achieved by supplementing its present meagre word-hoard by loan-words or loan-translations from either English or High German. Imitating an other tongue never makes for originality of achievement and standard!—

That is the gist of Prof. Frey's statements, and it sounds very discouraging. But let us scrutinize his assertions. First of all: is it correct to say: here is a folk-tongue, there is literary standard, and between the two there is an abyss, which it will take centuries to bridge? A folk-speech which develops into a literary language, does so by stages. The first stage frequently has jocular anecdotes, and flimsy jingles. The second stage knows of serious lyrics, good short stories, rural comedies, perhaps one or two idyls. The third stage brings forth novels, and the beginnings of religious sermons of articles of an abstract nature in newspapers or in magazines, etc. The fourth stage means the flowering of serious drama, of entire magazines of popular books containing non-fictional prose. Stage number five brings about original research work in the new literary tongue though in the beginning restricted to topics related to the area of provincial culture (folklore, local history, local linguistics, etc.); also there may be weeklies written in the new cultural language. Stage number six is reached when the new vehicle of thought is gradually being applied to all areas of human thought and experience, including of course politics, the law and economic life. Stage number seven finally means perfection—the language no longer is excluded from the remotest areas of research or abstract thinking.

This pattern is not rigid, it is flexible, stages may overlap or even change places, according to the various circumstances conditioning the growth of a new cultural language. But basically its basic traits will prove to emerge wherever a new vehicle of thought, a new cultural language is being fashioned.

How long does it take a tongue to pass through these various stages? Under favorable circumstances, stage number six can be entered withing 50 years. Afrikaans, now the leading tongue of the Union of South Africa, was put to writing first (if we waive some insignificant isolated instances preceding this date) in 1875, i.e. at a time when Pennsylvania German dialect literature already had reached a first height in the poems of Harbaugh. In 1925, precisely 50 years after, Afrikaans was the vehicle of instruction at a number of universities, one of the official languages of the state, forcing its way into all phases of scholarly work and of public life. Of course, it takes some more decades before stage seven i.e. before perfection will be reached; commissions of scholars e.g. are still at work to coin scientific terms for ever new areas of science. But by the end of 1925 the final breakthrough was won.

This example I could easily duplicate and triplicate. I might point to Landsmaal in Norway, to West-Frisian in the Netherlands, to Irish and Breton, to Esthonian and Latvian, to Finnish and Lithuanian, to Albanian and to Catalan, to Slovenian and to Slovak, etc., etc. But these languages need not concern us here too much because it seems clear that there is no use in emulating, in Lehigh and Berks, the examples given by them or by Afrikaans. For why should anybody bother to think about making Pennsylvania German over into the medium of instruction at Muhlenberg College, or, for that matter, at the University of Pennsylvania!

However, we know of tongues which without aspiring to the highest conceivable levels of development still refused to linger on as homey folktongues and which grew into vigorous literary languages content to serve for lyrics, fiction of all kinds, textbooks in elementary grades, and articles in magazines. They did not try to conquer the realms of scientific research. Take e.g. the language of the 25,000 inhabitants of that cluster of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, the Faroese. Their language, the Faroese, while remaining subordinate, to a certain extent, to the dominant and more powerful Danish tongue, yet may boast of fine lyrics, a number of novels, good sermons, several magazines, almanacs, yearbooks. It is being taught in the schools and being used in the pulpit; the New Testament and the Lutheran liturgy have been translated into it. Yet the number of Faroese speakers is perhaps just one tenth of that of Deitsch speakers in Eastern Pennsylvania, and there was practically no written literature before 1854! In 1890, the first Faroese newspaper made its bow, and in 1909, the first novel. It entered the church in 1903, the schools in 1912. Similar things might be related e.g. about Low German, the language of Northern Germany.

Pennsylvania German has long left the stage of a mere folkspeech. It actually is in the third stage of development. You will find in it excellent lyrics, good writers of fiction, primarily More, Moll, and, to a lesser degree, von Nieda, and plenty of rural comedies. You have had hundreds of good sermons—but of course they were hardly ever taken down and so passed by unnoticed or were bypassed, by those sticking up for High German. Not the Amish have blazed the path for serious preaching in the dialect (as Frey seems to think) but the Evangelical sects: the followers of Albright, of Otterbein, and of Winebrenner. But even those sects which had a more directly European background, have known a good deal of dialect preaching, as I know e.g. from Prof. Ralph Schlosser in Elizabethtown, himself a Dunkard preacher when a young man, and a preacher in the dialect at that. I myself heard a good dialect sermon, from a Baptist preacher (Titus Hottel) in Allentown in 1931. Nor can anybody make me believe that all the dialect preaching of the past was in the unrefined, if powerful, Mose Dissinger fashion. In the face of such evidence, in the face furthermore of the fact that the tongues of the lowest developed Australian, Papuan, or Amazonas tribes as well as the Creole dialects created by Carribean Negroes on the basis of the Dutch, Spanish, or English tongues have been and still are serving as vehicles of serious and dignified preaching it takes boldness to assert Pennsylvania German to be unfit for religious purposes.

The fact remains that the Pennsylvania Germans never became aware of how far this tongue had matured. More's novels, such as Die Leinfens, slumber in the archives of Muhlenberg College. And yet, the very existence of fiction writers such as More, Moll and Von Nieda, means, that Pennsylvaria German, in one important aspect at least, surpasses the Scotch dialect of the Lowlands. For here, we have practically no fiction though lyric poetry is far more modern, more varied, and takes much higher flights than in Dutchland. If Pennsylvania Germans would only exploit what they have on hand, they would realize that they do not have to wait for maturation 200 years, that they already have attained that stage which benefits their mothertongue, that they need not worry about higher stages, that they may well be content to shape tales and tools similar to those of More and Moll of Jobst and Wuchter, of Ziegler and Birmelin, etc., etc. If Frey hints that only after 200 years a literary standard can be created the answer is: the standard has been set, but it is hidden from your view. It will become a reality as soon as you become aware of its existence, dig it out, brush it up, make it shine. Therefore, the year 1951, or any year thereafter, might easily become the equivalent to the year 200 after Prof. Frey's pronouncement as of December, 1950.

But what of the admonition that you must not imitate, that you must not borrow from either High German or English? All new cultural languages that have sprung up since let us say 1800—and there are dozens of them all around the globe—have used the device of borrowing. They have borrowed or, more frequently, have translated liberally and literally from other, more refined tongues, and if the translator had "the feel" of tongues, if he was an artist, the imitation became something new, fresh, vital and even original. That is a miracle, but it is no more surprising than the sight of folk sitting on their buried but well-known riches and calling poverty their god-ordained fate. For 100 years the Pennsylvania Germans were unaware of their splendid and mature folk culture. Now, where this blindness has been remedied, some betray the same unawareness with regard to their emerging, distinct, though still immature, literary achievements.

NOSCHENS

Viel Leit, viel Noschens. Der Eent meent es waer so, der Anner meent es waer net so. Es iss gut ass des so iss. Weescht, der lieb Gott macht alles unner schiddlich in daere Welt. Es sin ken zwee Bledder gleich uff me Baam. So iss es aa mit de Mensche. Es kummt selden vor ass zwee Leit die neemlich Noschen hen.

Es waar mool en Mann wu arrick in Lieb waar mit seinre Fraa. So sette alle Menner sei. Wann mer en Fraa deheem hot, sett mer net iwwer die Klabbord-fens nei gucke amme annere Mann seinre Fraa. Sell gebt ebmools Dummheete. Well, dem Mann sei Fraa hot Polly gheese. Un hot er awwer grooss gschwetzt vun seinre Fraa! Fer ihn waar sie die schennscht, die lieblichscht un die schmaertscht Fraa in de ganse Welt. Well, die annere Menner sin sei dumm Gebrall leedich warre. Mool ee Daag waare en Drupp Menner bei nanner, un uff eemool hot eener gsaat, "Es iss awwer gut ass die Menner net all ee Noschen hen, schunscht hette sie all die Polly hawwe welle." Es hot no en annere vun de Menner gsaat, "Ya, es iss gut ass die Menner net all mei Noschen hen schunscht hett beim Henker niemand die Polly hawwe welle."

Es waare mool en gansi Drupp Menner bei nanner am dischbediere weegge ihre Weiwer, wie schee ass sie waere. Der wu die wiescht ghatt hot, hot gsaat, "Well, ich meen ich hett en scheene Fraa." Es waar so en grobbmeilicher derbei, un der hot gsaat, "Wann dei Fraa schee iss, deet ich mool gleiche en wieschte Fraa su sehne." Waar sell nau net unverschtennich?

DER KASCHPAR HUFNAGEL

DIE LECKSCHON

Nau iss die Leckschon moll verbei,
Die Schtimmschtubb widder zu;
Die Kandidaate an ihrm Gscheft,
Un mir hen widder Ruh.

Fer wochlang do waar'n sie draa,
Ihr Harn schier abgerennt;
Un waarscht du noch so fremm gewest,
Hen doch dich gut gekennt.

Des waar'n Gewewwer un en Zucht,
Mer weess schier net wu naus;
Fer alle Amt waar'n dutzend Mann,
Un vleicht noch paar meh drauss.

Un ehrlich waar'n sie all, un trei,
So hen sie all behaabt;
Ken bess'rer hot bisher gelebt,
Wann nur mer alles glaabt.

Der Schtor waar voll, der Schopp war voll,
Vun Leit vun alle Kunscht;
Die Luft waar voll—vun Musick? Nee!
Vun Kandidaat—nix schunscht!

Mei Radio iss schier uffgebrennt
Vun all dem heesse Schtraahl;
Wu naus gschickt waar in frei-l Luft,
Zu Berg un Flett un Daal.

Was hen sie nanner wiescht verschmiert,
Der Dreck waar grie un geel;
Un waar en Mann aa noch so gut,
Waar doch en Ratt im Mehl.

Ya well, ich denk sie hen mool Ruh,
Ya, ennihau fer'n Yaahr;
No heert mer's graad de seeme Weeg
Vun Busch bis Scheierdor.

—RALPH S. FUNK

ZU FIEL LEIT

Mer heert als die Leit saage es waere zu fiel Leit in unserem Weltdeel. Sie kenne schier nimmi all do lewe, mer sett fattgeh, hie wu's net so fiel Leit hett. Die Waahret iss awwer, as wie die Welt eigericht iss, hot's net halwer Leit genunk. Mer maag hingucke wu mer will, fehle Leit. Es hot net genunk Mannsleit, net genunk Weibsleit, net genunk Maed un net genunk Buwe. Geh darrich die Schtadt un darrich die Schtedtel un du warrscht sehne, das iwwerall Leit fehle. Die Schtore sin voll Goods un die Schtor-kipper hocke die Helft vun de Zeit debei mit nix zu duh do, as waarte far die Customers kumme un ihre Goods kaafe. All die Waert im ganze Land hette gaern e paar dausend Customers meh far ihre Schnapps drinke, un yeder Parre hett gaern a paar dausend Gemeensglieder, yeder Schuh-schtor hett gaern en Lot Aarme, Baarfiessiche, die Schuh hawwe misse far der Winter, yeder Gleederschtor daet winsche, as paar dausend halb Nackiche kumme daete far Gleeder kaafe; yeder Lawyer winscht es daet about zweemol so fiel Narre gewwe, die schtreite un Lawsuits schtarte daete; yeder Dokter wott, as es about zweemol so fiel Granke gewwe daet; yeder Drucker meent es sett about fimf dausend meh Leit do sei far sei schlechti Zeiting nemme; yedi Weschfraa meent es sette about dreimol so fiel Leit kumme mit schmutzichi Wesch, even Dodegraewer hette gaern meh Dode zu begraawe, un yeder Schtaat hett gaern noch e paar dausend Einwuhner. Des iss en deitlicher Beweis, dass es net halwer genunk Leit gebt.

Awwer dann gebt's widder viel Bletz, as mer meent die Welt hett gans un gaar zu fiel Mensche un mer muss sich watsche, as sie em net die Rippe neirenne un em dod drete. Geh mol an Bletz wu fiel zu fresse un zu saufe iss far nix, dart find mer alsfert en grossi Crowd. Alles iss lewendich un guckt wie en grosser Iemeschwarm, yusch net so decent un so andlich.

Geh emol an Bolliticks Conventions, wu e paar Emter ausgedeelt warre, odder wu en Blatz uff iss far en appointment, wu mer Geld grabsche kann, e wennich schtehle un e wennich raawe mitaus in die Jail kumme, dart sin alsfert zu fiel Leit. Un guck emol wu en Fessli Bier far nix ausgedeelt waerd odder zu Keffer Brieh gedriet waerd, dart sin eenichi Minut zehemol so fiel Lett as notwennich. Nixnutziche, verdarwene, schtolse, eibildische, hochmiediche, dreckiche, lausiche un unehrliche Leit sin viel do, awwer rechtschaffene, ehrliche, braafe, demiediche, fleissiche, guthaerziche un sobere Leit sin zu wennich, un fun sellere Sart kennt mer noch Millione brauche.

Vum BOONASTIEL (T. H. Harter)

DIE SCHWARZE SCHTAARE

Die grosse schwarze Schtaare
Fliegge so arrig heit;
Deel alde Leit behaabte,
As des nass Wedder bedeit.

Es hockt gans schwarzevoll
Drauss uff de grosse Beem.
Gans schwarz meenscht du? — O nee!
So bloogrie glitzerich scheel

Sie kumme bei wie Wolke,
Die glitzeriche Schaar;
Sie fliegge do un datt hie,
Deel bleiwe 's ganse Yaahr.

Sie fresse 's Ungeziffer,
Doch sin 's oft schier zu viel;
Es Welschkarn duhn sis roppe,
Eb's waarm iss odder kiehl.

Sie fliegge in die Schdedt
Un bleiwe iwwer Nacht;
Datt duhn sie alles fersaue,
Sie gewwe gaar net acht.

Hoch drowwe duhn sie schlofe—
Was iss des en Krageel!
Sie schwetze mit enanner,
Sie halde gaar nix hehl.

Mer dutt sie oftmool schiesse,
Deel Schitze macht des froh;
Sie sin brauchbaar fer ebbes,
Schunscht waer'n sie gaar net do!

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

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Editorials

Prisoners Peace Crux?

The American people are boiling with anger today because of the statement in Korea by a U.S. Army officer that about 5,500 Americans, who had been taken prisoner, have been slaughtered by the Chinese and North Korean Communists. Since the information also was broadcast to the men in the United Nations forces in the front lines it can be believed that future fighting will be intensified for two reasons—indignation over the treatment accorded to their comrades, and determination to fight to the end and never be taken prisoner.

Viewed objectively, the announcement leaves many things to be explained more fully and by sources closer to the top than Colonel James M. Hanley, chief in the Eighth Army's judge advocate's office in Pusan.

Up to this time neither Hanley's figures nor the terrible story which they would tell have been confirmed either by General Ridgway in Tokyo or any high officials in Washington. But Hanley's statement was so forthright and so confident in its tone that there is wide acceptance of it. Knowing what is known about Communist tactics in the past it can be believed easily that since the war began 18 months ago 5,790 U. N. soldiers have been murdered by their captors in direct defiance and disobedience to the Geneva Convention to which all civilized nations adhere in theory at least. In addition Hanley has said that, roughly, 250,000 South Koreans were slain by the Reds in atrocities since the war began. He itemized specific incidents, giving dates, locations and numbers of prisoners involved together with other details. He declared that all the killings were unjustified and were carried out without trial or a formal sentencing.

In short, there is so much appearance of truth in the Hanley statement that it is difficult to disbelieve or doubt it except as to the actual figures. These may vary either way by reason of the difficulties during a raging war in getting complete reports about anything, and especially absolutely accurate reports of what is going on behind the enemy's lines.

The fact that the announcement was made in Pusan and not in Tokyo makes one wonder whether the story has been generally known throuout the Eastern theater of war. Was it softpedalled for various reasons but Hanley accidentally and unthinkingly "blabbed" and talked out of turn? Hanley insists that a report to the same effect as that which he gave to the press and the United Nations forces in Korea has been sent to and is in the hands of the U. N. in New York.

Whether release of the story thus was somewhat accidental or fully intentioned, it does have a lot of bearing on the months-old conferences on arrangements for an armistice between U. N. representatives and the Communists.

The Reds want a "cease fire" agreement so that their harried troops can get a chance to reform their lines and rebuild their strength. During that time they could stall about any and all other matters concerned. The United Nations representatives want a lot of matters agreed upon before the cease-fire. Included among them is an understanding for the exchange of prisoners. Since it is known that the Reds took thousands of prisoners, were very proud of it and urged them to broadcast about their safety to their families and friends in the United States it can be most revealing and very embarrassing to the Reds if they are unable to produce any prisoners for exchange. They would have a lot to explain as to what they have done with all their prisoners.

The Reds may be stalling on this and other matters, hoping to trick the U. N. representatives into agreeing to a cease - fire without settling all the other matters that are necessary for an honest armistice.

There may be exaggeration in the Hanley statement and its figures. But there is not the slightest doubt about their truth in a general way and in enough instances to constitute the severest indictment that has yet been drawn against the Communists and especially against China. That vicious government is seeking by blackmail and by force to gain a seat in the United Nations.

For Bigger Hospital

No other institution is closer to this community's heart than the Allentown Hospital which for more than half a century tenderly has ministered to the direst needs of our people.

Because everything that is done to expand its facilities is going to increase the span of life of the people in the community and ease their sufferings in the event of illness and injury there will be popular approval of the current plans to enlarge the hospital.

Enthusiastically leaders in all phases of the community's life have answered the hospital's rallying call to them to assist in the program whereby the capacity of the institution can be increased by 69 beds and a host of services can be enlarged and improved.

It is going to take a million dollars, but confidently the leaders have come to grips with the problem of raising that amount. All realize that here is one of the most worthy enterprises that the community can undertake. We shall hear a lot about it as time goes on and the program is put into action.

America Still Thrifty

Altho the nation is in an inflationary period and there have been many discouraging notes concerning personal thrift, a survey made in June by the U.S. Treasury Department indicates that the good old - fashioned American virtue, thrift, and desire to amass savings, has not been lost by the American people.

While the U. S. Treasury wishes to encourage thrift thru sales of savings bonds, it is significant that the survey revealed widespread evidences of this spirit of thrift. Ownership of life insurance, for example, has increased steadily and is now at a new high level. Today four out of every five American families own life insurance. Other forms of personal saving have also continued to gain following the temporary lapse after Korea when savings were tapped to swell the consumer buying rush.

Further evidence is provided by the U.S. Department of Commerce, which reports that personal saving in the aggregate has been running at an annual rate of more than 9 per cent of total disposable personal income since the first quarter of this year. This rate is far above that of any previous years for which records are available, except for the period from 1941 through the first half of 1946. In dollar figures, aggregate personal savings in the second quarter of this year were at an annual rate of more than $21 billions on a seasonally adjusted basis, as against an annual rate of $9.3 billions in the first quarter and a total of $10.7 billions for all of 1950.

This heightened savings trend takes on added importance under current conditions in view of the underlying inflationary pressures in the economy resulting from the size and scope of the rearmament program and the speed with which defense expenditures are increasing. The role of savings as an anti-inflationary weapon may be understood by relatively few people but its effectiveness is nonetheless beyond question.

The survey disclosed that, despite a growing awareness of the impact of inflation on securities bearing a fixed return, U.S. Savings Bonds are still in high favor as an investment of the great majority of the people. The dominant reasons given were the safety element in the ownership of U. S. Government bonds and the fact that Savings Bonds provided a good way to save. At the same time, the patriotic factor has increased substantially in importance since Korea.

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman has every intention of sending a representative to the Vatican no matter what happens to delay or block confirmation of the appointment of Gen. Mark Clark as ambassador.

This is because Mr. Truman has made a commitment to the Pope that he would send a representative to the Vatican, and he means to abide by that pledge.

It is not known just when the agreement was arrived at or by what means, but it is assumed that either the message was conveyed through Myron C. Taylor, who resigned in January 1950 as personal representative of the President at the Vatican, or by someone else who has since visited the Pope in behalf of the President and conveyed the same information. It could, of course, have been an exchange of letters, but the important fact is that Mr. Truman has given assurances that he intends to remain faithful to his promise.

May Name Other Person

If both Houses of Congress fail to bring to a vote or to pass the special legislation required to give Gen. Clark the status that has been requested for him, so that he can serve in a diplomatic post and still retain his rank in the Army, the President may name someone else. In fact, it would not be surprising if sometime during the next session Gen. Clark himself asked that his name be withdrawn so that it would not interfere with possible opportunities he may have for promotion to a more responsible position in the Army than he now holds as commander of the field forces.

Thus it could turn out that Mr. Truman would send a "personal representative" to the Vatican without waiting for congressional action on the matter of an embassy. He has handled it by the "personal representative" method before, and so has President Roosevelt. But the envoy would not then be a formal member of the diplomatic service. So far as the Vatican is concerned, it naturally would prefer that the representation be regularized as an embassy. If Congress shows a disposition to delay indefinitely, Mr. Truman is determined that during the balance of his term there will be some representation at the Vatican.

Group Gives Data

Incidentally, the National Catholice Welfare Conference at Washington, in a statement just released, gives the statistics about diplomatic representation at the Vatican by various countries and says:

"It should be plain from the statistics we cite that many countries which do not have Catholic majorities maintain relations with the Vatican City on the ground that it is a sovereign state. The only major countries which do not send representatives to the Vatican City are: Communist Russia, Communist China, and the United States of America."

The President has been impressed by the fact that all the other major powers in the free world except the United States are represented at the Vatican.

It is known, too, that the furor which the appointment of Gen. Clark has brought about has been carefully noted by the President, and it is reported that he expected far more disapproval than has been manifested.

More Discussion

But there are evidences that the issue is likely to provoke even more discussion in the future than the past. This correspondent is in receipt of several documents and statements from Protestant sources indicating deep feeling about it. The principal argument made is that diplomatic recognition involves a union of church and state.

Catholic statements, on the other hand, insist that the American hierarchy does not believe in a union of church and state either. This phase of the debate is not likely to be resolved in the court of public opinion, because it is bound to be lost in religious prejudices.

The issue, however, will play a part in next year's politics. The Republican-dominated Massachusetts Senate just the other day voted unanimously to support President Truman's proposal. The membership there consists of 20 Protestants, 19 Catholics and one Jew. No record vote was taken.

It is regrettable, of course, that the controversy has arisen at all. It is still a mystery why the President, holding the viewpoint he has expressed, didn't promptly appoint a successor to Myron Taylor when he resigned in January 1950. That would have simply continued a precedent established by his predecessor in the White House.

Even the "personal representative" idea, on the other hand, was vehemently opposed by Protestant groups, some of whom claim the President promised he wouldn't do it. This form of appointment did not, however, evoke the widespread bitterness that has developed as a consequence of the formal request for the establishment of an embassy at the Vatican.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There have been so many "Miss Thisandthat of 1951" that it is not very surprising to learn that in the city of New Orleans the truckdrivers have just named a "Miss Dump Truck of 1951."

The young lady upon whom the honor was conferred is a pretty waitress in a restaurant where the drivers are meeting. Her name, in case you'd like to know, is Helen Beaudry, and she is 5 ft. 5 in. in height and weighs 115 pounds.

Her trophy is the figure of a windblown goddess in a Grecian gown, holding aloft a horseshoe.

Miss Beaudry thinks that there is nothing funny about this at all, particularly since in Los Angeles they have just named a "Miss Freight Forwarder of 1951."

I guess it must be the "Dump Truck" that makes me associate this event with a report on overweight by the Louisiana State Department of Public Health.

The report starts: "'Fat, dumb and happy' the saying goes. But why happy? Overweight shortens life, reduces efficiency and lessens the satisfaction one gets out of life."

One out of every five adults is overweight, and diabetes, high blood pressure and stroke menace the overweight person.

How on earth any inhabitant of New Orleans can ever keep within the normal weight is something beyond my ken.

I don't think I have ever seen such eating in all my life as they do here.

We went to one of the famous New Orleans eating places called Galatoire's last night.

The place was packed not only to the doors but beyond the doors 'way out into the street.

We started off with Oysters Rockefeller — baked oysters with spinach and a rich sauce.

Our next item was a fish dish with a French name which I forgot. It was a concoction of trout, shrimps, and mushrooms with a rich Hollandaise sauce.

To set off the whole mess I had French pancakes with jelly, and my wife had one of the richest Sundaes ever concocted by a chef gone wild.

With it — you should pardon the expression — we had a bottle of white wine. Also some good, strong New Orleans coffee.

The meal was delicious — but oh, so fattening!

As we looked around us we noticed that other people ate even richer food.

We also noticed that almost everybody in the place was overweight.

"A normal appetite is satisfied when the feeling of hunger is gone. To go on eating just to get the pleasure of food trickling through the mouth is simply a vicious habit," the report goes on.

Well, it seems to me that most of the New Orleans people certainly must be addicts to this vicious habit.

"Worry, fear, disappointment, insecurity and boredom, which drive some to the bottle in order to forget their troubles, drive others to the heaping platter," says the Louisiana Department of Health.

And the strangest thing about them is that these poor, misguided people do more laughing and chatting, and apparently have an infinitely better time than those who observe every law of dietetics and weigh themselves after every meal.

It just seems that bad habits cannot be catalogued or classified, and that everybody has to be happy or unhappy after his own fashion.

As for me, I am going to lunch with the editor of one of the newspapers today. We are going to a German restaurant famous for its pigs-knuckles and sourkraut.

I guess I must be in the last stages of something.

Horoscope

Good progress and promotion are probable. Because of a sterling character today's child should overcome all exigencies.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WASE OL DIE WERTA: Tzum ledshda hen m'r ae mon g'funna os secht, er wist ol die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha werta os tzu wissa weara — der saigamon Allen Kimmerling fon Topton. Die tzwae ledshda werta os 'n gabodder'd hen worra "ungrout, un ungatziffer." Ebber ow'r hut 'm g'sawt wos yaders maina dade, un der Allen is wunnerbore shtoltz mit seinra larning — bardich so os er uf gawoxa is in Akron Ohio, un gore ken Pennsylfawnish Deitsch gawist hut.

'S wor beim Clair Price in da barshtub on Long Swamp, os m'r nonner aw gadroffa hen — un der Allen hut uns so gore gakent on da shtim. 'S airsht hut er gamaint 's wear sex odder siva yohr tzurick gawest os m'r nonner g'sehna hetta on Farm Show in Harrisbarrick, un woh der Allen onna wor mit 'm Charlie Flicker fon Farmington, Shpaiter hut er ow'r gamaint er dade uns aw alla gabut hoerra Sundawg middawgs fon fartel noch da tzwelfa bis fartel bis ains, iwwer radio station WHOL. aenicha waig, m'r hen ordlich weil gablauder'd, un der Allen hut net yusht fertzailt fon seinra saiga repair bisnis woh er g'shtart hut 'm free yohr, ow'r aw wie er sei fraw Katie grick'd hut, un 'n lot onnerra socha.

Der Allen wor ainer fons Tom Kimmerlings' boova, un is uf die welt kumma im 4da ward doh in da shtadt, un noch 'm Wolfe shule gabei gonga bis er so yohrra tzwelfa alt wor. Er hut ow'r ken Deitsch gawist, un noh is sei familia nous noch Akron Ohio gatzoga, un woh er uf gawoxa is. Wie so oft mohls ow'r der fol is, hut der Allen mainer galarnt kot in da Allentown shule wie wos yusht g'shwishich da deckle wor fon seina shule bicher, er wor aw so wenich in lieb g'falla mit ma nochbers' maid'l, die Katie Hausman. 'S wor ow'r net bis nine yohr danoh os er un die Katie widder tzomma kumma sin — un noh huts glei 'n barya gewwa.

Wie er 21 yohr alt wor hut der Allen gatzailt fer 'n unkle Milt Kramer p'sucha, om Braida barrick, un woh er gae hut wolla harsh yawga. Er hut sei flint un onner hunder waissa farna har g'shick'd, un hut noh gatzailt fer paar dawg doh in da shtadt ob shtoppa die Hausmans' familia p'sucha on 313 Nord Ocht shtross — un naiderlich aw die Katie sehna. Sis 'n woch rum gonga un der Allen is net fert, tzwae wocha, 'n mohnet, un wie er endlich tzwae mohnet doh wor, hen sie ous gamocht fer heirra, un die Katie is mit nous noch Akron Ohio.

Eb sie ow'r arrick long in Ohio worra, is welt grick nummer ains kumma, der Allen is gadraft werra, un wor in tzeit fon tzwae mohnet im alta lond. Er wor 'n radio mon, un is net tzurick hame kumma bis July fon 1919. Die Katie mit da kinner woh sie kotta hen wor dahame bei ihra leit, un woh der Allen aw gabliva is bis er 'n glaenie bauerrei kauft hut nagshd on Farmington. 'S wor die weil os er in Farmington dahame wor, os er so nava bei awfonga hut saiga feila un hut g'shpiert os er 'n lot besser fert kaimt mit seina nochberra, won er Deitsch shwetza kent. In ra gons kartza tzeit hut er 'n g'shpraich halta kenna — yusht die werta "ungatziffer, un ungatziffer "hen 'n gabodder'd.

Der Allen hut fer yohra g'shoft fer unnershittlicha kumpanies saiga in arder halta, un wie g'sawt, is now 'm free yohr selwar in bisnis so om grons fon Topton. Er wor mohl bresident fon da Topton Fire kumpany, un is weit rum bakont. Wos er un sei Katie mohl gleicha dada tzu duh, is noch Honolulu gae, un woh er 'n shwshter Stella hut, ow'r wase ihra tzu nahma net. Noh kenta sie aw ob shtoppa bei ma bruder in Kansas uf ra grossa bauerra, odder kenta gae noch 'n onnerer bruder sehna in Iowa, woh shoft fer die Quaker Oats kumpany. Un os m'r yusht draw denka, die Katie hut aw 'n bruder in Atlanta Georgia, woh sie onna gae kenta.

Wel aenicha waig, m'r shure worra froh der Allen larna kenna, un hoffa 'n noch efter tzu sehna.

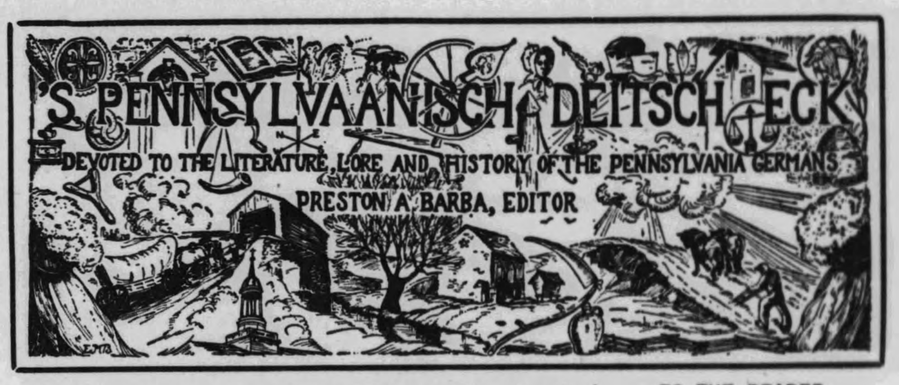
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Morya fier wocha wohr hoft, gaina m'r noch Nei Yarrick fers Grishdawgs Show sehna in Radio City Music hall, — wos die tzeit doch flieg'd, 's shein'd airsht wie geshter os m'r der Hudson nuf worra.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 1:1-2

The phrase, the Law of the Lord, occurring so often in the Old Testament, is for us Christians the equivalent of 'the Word of God,' that is, the Bible. And to do as Ezra did (see yesterday's comment), to study it, to do it, and then to teach it, is the most happy occupation to which one can be called. And note, according to the order of the verbs, one should know it, and be willing to do it, that is, to live it, and then to teach it. The order as given in Acts 1:1 concerning Jesus is the same, for Luke says that in his Gospel he told us what Jesus began to do and to teach! How important it is that we should read God's Word, and meditate therein. It is the only authority on the most important subject, sin and salvation. And because this is so important, we should read and study the Bible so that we may be able to detect false teaching and heresy so rampant in these days, as Peter in his second Epistle 2:1, and Paul in 1 Timothy 4:1-3, and Jude 3 and 4 forewarn us concerning false teachers. Satan hates and perverts God's Word and God's truth.



Our Ancestors In Their Native Rhineland

Their Way Of Life, 1650 - 1850.

By FREDERIC PABST

Emigration to America

Yes, "an important motive for the Espenschied migrations was economic, i.e., to embrace the better opportunity afforded by this country," (America), especially in "the hard times following wars in Europe." ("German Background of the Espenschied - Esbenshade Families," by Lloyd Espenschied, New York City, 1938, p.10.) In the post-war times there were huge debts and taxes to be paid. There were bad harvests from the fields neglected during war. Besides, in cold winters the vineyards sometimes froze and produced no grapes (one of the main crops). In hot summers sometimes droves of mice and rats gnawed the grains. In rainy years the plants were spoiled. The Espenschieds, wise, diligent and aspiring, were courageous enough to seek their fortune overseas, when the native land was lacking in support. But, what was the course of their departure to the land of "boundless possibilities," as our ancestors called it?

Firstly they procured passports and tickets for the crossing. Property and chattels were sold, and they bade farewell. Dear friends presented them with tokens of flour, bacon, beans, plums, and the like. The gifts were accepted with pleasure, for the emigrants were obliged to provide themselves with food for the voyage. Clothes and bedding, furniture and kitchen-utensils were packed, and driven by wagon to the most available water course; down the Rhine from Bingen to Rotterdam, or Amsterdam, in Holland (in the 18th century); or overland through France to Le Havre, or through Germany to Hamburg. The Atlantic crossing by sailing-vessel took perhaps sixty or ninety days. For two or three months they saw only sky and water, clouds and waves. Finally they arrived in the new, strange land. Perhaps they followed friends or relatives who helped the newcomers in the beginning.

A Peasant's Day

A summer day! The sun rises, the clock strikes four, and all members of the family get up. They hasten to the yard and with a pail draw water out of the well. In the open they wash head and neck with the hands blowing loudly, and now hurry on to work. The father feeds the horse, the sons curry it and tend the cattle. The mother milks, the daughter feeds the chickens come down from their roost. Another daughter cooks the breakfast soup. All eat the soup in the kitchen, out of pewter (dishes), with their spoons. The herdsmen sound out and the cattle are driven out of the stable and yard to the pasture, the cows and sheep to the fallow, the goats to the hill, the geese to the water, the pigs to the woods. It is six o'clock, and all go out to the fields punctually.

Harvest! The mother and daughters reap with sickles, the father and sons sheave and drive the bundles of grain into the barn. Dinner they have in the field under a tree, they work on until nineteen o'clock (7 p.m.), and now go home. The cattle return and are milked. The family sups milk and bread. The mother, sons and daughters work on in the house, yard and stable till twenty-two o'clock (10 p.m.). Our forefathers' eighteen-hour working day! In the evening the old man sits on a small bench before the house, smoking and chatting with neighbors.

A winter-day! The autumn is over, the wine ferments in the casks. One day the distilling of the grapes begins in the distillery, and the sale of brandy then yields money. A peasant ploughs the fields, a third of the arable land stands crops of the winter, a third for the summer, with the last third remaining as the fallow-land. That is the rotation of crops, or in German "three fields agriculture," of our forefathers. Now snow falls and the winter is beginning. Every winter day the peasant and his sons thrash grain with the flail on the threshing floor from morning till night. Sometimes they drink a dram because of the coldness. In the meantime the mother and daughters sit at the spinning-wheel and spin threads.

The Bell-Ringing

Whereas during the Great Wars in Germany the bells were usually removed, in Siefersheim, the center from which most Espenschieds spread, the bells remained because of their age. True, in the second Great War our bell had been taken, but it survived and returned unharmed. So, today the bells of Siefersheim still ring as of the times of our ancestors two hundred years and more ago.

The ringing of the bells accompanied our forefathers' daily lives in their native land. It awoke them about four and summoned to bed about twenty-two (10 p.m.); called them to field work about six, the children to school about seven, and home again at noon to dinner. Again it called to work about thirteen (1 p.m.), and about nineteen (7 p.m.) to supper at home. The bells were the companions of our ancestors from the cradle to the grave. They rang whenever the parents, god-parents and midwife went to church with the suckling babe in arms to be baptized. They sounded when the wedding-procession marched to the marriage ceremony: first the policeman, then the bridal-couple, the guests by pairs, and at last the parents and parents-in-law. The ringing dominated the reports of the old pistols, shot by bystanders to honor the bridal-couple, and the cries of boys scampering for farthings thrown out by the bridegroom. Boys would stop the march with cords stretched across the street, and the policeman would cut through when the bridegroom had given ransom, such was the custom.

Whenever someone died there was bell-ringing at Siefersheim, with three short clangs before it for the Catholics and three after it for the Evangelicals. The bells rang during the funeral when the coffin or bier was borne by four neighbors, and the pupils with their school-master sang hymns at the grave. The white coffin of a little child was borne upon the head by a woman. When a fire broke out in the village the fire-clock sounded the alarm. On Sundays and holidays the devout were called to church by bells. And finally at the end of the year the bells are rung loudly on New Year's Eve.

The Bell-Tower

The bells hang in the tower. In former times usually a fortified tower with thick walls and narrow embrasures, surrounded by a high wall and deep moat. When the enemy appeared the bells sounded the alarm and the inhabitants fled to the tower — our progenitors' refuge in war time.

Alongside the steeple was the church. Within were tombstones of former priests and images of the Sacred History. The seats of the church-benches were assigned to the individual families, the men sat in the gallery, the women and children in the nave. Our forefathers in the old Palatinate were Calvinists or Reformed, and they believed in God and the Saviour. Their service was simple and the Lord's Supper was solemn. They were christened, confirmed and married in the church. The schoolmaster was the organist, the pastor was the preacher. The cemetery was situated round about the church. A wooden marker with name and dates stood on every grave — long since decomposed. Today the church-yard is a grass-plot.

The Church Festival

The old churches were consecrated in the name of a Saint, for instance the church of Siefersheim in the name of Saint Martin on the 11th November. On the anniversary there was held a celebration, first ecclesiastic and then a secular festival, named Kermess or "Kerb," abbreviation for "Kirchweihe," i.e. consecration of church. All the relatives came to visit and see all their kindred. They shook hands and entertained each other, the young danced in the inns. In the afternoon they took coffee and cake, in the evening they had a great meal in the homes of the hosts. The relatives drank the wine from one great vessel, the loving cup. On Sunday afternoon the young fellows, accompanied by a band of musicians, marched in the streets of the village, and in the dance-hall hung up a bottle of wine, the "bottle of Kerb," thus beginning the "Kerb." On Monday afternoon it was the custom that a wether (a ram) attended by a shepherd, stood in the midst of the dance room, the couples dancing in turn around them. Suddenly a report of a pistol amongst the musicians — and the wether fell to the couple just then dancing past. It was butchered, roasted and eaten (a barbecue) to the enjoyment of all. In the end the Kerb is buried. The youth march sadly behind the bottle of Kerb, and the band of musicians sounded a funeral march. Then the bottle is hidden in a secret place, and the Kerb is finished.

Men's Occupation

Most Espenschieds were peasants, farmers and vine-cultivators. Note the difference between a farm in Pennsylvania and in the Rhineland where the farmers "live in closely-knit villages and go out to the fields to work." (As observed in reference 1, p. 15). A second difference is that the farmers in America specialize in one or several branches of agriculture, whereas in Germany the peasants grow all kinds of farm products. They grow grain in the fields and grape vines on the hills; breed cattle and swine in the stables; produce eggs and milk, chicken and geese, for the nearer towns.

Some Espenschieds were distillers too, and made brandy from the grape-skins or from grain. Soaked in water in great vats, the starch-flour of grain changed to sugar; the sugar of the grain or grapes through fermentation changed to alcohol. The brew was poured into a copper vessel and boiled, the vapors of alcohol then passed into the copper pipe of a cooling vat, and upon condensing flowed out as brandy — the ancient art of distilling practiced by our ancestors.

Other Espenschieds were linen-weavers, who wove the cloth and shirting for the families. The women brought their self-spun yarn and the weaver fixed the threads on the beam of the loom before which he now sat and wove by means of the shuttle and treadle. Working from morning till night was hard, and the earnings were small. But the linen-weaver was proud of his work, for the linen cloths of bed and table, of shirts, chemises and bodice, were important for the household, and these things were hereditary from generation to generation, especially the fine patterns.

Other Espenschieds were tailors and made clothing for the men and for the women, in accordance with the custom of the times. For the man the old-style clothing included a long coat for Sunday or a short coat for work-day, mostly of blue, breeches, stockings, shoes with buckles. One or two lines of buttons adorned the front of the coat, those of rich men often of silver. A linen collar and a three-cornered hat for Sunday too. In winter a cap of fur covered the head. But men never wore an overcoat; that was too effeminate. The costume for the women comprised: a bodice and skirts, a hood and shoes, an apron and neck clothes, a chemise and stockings; of finer material for Sunday than work-days.

These handicrafts were practiced by Espenschieds, according to old records, though not to the exclusion of others; shoemaker, cartwright, cooper and smith. The peasants in those old times made their own repairs in connection with their farming and all were half handi-craftsmen.

Perhaps an Espenschied was one of the nail-smiths of Siefersheim. These were famous throughout the Palatinate. They walked through the countryside with a ring full of self-made nails around the neck. Everywhere they were known, and sold their nails far and wide. Back home at the nail-smithy's a dog ran a great wheel operating the bellows that blew the flame and kindled the fire of the forge.

Woman's Duties

The peasants' wives were fellow-laborers in the yards, the fields and vineyards. The men did the harder tasks, the women the easier but they worked longer. Keeping house, planting the garden, caring for the children, was the woman's province alone.

Calling for special skill and effort by the wives and daughters was the making and the selling in the town of butter and cheese. They put a woolen ring upon the head, set thereon a large round basket with things to be sold, and thus trudged to the town, perhaps an hour or more. During long winter evenings the daughters and young mothers gathered together in the house with spinning-wheels and spun yarn of linen. The maidens and youths sang, the grandmothers told old stories.

A day full of work for maiden and women was the washing of the clothes and linen, followed by bleaching on the bleach-ground and the smoothing with the iron. The clothes must be quite clean and all was manual labor. Another full day task was the slaughtering of the hog and the great supper had with friends. From time to time the furniture had to be cleaned by the women. In those days the furniture was simple: in the sitting-room a table, a bench and chairs; in the bed-rooms bed and wardrobes. Father and Mother had a bed together, two or more children slept in another. The kitchen was also the dining room, containing a long table and benches or chairs, a fire-place, cooking utensils and pantry.

Many children were born, some to die, the others to survive. They were the care of the mother and called for much labor. Every Saturday the mothers or daughters swept the house and the lane in front, and baked cakes for Sunday, the day of rest.

Our Progenitors' Ancient Heritage

Our ancestors are the descendants of the old Franks, a German race that settled on both sides of the Rhine in the 5th or 6th century. Their settlements, our villages of today, generally derived their names in terms of the "heim" or home of the group leader, thus: Siefert (abbreviation for Siegfried) heim, i.e., Siefers-heim. The old Franks had mostly double-names, thus Sieg, i.e., victory, and Friede, i.e., peace.

They spoke a Frank dielect with short, abrupt, words. Which occasions a little story: Two men met each other in America. One handed the other a cigar and said, "A a a," in three different sounds of "a," meaning "auch eine an," or "also light one." At once this meant to them: "We are Palatines, old Franks!"

The Franks had a unified style of architecture. The building unit was a closed square; in the middle the yard; forming part of the enclosure on the street side, the house and the portal with the arch; facing the inner yard the barn and stables; to the rear of the enclosure, the garden. Also in their way of living the Franks were a homogeneous folk, in clothing, furniture, faith, manners, morals. Therefore in character they were quite alike. Our ancestors were generally wise and clever, diligent and perservering, domestically inclined and economical, enterprising, gay and witty. Many a war and war-aftermath did they see; diverse foreign armies; they knew hard-working days and joyful festivals; because of which they were adroit and adaptable in home life and in emigration as well.

Our forefathers were required to be diligent and productive, for their country was indeed rich, with fertile fields in the valleys, with great woods, and vineyards on the hillsides; and much was the labor and pains required for the cultivation. It was a land rich also in civilization, settled and cultivated for several thousand years in the stone, bronze and iron ages. From the year 50 A.D. the Romans ruled the land for four long centuries. Mainz, Coblenz, Kreuznach, Bingen, were Roman castles. Then followed the Franks; and later their empire in the Rhineland was divided into the Palatinate and other countries; and later still the part of the Palatinate in which lay Siefersheim came under the archbishop of Mainz, under Hesse-Darmstadt, and today Rheinhessen. The great upheavals were accompanied by heavy taxes and severe duties; life was hard and impoverished, and hence the urge at times to migrate.

THE END

TO THE READER

The interesting sketch "Our Ancestors in Their Native Rhineland and Their Way of Life, 1650-1850" appears in the ECK for today by courtesy of Lloyd Espenschied, Kew Gardens, New York. It was prepared especially for the Espenschied Family Reunion held on the Elizabethtown College Cmpus, Elizabethtown, Pa. on August 19, 1951.

In his brief introduction to the sketch Mr. Espenschied writes as follows:

"This sketch of the way our forefathers lived in the Rhineland has been written especially for us by a scholar who resides in the ancestral countryside and has made of its history a life study—Pastor Frederic Pabst, retired, of the Evangelical Church of Siefersheim.

"While Germany lay prostrate following the late war, Pastor Pabst occupied himself in writing in German a series of notes on the old folkways of his village. The present sketch is a summary of those notes, now written by the good pastor himself directly in English, and presented with only minor editing by the present writer. Remarkable it is that the pastor should have been able to thus develop his English in the course of the few years since the war. He tells us he did this with the aid of the London radio!

"Our sketch is then the more remarkable for having come directly from our forefathers' countryside, through one who knows the facts and who makes them available in our own tongue; a bridging of time, distance, and language for which we of the America clan are duly thankful."

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Editorials

Peace by Christmas

The magic words "home by Christmas" again have been bandied around in Korea as they were a year ago to undoubted impairment of morale among American and British troops to whom the tradition of Christmas is of such high sentimental appeal. It might as well be realized now, a month before the day of days for Americans, that by no manner nor means will the United Nations be able to take its troops, including the largest unit — the Americans — out of the uncomfortable peninsula for many months to come.

The best we can hope for at this time is that Christmas, 1951, will be marked by peace and quiet on the present battle lines in Korea. Our men, altho far from home, will then be able to observe the day without fear and they will be able to look forward with well-founded confidence to continued peace, as the spirit of Christmas would have it.

Such hopes have the best basis that has been offered in four months of political and diplomatic fencing by representatives of the United Nations and the Communist aggressors in Korea. Indications in recent days have been that a peaceful settlement of sorts can be arrived at within thirty days. Tentative agreement has been reached that both forces shall return to the present battle line and cease fire if all other armistice terms can be agreed upon within the month.

Such an agreement, if finally agreed upon, can have the effect of producing an almost immediate truce. There will be no inducement to advance, take more land and kill off more foes if there will have to be a return to former battle lines upon agreement for a complete armistice.

Unless there be one of those many slips which have marked other occasions when the truce teams seemed as near to agreement, there should be little bloodshed between now and Christmas. Thereafter, complete ending of the war with agreement upon an armistice that can lead to peace and settlement in the United Nations councils of the Korean problem, would appear to be likely.

Another Earthquake

Another of those alarming shifts of the strata of limestone that underlie this city appears to have taken place early yesterday morning. Altho it occurred at an hour when probably 95 per cent of our people were enjoying their soundest slumber quite a few persons were wide awake or were awakened by the tremor and some of its effects upon themselves and upon surrounding objects.

There would seem to be corroborative testimony from the scientific record on the seismograph at the Lamont Geological Observatory in Palisades, N. Y. That delicate device keeps silent watch 24 hours a day on any disturbances in the earth's foundations. It reports that at the very moment Allentonians were feeling tremors in their homes and furniture swaying and heaving, a slight earth tremor was occurring at a distance of about 90 miles from Palisades. Lay a ruler on a map between the Hudson River and Allentown and you get just about that same figure.

Comfort can be taken from the fact that the seismograph indicated only a mild tremor and from the fact that no enduring and serious effects have been reported from any local points. A rock slide may have occurred to cause the tremor without other serious effects. Another of the many caverns in the rotten limestone foundations of this area may have been partially filled by a slide of rock. But the rock ceilings may still be entirely adequate for the support of the earth overhead and whatever has been constructed upon it.

Reds Make New 'Incident'

An American cargo plane on its way from Munich to Belgrade in Yugoslavia early in the week was fired upon by Romanian and Hungarian border forces and now is missing. The probability is that it has been lost with all hands aboard and that we shall have occasion for some more disagreeable arguments with two of Russia's satellite countries.

When one looks at the map it can be seen at a glance that, except for the greatest care, a pilot flying a plane from Bavaria to Belgrade will cross either the Hungarian or the Romanian border, or both. If he does, trigger-happy Communists will be ready to shoot even if the plane be a harmless one like the "flying box-cars." Unless a detour be made, a plane on a direct course will cut across a little corner of Hungary near the town of Siklos. Inasmuch as Belgrade is less than 30 miles from the Romanian border it can be seen that a pilot must keep wide awake and adhere strictly to a safe course for, if he veer for but a few minutes, he will cross the Reds' border before he realizes it.

The incident serves to remind us of days when a box car would not have been piloted over Yugoslavia except thru an error such as took this most recent plane over Hungary and Romania. Only a year or so ago Tito's forces fired upon and destroyed an American plane. It made us very angry and there ensued much discussion between the two countries. Ultimately, however, Tito made apologies for the incident, which had been of accidental nature, and offered to make settlement for damages.

A change of heart has come to the Communist leader of Yugoslavia. He has fallen out with Moscow and has turned to the western democracies for friends. American planes now fly over Yugoslavia in complete security. But Yugoslavia is hemmed in by Red enemy countries. The best air routes are close to the international boundary lines. The flying boxcar was accidentally flown over them and now is lost. There is little hope for the occupants and little or nothing can be done about the unfortunate incident.

Journey's End

An adventure that began in Communist Czechoslovakia on Sept. 11 to thrill the whole free world came to a happy climax at Idlewild Airport on Monday, in plenty of time for a real Thanksgiving Day celebration. Jaroslav Konvalinka, the Czech engineer of the Prague-Asch express, and Karel Truksa, the train dispatcher, together with their wives and children, reached the end of their mad journey that began when the two husbands crashed their train through the Iron Curtain to freedom. When they stepped off the Pan American World Airways plane that brought them from Frankfurt, they found waiting for them here jobs, home, new friends, and the outgoing kind of American welcome that any people who have risked their lives for freedom may always expect.

Their thankfulness at having put so much distance between their own captive country and their new home was so eloquently expressed that their tongues outran the ability of the interpreters to keep up with them. Their happiness and courage and sheer character fairly radiated from the newspaper photographs of their arrival. These two fine families are a testimonial to the millions of good people who, though imprisoned in the Soviet and satellite police states now, are still our freedom - loving allies in the struggle against tyranny. If these two families feel grateful to us for asylum in this free country, we ought to feel thanks to them for a vivid reminder of our own too-easily accepted freedoms. Let us both feel thankful together, and remember the millions who have not been able to board a "Freedom Train."—N.Y. Herald Tribune.

Has Anyone Told You?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

An aide to Gen. MacArthur has made a very interesting answer to questions raised concerning the propriety or impropriety of an officer in uniform making public speeches which could have a political meaning.

The episode arose through the criticism leveled by Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, who declared that Gen. MacArthur should remove his Army uniform when "making Republican political speeches."

Gen. Courtney Whitney, aide to Gen. MacArthur, answers this way:

"When certain senior officers of the Army have spoken in uniform in support of the administration policy, no such criticism has been voiced. This seems to boil down to the strange concept that it is nonpartisan to defend policy but highly partisan to criticize it. It adds emphasis to the warning Gen. MacArthur has so often voiced of the efforts being made to control and even suppress free speech in this country."

Refers to Bradley Talk

What Gen. Whitney undoubtedly was referring to was a speech made by the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Bradley, in Chicago just prior to the appearance of Gen. MacArthur last summer before the joint session of Congress. Gen. Bradley, appearing in uniform, made what is called an "anticipatory rebuttal," before Gen. MacArthur uttered a single word of testimony in his own defense. The Bradley speech was generally regarded as the expression of the administration.

When criticism of Gen. Bradley's speech was voiced, it was immediately countered that the speech had been scheduled for some time. Nothing was said about the fact that public speakers, especially government officials, have often canceled speeches under the pressure of public business and that at times they have even changed the nature of their speeches at the last moment in order not to embarrass the administration.

Gen. MacArthur has never made an explicitly political speech but has made what are called implicit speeches. This is the sort of utterance in which President Truman also has indulged from time to time.

Not long ago the President went to the west coast for a very honorable and important errand — namely, to participate in the ceremonies in connection with the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty. But the same day, during the afternoon, instead of meeting with the American delegation, he used the time at his disposal to attend a Democratic party rally on the Pacific coast. No Democratic Party spokesman criticized that action, which was a misuse of the presidential office on an important international occasion. Was any part of that trip paid for by the Democratic National Committee?

President's Trip

The other day when the President flew up from Key West to Washington, Representative Busbey of Illinois, Republican, declared that this was obviously a political trip and should be paid for by the Democratic National Committee. The President was in town just long enough to make a political speech and then went back to his vacation at Key West. Will the cost of that trip be borne by the White House—that is, by the government — or will it be borne by the Democratic National Committee? Whether Gen. MacArthur wears a uniform when making political speeches doesn't matter as much as whether the taxpayers are paying for politcal trips of the President of the United States.

Gen. MacArthur is in the peculiar position of having been fired by the President for what many people regard as political reasons. Notwithstanding all the excuses and afterthoughts recorded in the testimony in Congress, it is plain that Mr. Truman dismissed the General because he wrote a letter to Republican leader Joseph W. Martin in answer to an inquiry from him concerning American policy in the Far East. Mr. Truman didn't even give the General a chance to come home and talk it over. Nor did he qualify his order of dismissal but covered removal also of Gen. MacArthur as allied commander in Japan, where everybody admitted that the General had done an outstanding job.

To say that Gen. MacArthur cannot rightly wear his uniform to speak in rebuttal against the arbitrary act of the President who fired him is really to encroach upon the rights of a citizen in the community. It certainly is an invasion of personal liberty to tell an individual what he may or may not wear while making a public speech.

This correspondent happens to believe that Gen. MacArthur would be well advised not to wear his uniform while making any public speeches of a controversial nature, just because it arouses unnecessary debate, but would defend to the utmost, on the other hand, the right of Gen. MacArthur to wear that uniform if that's the way he wants to make his public appearances. There certainly is no law or rule against any General or any retired officer wearing his uniform whenever and wherever he pleases. It's all a matter of individual preference.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. IROXELL

'N KAYOSI EWEDDER ERFOHRING: Fon ol da kayosa wedder erforhringa os m'r shun k'hoert hen dafon, sin wenich os 'm Ted Loder un seinra fraw da Sue fon woh ols 's Lackeys Meal wor nagshd om Independent shule hous, ihra erfohring beata kon. Sellie gawitter raya erforring os der Porra Clarence Rahn doh — shpote im summer fertzailt hut on ra Reinhold liegners match—un woh 'm helfa hut airshder blotz gawinna, wor aw arrick, 'n yaders uf kours hut gawist os es 'n lieg is.

Der Porra Rahn hut fertzailt wie er mohl shier g'fonga wor imma gawitter raya drunna in Texas, un woh er onna wor fer 'n shule kummerrawd p'sucha. Sei freind wor noch 'm rigelwaig station kumma fer 'n hola mit ma goul un buckboard. Eb sie arrick weit gonga worra, hut der Porra g'sawt wear der arrichshd gawitter raya uf kumma os er in ol seim lebdawg g'sehna het. Der himmel wear kessel shwartz werra, uns het awfonga wedderlaica un dunnerra os gross ordich gawest wear. Der shtorm wear hinna bei kumma, un sei freind het 'm goul die gart gewwa, un sie weara g'fohrra wie der blitz. 'S wear ow'r yusht don un won gawest os 'n drubba raya farna uf sie kumma wear im buckboard, ow'r der shtorm wear so nagshd hinna draw gawest, os sie fer meila long, aenichie tzeit hinna nouse longa hetta kenna un handfol shlossa rei tziega.

Now 'm Porra Rahn sei erfohring wor ferzailt fer die g'shpass dafon, uns Loders' ihra erfohring is die deitlich wohrhate. Doh die onner woch wies so kalt wor, worra sie paar dawg nuf noch Yarrick Shtawdt freind p'sucha. Sie hen ob g'shtopt in Rochester, un noh ous gamocht fer iwwer nocht nous noch Niagara Falls gae, 'n blotz os sie noch net g'sehna hen kotta. 'S wor 'n aryer shainer dawg in Rochester wie sie wenich noch middawg ferlossa hen fer die Falls, un allas wor ol recht bis sie uf fartsich mile nagshd on Niagra worra. 'N shtick farna drous hen sie ebbes g'sehna os gaguck'd hut wie 'n grossie nevel wolk, un woh sie glei drin worra.

In blotz fon ow'r yusht nevel sei wies g'sheind hut fon weit'm darrich der sunna shein os sie drin worra, wor die wolk nix wie gons feiner shnae os runner g'falla is wie shtawb. 'S airsht wor der budda yusht so badeck'd, noh is der shnae ols diefer un diefer werra—tzwae tzol, drei tzol, bis er endlich sex tzol dief uf 'm budda galaiga hut. Die flucka sin aw ols graiser un graiser werra, uns hut so arrick g'shnae'd os sie nimmy sehna hen kenna fer fohrra. Endlich sin sie noch ma glaina ess blotz kumma wohs fol mashina wor, wie sie aw ob g'shtopt hen. Wie sie inside nei kumma sin, worra 54 leit drin, un ol iwwer om rum har fohna, bletz sucha fer iwwer nocht bleiva.

Die weil os sie net tzu olmechdich weit ob worra fon Rochester, hen sie ous gamocht fer widder tzurick gae, un wie sie aw sin. 'S wor ols noch om shnaea, un hut sie drei fartel shtun ganumma fer siva mile fohrra. Un grawd wie sie in der shnae shtorm g'fohra sin, so sin sie ous da shnae wolk nous in glorer sunna shein g'fohra, un woh naryads ken batzeigness wor fon shnae. Wie sie tzurick noch Rochester kumma sin, hen ihra freind gawunnert ferwos sie net noch da Falls weara. Wiesie shtarta hen fertzaila fom shane shtorm woh sie drin worra, hen die freind gawunnert, "What snow storm."

Ferol os es Ted Loders' now 'n lot tzu fertzaila hen fom shnae shtorm woh sie drin worra, hen sie ols noch die blessier fer Niagara Falls fers airsht mohl sehna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya nommy dawg fartel noch da tzwelfa bis fartel bis ains, tzaila m'r tzu fertzaila iwwer radio station WHOL, fon da socha os leit ei nemma kenna noch 'm Grishdawgs pageant Sundawg nommy dawgs da 16d Detzember won m'r noch ner garrick gaina mit ra train exkursion uf 'm LVRR.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 2:10-12

As the Father was the speaker in vs. 4-6, and the Son in vs. 7-9 quoted the words which He heard His Father say to Him, so in vs. 10-12 the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity, is speaking through the Psalmist (in Acts 1:16 the Holy Spirit is definitely said to have spoken through David). He is addressing the rebellious and ungodly rulers, urging them to change their attitude toward Jehovah and His Christ before it is too late! 'Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve Jehovah with fear, and rejoice with trembling,' that is, at His power; for it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, especially if He has been defied. But the Holy Spirit also suggests that these rebels 'kiss the Son,' an expression denoting reconciliation, for He loves the humble and pentitent heart; can also be angry and punish the persistent rebel. The Psalm closes with a beatitude: 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him,' the Lord Jesus.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

When I was in Pensacola, Fla., a woman came up to me and shook my hand.

"I love your column," she said, "except when you write about politics. Politics bores me."

I thanked her for the compliment — and let it go at that.

But I know that other women feel the same. They write me so and they have told me so.

To them I say "Shame on you. It is you women whom politics bores who are responsible for the mess in which this country finds itself today."

— —

The word "politics" comes from the Greek word "polites."

"Polites" means "citizen."

Therefore, politics means "concerning citizens."

I have always thought that women in America ARE citizens and therefore anything that concerns citizens should interest them as much as the latest fashion news, the price of food or the latest scandals out of Movieland.

Mind you, I have nothing against women. Nor am I trying to interpret politics to you or to write a political column.

I am looking at life, and politics — fortunately or unfortunately — has become just as much a part of life as the daily bread we eat.

If women took more of an interest in politics many of the political evils now in existence would disappear.

If women took more interest in politics the grafters in politics would soon cease to exist.

Women have a peculiar quality which men don't possess.

"Intuition" it's called.

I have definite proof of woman's intuition.

Whenever I try to fool my wife — her intuition tells her (and me) that I'm a phoney.

Just let any man try to tell his wife a lie and see whether he can get by with it.

Politics is a game based on deceit. Politicans — not all but certainly a whole lot of them — are deceivers.

We men seem to be too dumb to see through the phoney and the lying politicians.

But I don't think they can fool the women, if the women will only take an interest in politics.

The great majority of women read the funny pages religiously.

My own wife is very unhappy when she misses her Blondie or her Rip Kirby or her Jimmy Hatlo.

Why not try a new tack?

Why not read the political news just like you would read the funny pages?

You women will be surprised how entertaining a lot of Truman's or Acheson's or any other politician's talks can be if you will only read them like you read your funny papers.

Follow your intuition. Read between the lines.

You women are all bargain hunters.

Why not consider your political candidates as so much merchandise?

Every one of them tries to picture himself as a bargain for which you should fall.

With your intuition you should be able to tell a REAL bargain from a phony.

And if you do, you women should certainly be able to swing the next election.

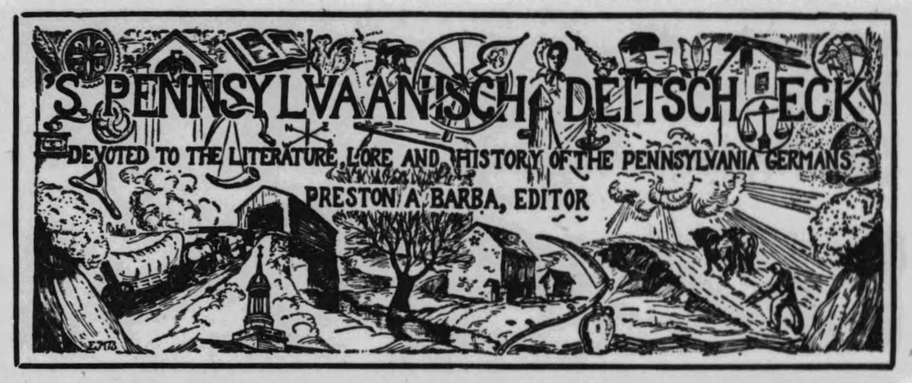
25 Years Ago

William J. Leh announced the opening of his new up-to-date cleaning and dyeing plant, reputed to be one of the finest in the country. Tours and explanations of the plant's operation were provided as was the talent of a 10 piece orchestra.

The Sacred Heart Operatic Society produced a delightfully entertaining musical comedy, "Isle of Somewhere." Being a hit, it promises to be successful for the remainder of its run.

Horoscope

You are advised to keep your balance in all things if you wish to progress in the next year. Born under these influences, a child may be very clever.



TILGHMAN LAUFER

Writer of Rimes and Analyzer of Budgets

By HEINZ KLOSS

DIALECT columnists of the past and present may be divided into three groups according to whether they wanted to bring entertainment or information (facts and thoughts, reports and comments), or both. Among those who were content to entertain their readers Edward M. Eberman stands out. Examples of "informers," whether exclusive or near-exclusive, are James C. Lins and Clair D. Delong, the latter of whom during the forties had a column "Da Assistant County Agent Sawgt" in three newspapers of Center County (Bellefonte and Millheim) in order to introduce to the people of that farming area some of the better agricultural practices. Most columnists have tried to be both informers (i.e. reporters and commentators) and entertainers. A majority (among them E. H. Rauch and Thomas H. Harter) did so by mingling fact, philosophy and fun in the same paragraph, by applying to what they had to report an attractive make-up of two spheres strictly separate. Among them Tilghman Laufer occupies a prominent position.

Tilghman Laufer was a better entertainer than most of his colleagues, for besides writing a witty prose his facile and fertile pen also produced poems as the occasion, or the context, seemed to require. So his prose letters, which he wrote over the pen-name of Dory Delp, are usually interlaced with verses, some very good, some less good, but seldom entirely uninteresting and pointless. But Dory Delp at the same time used his dialect column to give information, to discuss serious matters which other writers (and other editors) reserved for the English portion of the newspapers.

These two characteristics mean that Laufer's dialect letters were remarkable for their great variability in style and content. It was his habit to separate his letters into a series of paragraphs unrelated in subject matter and often interspersed with poetry. But before giving examples of what he wrote we shall briefly sketch his life.

Tilghman Laufer was born at Broadheadsville, Monroe County, Oct. 2, 1858, worked as a newspaper man at Stroudsburg, Easton, New York and Pittsburgh, and died at Easton, April 20, 1920. His Pennsylvania German letters he wrote for the Northampton Correspondent and for the Daily Argus, both in Easton. It took me a long time to find out, in 1930-31, who the man behind the pseudonym Dory Delp really was. The informant I finally found was Judge McGrath in Easton. He stated that it was probable but by no means certain that Laufer was also the author of letters published in the Northampton Correspondent under the pen-name of OLLY HESS. E. F. Robacker (see his Pennsylvania German Literature, 1943, p. 89) ascribes these letters to H. A. Schuler. But Alfred L. Shoemaker (in the Pennsylvania Dutchman, May 19, 1949) reports Olly Hess to have been Laufer's pen-name from 1886 to 1897, to be followed by "Dory Delp" from 1897 to 1910, and then by "Dory Delp Jr." during his last years.

As the first specimen of Dory Delp's letters we offer that of the Northampton Correspondent for Aug. 12, 1897:

Shtockerstown, August der 4rt.

Es hot fiel leit doh haus die grehen dei tseiding. Es hot ow ols nuch leit bei uns die deutsch schwetsa kenna. Drumm hov ich gedenkt es ware fleicht ken so'n schlechty idea won ich dir olsamohl schreiva date. Weil mir bauer net yusht so busy sin ollaweil, is es mir eikumma now ware en gooty tzeit fer des corresponda mohl broveera. Of course die mistakes musht du correcta, fer ich bin bong mei blook shpringt ollagabut wedder pushta.

Ich sehn in de county commissioners ihr minutes os die commissioners en bill approved hen fer der Mutchler fer $650 fer "23 mortages indices." Sel sin blank bicher, fiel wie olla ledgers. Der Mutchler hut $702.25 hovva welle. Die Commissioners hen gakicked. Sie hen behaupt sie wutten arbitrata. Des hut der Mutchler net g'suit. Er glaubt net on arbitration. Won en karl net schtimt wie er's hovva will don schmeist er'n grawt aus de party. Leading Demokrawda hut er shoont en halb dootzend mohl aus de party g'shmissa ohne ihn even ferre tenant notice gevva. Ovver mit de Commissioners hut er sei gewehnlicher trick net practica kenna; er muss en plea gemocht hovva fon "non vult contendere" — anyhow die Commissioners hen ihm $52.25 on seim bill obgschnidde. Es muss ordlich fiel brofit in de stationery business sei odder die Commissioners hen der Howard unrecht behondled. Es gookt sich aus os wonn a bissel flim-flam ware argets.

Es iss en game os flim-flam haist, s'nemmt tzwa un drei fer's shpiela, ovver's kenna ow a powr meh nei, won sie denka sie so feela. Eb's game ovver holver iver is, frlate's dale karls tzu shpiela, somehow sie grehe en notion os sie dayten net so feela. 'Sis immer ainer der halt ous un der will fattich shpiela—er iss der karl os die onnera schraubt un sie so schlecht macht feela.

— —

Der General Reeder hut selly Hay-Magee boova wuesht gebutta uf der Republican convention in Bath om Somshtag; yusht die boova wissa net won sie gebutta sin, so holta sie on shtrovia. Die Republicans warren ovver oll ainich uf die tariff resolutions. Sie sin willens meh tzu betzahla fer ihr tzooker, os allaweil shoont in die heh is gonga, fer ihre shtrimp un woolne hemmer, ihre kerdun un sheer olles. Ich bin bong won amohl feel foon unsera leit eikaufa fer der winter os sie winsha fer em Grover Cleveland sei tariff reform prices.

Der Frank Houck hut 'n sooklefill os er gern ferkaufe date; er secht er mist's weck schaffe odder's on en koo dueh.

Der gla boo uf de bauerei hut now sei vacation; er brauch die kieh nimmy heeda.

Die Maria Gomringer hut's baseding orrick om finger; sie hut shoont etliche mohl brouche lussa, ovver's sheint nix tzu bodda. Ich tzveivel es vert ordlich weil eb di Maria widder kid-henshing weart. Maud Muller on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay. En hummel's de maud om unnerrock nuf,
Un sie mit de feesz uf's nesht is druf.

DORY DELP

And now another letter, this time from the Easton Daily Argus for March 13, 1900.

Shtockertown, Merz der 12, 1900

Mei rummadis werren shtarrick besser, die tzeit os ich seller whisky un English salz nem. Ovver ich hob a wennich droovel mit de Bevy. Sie doot die sache ols mixa fer mich un se grickt a bissel tzu fiel English salz nei. So ebbes doot gern en karl lokserra. Now hov ich de frau en hint gevva, es ware fleicht besser won sie meh whiskey nei date un wennichter salz. Ovver sie mehnt net. Sie secht der droovel ware ich date tzu grossa dosa nemma un tzu oft, os ich mist a bissel op-tapera, noh date's besser gehe. Noh hut sie ow en notion fer dehl schlangewartzel un kee-bitters in der whiskey tzu dueh, tzu'm English salz. Sell gebt en mess os wuesht is tzu nemma, bin ich bong, ovver ich wer evva nix sawge darefa. Die Bevy is der ducter. Ich hob gsehna in de tzeiting der Grover Cleveland het ow die rummadis. Noh hov ich gament ich wut ihm schreiva foon dem whiskey un English salz ovver ich sehn er is widder tzimlich drivver draus un is fot noh Florida. Es woonert mich ob die Mrs. Cleveland ihm ow kee-bitters nei mixa date. Die Bevy mehnt des date sie gawis.

Ich sehn beim county shtatement os es $140,250.70 gekusht hut fer's county tzu runna es letsht yohr. Sel mehnt os mir so fiel betzahla hen missa in toxa. Won dehl foon denna leit os des geld grickt hen fiel toxa betzahla missa, odder ihr geld mache ivver em bauera, date's gnops so fiel kushta fer's county tzu runna. Un es sin dehl onner sache in sellem shtatement, os gookes denoh wert sin.

Tzum beishpiel, nem die hoond. Der hoond tox os g'sessed is werre war $1,450.50. Der hoond-tox os collect is worre, war $810.29. Der damage os die hoond gedueh hen ivverm shofe dote mache war $94. So huts county ordlich geld gemacht aus de hoond. Es is ow'n fact os es county ken geld gamacht hut ainich aryets shoonsht except aus de hoond. Ich denk mir sie missa die Buck county idea doh ruff grehe, un yader mon 3 monet in die jail dueh os en hoond dote macht. Es is ken business house in Easton odder im gons county, os meh wie $800 es yohr betzahlt fer en stenographer, un noh mus er olla dawg schaffe. Der Ehler doot yusht schaffe won die court in session is un sel is net a faddle foon de tzeit.

Der detective Johnson is dorrich kumma des yohr mit $1,471.05 un der Sam Yohe hut oll sei indexa dueh missa fer $1,689.75, mit blendy tzeit fer ollagabut foon hame gehe un en glaner trip nemma dorrich die shtate. Ich glaub ow net os die ducter die ols noch $200 es shtick grehe fer post mortems tzu mache, im sin hen fer ons bauera gehe fer reich tzu were.

Es county drucka is widder wulfel gdueh werre, oll fer $1,563.88. Fer die letshta 3 yohr huts county drucka en average foon $1500 es yohr gakusht. In 1896 hut seller goot mon, der Howard Mutchler, $4,245.65 grickt fers county drucka tzu dueh. Now os der die commissioners widder bossa kon, wert er exchpecta widder en grosser haul zu mache. Es gookt ow won er date.

En nei yohr hut yusht owgfonge ovver ollaweil shoont missa mir $210 meh betzahla fer die freeyohrs lection tickets tzu drucka. So hut der Mutchler ollaweil shoont besser geduh wie er hut em gonsa letshta yohr wie yusht $63 in sei office is gonga.

Es letsht yohr hut's county yusht $100.40 betzahlt tzu de telephone kumpanies im court house. Wos es county em Mutchler betzahla mus fer sei telephones wert mir net ausfinna bis die tzeit es naighst yohr. (Two paragraphs are here omitted).

— —

Ich sehn die ARGUS hut now en gonsy page foon fendua tzu advertisa. Silebdawg hut die ARGUS net so fiel kotte un ken onnery tzeiting im county. Es weist os die bauer, won sie ihr geld betzahla fer advertisa wisse os die menshta leit ihr fendua advertisemenner lese in der ARGUS. Ovver die politicians os es county advertisa naus dueh, gevva's em Mutchler fer sei tzeiting, die galesa wert bei gons wennich leit. Entweder sin die bauer odder die politicians letz. Die same tzeit, der average bauer waes so tziemlich naigsht wos tzu dueh mit seim geld won er ebbes gootes tzurick hovva will defoon.

Die ARGUS secht der Tom Danner sut unser naighster Demograwdisher county chairman sei. Ich will so huffa. Ich denk fiel foom Tom. Un er date en gooter chairman mache. Der Tom is shoont so uft aus-geknocked worre beim Mutchler, os er waes wie so'n armer drup feeled. So kon er mitleida mit de kondidawta os der Mutcherl ken use hut defor. Ovver wonn der Tom chairman wert is es os der Mutchler ihn net beata hut kenna. Sel is grawt der Weg wie der Milt Laufer shreef is werre ovver now act der Laufer wie won der Mutchler ihn shreef gemacht het un sel is about es letsht ding os der Mutchler gedueh het.

EN GSANG FER DER BETDAAG

Ich dank Dir, liewer Gott,
Fer Schpatz un Melodie;
Fer Blumme schee — wer wott
Was schenner do wie sie!

Fer Beem vun alle Aard,
Vun Eeche bis zu Beind;
Wann Dienscht sie uns bewaahrt,
Im Haerz en grie Licht scheint.

Fer Felse un fer Farnkraut,
Wu drin en Breddich schwebt;
Der Text iss "Droscht" un laut
Wann Lieb sie selwer gebt.

Un fer der Himmel bloo,
Geleicht vun Sunn un Schtaern;
Un hot's vun Wolke groo,
Die sicht mer doch so gaern.

Fer Wind un Rewwer un See,
Fer Barrick un fer Daal;
Wer kann die Sach verschteh?
Ihr Gsang haerscht iwweraal.

Fer Aerdebruscht wu lacht—
En Weezekaern sie hebt;
Vergelich Dodesmacht,
Wu ewich Lewe schwebt!

Fer Heemet un fer Kinner,
Vorgschmack vum Himmel—gell?
Was waer des doch der Schinner,
Fer unni die waer's Hell.

Fer Larning un fer Bicher,
Fer Goverment, Karrich un Schul;
Mer waer yo gaar net sicher,
Wann hett mer net ihr Rul.

Fer Kraft un Arrewet
Un fer Dei Keenichreich;
Fer Lieb — die goldich Kett—
Wu findt un bindt zugleich.

Fer's Land wu Freiheit schwebt,
Doch vun uns gfoddert iss,
Dass yeder eens so lebt—
Mer hen en frei Gewiss.

Fer der Himmel un sei Schein,
Fer Hoffning hie zu geh;
Ach, waer des schunscht en Pein—
In Dir dutt 's all vergeh!

The mystical lyric verses of DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL (pen-name for Ralph W. Berky) strike a new note in our dialect literature.—ED.

BOOK NOTES

Russell W. Gilbert's ORATORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS AT THE VERSAMMLINGE, published in the April-June Bulletin Nr. 2 of Susquehanna University Studies (Selinsgrove, Pa., 1951) is both an excellent study and very entertaining reading. Professor Gilbert believes the dialect oratory of the Pennsylvania Germans as exhibited at the various Versammlinge, Grundsau Lodges and folk festivals held throughout the counties of eastern Pennsylvania offers something unique in content, purpose and style in the history of American speech. All who know our dialect will agree with the author that the use of the dialect in an address or oration creates almost automatically a speaker-audience relationship; that the effect of dialect speeches setting forth the homely virtues of our people, their thrift, honesty, industriousness, personal responsibility, their reliance upon God, have an effect upon a native audience equal to the aesthetic and cathartic influence of a great play. At the same time the Pennsylvania German, seeing his own foibles and frailties reflected in such speeches, responds, with unrestrained and redeeming laughter.

The author discusses at some length the titles and contents of dialect speeches and such popular speakers as G. Gilbert Snyder (die Wunnernaas), the Rev. Thomas R. Brendle, William S. Troxell (Pumpernickle Bill), the Rev. Clarence R. Rahn, Prof. Clyde Stine, the Rev. Frank W. Ruth, Alvin Kemp, the Rev. Franklin D. Slifer, Prof. Albert Buffington (der Nixnutz), Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, the Rev. Pierce Swope and the Hon. James Henninger. — P.A.B.

In de Western pententiary in Pittsburgh is en mon dote gonge der hut die leit surprised in zwa wega. Es is ausgfoonna werre os der mon en porra war un os er en bank account kotte hut. Now es werrick house is net der recht ort fer en porra un en porra is net exshpeckt en bank account tzu hovva. Doch doh in Northampton County werre die porra so tziemlich goot betzahlt.

Die County Auditors seema en longer job tzu macha des yohr. Es nemt sie fiel dawga fer de Commissioners ihr business drivver tzu gehan os wie's de Commissioners genumma hut fer die erwet tzu transacte. Mir woonnera wie lang os sie nemma date won sie's ivverhaupt hetta, anshtod beim dawg.

DORY DELP

From another Dory Delp letter I culled the following rimes on sauerkraut:

Mir hen fiel grawt im garda,
En huvvel im keller worte.
Un en shtenner os ordlich halt.
Gly gehen mir in der gorda,
Un picka die grawt-kep tzorta
Fer der shtenner os ordlich halt.
Noh braucht mer net long worta
Fer'n eems foon de beshta sorta
Aus em shtenner os ordlich halt.

Tilghman Laufer was a skillful rimester, a genuine folk-poet. Yet his merits in the field of Pennsylvania German prose are perhaps even more deserving of recognition. He has demonstrated the adaptability of his mother tongue to the tasks and topics of everyday journalism, such as the cutting analysis of a county budget. He has shown that Pennsylvania German is good for "Aernsht" as well as for "Gschboss," for information as well as for entertainment. The praise bestowed by E. F. Robacker (Pennsylvania German Literature, p. 96) on E. M. Eberman that he was "one of the most genuine and appealing of the earlier letter writers seems well applicable to Laufer, perhaps more than to Eberman himself. It would be a good thing if someone were to dig out more of his prose and verses and perhaps even bring out a little printed selection, or write a Master's thesis about him. There are not too many dialect authors worthy of such efforts.

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Editorials

Even Players Break

Testimony about the strains which are put upon classy college football players (and presumably top athletes in other sports), is provided by two recent incidents that made newspaper headlines.

Down at Villanova the captain of the team was found dead, a victim of self destruction. Out of the flood of rumors about the death came the report that the young athlete had gone to pieces mentally under the strains of training and play.

From West Virginia came corroboration concerning the dangerous tensions under which the athletes on teams of victory-mad colleges must live. Back home to that state came Leon McCoy, who said he had played for Tennessee without being required to attend classes, but was quitting after three years of work, saying: "It would have killed me and I would not have had an education when it was all over. You can have that high pressure football. It's no good."

It was indicated that this player had been sent to prep school out of high school at the expense of the college. Upon entrance to college he received "the usual Southeastern Conference allowance, including room, books, board, tuition, laundry and $10 per month." Extra spending money was available and could be had for the asking if and when "things became a little pressing."

In the struggle to get winning teams, to hold high public interest and keep the "old grads" off their necks and, of course, to command high salaries in the field of coaching, football coaches have sown the wind and today the colleges are reaping the whirlwind.

The colleges that can get out of it gracefully are availing themselves of any excuse to do so. A lot of blows have fallen upon the system that grew to tremendous proportions and so often developed harmful, even vicious phases. The system is reeling. Divorcement from it already has been effected by some institutions. How far the movement will extend will become more evident in another year.

Today Eve Demands Mink

It is probable that Adam's first serious worry after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden was the job of finding clothing for a wife who very suddenly had become conscious of a beautiful body that stood in need of draping. This primal male responsibility continues for Adam's sons. Some recent episodes in the investigation of governmental departments by Senate committees suggest that getting our modern Eves clothed can become quite as embarrassing for our modern Adams as Eve's eating of the apple became embarrassing for her spouse.

Few memories are so short as to have forgotten the quite recent scandal that centered around the White House and involved a fabulous platinum mink coat. If it had been forgotten, it was perhaps unpleasantly revived in memory by the current probe of persons close to the Internal Revenue Bureau. Revelations up to date have introduced not one but five mink coats purchased for an equal number of demanding women by husbands who knew where to get them "wholesale" and, in some cases at least, were able to effect quite easy ways of paying for them.

Woman's vanity and man's obedience to feminine whims have occasioned many disasters in human affairs. They are elements that may become more important in the American political field than the war, or any other issues, domestic or international.

Facts Public Should Know

All year long the contributions which our people make to the Community Chest are working thru the Red Feather Agencies. Since this fact is quickly forgotten by our people, it is eminently proper and it should prove practical as well for the agencies to continue a publicity program the year around concerning their activities.

Some very striking facts are to be carried to the public, according to decisions by the public relations committee of the Chest. This body points out that the public's contributions to the Community Chest pay for only about 25 per cent of the budget needs of the 29 member agencies. The other three-fourths are paid for by money which they earn for themselves during the year.

The public, it was reported, is entitled to know these facts and they will be made available — through the newspapers, the radio, posters which will be placed in industrial and business establishments, and in union and other periodicals.

Member agencies of the Chest are to be asked to supply budget details, human interest stories, news of special agency activities and other information pertaining to their work.

Plants where Red Feather councils are now functioning will be invited to have representative groups visit the different agencies so they can see first-hand how each operates. Plants and stores and offices where councils are in process of formation are to receive encouragement from members of similar organizations now in operation.

Members of established councils are to be made available to plants who would like to form councils, so that methods of organization, and of operation when it is effected can be planned in detail.

Here is a long range program. It will require the services and interest thruout the entire year of a considerable number of persons. But it is a program that should pay dividends in wider and better public service and in larger public contributions to make them possible.

A Watchdog Committee

When Congress next convenes, it should waste no time passing the Lodge - Bridges - O'Conor resolution setting up a joint congressional committee on rearmament appropriations.

This resolution is aimed at waste and inefficiency in defense spending. The joint committee would exercise continuous 365-days-a-year supervision over all rearmament expenditures. It would be staffed with experts charged with making economy and efficiency their full time concern. It would be wholly independent of the executive branch and would be responsible solely to Congress.

In short, it would perform a watchdog function, constantly challenging every item of defense spending which could not stand the test of genuine need.

If such a committee did its work well, it would render a service of inestimable value to the American people.

By far the greatest part of our annual appropriations now go to the military establishment. This heavy emphasis on defense needs is inevitable, in view of the critical world situation.

But wastefulness in the meeting of those needs is not inevitable at all. Whether it shall be minimized or not is a matter of choice, and the choice is largely up to Congress. There is nothing inexorable about the processes by which defense money is wasted. They can be combatted by just such methods as are proposed in the Lodge - Bridges-O'Conor resolution. And they should be so combatted, at the earliest possible opportunity. — Minneapolis Morning Tribune.

First of the Month



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman's castigation of press associations for their dispatches from Korea on the lull in the fighting there, which was mistakenly interpreted as an informal cease-fire, is a conspicuous and regrettable example of how officialdom often seeks to blame the press for its own mistakes.

Operating under difficult conditions of communication, war correspondents know only what is happening in the localities where they happen to be stationed, and they report what they see. The censors, who are military officers, passed the dispatches about the lull in the fighting.

Now, the President was within his rights in denying that a cease-fire had been agreed upon, but he would have been practicing the same kind of objectivity which he sometimes complains that the press doesn't give him if he had pointed out that no doubt the dispatches about the informal cease-fire were based on conscientiously reported facts at the place where they were gathered.

Van Fleet's Statement

Thus Gen. Van Fleet, commander of the U. N. Ground Forces in Korea, while denying that any cease-fire order had been given, now says in a formally issued statement:

"Amplifying the original statement, I can say that certain military instructions were disseminated from this headquarters to corps and division levels. War correspondents' reports indicate that when these instructions were passed out to some lower command elements, there was distortion of the meaning in the text of these instructions. Action is being taken to clarify these instructions for those officers and enlisted men who misinterpreted the directive.

"I am not at liberty to disclose the contents of the instructions, which are related to future operations of the 8th Army. I can definitely say, however, that there is no mention made in the text of ordering a cease-fire in Korea."

Since "military instructions" were misinterpreted by officers in the Army, and reporters on the spot reported what they obtained from such officers, it ill becomes the President to criticize the war correspondents.

Recalls '18 Report

The President, at his Thursday press conference at Key West, recalled that, when he was an artillery officer in France, a French newspaper published a story about an armistice. That story, Mr. Truman observed, was put out by Roy Howard and was a fake.

Mr. Howard happens now to be the head of the Scripps-Howard papers, which have at various times criticized the Truman policies but in 1918 he cabled from Brest, France, to the United Press in New York a dispatch about the signing of an armistice, and it caused premature celebrations from coast to coast. It does seem that Mr. Truman might have familiarized himself with the facts about that episode before implying that Mr. Howard had intentionally written on Nov. 7, 1918, what turned out to be a premature story about the armistice that was signed four days later.

This correspondent was in Brest just two weeks after the armistice was signed and asked Adm. Henry B. Wilson, U.S.N., commandant of the American Naval Forces in that vicinity, about the origin of Mr. Howard's dispatch. The admiral said unhesitatingly that he had received the information over the telephone from one of the naval attaches in the American Embassy in Paris and, believing it to be authentic, had passed it on to the fleet.

What happened was that someone in Paris misunderstood information received over the telephone from the field headquarters, where emissaries from the German Army were meeting with Allied officers to arrange the armistice. The admiral said that he gave the information to Mr. Howard believing it to be news that everybody would have within a matter of minutes or hours. The explanation was then cabled by this correspondent to newspapers in the United States.

Difficulty Newsmen Face

That's the story of what Mr. Truman now calls a "fake." It was a piece of conscientious reporting done on the spot by Mr. Howard and illustrates the difficulties which newsmen face when they report what they see and hear, only to be told later that either they shouldn't have reported it at all or that they were reporting inaccurately.

The difficulties of reporting during a war period are understandable, but there is no excuse for some of the barriers to the free flow of information encountered in reporting in Washington where technical denials and equivocally written official statements frequently give misleading impressions for which officialdom later seeks to make the press the scapegoat.

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25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Dec. 1, 1926, a Wednesday

William (Ike) Greenberg, formidable halfback of the Muhlenberg football team, was the guest of honor at a banquet by the Progress Club at the Hotel Allen. Atty. A. Edward Coleman was the principal speaker, who presented the surprised Greenberg with a gold pen and pencil set.

The Four Square Club staged a miniature Monte Carlo at the Hotel Allen last evening, which was by far the most successful of their affairs. Millions of dollars, in the form of "stage money," was spent lavishly by the merrymakers. After the turkey dinner, vocal and instrumental solos were presented.

Patron's Evening marked the official opening of the Roosevelt School last night. The school children gave an interesting program, after which the teachers conducted the guests on a tour through the building.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Carlton Alsop complained bitterly to his friend Bob Sylvester that being forty-five meant that middle age had set in and the zing and bounce of youth were nothing more than memories. "What do you mean, 'middle age'?" interpolated Sylvester. "Just how many ninety-year-olds do you know?"

(Copyright, 1951)

Horoscope

A modicum of success should be yours in the next months. A charming, but highly-strung personality may be noted in today's child.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A great forward step in education has been suggested by Professor Douglas McGregor, President of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Antioch is not a large college — only 1,083 students and 130 teachers. Perhaps that is the reason why the human element counts for a little more there than at our mass-production schools.

For years now Antioch has had a system whereby its students spend some time each semester working in plants, offices, and factories and thus get an actual picture of what life is like and what they may expect when they graduate.

The plan has been a great success, and I am informed that Antioch students are in great commercial demand.

Now Dr. McGregor thinks that the same idea should be applied to teachers.

"The teacher does not directly experience," says Dr. McGregor "as his students do, the stimulation and the learning which occur in moving back and forth between the classroom and the off-campus world. To be sure, his students bring the residue of their experience back to the campus with them. But this vicarious faculty contact with industry and government, with cities and communities near and far, is not enough. It gives the teacher an impression of the world outside the campus, but not the vital feel of it."

I have the highest regard, but also a certain amount of pity, for teachers.

There they sit, in their ivory towers, knowing life and the world only by hearsay, by books, by the repetitious monotony of static rules and theories.

Two and two is four. Three and three is six.

It should be a wonderful experience for a eacher to go out into the world and find out for himself — or herself — whether two and two might not possibly make five; three and three five-and-a-half.

And, in business as well as in government, the teachers would soon find out that the rules of algebra really are not near as static as they have been taught to think.

What if some teacher should discover — as I have wondered here before — that the earth isn't round at all.

What if some instructor should find out all of a sudden that botany is not a matter of book - learning but of beautiful flowers?

I don't pretend that the teachers are not human, that they have no emotions, that they are not aware of life.

But I do believe that the teacher is entirely too didactic, too shy, too loath to let himself go.

Only contact with the world can remedy that situation. Only actual exposure to life and the exigencies of life can arouse his natural instincts in him.

I am afraid that our whole school system had made robots out of our teachers — just as our church system has made robots out of so many of our ministers.

The teacher MUST be good, just as the minister MUST be an exemplar of goodness.

But life isn't good. Life is a mixture of good and bad. Only by exposing the teacher to the world and the world to the teacher can the two conditions be properly reconciled.

I am glad Dr. McGregor has started the ball rolling.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT LETZ GATZAILT: Eb die socha nadierlich so worra kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r 's hais'd der Earl Frantz doh fon da shtadt, vice bresident un general manager fom Diehla shtorage blotz, het sich da onner owet grossordich ferhudd'ld in seinra aigna tzailerrei wie er un sei fraw die Edith, etlicha fon da kinner, un 'n nochbers maid'l Carol, 's lond owwa nous worra mit Girl Scout fet kucha. Der Earl in seinra bisnis mus immer arrick ganow tzaila—leit os so fiel boxa socha in storage duhna, wolla widder grawd so fiel rous nemma, un dadarrich is der Earl immer on tzaila—tzailt evens die kinner won sie fert gaina, so os nee mohls kenna fergessa gaina.

Ow'r da onner owet wie sie sel frem maid'l Carol bei sich kotta hen sawga die Fegelcher, het der Earl sich gross ordich ferhudd'ld — won m'r aenicha waig allas glawwa darf os die Fegelcher peifa. 'S Earls' mit da kinner Patsy, Dennis un Judy, uns nochbers maid'l Carol Worra 's airsht nochs Daniel Frantz uf 'm Ironton hivel fer fet kucha lossa woh 'm Daniel sei Irene gaarder'd hut kotta. Der Earl wor nei ons Daniels', un so aw die Judy un der glae Dennis—fier yohr alt. Drin im hous hut der Dennis shtarta shpiela mits Daniels' maid'l Phyllis, un wie sie ob g'sett'ld hen kotta fer die fet kucha, is der Earl un die Judy nous uf die mashine fer niver nochs Willoughby Rotha gae nagshd on Scheidys.

Der Earl so wie sie noh sawga, hut die kinner gatzailt, ow'r hut net on die Carol gadenk'd, os sie frem wear, un sin niver tzum Willoughby un seinra Carolina. Darta uf kours hen sie noh gawunnert woh sie don der glae Dennis hetta, un ferhoftich sei wons net rous kumma is os sie 'n aintwedders aryads fertzott'ld hetta, odder hetta fergessa 'n mit tzu nemma ons Daniels'. Sis leicht tzu denka os der Earl wenich graws woxa hut lussa unnich da radder fon seinra mashine, un sin tzurick nunner nochs Daniels' so shtarrich os sie gae hen kenna.

Die barichda sin, er het ol dawaig sei auga nava om waig kotta—gedenk'd der glae dade ferleicht aryads nava shtae, un winka mit 'm dauma, froga fer 'n ride. Ow'r sie hen 'n net g'funna bis sie nunner nochs Daniels' kumma sin, un woh der Earl 's net gaduh hut fer nei ins hous gae froga eb der glae darta wear, un die Edith hut nei gamist. Er wor uf kours darta—ols noch om shpiela mit da Phyllis, un woh sich shun g'fraid hut fer 'n da nagshda dawg mit noch da Sundawg sule nemma. Der Dennis is ow'r navich die Sundawg shule kumma. Die Edith hut 'n mit nous uf die mashine ganumma, un wie der Earl shure wor os sie noh fier kinner hinna drin hetta—drei fon ihra aigna, un die Carol, sin sie tzurick hame noch da shtadt, wie won gore nix g'shaina wear.

So wie m'r ow'r des da wenicher os der Earl hoert fom Dennis fergessa, des da liever is es 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Etlicha hen gawunnert wies wert mit da esserrei Sundawgs da 16d December won m'r noch Nei Yarrick gaina bei train die shtadt sehna—so wohl wie aw 's Grishdawgs show ei nemma in Radio City Music Hall.

Unser rote is fer wenich ebbes mit nemma, un essa unner waigs, sis wenich tzeit fer essa driwwa bis noch 'm Show, so on da fartel noch da tzwae rum.

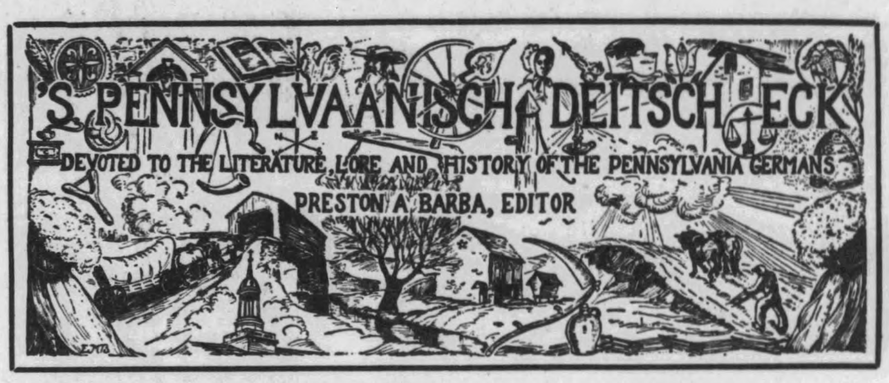
'N ad im heits Call un owets Chronicle, gebt die folla barichda fon da trip.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 8

Gittith is the musical notation in the heading of this Psalm, as in Psalms 81 and 84. It may mean a melody after the manner of the Gittities, nhabitants of Gath (Joshaua 13:3). This Psalm, and others like it, is sometimes called an "envelope Psalm," because the first sentence and the last are the same. Fold it, and the lower and upper edges or borders will coincide exactly. It may also be called a Messianic Psalm. To understand this, we should read Paul's reference to it in Hebrews 2:6-9 (and context), where we read that it is Jesus, the perfect Man, Who was willing to be made a little lower than angels to recover the dominion which the first Adam lost by his disobedience (Genesis 3). The thought of v. 2 of this Psalm is referred to in Matthew 11:25. The glory of God revealed in the heavens according to Psalm 19 is that displayed by the sun in the daytime; here it is His glory revealed in the night-time by the moon and stars. "Consider," in v. 3, means originally to observe the stars — the "sidereal heavens."



THE RESTORATION OF THE EPHRATA CLOISTERS

By DR. A. G. BREIDENSTINE

AT THE request of the editor of the Gospel Messenger, I made a trip to the Ephrata Cloisters in order to discover the plans for the restoration of the remaining buildings at this sacred and historical spot. As I arrived at the home of Mr. Reuben Kachel, I found Mrs. Kachel and several of her daughters sitting on the front porch. They invited me to have a chair, and at once we started to talk about the present plans for the restoration of the Cloisters.

It was impossible to keep our minds on the present because Mrs. Kachel reminded me that she had known the last sister who lived in the Cloisters. She reminded me also that, as a member of the Church of the Brethren, I should know how our church is related to the Cloisters. Yes, I knew how the Dunkers of Germantown were related to the Dunkers of the Conestoga. She asked, "Did you ever hear how Conrad Beissel assisted in the division of the two groups?" Oh, yes, I had heard the story and, of course, she again confirmed it.

It is well known that the Ephrata Cloisters provided the setting for one of the most unusual religious experiments in the history of the United States. Not only are the Cloisters significant for the religion practiced there, but here remain examples of the finest medieval architecture in America. Here, also, was practiced the medieval art of illumination. The finest examples of Frakturschriften can yet be found in some of the writings which the Pennsylvania German Folkslore Society has published. Perhaps mention should be made of the marvelous a capella music which was rendered and published in these Cloisters. As recently as the New York World's Fair, selections of eight-part music by Conrad Beissel were performed by the Harrisburg Symphonic Choir. Although the music had been republished, the choir attempted to follow the original scores as nearly as possible. Thomas Mann devotes almost seven pages to a description of Beissel's music in his book, Doctor Faustus, (Alfred A. Knopf, 1948, p. 66.)

Numerous other achievements in printing, in milling and in benovelent acts of charity will never be forgotten because of their historic significance.

These landmarks, however, as established in 1732 have been gradually disappearing. Of the original five hundred acres only twenty-seven and a half acres are now the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Certain landmarks can yet be pointed out by the descendants of the Society, but even the few remaining members cannot recall all of the early evidences. For these and numerous other reasons the state has become interested in doing something to prevent the final disappearance of the vestiges of this very interesting and unusual religious experiment.

The decline of the Society of the Seventh Day Baptists of Ephrata is directly related to the American Revolution and specifically to the Battle of the Brandywine. Following this battle countless wounded were brought to the Cloisters for nursing. Here they rested and received medical treatment. A severe epidemic of typhus fever broke out and claimed the lives of the soldiers and of many of the solitary. On the hill, large buildings were burned never to be replaced. Those in authority had hoped that the burning of these buildings would prevent the spreading of the plague.

In 1768, Conrad Beissel, the vigorous leader, died and in 1796 Peter Miller died. Without these leaders and their enthusiasm, few newcomers approached the Society. The rigid practice of celibacy was, of course, another factor contributing to the decline.

In 1814, the general assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania allowed the formal incorporation of the Society of the Seventh Day Baptists of Ephrata. This was a legal arrangement as a reaction to the rapid decline, but the decline continued.

On January 11, 1934, the state of Pennsylvania instituted legal proceedings in the Dauphin County court of common pleas and the Society's charter was forfeited. Dr. John F. Mentzer of Ephrata was appointed receiver of both the real and personal estate.

Step by step there is evidence that the state aimed to help to prevent the disappearance of these sacred and historical landmarks. Therefore, in 1939, the general assembly passed an act authorizing the commonwealth to acquire the property and place its administration under the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission. A sum of fifteen thousand dollars was appropriated to acquire the property. Several years later, on May 27, 1941, the property was transferred to the commonwealth and, in June 1941, Mr. G. Edwin Brumbaugh, son of Martin G. Brumbaugh, was appointed architect to direct the making of protective repairs and the beginning of authentic restoration.

My visit to inspect the restoration was most interesting from the beginning. Mrs. Kachel was busily rocking on the front porch of her little home which is set neatly among the buildings of the Society. "Ah, yes," she said, "I still remember the last sister. She lived right over there in one of the small rooms. But, if you'll wait until Mr. Kachel returns, I'm sure he will be glad to tell you the whole story and take you for a visit through the buildings."

Just then Mr. Kachel returned and off we went to inspect the restoration and to live again for a short time in the historic past. As we walked toward the first building, Mr. Kachel said, "Did you know that our architect's mother lived in these parts? Her name was Konigmacher. Interesting, isn't it, that after so long a time Mr. Brumbaugh returns to restore buildings which were so familiar to his own mother."

While we talked, we approached the sisters' house known as the House of Saron. The sisters living there were known as the Roses of Sharon. What beautiful hand-planed tulip poplar clapboards! Under Mr. Kachel's direction these were cut from logs found in the hills and native to Ephrata. The logs were sawed to the length of the clapboards, then quartered and drawn to the size and shape on the Schnitzelbank. Now, more than two hundred years after the original building, the old tulip poplar clapboards are being removed and new ones inserted which are exact duplicates, even produced in the same manner.

It is interesting to note that this restoration is aimed not only at protection of the buildings but also at authentic reproduction even to the minutest detail. The tulip poplar clapboards are nailed to the enormous logs of the main wall support with hand-forged nails showing clearly a four-sided head exposed to the weather. The windows are fitted into neatly grooved sashes without putty. The glass is inserted as the sash is put together and, should a pane break, there is no way to insert a new one but to take the sash apart and install it as from the beginning. All windows open to the outside and are fastened by hand-forged hooks. These hooks appear old and historic, but, as Mr. Brumbaugh could testify, they are not even two years old. When laid side by side with the ones still remaining, it is very difficult to see any difference whatsoever. Special mention should be made of the hinges found at the doors, window and closets. All hinges are of three types—the H hinge, which is forged of wrought iron, the butterfly hinge, also of iron, and a very clever wooden hinge. Surely an interesting study could be made of this artistic handicraft produced by the Society.

By this time we are standing directly in front of the House of Saron and our eyes glance to the roof and to the chimneys. Imagine a new roof of oak shake shingles, eighteen inches long with a twelve-inch overlap on the length and slightly more than an inch overlap on the sides. These shakes are laid in units of four to allow for intermediate air spaces which serve the purpose of insulation and drying. We are inclined to think that roof insulation is a modern idea. Well, the Brethren of the Conestoga knew how to insulate in the early seventeen hundreds.

All of the walls and the roofs are carefully insulated with a clay-straw mixture which served the double purpose of fireproofing and heat-cold insulation. The chimneys on these buildings are wooden chimneys insulated with the clay-straw mixture. These chimneys and the walls about the fireplaces testify to the effectiveness of this unique fireproofing.

I asked Mr. Kachel whether there was perhaps still another reason for the heavy layer of clay-straw mixture under the roof. With a grin, he replied, "Oh yes, it was a protection from the Indians. Should the Indians fire the roof with their lighted arrows, the fire would not spread to the top floor. Even if the fire were to spread to the top story, the middle story would be protected by the clay-straw mixture between the floors."

Now we enter the House of Saron. We stoop to pass through the narrow door and at once find ourselves in the narrow halls of this large sixty-three-room building. First, we move to the right and enter the Saal (the meeting place for religious services). Here we pay our state admission fee of twenty-five cents. This modest fee reimburses the state at about the rate of four thousand dollars per year. There, before our eyes, is a 1743 printing press which need no reconditioning or restoring. It is still in perfect condition.

In the corner is a grandmother's clock which needs only minor adjustments for good performance. For those who do not know the difference between a grandmother's and a grandfather's clock, I might say that a grandmother's clock is a long narrow clock which rests on a bench and, differnt from the grandfather's clock, does not stand on the floor. Then, we come to the kitchen of the Saal and as we enter we observe the satin-finish walnut doors with their wooden latches. How these could be more beautiful is hard to imagine. They will not need any restoration! The walls need some patching because at some places the red oak timbers, notched and pegged, are clearly evident. All of the cracks and openings in these log walls are filled with a mixture of clay and stones and then faced with straw and clay and finally whitewashed for beauty and preservation.

Now we stand before a stack of tiles. Mr. Kachel seats himself on a chair, props his foot on an object about two feet from the floor and lays the half cylindrival tile over his leg from the knee to the foot. This is the way they made the tiles. Take a slab of clay, shape it over your lower leg by stroking your fingers up and down from the foot to the knee. When almost half cylindrical, remove the clay carefully and fire it. After the thorough firing, your finger marks, called finger stripes, will be clearly visible and on the roof will direct the flow of the water as the rain descends upon the tile. These tiles were particularly needed for the roofs of the bakehouses and other buildings in which there was intense heat from fire.

Standing here and there on window sills and on shelves are numerous kitchen utensils. Many of these will never need restoration. Indeed, some of them appear very modern, such as the coffeepot with a handle extending from the side. Most of us think the side-handled coffeepot is a new creation. The Ephrata Society might have considered it new in their day.

Once again we stoop low to enter a small bedroom. These bedrooms, seven feet by eleven feet, are in excellent condition. Their magnificent board floors would please many a modern housewife. They always have four boards to the floor. As we leave the bedroom, against the wall we see the stocking stretchers. These too are in good condition just as they were several hundred years ago when the sisters used them to keep their woolen stockings stretched and in shape.

Now we again descend the narrow stairway, come through the low doorway and finally exit by the narrow hall. Perhaps we should say here that the narrow halls and stairs were intended to teach the solitary that life's way should be straight and narrow. The low doorways requiring hard stooping before entrance were to teach humility. The bench beds with the wooden block for a pillow were intended to punish the flesh so that the spirit might thrive. Now, we leave the House of Saron and stand on the outside.

Some of the visitors approach Mr. Kachel for final questions. One asks whether any of the descendents of these sisters are still living. "Well, hardly," said Mr. Kachel, "because they had no children." "Oh, yes," said the visitor, "I should have known that."

The above article appears here by courtesy of Kenneth I. More, Editor of The Gospel Messenger, Official Organ of the Church of the Brethren. It was published in The Gospel Messenger for Oct. 6, 1951. ED.

AT EPHRATA

'Twas October, dreamy tender,
all the land was bathed in splendor,
And our hearts did melt within us
as we loitered by the way.
O'er the old stone bridge we wandered
and half audibly we pondered
How a million feet had passed it
ere we saw the light of day.

Soon we reach a stile and over
climbing landed in green clover,
Carpeting the field surrounding
buildings men come far to see.
Here they lived, the old and sainted
Brethren history has painted,
In their simple lives and labors,
in their rare old piety.

As they reared the quaint high gables
naught cared they for lettered fables,
But the glory of the Highest
whom their daily walk adored;
Hence these temples more enduring,
to the pious more alluring,
Built they than Old World cathedrals
in their splendor can afford.

As we passed through narrow doorways,
as we trod the firm, hard floorways,
Paced the narrow halls and entries
and each bare and cell-like room
Oft we seemed to see the stately
Sisters passing, prim, sedately,
Kneeling in the chapel, working
at the distaff or the loom.

And we wondered if they hovered,
by kind Providence empowered,
In those dim and low ceiled chambers,
once so dear to them of yore,
Curious, too, to see the zealous—
and perhaps a little jealous
Of their desecrating fingers—
linger o'er their work to pore.

Did they revel in the beauty
of kind Nature or did duty
Chain them to their tasks more closely
than we heirs of later date?
Artist souls felt no repression,
see we by their own confession,
In the charts and books they left us,
spared as yet by time and fate.

All around is changed and changing,
as each wanderer sees ranging
'Round the weather-beaten structures,
which alone unchanged remain;
And those pictured forms uncanny
of the Sisters few, if any,
Scenes familiar would discover,
if to life returned again.

One thing only changes never;
for the human heart forever
Find we in all times and places
beating to the same old tune;
And the same old joys and sorrows,
yesterdays and same tomorrows
Share we with those ancient brethren,
like the changes of the moon.

Virtue, too, is found not only
grown in sheltered cloisters lonely,
But it blooms wherever shineth
God's free sunshine o'er the land.
Yea, we find it in all ages,
in this old world's passing stages,
Cloistered halls may fall and crumble,
but His kingdom still shall stand.

LOUISE A. WEITZEL

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Editorials

Let's Honor This Woman

The spirit of patriotism in this community which brought about formation of the Allentown Flag Day Association, the persistent campaign for recognition of the "Star Spangled Banner" as the national anthem, the adoption of June 12 as Flag Day and general respect for the national emblem has an additional manifestation in the inspired idea that will bring forth a Betsy Ross memorial stamp to be placed on sale in American post offices on January 1.

The idea of commemorating the 200th birthday anniversary of the beautiful and attractive young Philadelphia woman, who was selected to make the first American flag because of her splendid reputation as a needlewoman, came from a former Allentonian. It was Nellie Shields who as a girl and young woman grew up in the local atmosphere and its traditions concerning the saving of the Liberty Bell, the establishment of Flag Day and wider respect for the flag and the national anthem. This splendid woman, now a resident of Rochester, N. Y., placed the suggestion of a memorial stamp before the Postmaster General and "sold" a splendid idea to the Government.

Inasmuch as the issue will be a large 3-cent unit of postage — certainly one of the most popular and widely used of all denominations — the American people are going to be forcefully reminded of an interesting figure in American history and of an even more important historical episode.

Betsy Ross is going to be widely memorialized largely because of the patriotic impulses of a woman who received her youthful inspirations as student and teacher in this city. Nellie Shields never forgot her patriotic environment as girl and young woman.

It will be a splendid gesture from Allentown if this community take some action to honor Miss Shields upon the initial issuance of the stamps. We hope the postmaster of this city and the mayor will lead off and that the philatelists one and all will follow in a demonstration which they best will know how to organize and carry out.

Heed Traffic Men's Plea

It might just as well be realized by our own people in this city that every motor car which is kept back home, when shopping trips can be made by public transportation, is making room for a motor car that is bringing people into Allentown from outside areas and who can get here in no other way.

Allentonians should not at this busy time of the year get under foot and incommode the business which all want to see attracted to our excellent retail business sections.

The police, thru the traffic bureau, ask Allentonians to keep their cars out of the central shopping area during the holiday season. They believe that in this way traffic conditions can be kept under control. This is especially true during those days and hours that are the heaviest as a rule for shopping.

If Allentonians will to the highest degree possible do their shopping in the morning hours and on the days when out-of-town folks are less likely to be making their visits, they will contribute to everybody's comfort and convenience and they will help not only the parking but the shopping problem as well.

Keep the Jobs Going

A dispute among members of various unions in the building trades and the teamsters union already has halted work on the county bridge at Catasauqua. It promises to retard if not halt completely work on a great variety of new structures thruout this area.

One serious thing is that many artisans are or will be thrown out of work at a time when weather has been favoring outdoor operations. Loss of pay envelopes is a consideration that alone should prompt immediate settlement of the differences that have brought about all the trouble.

A second serious thing is that if work be discontinued on a lot of structures, there will be delay in the opening and operation thereof by persons who will be employed there. Improvement in the local economy will be delayed by the amount of delay in completion of the projects. In the case of the Catasauqua bridge it is in the public interest to have this structure completed at the earliest possible moment. Up to the time of the recent trouble, construction was well ahead of schedule. That advantage is being lost and the public is the sufferer from this and all other losses that will be incurred if there be further delays.

Jurisdictional disputes always are difficult of comprehension by the public. This one needs clarification. More than that there is commonsense demand for its immediate settlement to the end that men will continue to work, that business operations will go on and that the progress which these enterprises represent shall not be hindered.

Aerial Banditry

There is an ugly similarity between the tragedy which presumably cost the lives of ten American flyers off the coast of Siberia and the Russian attack upon a United States Navy plane in the Baltic in April 1950. In each case the Russians brought the episode (which might otherwise have been ascribed to a flying accident) to public view in a protest against American infringements of Soviet territory; Russian flyers were decorated for bravery; protest followed a stereotyped form: the Americans had crossed the Soviet frontier, they had fired upon Russian planes sent up to bring them to land, and when the fire was returned had turned out to sea and "disappeared."

These identical features of two occurrences give added grimness to the present case. For, on the tense, armed, Asiatic frontiers of Russia, so close to the Korean battle, it would not be implausible to assume an accidental deviation from its route by a United Nations plane, a clash with nervous Russian patrols, an aircraft shot down. It would be one of those tragic by-products of a larger tragedy which occur on the fringes of a war. But this viewpoint cannot be taken after the blatantly fraudulent self-justification in which the Russians indulged over the Baltic affair. Then there was no shooting war for half a world around the scene of the crime; the American plane was unarmed; the Russians miscalled it a B-29; its route could not possibly have brought it anywhere near the spot where the Russians claimed they fired upon it, and there was every reason to believe that the destruction of the American craft was a brutal assault without shadow of provocation. N.Y. Herald Tribune.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

If on Christmas morning a bunch of husbands are dissatisfied with the pipes and cigaret lighters given to them by their wives, they should not complain to Santa Claus. They should send their kicks to me. It's all my fault.

I played salesman at one of Bridgeport's large department stores yesterday, or rather I should say Sales Consultant.

This is the way it came about: I have a habit of biting right through the mouthpiece of my pipe when I get angry or upset.

I must have gotten angry or upset twice recently, because two of my pipes were bitten clear through.

So I took the pipes to this department store where I buy my smoking things.

There was a big crowd at the counter — all women.

I asked the clerk for the reason. He showed me an advertisement. "$5 and 7.50 pipes for $1.79." The ad showed about ten different shapes of pipes.

Next to me stood a shy little woman.

She saw that I was smoking a pipe, so she asked me, pointing to one of the pictures: "Would you buy this one for your husband if you were me?"

What can a fellow tell a woman like that?

You may not realize it, but to a man a pipe is something completely individual. Every man — if he is a real pipe smoker — has his own taste. One man will like the bulldog shape, another the apple shape and so on and so forth.

My own wife would never dream of buying me a pipe. She doesn't know anything about pipes, she says. (Incidentally I have never in all our almost thirty years of marriage, successfully bought her any cosmetics or wearing apparel. I know nothing about denier or gauge, whether to get round or square compacts; whether to buy full or half slips.)

When this woman asked me whether I would buy that pipe, the clerk gave me a quick wink — a nod. He had previously told me that he had sold hundreds of these bargain pipes — all to women and that he was just about crazy with the questions they asked and the things they wanted to know about pipes.

So I just said to this woman "Oh I think it' sbeautiful."

So she bought this particular pipe and went away happy.

Several other women had heard her getting my advice, so they all started to ask me whether their husband would like this pipe or that.

Mind you, the pipes were all good pipes. Every now and then I said "No, not this one," and picked another one for the lady.

One of the women asked me about a particular brand of cigaret lighter. She couldn't make up her mind whether to buy this one or another well known brand.

I pulled out my own cigaret lighter and said "See, I use this brand myself." I didn't tell her that I also carried the other brand in my pocket — in case the first one didn't work.

It was a lot of fun while it lasted. But I came to this conclusion. Women don't know the first thing about buying things for men.

They know almost as little about men's tastes as men know about what women want.

There is one good thing about it, though — the Exchange Desk.

(Copyright, 1951)

Please, Sammy Claus—



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

During this month of December, the mailman — one delivery a day — brings bags of appeals for funds for a vast variety of charities. Obviously in these days of high taxes, one unfortunately must give much less than the heart dictates.

Once upon a time, it was said that charity was going to be rationed in such a manner that it would be possible to give only once a year to a big fund that would parcel out all the gifts on an efficient and rational basis.

That scheme has failed. For not only have the big funds multiplied in number and variety but there are still many institutions, and their numbers increase, which make their annual appeals independently of community chests and federations of welfare organizations.

My wife and I long ago decided that we would refuse to be pressured by drives. Except in matters of personal emergencies, we give to organized charity only at the end of the month of December. By then, we can know what high taxes and inflation have left us for the pleasure of good works.

Conscience Is Guide

We look over our lists of past contributions and we screen all the circulars and fine printing we have received during the year and we divide our charity fund according to our judgment and our conscience. Maybe by this process, we avoid the professional collectors.

It is difficult for me to contribute to the big funds because within them are hidden many institutions, organizations and social workers whom I dislike or even oppose. I refuse to contribute to any organization which has even remote connections with Communists or on whose paid staff is a person with a Communist record.

The appeal for big funds holds that it all averages out. But virtue cannot be average; it is absolute. It is governed by the natural law revealed to man by God. At any rate, that is what, in our family, we believe. Therefore we prefer to give directly without the intermediary of the big fund.

Charity is a free-will offering at the altar of God. Maybe the giving of charity is an atonement for gluttony, excesses, fallibilities, shame. Or maybe it is an acknowledgment of our blessings, life, liberty, health, even happiness. Such acts call for no thanks, no applause, no recognition.

And so, we give our mite to such institutions and causes as we love or respect. Recently, I had a sad experience. I made an appeal for funds for a favored charity — a Roman Catholic but non-sectarian institution for men who had slipped off the road of life. Many wrote me asking how I, a Jew, could beg for a Catholic institution. That saddened me. For begging should know no such distinctions. Begging is, of itself, an act of humility, which we all need so much in this life.

Story on Humility

My son recounted a tale at lunch which brought the worth of humility close to me. He had taken his lunch to school, only to discover that he again had been given peanut butter sandwiches of which he had tired. Opening his package, he threw the sandwiches into the waste-paper basket.

His Latin teacher, apparently a man of character, unbraided the boy, told him of the hungry who would regard such sandwiches as manna from Heaven. He asked the boy to reclaim those sandwiches and to eat them.

The boy refused. He said that the sandwiches were dirty, having been in the waste-paper basket.

Then the teacher took the "dirty" sandwiches from the waste-paper basket and ate them.

Such acts of humility remain with a child for life. They represent education by example. They open the child's mind to the virtues of charity and humility. No man is too great to beg for good causes or too poor to give to them.

Give as Think Right

Each man and woman must give as he can and thinks right. Our method is for our family; it is neither the wisest nor the most acceptable pattern. So, others will find patterns of giving which are more suitable to their ideas and their way of living.

But each one should give, even the smallest child. There is no substitute for charity. The other day in Washington, I saw people with badges representing some kind of public welfare. I could not help feeling how weak that phrase is compared with that noble, ageold word, charity — which is derived from love.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

DESTINY

This is all that they were told
That crisp December morn:
Within a stable bleak and cold
A baby had been born.

They didn't know a wondrous thing
Was happening to them
And that in time that child would bring
World fame to Bethlehem.

Nor do we know who merely see
A little boy at play
That he may prove the man to be
The world will need some day.

But though the future none can read,
No one God's plan should scorn.
The man the world will some day need
Already has been born.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Dec. 8, 1926, a Wednesday

Allentown was complimented when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company decided to invest money here. The company has been picking only the most progressive cities of the country for this program.

Martin L. Klinger, leader of the Municipal Band, was honored at Lehighton, where he was guest conductor of the Boys' Band which is regarded as the best of the type in the country. To show its appreciation, the Lehighton Rotary Club presented Klinger with a pen and pencil set.

Last night in the Hotel Traylor, the Lions Club entertained their ladies with a "mock trial." Several impromptu stunts kept the gathering in a continual uproar. Dancing followed the trial and refreshments were served.

Horoscope

Exceptionally happy friendships and interests are indicated for your next year. Today's child is likely to have unusual talents.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S FAIL'D NET OM FLAISH:

Mohl fer 'n gutie lang brouch
'm Alfred Funk fon da Cedar
shtross sei maud, Emma Reichard, wunnerra wos tzu mocha
tzu eems tzeit—'s gebt harsh
yawga un des wor net yusht 's
airsht mohl os er 'n harsha buck
g'sehna hut, ow'r aw ainer
g'shossa.

Der Albert wor mit 'm Charlie
Wyrsch un Harry Amey doh fon
da shtadt noch Potter kounty
yawga, un woh der Albert sei
harsh grick'd hut fartel noch da
ains 'm Mondawg nommy dawg,
omma blotz gakent ols Sunken
Branch. Die weil os der Albert
net tzu gute hoert, is er laenich
nous uf die Siddlich side fon ma
grossa barrick, die weil os der
Charlie un der Harry k'hund hen
uf da onnerra side. Wie os der
harsh tzum Albert gadobt is
wase er alla weil noch net, er
hut drous im freia g'shtonna, die
weil os der harsh darrich bucha
bame nuf gaeich 'n kumma is.

'S airsht os der Albert g'sehna
hut fom harsh, wor ae tzinga
fon ma harn, un wie er der tzwet
erblick'd hut, hut er lose galust
fer 'n harsh der fedder wogga
fersheesa—un hut sei marrick
yusht fier tzol ferfail'd. Der
harsh is kartza grawd in die hae
g'shprunga tzu da hecka nei wies
gagroch'd hut, un allas os darta
wor, wor awenich blute wie der
Albert hee is sehna eb er 'n
grick'd het. Ferol os der Albert
secht er wear net fershrucka gawest, wolla m'r wetta os sei
folsa tzae fon selwar gablauder's
hen wie er der harsh net grawd
sehna hut leia. Glei hut er 'n
ow'r erblick'd—bout 200 foos
weck, noh hut er besser g'fiel'd.
Der harsh hut der kup yusht
may ae mohl in die hae k'hova
noh wor er dote, un bis tzwae
uhr hut der Albert 'n gonsa
laenich 'n halb mile darrich die
hecka nunner noch da mashine
gshlaift kotta, un k'huck'd worta
bis die onnerra bei kumma sin
om finf uhr, un hen nix kotta.

Da nagshda dawg wie der Albert widder uf da mashine
k'huck'd die weil os die onnerra
fert worra yawga, hut er etlicha
harsha kee, unna shmarter alter
buck sehna dawaig drolla—aw
nagshd ganunk fer sheesa, ow'r
er hut sei buck shun kotta.
Owets wenich noch da siva hen
sie drowwa ferlossa darrich 'n
aryer raya fer die 300 mile hame
gae os sie tzu gae hen kotta,
un sin doh in da shtadt aw galond so uhra tzwae da nagshda
morya. Die barichda sin, 'm Albert sei tzae hetta da nagshda
dawg noch gablauder'd, alla
mohl os er on sei harsh gadenk'd
het.

Der Albert, woh fer 16 yohr
manual training gateach'd hut
doh in da shtadt, un now shun
fer 16 yohr fom g'sheft weck is,
is 'n guter shitz. In ol seinra
tzeit hut er iwwer 300 grundsi
g'shussa, 's manshd bei ma bauer drowwa in Susquehanna kounty woh er un sei fraw die Rose
ols onna sin uf vakation. 'S wor
dart drowwa in 1944 os sei fraw
dote um g'falla is. Fer grundsi
yus'd er 'n 12 shuss 32.20 Winchester kugla flint un hut aw 'n
shrote flint woh er selwar der
wolnis baum um gamocht hut
uns huls gadrick'ld, fer der kolva mocha. Er hut aw 'n lot onnerra flinta, dabei guta harsh
g'wara. Ma kkindskindt sei mon
der shule maishder Ray Guth
doh fon da shtadt hut ow'r gamaint die flinta woh er het
weara tzu shwear—un hut 'm sei
300 Savage gewwa—un woh der
Albert dafor ken shuss rous
g'shussa hut kot. Wie er die kuglas tzurick gabrocht hut wor
yusht aenie ous da box, 'n baweiss os der Albert sei harsh
grick'd hut uf der airsht shuss.
Der chawduwoch, un die shmoke
peif hen ow'r besser har halta
missa—wie fiel pock duwock os
es ganumma hut secht dr Albert,
gang'd niemond nix aw.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

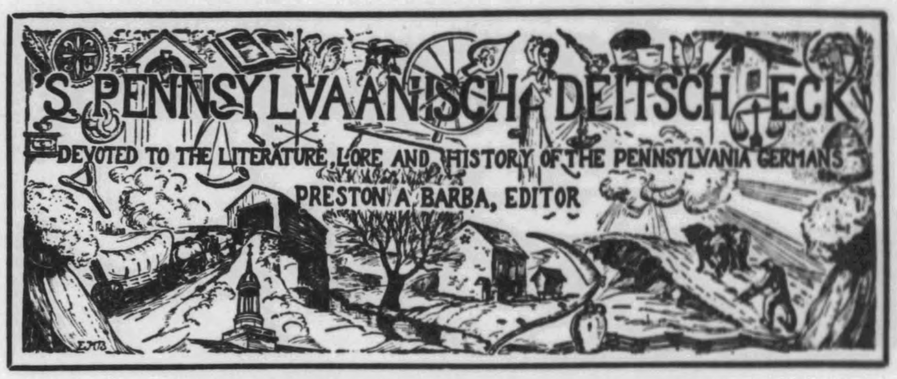
Soicha os tzaila fer mit unserra exkursion noch Nei Yarrick
gae morya 'n woch, besser halta
sich on da heck—die tickets
gaina wie haisa kucha—wons is
os m'r yusht may train tickets
ferkaufa kenna brouch niemond
wunnerra ferwos.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

PSALM 15

The Psalmist here raises the question as to the character of the man who is fit to abide in the Tabernacle of Jehovah, or to dwell in Zion, the hill of God's holiness. The answer is given in v. 2 and following. He must be upright in his walk; truthful in his talk; righteous in his work, and honorable in his dealings with his neighbors. He will find no pleasure in associating with a 'vile person,' but will honor those who fear the Lord, v. 4. He will in no way take advantage of his fellow-men, and will not oppress the poor. This Psalm would seem to be a sort of commentary on the summation of the Ten Commandments as given by Jesus, Who is quoting from the Old Testament: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' In other words, that man will feel comfortable in the presence of God in His sanctuary if he has a conscience void of offense before God and man, possible if the love of God is dwelling in his regenerate heart.



The Child That was Taken to Raise

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

We are grateful both to the author and to the publishers for their kind permission to reprint Elsie Singmaster's long forgotten story "The Child That Was Taken to Raise." Like that of so many of Elsie Singmaster's early stories, the scene is the Lehigh County village of Millerstown, known today as Macungie. The story was first published in Lippincott's Magazine for August, 1914. It needs hardly to be added that the characters in this story are fictitious and any resemblance to names in this community is altogether coincidental. ED.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my soul! oh, my soul!"

Like a crazy person — Millerstown would have said "like a schpook" — poor Lizzie Schaup roamed through her mistress's house, up and down the steps, from the stiff parlor out to the spotless kitchen, then down the smoothly scrubbed board-walk to the barn, then out to the gate. She knew every crack in every board in the house, she had set out with her own hands every plant in the garden, she had washed and ironed every sheet and towel, washed and dried every dish, and never from the day that she came from the poorhouse at sixteen until the present moment when she was sixty had she broken even a tumbler. She had helped to nurse "him," her mistress's husband, in his last illness, she had prepared the bodies of her mistress's children for burial, she had been at once a daughter, a sister, and a servant.

"Lizie!"

Some one was calling her sharply; her back straightened as though jerked at the end of a string, her chin set itself. She saw Sarah Knerr peering between the lilac bushes.

"Where did she go?" asked Sarah Knerr.

Poor Lizie's back grew even straighter.

"She went off."

"Is it so that she went to the station to fetch the lawyer? Is it so that she will take a child to raise? Is it so that it will be a Diller?"

Poor Lizie's head went back another inch. It was all true, alas, alas! But Sarah Knerr's curiosity need not be gratified yet. Lizie answered shrilly:

"She does not have me to tell her business to strangers."

Sarah Knerr laughed. She had been born in the next house, she had known Lizie and her mistress all her life.

"You'll get over your ugliness when the Dillers come in, Lizie Schaup."

"Since when are the Dillers coming in?"

"Well, if it isn't the Dillers, it will be the Wagners or the Kolbs or the Prutzmans—it has to be one of those four that is adopted. They are her only near relatives. I guess—"

Sarah Knerr's guesses were wasted on the air. Poor Lizie had vanished. She went into the stiff, grand parlor and sat down, rocking her body back and forth in her misery. She was a little thin woman: sometimes, in moments of fanatic passion for cleanliness, when, scrubbrush in hand, she scoured the pavement or the outside of the house, she looked wild. Now, desperate, frightened, she might have been thought mad.

"The Dillers or the Wagners or the Kolbs or the Prutzmans," she repeated aloud. "Swully Diller is as thin as a thorn—they are always ugly when they are so thin. John Wagner is fat as a pig and dull as an ox, and he would never wipe his shoes while the world stands. The Prutzmans—they are all big-feeling, and the Kolbs, they are all mean. Ach, Elend, Elend! why does she do it, then?"

Seeing that one shade hung unevenly, poor Lizie rose and rolled it up and down, trying to straighten it. Finally the cord slipped from her hand, the curtain snapped to the top of the window and stayed there. Each one of the four nieces of Lizie's mistress would see it when she came in. Fat Emmeline Diller would make a "tchk" with her tongue and teeth, loud-voiced Mary Wagner would scornfully direct her husband's attention to it, tall, thin Dillie Prutzman would order poor Lizie to adjust it.

"You are not my boss yet!" poor Lizie would answer wildly.

Already they were coming up the street, dressed in their best, stared at by the neighbors. There were four nieces, four stupid nephews-in-law, four grandnephews, all bursting with curiosity and anxiety and fear. "Aunt Mena" was about to adopt a son to take the place of the children who had died, to be given her name, to inherit her wealth, almost the greatest in Millerstown. Emmeline Diller had put the notion into her head, first by sly hints, then by open suggestion, finally by frank coaxing. "Swully"—the boy's name was really Walter; Millerstown has barbarous nicknames—Swully was the oldest of eight children, he was smart, he ought to have an education, which she and her husband could not give him. He might even make a preacher—think how fine it would be to have a preacher in the family! She mentioned even his thinness as an argument, as though she and her husband could not feed him.

Aunt Mena had made her crazy with delight. She had agreed entirely. It was true that she had no direct heir to inherit her money. It was true that she was growing old. It was true that she had recently had a long sickness, and that she might "go off" suddenly. It would be a splendid thing to take a boy to raise.

But Emmeline's happiness was short-lived. She discovered that John Wagner and Israel Kolb and Frankie Prutzman had each been offered by his mother. She said then to Aunt Mena that it would be much better to divide her money among her four nieces. "Like the china set," she said.

A queer glitter had come into Aunt Mena's eyes.

"China sets are different," she had said. "You can't divide a house in pieces, and you can't divide a lot when the house stands in the middle. The thing is to take a child to raise."

Poor Lizie heard the creak of the gate. The nieces were at hand. She rushed wildly to the kitchen, that loved, spotless home of her happiness, and looked about. It would never be the same, never, never. The adopted son was to come there to live; whether Diller, Wagner, Prutzman, or Kolb, he would be intolerable. The house would never again be clean or quiet. Besides, they might drive her away, and she had nowhere to go. But there was no time now to think of that.

She heard their footsteps on the porch. She flung out her arms, then crazily she stooped and kissed the handle of the tea-kettle. She had grown to believe that all these things were hers.

She reached the front door in time to open it to her mistress's guests. They were all solemn, all important; since the last Weimer funeral, none of them had come to the front door. This was a great occasion. Emmeline Diller did not glance at Lizie as she stood in her blue calico dress and her white apron against the wall. Lizzie Kolb said, "Well." Dillie Prutzman smiled with haughty, twisted mouth. Swully attempted to step on Lizie's foot as he passed. John Wagner asked whether there were doughnuts to be had. She was no more to any of them than a piece of furniture. Two of the nieces had decided to keep her after they moved in—at least, as long as she could work. The other two planned to dismiss her at once.

Against each side of the parlor wall, Lizie had set three chairs, according to her mistress's direction. The Prutzmans sat to the north, the Wagners to the south, the Dillers and Kolbs to east and west. In the centre of the room stood a marble-topped table, on it were pens and paper, beside it two chairs, one for Aunt Mena, one for the lawyer who was coming from town. Aunt Mena was the most formal and exacting person in Millerstown, and she was now planning to bring riot into her house.

There was no place for poor Lizie to sit, but she did not go. She stood in the doorway, a hand on each jamb, a poor Samson in the midst of the Philistines.

The nieces paid no heed to her, their eyes were glued to the corner cupboard, where, in unbroken perfection, stood Aunt Mena's Wedgwood set. Not a piece was nicked, not one missing from the dozens of plates and cups and saucers. There were four platters, one with a deep gravy ditch, there was a great, broad-bodied tea-pot, with its attendant cream pitcher and sugar bowl, perfect in form, exquisite in their clear white and blue. The set was Aunt Mena's most valuable personal possession, it was perhaps the most valuable possession in Millerstown. It was to be divided among the four women who eyed it so hungrily, and it was to go to their children after them. Not a piece was even to be given away Aunt Mena had great family pride—it was that which made her adoption of a son so certain. In the eyes of each niece, her own son was a god among his cousins.

"And Aunt Mena," said Mary Wagner, givng complacent expression to part of her thoughts—"Aunt Mena will see what is best. She is pretty smart yet."

Aunt Mena might still be smart, but she was no longer either young or well. The young lawyer from the county seat put a supporting hand under her elbow as they came together into the room. Poor Lizie, her eyes fixed watchfully and in terror and foreboding upon the nieces, did not hear them until the lawyer asked her to let them pass. Then she stepped back with a gasp.

Old Aunt Mena was white and bent, with bright eyes and a set mouth. She bore bravely the burden of her years and her many sorrows. She walked past poor Lizie without looking at her, and the lawyer followed her. His expression was non-committal. He looked at them all and bowed, even to the servant standing in the doorway. It is probable that he had never had such a case before. He put old Aunt Mena into her chair with an air of courteous respect which made the men in the room gape at him and the boys snicker and the women sit up a little straighter in their chairs. Then he sat down beside her.

He took no papers from his pocket, he simply sat still, waiting for Aunt Mena to begin. Emmeline Diller thought she would help out the situation: she presented to the lawyer her husband and her son. Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Prutzman and Mrs. Kolb also introduced their husbands and sons. The men said stiffly, "Pleased to meet you," the boys squirmed in their chairs. They all began to be a little frightened.

Then Aunt Mena began to speak. Her voice, tremulous at first, strengthened as she went on.

"I was eighty years old this March," she began. "I have not so many years to live any more."

"Ach, Aunty!" murmured Mrs. Diller pityingly.

"You mustn't talk that way, Aunty," whimpered Mrs. Kolb.

Aunt Mena paid no heed.

"My man left me well off, and somebody must have all these things. There is this house and the lot and the barn and the furniture and the china set and the money in the bank. It is all in all worth about thirty thousand dollars."

The nieces were almost paralyzed.

"What!" cried Mrs. Diller

"Ach, Aunty!" Mrs. Prutzman's delighted exclamation was almost a squeal.

"Now, this must be given to somebody. Emmeline and Lizzie and Mary and Dillie each think I should take a child to raise and give him my name, so that the name shall last a while yet. That is what I think I will do. I have picked out already the one for whom I will do this. It is all to be done right, and each one is to know before I die where she stands, so that there shall be no fighting. Everything shall be fixed. He" — she nodded toward the young lawyer—"he will see that everything is right. Emmeline, do you believe that I am yet in my right mind?"

Emmeline laughed in sudden, blessed surety.

"Of course you are, Aunty!"

Then Emmeline's heart sank. One by one her cousins were similarly questioned and responded as heartily. Then Aunt Mena spoke again, this time a little more sharply:

"It was a time when you did not think so, any of you."

The nieces flushed scarlet. Six months ago Aunt Mena had been ill and they had crowded jealously to her bedside. They had thought that she was going to die, they had thought for two days that she would never rouse from the unconscious state in which she lay. And they had talked and talked and talked, watching with her at night. There was nothing that they did not say. It was before the scheme of adoption had entered the head of any of them; they had divided her property among them. Then, suddenly, they had realized that Aunt Mena's eyes were open, that she was awake. But she had heard nothing—they were sure that she had heard nothing. Only now they began to be a little frightened.

"You talked when I was sick," said Aunt Mena. "You said that a man had come while I was sick and had offered six hundred dollars for the china set. You promised together to sell it to him after I was dead. Each one was to sell her share."

"It wasn't me, it—" began Emmeline Diller.

"I said all along—" interrupted Mary Wagner.

"We didn't—" thrust in Lizzie Kolb.

Aunt Mena raised a frail hand.

"You needn't say what you said or what you didn't say. I heard what you said. I saw that man afterwards. I hunted him up. It is all fixed. A museum is to have the china set. He was buying it for a museum. I am going to give it to the museum. The museum does not need to pay a cent for it. It will all be kept together. It will have a name over it in large letters, 'Gift of Mena Weimer, Millerstown.'"

"To will it out of the family!" cried Lizzie Kolb.

"Aunt Mena!" protested Mary Wagner.

"But you promised it to us!" declared Dillie Prutzman.

Aunt Mena wasted no time in answering argument with fact. Afterwards, they would have time to discover the ridiculousness of their protests.

The women's eyes sought one another in dismay and anger. Their husbands stared helplessly at the floor, their sons continued the series of insane grimaces which they were making at one another after the manner of their kind. Swully Diller stretched his long legs in a vain effort to reach poor Lizie's foot. Lizie still stood in the doorway. She had resumed her Samson-like attitude, her eyes were upon her frail, stubborn mistress whom she loved.

Suddenly Aunt Mena turned and looked at her.

"Do you think I am in my right mind, Lizie?" she asked.

Lizie's hands loosened their clasp of the door-frame and clutched each other.

"Ach, Mena!" she cried. There are few titles in Millerstown, even between maid and mistress. "Ach, Mena!—I guess so, Mena." Then poor Lizzie hesitated. There had always been perfect openness between them. "I—I am not sure, Mena!"

The nieces shrieked out their horror and disapproval.

"You'd better clear out, Lizie Schaup," cried Emmeline.

"You are not sure, Lizie?" repeated Aunt Mena.

"I thought you were, Mena," wailed poor Lizie. "Indeed, I thought you were. But now I do not know. Don't have any Swully or any Israel Kolb come in till you are dead, Mena. Let them come in then, Mena, if you must, but not now. Mena—" Lizzie took a step forward, then stepped back again and seized the door-frame. "I must talk, Mena. You took me from the poorhouse and you gave me a home, but I must talk. Johnny Wagner, he will eat you out of house and home, Mena; and he will never wipe his shoes. And Israel will bring his dog, and Frankie says nothing all the time but 'Shut up' and 'Hold your mouth' and worse things, and whichever comes will bring his mom and his pop and all his folks and—"

There were stirrings of rage, mutterings, then a chorus of interruptions. Dillie Prutzman's voice rose to a shriek:

"Lizie Schaup, you lie, you—"

The young lawyer raised his hand.

"Mrs. Weimer asked her to speak," he said sharply. "Go on, Lizie."

Lizie did not go on because he bade her, but because she could not help herself. She would have spoken though their voices had drowned hers utterly though they had attacked her bodily. She had never said her whole mind about them in all her life; the accumulation of speech threatened to burst her.

"They sit up front in the church!" she cried. "They bake ten kinds of fine cakes for the Sunday School picnic, and they have the preacher to sit at their table, Mena. But they went through all the bureau-drawers when you were sick, Mena, they know everything that is in your house. They looked for papers, Mena, they—"

Again the tide of feminine speech swelled furiously. The wild mob at Versailles could have been no more clamorous.

"It is a lie!"

"She is crazy!"

"It is not true!"

"I was awake when you thought I was asleep," reminded Aunt Mena grimly.

Poor Lizie put up her arm as though to shelter herself from blows. She was still brave, still defiant.

"Do not let them come in, Mena," she wailed. "Swully steps on my feet now; he will step on yours till everything is at an end."

The lawyer looked at Aunt Mena, then he laid his hand on her slender arm. It seemed merely a warning gesture. In reality, his fingers pressed the vein in her wrist. Its pulse beat dangerously.

"I'd tell them, Mrs. Weimer," he said gently. "No one will gain anything by putting it off."

Aunt Mena too felt the wild racing of her heart.

"All right," she said slowly. "Then you must go quietly home and do your talking there. Half of my money will go to the church and the orphan asylum. The china set goes as I have said. The other half of the money will come some day to you four. But as long as my child that I take is living, nobody will get anything."

"Your child!" repeated the women, still confused, still furious, but suddenly restored to hope.

"Yes," said Aunt Mena; "I have already taken a child to raise. It is all fixed. The papers are already made out, and it is fixed so nobody can bother my child." Then, cutting the air like the arrows of the returned Ulysses, a single, shrill, excited sentence smote them, nieces and nephews and grandnephews alike: "The child I have taken is Lizie Schaup."

(The End)

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Editorials

Caught Flat-Footed

The paralysis that a sudden and severe snow storm can effect for a community was illustrated mightily during yesterday afternoon and early evening. If there were any elements in our society who were not caught flatfooted they still have been unheard from. Very few persons, even the most cautious and those of the quick-to-take-alarm type, accepted the predictions during the morning that four inches of snow would fall by night. The shopping crowds indicated that just about no one remained at home because of the storm that was promised. Nor did there appear to be any letup in motor traffic but rather an increase of it in the business areas. And that is where most of the real traffic trouble started.

For hours during the late afternoon and early evening movement of traffic was virtually at a standstill. Motorists who attempted to drive without chains blocked all traffic at a hundred points. Trucks, busses, trolley cars and hundreds of other motor cars speedily contributed to the tangle that policemen in the busiest areas and motorists themselves at other points patiently sought to unravel.

Of course there was much complaining. There was much evidence of that human failing which immediately strives in any difficulties to put the blame upon others instead of trying to shoulder a bit of it by one's self. Since we can rant against and scold Nature with all the vehemence at our command and receive no satisfaction it is logical to turn upon some innocent humans. In the situation yesterday it was just about impossible to find a satisfactory human scapegoat.

The storm had come with little warning. It had exceeded the predictions. It was accompanied by unexpected factors. It caught just about everybody completely unprepared. There was nothing more to do about it than is done with respect to other violent manifestations of nature. Man must put up with them, as best he can, while they last, and hope for their subsidence and his own swift recovery from their effects.

Coffee and Doughnuts

Congratulations go out to the Salvation Army and to the local Kiwanis club for satisfactory continuance of that highly respected tradition of the Army—the coffee and doughnut wagon.

The Salvation Army, locally, has lived up to the nationwide tradition very nobly. But the old wagon was wearing out. In fact it was pretty much like the "One-Horse Chaise" of poetic fame. It was ready to fall apart. Then along came the Kiwanis Club, learned about the approaching crackup and surprised the officers of organization at a recent dinner meeting by presenting a new wagon to the Salvation Army.

So, whenever there be need for this unique service that the Salvation Army provides upon unusual occasions and in every community emergency, the bonneted lassies will be on hand. They will be doing the same old business but at a brand new stand.

No Place for Missionaries

Slowly, by pairs and slightly smaller groups, missionaries of all denominations of Christianity are getting back home from their former stations in China. None of them, up to this time, have expressed the opinion that either they or any other Christian missionaries are going to enter China for many years to come.

For centuries Christian missionaries have given themselves heart and soul to the people of China. They have loved them and they have educated them, inspired them and they have provided them with the loving care and the helpful service that hospitals and other institutions such as schools and churches can give to a people. In fact health and cultural projects have been promoted in China for its people with zeal that has matched the fervor of the religionists.

But China is in the grip of a monster. China is rapidly imitating and acquiring the state of mind and the attitude of her mentor, Soviet Russia. It is worth noting again that, for the first time in recorded history, an entire nation is committed to a program of antagonism to religion and that the Chinese seem determined to emulate Russia in her vicious program.

Russia did not have many foreign missionaries to kill or to imprison or to depart. But she did a pretty clean job with her own believers in religion. The thousands of young Chinese who have been taken to Russia for education in Communism have returned home as the salesmen for a new program — the elimination of all religion.

Some missionaries have returned to their homes in this city and vicinity. Almost daily reports are received of the expulsion of others and of their arrival in American ports or at way stations like Hong Kong. Always their story is the same: The missionaries have been virtual prisoners and have not been able to carry on any work for a long time. They are fortunate if Red fanatics do not concoct such absurd stories as the one on which a number of Roman Catholic nuns recently were tried, namely neglecting and destroying little orphans who had sought their care. Not a person in the civilized world will believe such charges against devout and consecrated women who have given up homes and country for the welfare of the people in China. In their determination to get rid of religion the Chinese Reds must get rid of the exemplars of Christianity. To get rid of them they are making residence there almost impossible, or are killing them or they are deporting them. It all amounts to the same thing: The Reds foolishly think they are destroying God.

A Revised Arms Plan

The United States, Britain and France have submitted to the United Nations a revised version of their disarmament plan. The new version leaves all the fundamental principles and conditions of the Western plan intact, and is therefore unlikely to bridge the gulf between East and West on this issue at this time. But it does meet some of the more phony Soviet objections and demonstrates again that the Western plan is subject to adjustment as the collective wisdom of the United Nations may suggest.

Perhaps the most significant change is in the preamble, which now ties disarmament to the development by the United Nations of an effective collective security system. This change, made at the suggestion of Lebanon, shows that the smaller nations are well aware that disarmament alone, especially one - sided disarmament, is not the answer to the world's problems, and that it must be accompanied by a security system resting on strength adequate to discourage aggression.

The new version emphasizes, as did the old, that one purpose of the Western disarmament plan is the prohibition of atomic weapons, but it continues to insist that such a prohibition must be preceded by the establishment of a foolproof inspection and control system to prevent violations behind the Iron Curtain. Likewise, it continues to call for a balanced and progressive reduction of armaments instead of the flat one - third cut of the Big Four forces demanded by the Soviets — a proposal which, of course, would only enhance Soviet Russia's military preponderance. But the plan adopts Soviet proposals on the name of the new disarmament commission and the definite establishment of an international control commission; it accedes to the Soviet demand for a time limit by specifying that the disarmament commission shall make its first progress report by June 1 of next year; and it leaves great freedom to that commission to work out both standards of disarmament for individual nations and to name the nations which must ratify a disarmament agreement before it can become effective. The General Assembly and the disarmament commission can proceed from there. — N.Y. Times.

Counting Straws and Making Hay



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman had an opportunity to strike while the iron was hot—to reflect the indignation of the country over the tax scandals. But he chose instead to adopt at his press conference a defensive mood—the same attitude which he has exhibited often in the past toward charges of wrongdoing leveled at his appointees.

The President has promised a new "clean-up" plan. Until he was ready to announce it, he would have been better advised not to argue the merits of the criticism that has been directed at various persons in his administration.

The hint he has given that he will set up a special agency to ferret out corruption in the government and that it will be an agency of the executive branch of the government reporting to him will inevitably arouse suspicion that Mr. Truman wants to control such an investigating and prosecuting process.

What Bothers Truman

But in all probability what is bothering Mr. Truman is the difficulty of punishing wrongdoing when there have been indiscretions and improprieties that are not actual violations of law.

It isn't a violation of law for an official of the government to have as his friends persons of questionable character.

It isn't a violation of law to mingle socially with persons who ask favors from the government.

In fact, it isn't unlawful to let persons of influence come to government offices and give them time to discuss tax cases or anything else.

But it is, of course, improper, and, where there is a question of failure to prosecute where wrongdoing or tax frauds have been involved, neglect of duty is plain. Inefficiency and stupidity, however, and even failure to do a duty are not in themselves a violation of law that can be proved in a court and conviction obtained. These cases call for removal or dismissal, but they do not necessarily permit prosecution.

Prosecute Wrongdoing

So when Mr. Truman talks of setting up a special agency with a board or commission of prominent men, he is thinking no doubt not only of some way to bring about prosecutions where there has been wrongdoing but of a way to ferret out the much larger group of persons who have been engaged in unethical, though lawful conduct.

Such an inquiry, if applied to the whole government, would take months, if not years, to get going. What is important to the Democratic administration is that something be done to offset the bad impression being created daily by the headlines and dispatches reporting the testimony before the Congressional Investigating Committees.

When Congress, through the House Un-American Activities Committee, exposed communism inside the government, Mr. Truman set up a Loyalty Review Board and Departmental Loyalty Boards in response to a Congressional mandate. He has hinted that he has something of the same kind of machinery in mind with respect to recent scandals.

But the Congress will have something to say about all this if the proposal is not satisfactory to public opinion. It would not seem plausible for the President to appoint a commission with power to investigate the White House itself, for instance, nor does it seem likely that such a commission would want the job of examining all the activities of officials with access to the White House and how they have performed their duties.

May Have Limited Task

So, all in all, the proposed commission will probably have a limited task. The President evidently has determined to fight it out as if it were just another political battle and to point to the proposed board or committee or commission as an answer to those who feel that the administration should do something to clean house.

Mr. Truman is ready to prosecute anyone who has been guilty of lay violation and he is ready to fire anyone proved to be engaging in activities outside the government that are of a compromising nature.

But he isn't ready to fire political associates just because of the innuendoes contained in Congressional testimony. Whether he has taken the very course that will insure headlines harmful to his party all through the campaign months of 1952, remains to be seen. But that's the risk Mr. Truman has assumed.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A friend, weekending at a prominent psychoanalyst's home, noted a peculiar looking butler in attendance who at least added spice to the activities by deliberately tripping up guests, fellow servants, and even his employer. As the analyst picked himself up from his third trip of the day, tenderly caressing a growing bump on his noggin, the friend burst out, "Why don't you do something about that crazy butler's tripping up everybody?" The analyst informed him coldly, "Why should I? That's HIS problem."

The Dean of Yale's Divinity School, Dr. Liston Pope, sums things up in this one sentence: "A split atom and a split mankind cannot exist indefinitely on the same planet."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 15, 1926, a Wednesday.

Christian Endeaver Societies of Coopersburg, Center Valley, and Summit Lawn, comprising the second Lehigh County District, held a service in the Rescue Mission.

Allentown Lodge 59, Fraternal Order of Reindeer, had its annual Santa Claus night in the headquarters, second floor of 940 Hamilton St., following a meeting.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LIEVER LEBDAWG: Der Eddie Wehr fon Palmerton, ainer fom Daniels seina bus driver wos die kop immer im gnick hanka hut, hut da onner dawg 'n aryie erfohring kotta wie er gonga wor harsh yawga. So wie m'r fershtaina, wil er die socha ow'r gore net hous howwa—des da wenicher os er hoert dafon, des da liever is es 'm.

'S sheind, der Eddie, der policemon Steigerwalt un noch 'n kerl os net hous is war er wor, hen ous gamocht fer aw mohl gae harsh yawga. Sie hen sich 'n lot kugla grick'd, die flinta g'shmiert, un allas shunshd mit wos es nembt fer in der bush gae harsh yawga. Wie sie allas bei nonner kotta hen, sin sie fert aryads in der bush fer da harsh weissa wos sie duh kenta.

Now der Eddie fohrt bus bol dawga nocht—dawgs fohrt er die leit darta im town rum har, un owets shlaift er die weibsleit noch bingo, un widder tzurick. Sis net yusht die fohrerrei os 'n so mead mocht, ow'r des immer un aewichs gayaimer un gabrum won die weibsleit net gawinna. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er wor so mead os er der waig shtire bol net kotta hut fer ae foos fer der onner shlaifa wie sie fert sin yawga. Doch hut ers fever kotta fer gae, un won 'n mensch sel mohl hut, mochts nix ous wie mead un ous gawora os er sei mawg—noh wert gonga, un won die union ferreiss'd.

Wel aenicha waig, wie sie hee kumma sin woh sie yawga hen wolla, hen sie ous gamocht yaders gang'd sei aigner waig—ebbes os der Eddie wunnerbore gute gaboss'd hut. Der Steigerwalt un der onner kerl,—ainer is rechts nous un der onner linx, un der Eddie hut 'n gons onnerer karsh ganumma. Wie der Eddie weck wor os die onnerra 'n nimmy sehna hen kenna, hut er mohl 's moul hinna wedder uf g'shpart un widder tzu gamocht, un tzu gleich sin 'm aw die auga deckla shwear werra. Noh wos hut er gaduh, wie sich noch ma dicka baum g'shoft, un ous gamocht fer 'n nap nemma.

Eb er recht om baum wor hut er shun drunna, mit 'm buckle dawedder k'huck'd, un g,shnaricks'd wie won die mommy reeva kocha dade. Wie long os er k'huck'd hut shlofa wase ken saelicher mensch, ow'r uf ae mohl hut er tzwae shuss hoerra gnolla, un sei bloea auga mohl so longsome uf gamocht fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Glei hut er die auga hinna wedder uf garissa, paar mohl gablins'ld, un shier net glawwa kenna wos er g'sehna hut—sis 'n alter harsha buck gaeich 'n gadarig'ld kumma, un miner sale 'm grawd in der shose g'falla.

'S wor 'n aryer grosser harsha buck, un os er der Eddie net ferdick'd hut wor allas. Die barichda sin, er het gahairich awfonga shrawwa der sich unnich 'm harsh rous shoffa, un tzu gleich is aw der Steigerwalt un der onner kerl bei kumma fer ihra harsh sucha woh sie yusht g'shossa hen kotta. Der harsh wor dote un der Eddie wor so fire rote im g'sicht os er gaguck'd hut wie 'n frish gakochdie rote rieb. Yusht wie shun g'sawt, der Eddie wil die socha gore net hous howwa, un des da wenicher os er hoert fon ei shlofa won er harsh yawga gait, des da liever is es 'm Eddie.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wie geshter g'sawt, morya hut unser exkursion train noch Nei Yarrick 'n ess kar aw hanka, un woh ol os wolla sandwiches, koffie un onner essa socha griega kenna—ebbes os m'r noch nee mohls kotta hen uf ra exkursion noch Nei Yarrick.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 19:7-14

Referring once more to the second part of Psalm 19 speaking of the Law of the Lord, in contrast with the laws of God operating in the various sciences throughout nature, we find an interesting literary phenomenon in verses 7-9. The Law of the Lord is in a way summed up in the Ten Commandments, which comprise the moral principles of the Law. The Hebrews call the Ten Commandments the Ten Words which God spoke to Israel through Moses at Sinai. The three verses, 7-9, speaking of the Law, the Testimony, the Statutes, the Commandment, and the Judgments of the Lord (words running also throughout the whole of the long 119th Psalm) consist of ten words each in the Hebrew text, whether by way of coincidence or purposefully on the part of the author, we may not know. The Psalm as a whole, like the Bible itself, begins with a reference to creation and ends with redemption, 'redeemer' being the last word of the Psalm. In v. 14, 'my strength' is in the Hebrew text 'my rock,' a good illustration of a concrete for an abstract idea, characteristic of the Hebrew language.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Since our recent trip many people have asked us:

"Where would you like to make your home if you had your choice of all the forty-eight States?"

My unqualified answer is — in Connecticut.

This is not because Connecticut is one of the most beautiful States in the Union—which it is.

Neither is it because we have the best climate in the country here—which we haven't.

The people are nice, but they are not any nicer than people are anywhere else.

Living expenses are no cheaper here than in Massachusetts, California, Texas, Alabama or Georgia. They are probably a little higher than in many other States.

Taxes are just as high if not higher, the roads are just as crowded—in brief, there is no particular reason why we should choose Connecticut of all places.

But we do, and let me tell you why.

If I were a Texan, I'd choose Texas of all places. If I were a Californian, California would be my choice. If I were a Louisian-an nobody could convince me that any other place is just as good as New Orleans or Baton Rouge or Opelousa.

Home is where the heart is.

That's an old saying, but how true!

Here we just finished a trip of more than five thousand miles. We had a wonderful time every mile of it.

But nothing on that whole trip was so wonderful as the coming home.

When I turned into our own driveway, when I unlocked the door, when I went into the kitchen for a glass of ice-cold water, when I saw the river flowing in back of the house and the chickadees and nuthatches and woodpeckers and squirrels and chipmunks—then I knew I was home.

There are squirrels in Texas and water in Louisiana and birds in Mississippi—

—but they weren't our birds, our water, our home.

I don't think it makes the slightest difference where you live. It's how you live that counts.

It's what life means to you, what you put into it, what you get out of it. That's what living means.

That is why you can, if you want to, live anywhere on earth and be happy.

Frankly, one of the reasons we took this trip was to see whether we might like it any better anywhere else than right here in New England. We thought we were a little fed up on the same scenery, the same neighbors, the same everything.

It has taken us 5000 miles to realize that there are happy people everywhere and unhappy people everywhere.

We loved every state through which we traveled. This is a great and glorious country, and if you have the stuff, you can be fairly successful and very contented in any part of it.

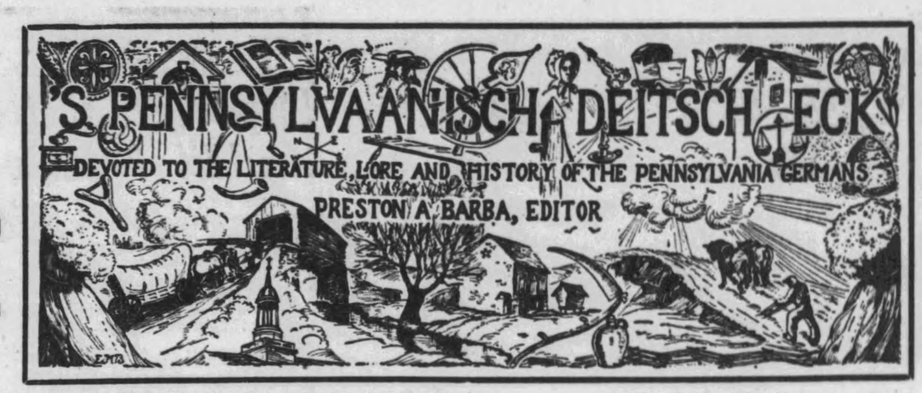
But we plan to remain right here in Connecticut.

Because this is where our heart is. And you can't easily move your heart from one place to another.

(Copyright, 1951)

Horoscope

Your next year is indicative of some good fortune and happiness. Good qualities are foretold of today's child.



HUNNERT JOHR ISS SCHUN VERGANGE

To my beloved sister ANNA, commemorating her visit, with her daughter Ella, to my home, Aug. 18th to Sept. 10th, 1904, after a separation of more than twenty-five years, the memory of whose quiet, patient, cheerful and faithful life, has been to me a benediction and an inspiration in the vicissitudes of more than three score years, these lines in the familiar language of our fireside, are affectionately inscribed by her brother

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania **JACOB NASH MOYER**
Oct. 15th, 1904.

Es macht mer oft recht Herzeleid
Wie z'rueck in die Vergangeheit
Im schtille mei gedanke rege!
Am erschte war die mutterlieb—
'S erscht ich mich erinnere kann—
Der Dad war naechscht, die kinner dann
Die um die wieg, mit sacht gelieb
Fascht net hen schnaufe mege.

Denk 's iss net lang gegange,
Bruelle 'n tobe hot ag'fange—
Vun dem, natuerlich, wesz ich net
Viel meh', ich wahr noch zimlich gle'
Ich wesz dehl tricks un an're sache
Die haette grosse bruelle mache!
's iss all vorbei, mer losst's ah geh
Un halt jusch't's bescht—ich denk mer set.

'S johr Achtzehunnert war die Zeit
Der aller erscht vun unsere leut
Iss vun der Schtates rei kumme.
Bis an die zwanzig un 'm berg
Mit huewel, schpringe, baem and schte
Die ware gross—ganz wenig gle—
'S war all busch, ke schulhaus, kerrich—
E gross schtueck hot er do ufg'numme.

Hunnert johr iss schun vergange
Ach! wo soll mer dan afange
Vun alle gschichte mol zu sage
Jusch't was gscheh iss in unsere Zeit?
Vum Grossdade wesz ich nex meh
Die hemath awer—'S duht mer weh
Dass ich entfernt bin meile weit—
'S muss so sei—ich will net glage.

E hausvoll hot er mit gebrocht,
Un noch e gute herd darnooch
Hen's erschtmol do den dag erblickt—
Mir schtamme vum letschte gschlecht—
Die Mam iss in die wildnisz kumme
Der Dad hot bal e weible gnumme!
E schoene hemath—'S war ah recht—
Hot er for sei dehl gegrickt.

'S hot awer net gar lang gedauert,
Er hot der blatz mit meh gebauert,
Hot ausverkaft un fortgezogge
Weit nuf vun alle leut eweg—
O elend! was e zeit sell war
For junge fra mit kinnerschaar,
Dag lang, meil weit, darch arrig dreck—
All muth iss naechst ausgflogge!

ENDLICH SIN MER DANN IM INSCHING BUSCH

Drowe im Insching Bush, ei ja,
Wo die Woelf un baer un schlange,
Un fuechs un hersch un turkeys ah
Uewerall sin wild gegange—
Im Insching Busch!

Es wahr im haeszlich township Dunn
Am Rainham Road ganz neu (O mei!
Drin Fahre war gewiss ke fun
Hot mir ausgfunne dann ganz glei)
Im Insching Busch!
(Rainham Road is near Dunnville, Ontario)

Mer hot gedenkt sie werde hoarse,
Die woelf wo alle nacht gebruellt
(Der Dad hots abgeglort of course,
Du wescht es war ah ferchtig wild)
Im Insching Busch!

Im laf der Zeit, natierlich dann,
War e halb-schtock haus ufgschlage
Wann Ich mich recht erinnre kann,
So gross wie en gedeckter wage—
Im Insching Busch!

'S geht nimme lang bis hinkle gachse
'S feld geggt, geplantzt, die fence gemacht
Un alles herlich schoe am wachse—
Busch, feld, alles gedeckt mit pracht,
Im Insching Busch!

Ke lange Zeit
Sin unsre leut
Im Insching Busch gebliewe—
Graad zwee-un-verzig war es johr
Bin Ich gebore, 's iss ah wohr
In die Biewel war's nei gschriwe.

Nooch zwee johrs zeit
(Wesz net wie weit)
Owwe naus sin mer gegange.
Mit haeuser, schtore, muehle—
Do hen mer mahle agefange.

E paar johr do
Dann wither dro
Ans uf packe un weg zuege,
Geht's an "die zwanzig" zrueck, schier gar
Wo unsre alte heimath war—
Mer ment mer koennt sich now vergnuege!
("Die zwanzig"' refers to Twenty Mile Creek, west af Hamilton, Ontario)

Fuenf Johre meh—
Kann's net verschteh—
Bis wither alles iss ufgruesse,
Verkaft ('s iss wohr) die bauerei,
Dann alles in der wage nei,
Nooch Short Hills hen mer zuege muesse.

Acht johr verschwend—
(Blatz war garent
For fufzeh johr) es hot mich gfreet—
Ich kann's net sage—kann noch seh
Der blatz wie Paradise so schee—
Bal aa verkaft, duht mer noch leed!

Es hot gegleuckt
Dass Ich geschickt
War owe naus zu schtudiere:
Kamm war Ich droh bis—muss Ich's sage?
Hen's heem verkaft! Herz un age
Arrig schmerz hen muesse schpiere.

Du wescht noch wohl
Scheur, Keller, voll,
Nooch dages harte aerwet wie
En owet mer hen esse wolle
Am kueche dach die flamme grolle
Sel war in Drei-un-sechzig frueh.

'S haus verbrennt!
(Es war gebrent)
Fascht alles hen mer doh verlore.
Dann wither nooch e kartze•zeit
(Es war voll sechzig meile weit)
Sin mer nooch die zwanzig gfahre.

Zweemol noch naus
E neues haus,
Hot dann der Awram schoe ufgschtellt;
Doh hot der Dad viel baehm ausgsetzt
Un drauwe-schtock; denk 's iss noch jetzt
En guter bungert daert im feld.

'S war nimme lang
Im lebes gang—
Der Dad war grank, muss schterbe.
Die vun die Kinner, die
Sin e dehl doh hi, dehl daert hi
Sei eege zweck un ziel erwerbe.

So iss die Zeit
Vergange: heut
Sin mer all bis eens am lebe.
Mir kinner, set ich doch sage
Die aeltere hen vollbrocht ihr dage—
Bal hot's en end mit unserm schtrebe.

Fuenf-un-zwanzig!
'S iss kamm glaablich
Dass so viel johr verflosse sin—
'S iss awer wohr
Grad so viel johr
Ich vun euch fort gegange bin.

O frohe zeit!
Es war uns freud
Der bsuch ihr hen uns gmacht.
Es war e freed
For buhwe, maed—
Dag war zu harz, zu lang die nacht.

Wann ihre welle,
Du un die Ella,
Hoff Ich geht 's net lang (will schreiwe)
Dass ihr kumme
Mit der blumme
Un der summer darrich bleiwe.

Mei brief iss lang,
Es iss mer bang,
Kannscht mei schreiwe net ausmache.
Die ganze gschicht
War e gedicht
Hunnert johre lang voll sache.

Gruesz an euch all
Un screib uns bal—
Oft lacht mer—koennt besser heule—
Oft im schtille
Duht der wille
Wunnerbar sich aa verweile.

Wie mer 's gern het
Geht 's aa gar net,
Un mer mag ah gar nix sage—
Dan luschtig glacht
Mit aller macht—
Grad so gut mer duht net glage!

(Ich lach meh wie dehl leut wisse—
Hab ah schun die leftz gbisse,
Weil Ich schweige grad hab muesse!—
Des doh screib Ich for die Ella,
Wann du wit ihr es vorschtella).
Ferewell
Dein liebende Bruder
JACOB N. MOYER

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
October 15th, 1904.

TO THE READER

The verses "Hunnert Johr iss schun vergange" appear here by courtesy of Mr. Orpheus Moyer Schantz, octogenarian naturalist and lecturer, who was reared in Canada and is now living in Red Bank, New Jersey. He is the nephew of the author, Jacob Nash Moyer.—The Moyer family is widely spread throughout Pennsylvania as well as in Canada (see the Moyer Family History compiled in 1895 by the Rev. A. J. Fretz). In the Pottstown Telephone Directory alone there are more than 480 entries! The progenitor of the Moyer family in America was Christian Moyer (Meyer) who came to Pennsylvania from Switzerland early in the 18th century. His great-grandson, Samuel Moyer, like other Pennsylvania German families, pioneered to Canada and took up lands in Ontario late in the 18th and in the early 19th centuries. It is a remarkable fact that the descendants of these Pennsylvania Germans living in Ontario have clung to their folkways and many of them have continued to speak the dialect of their forefathers.

Jacob Nash Moyer, grandson of pioneer Samuel Moyer, was born on the old homestead in Ontario in 1842. Two older brothers and a sister (the mother of the above-mentioned Orpheus Moyer Schantz) taught school in Ontario. Jacob Nash Moyer served as an accountant in Illinois, Minnesota and Pennsylvania. He also preached occasionally. He was a gifted penman and artist in pen and ink drawings. His verses in the ECK today, written nearly half a century ago, will be of some interest to the students of our dialect. The original orthography has been retained.—P.A.B.

BOOK REVIEW

ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY ON THE AMISH—An annotated Bibliography of Source Materials Pertaining to the Old Order Amish Mennonites. by John A. Hostetler. Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa., 1951.—$1.50.

No group of Pennsylvania Germans has received so much attention as the Amish; at the same time it can be said that no group is so little understood. For many an outsider the terms "plain people" and "Pennsylvania Germans" are synonymous. Henceforth there is no good reason for such superficial knowledge and misinformation about the Amish, for the Bibliography just published by the Mennonite Publishing House at last makes accessible a vast amount of source material about the Amish to librarians, students, scholars, antiquarians and the public in general.

The author, John A. Hostetler of Pennsylvania State College, himself stemming from the Old Order Amish, has long been a keen student of Amish life and history, and of rural sociology. He has endeavored in this compilation to list every book, article and scrap of information available on the Amish, not only in Pennsylvania but also in some 50 settlements in North America. One is impressed by his formidable array of items, 100 pages of them, an invaluable aid for all who seek answers to the many questions that constantly arise: What are the doctrines of the Amish faith?—Do the Amish educate their children? — Has our government studied the Amish communities?—Do the Amish have the answer to social security?—Is there fiction about the Amish?—Do they have a folk art? etc., etc.—Each item in this Bibliography is annotated by a statement of its contents and the author's evaluation of the same. In so doing he has given the future researcher a concise and complete summary of both published and unpublished material about the Old Order Amish Mennonites. In its scope it includes both Europe and America from the origin of the Amish in 1693 down to the present time. The entire bibliography is arranged in four parts: 1. Books and pamphlets; 2. Unpublished theses; 3. Articles; 4. Unpublished sources such as letters and documents and personal collections of Amishmen.

A short preface and a valuable Terminology defining such terms as "Amish," "Amish Mennonite" (also known as New Order and Church Amish), "Old Order (or House Amish) and the "Beachy Amish," together with a brief chapter "Geographic Location of the Amish" and an Introduction by Professor Harold S. Bender of the Goshen College Biblical Seminary under whose direction the task was begun, precede this most useful bibliography.

IMAGINE!

Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, native of Emmaus, Muhlenberg graduate and Professor of German at Susquehanna University has long taken a scholarly interest in the arts, customs and lore of our Pennsylvania German people. Among his outstanding works are the valuable monograph "A Picture of the Pennsylvania Germans," Gettysburg, 1947, and his "Pennsylvania German Wills (Yearbook 1950 of the Penna. German Folklore Society).

But it comes as something of a surprise that this versatile professor has also fathered a new Pennsylvania "Dutch" style in the American necktie industry. And this is how it happened.

While Dr. Gilbert was visiting in the men's clothing store in Emmaus, operated by his brother-in-law, Martin T. Kemmerer, Mitch Jossem, vice president of Superba Cravats of Rochester, N. Y., a leader in the American necktie industry, walks in. Jossem exhibited some of his firm's latest creations. Dr. Gilbert casually suggested that our Pennsylvania German folkart motifs would furnish attractive designs. The conversation ended with a request that Dr. Gilbert furnish the firm with designs and information about them. In mid-September Dr. Gilbert received a parcel containing, with the firm's compliments, eight ties fashioned after the suggested desgns. On the reverse side is stamped "Traditionally American Pennsylvania Dutch."

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Editorials

Carry and Use Chains

When motorists, a week ago especially, complained bitterly because they were delayed for many hours on the highways and furiously but futilely sought to find some one upon whom to place the blame, they did not realize that throughout this entire area of the United States, wherever weather conditions similar to ours prevailed, the same results for traffic were developed.

Part of the trouble was not Nature's doings. It was manmade. Very, very few motorists were prepared for the difficulties that they created for themselves and in addition created for others. A lot of them may have been looking at the calendar and noting that winter begins officially at 11 a.m. Saturday, December 22. Accordingly, few carried chains for their cars. Few motorists cursed themselves for not being ready to apply chains. They cursed the others for not having brought theirs.

The situation that developed in Washington, D. C. appears to have been as bad, or worse, than the conditions that we know existed hereabouts. In that city it is likely that very determined action will be taken to prevent repetition of last week's troubles. In that city in the event of snow fall and in the earliest stages of trouble for cars, the police will direct every car without chains or snow tires to get out of traffic and not return until chains have been applied.

In some areas there is talk about requiring car owners to have sets of chains in the cars throughout the winter months and that, failing to have them, as determined by a spot inspection, they will be punishable by fine.

It is very evident from this that the traffic experts believe lack of chains for cars and trucks was the most important factor, next to the weather itself, in last Friday night's tieups. In light of this analysis about the only motorists who can complain in all honesty about delays of many hours, heavy wear and tear upon tires and tempers and wastage of tanks and gasoline are those who had chains in their cars, applied them and made no contribution to the traffic troubles.

For a Good Police Dept.

Like the Sphinx who was believed carefully to guard her secret and to reveal it only as she saw fit, Mayor-elect Brighton Diefenderfer kept his own counsel concerning his appointments in the Police Department for more than six weeks but finally has satisfied our naturally curious citizens as to his decisions.

Sweeping quadrennial changes in this important department of government have come to be expected ever since the police actively entered politics some years ago and apparently evidenced a good deal of influence with the electorate. A situation has developed in which it has become a common saying during administration after administration that "half of the police are for the Mayor and half of them are against him." Then comes quadrennial battle at the polls, change of administration and the pendulum swings back in the mayoralty and his executive staff.

While our citizens in general have recognized that this is not the best kind of a situation, the fact is that our people themselves have developed it and encouraged it. No department in our government should be encouraged to believe that it is the city's Warwick, our king-maker.

But be that as it may, we have a new administration ahead of us in the continuing pattern of many years. And we shall have a virtually new police group. Happily for the city the makeup is new only relatively speaking.

In the appointment of Anthony L. Reilly as chief of police Mayor-elect Diefenderfer has chosen an officer of long and wide experience in the work of this department. There is probably not one phase of the department's activities in which Mr. Reilly has not been engaged during his many years of service. Always the verdict has been that he has done his work well. There is the savor of appointment on the basis of merit rather than for strictly political reasons in the naming of Captain Reilly to be the chief. Our citizens certainly will favor such appointment.

Much the same thing can be said for other appointments announced by Mr. Diefenderfer. He was at the helm of city affairs for four years. He was outside looking in for another four years. That he learned a great deal about men in that time, particularly the men in the department in which he is most concerned, was inevitable. That he has applied this knowledge to good advantage appears from his appointments.

The auguries are good for a well conducted police system during the next four years. Our people will hope that the new mayor will enjoy the highest kind of service from the men who will be closest to him and that he will possess the courage to demand such service if there be any faltering as the months and years go on.

Winter Driving Tips

After a week's costly experiences in the driving of motor cars in these parts, a lot of motorists well may examine into their driving habits and learn whether there are some points in which they fail and on which they can brush up before their tires are worn to the fibre, their fenders bashed, their batteries run down and engines strained and scored.

Lowering of speed on open country roads can of course reduce fuel costs now as at any other season of the year. In addition here are nine tips offered by a traffic expert to save time and money during winter driving:

1. A light foot on the throttle can save up to half your gas when starting and shifting gears.
2. Go easy on the accelerator when the engine is cold.
3. Fill the gas tank often; air in the tank mixes with the fuel and leaves moisture which may cause corrosion inside the motor.
4. Never overload the engine. Shift into lower gear as necessary, avoid surging the throttle, and let the motor act as a brake in stops.
5. Criss-cross tires on wheels and spare rim every 5,000 miles. And keep tire pressure at the exact prescribed level — no more, no less.
6. Use the right weight oil. Incorrect weight can cost as much as seven-tenths of a mile per gallon.
7. Keep the air filter clean. Change exhaust lines and muffler every 30,000 miles.
8. Make sure all battery connections are tight and corrosion-free.
9. Have complete car check-up twice a year.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It is gratifying to know that SOMEBODY has something good to say about the rising generation.

There seems to be a widely accepted idea nowadays that all children are destined to grow up to be criminals and outlaws.

I don't know whether these fears and these ideas originated in the movies or on radio or television — but it just ain't so.

Now comes Dr. Arthur Judson Brown, secretary emeritus of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, who just celebrated his ninety-fifth anniversary and who worked with and observed youngsters all his life.

"I am particularly encouraged by what I have seen of the young people of the rising generation," he said.

"They may appear more reckless because under modern conditions they have more ways of making fools of themselves. But on the whole I believe they are facing the problems of life more seriously and intelligently than the young people of fifty years ago.

"I know — for I have inside information. I was one of them myself."

And right there is where most of the trouble lies.

We are ALL young once. But it seems that we have entirely forgotten the follies of our youth —and also its temptations.

It seems that we the parents—and the critics — of youth don't realize that the energies and curiosity of youth are altogether different from the fears and sophistications of age.

Professor John Dewey said in one of his books — I believe it was "Democracy and Education" — that children are PEOPLE.

He wrote that living is learning and that learning is living.

The system of education now being tried out in many of our schools has put that idea into operation.

But the recent test given to 11,000 students with an average intelligence quotient of 75 or higher does not seem to indicate that the system is working or WORKABLE.

You must all have read about that test.

18 per cent of those tested did not know how many months there are in a year. 16 per cent did not know why the Fourth of July is a national holiday. 9 percent did not know how many three cent stamps you can buy for 75 cents. 3 per cent could not tell time.

I have a suspicion that a lot of those students simply kidded along the teachers. I don't believe that they were really dumb.

I believe that they REBELLED against the simplicity of the test and resented the fact that such an idiotic test was being given to them.

I believe furthermore that a good many of the little tricks children play on grownups are a matter of rebellion.

Too many parents and adults in general are too condescending toward children, instead of REASONING with them and EXPLAINING things to them.

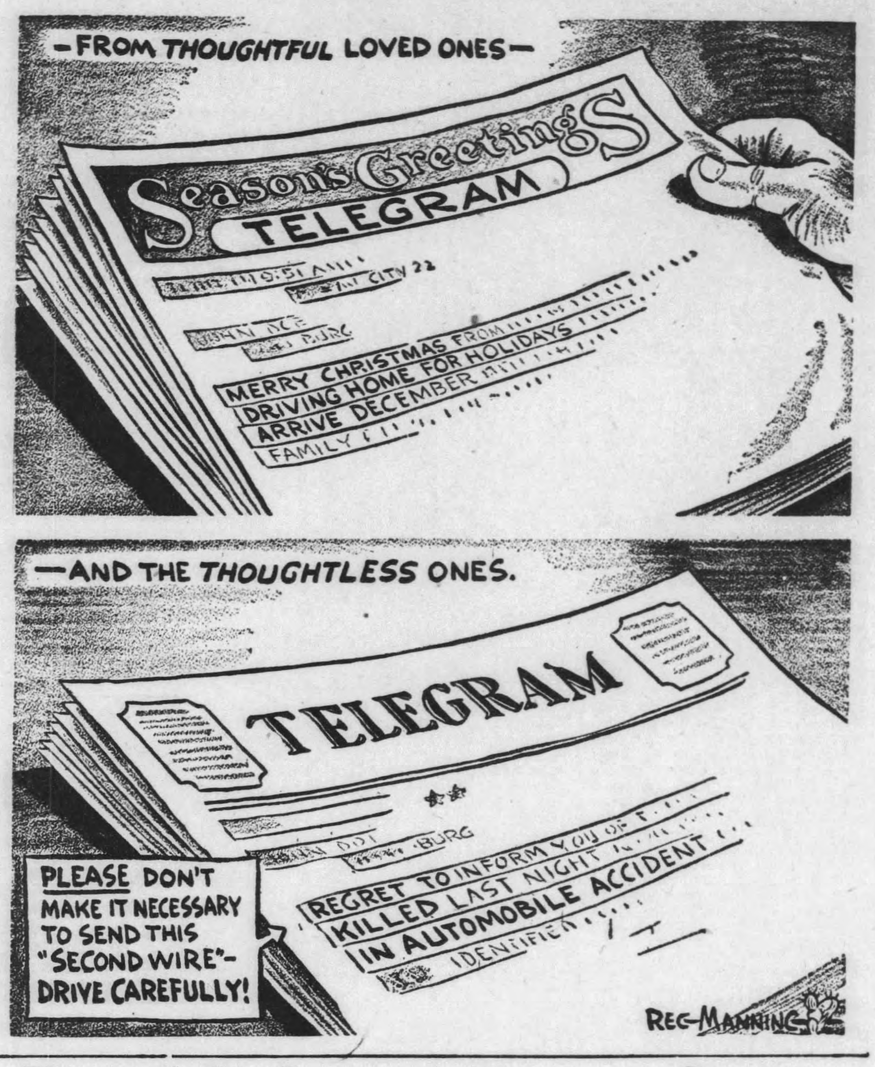
"You must" and "you must not" make the kids ask themselves who are YOU to tell US what we must and must not do.

Look how you have messed up everything, they say. All we have to do is read our newspapers. Don't you say yourselves that the world is in terrible shape?

Maybe the KIDS would like to have a fling at making this a BETTER world to live in.

Maybe they REALIZE that they are PEOPLE.

Holiday Messages



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Some day Harry S. Truman will no longer be President, and he will review in his mind some of the things he did while he was President of the United States. And one of the things that will trouble his conscience is the unwarranted imputation that the press of this country is unpatriotic or that it wishes to publish military information of aid to the enemy.

Mr. Truman issued recently a "gag" order, to which the Managing Editors Assn. of the Associated Press as well as another group — the American Society of Newspaper Editors — took vigorous exception. Representatives of these two bodies endeavored to persuade the President to modify his so-called security order so it would not stop the free flow of information on matters plainly outside the security category. But Mr. Truman has taken the attitude that the order is necessary, and he is indignant at the press for objecting.

The Truman administration, of course, is strongly political and has been charged again and again with bottling up news that is unfavorable to its political cause. Such an administration, in order to overcome such impressions, might be expected to lean over backward in trying to rewrite the order to accomplish all the purposes of security without setting up a gag on legitimate information unrelated to security matters.

There was no serious trouble between the government and the press during either World War I or World War II. A voluntary censorship was effective in both periods. The press was given a description of the categories of news and types of statistics which would prove valuable to the enemy. There was an opportunity, moreover, to argue about differences with the Office of War Information in World War II and the Committee on Public Information in World War I. In both instances the heads of those agencies reported to the President.

Centralized Information

In the present instance the White House itself — which is naturally a very strongly political center — has centralized all information in such a way that other agencies hesitate to give out data and will not take the trouble to go through all the red tape of clearance when in doubt. The material is stopped at the source.

Thus the Truman administration goes on record as the first administration to impose censorship at the source and to abrogate the spirit, if not the letter, of the First Amendment to the Constitution. It hardly seems credible that those "Voice of America" broadcasts which criticize the lack of freedom of the press and the totalitarian control of the Soviet newspapers and periodicals can now be continued with sincerity and candor.

The President has twice asked the press to come in and make suggestions. It has done so twice, but Mr. Truman declines to see the point — that his order goes beyond the needs of security.

The "Washington Post" — whose managing editor, J. R. Wiggins, was chairman of the Managing Editors Committee of the Associated Press — has come out editorially with some concrete suggestions. It favors the use of the words "military security" rather than "national security" in the order. It says "authority to originate classifications" should be limited "to agencies directly concerned with military security."

Uniform Rules

Uniform rules, moreover, for classifying and handling security matter, such as those contained in the Defense Dept.'s manual, are advocated and also changes in the definition of "confidential," which today includes the unauthorized disclosure of information and material "which would be prejudicial to the interests or prestige of the nation or would cause unwarranted injury to an individual, or be of advantage to a foreign nation."

The argument is properly made that this should be changed to read "prejudicial to the safety of the nation." There might also be a central agency of the government, directly under the President, to review the classifications and supervise the system.

All this has been said in substance to the White House before but, for some unaccountable reason, Mr. Truman has not adopted the suggestions. It is a regrettable episode in American history reflecting on the capacity of a President of the United States to deal at arm's length and yet cooperatively with the press of the republic.

(Copyright 1951)

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

HOMECOMING

I watch them at the depot — the mothers at the gate —
Who ask the age old question: "Is the train on time or late?"
The annual tears of gladness; the same sweet laughter gay;
The loved ones home returning to spend the Christmas Day.

I watch them staring, peering along the railroad track
And think how glad the season that brings the loved ones back!
How long and bleak the absence of those obliged to roam!
But, oh, the joy of Christmas which brings the children home!

Oh, glorious, happy moment when love flings wide the door!
The family united; the table filled once more.
The mother and the father, the grandfolks all content.
Oh, little Child of Bethlehem, all this your coming meant.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 22, 1926, a Wednesday

The advent of Christmas was celebrated by the Allentown Four Square Club at its dinner meeting at the Hotel Allen. Old time carols were sung by the boys' choir of Grace Episcopal Church, Frank Sanders directing, and the Christmas story was re-told by the Rev. William C. Schaeffer, DD, of St. John's Lutheran Church.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In Detroit, a seven-year-old protege of Harvey Campbell's held up a picture of Abraham Lincoln and gravely declared, "This is the man who frayed the sleeves." "You're a bit off the beam," explained Harvey. "Mr. Lincoln is the man who freed the slaves. The President who frayed the sleeves didn't come along until many years later."

Horoscope

Good fortune should be registered in the months ahead. Artistic and musical ability are quite likely for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GONGA SICH BLESSIERRA:

Die alt sawg is ols, 's wear gawainlich ainer in yaderra harsh hunder drup os gae wot harsh yawga, un so wors aw farna in da harsh tzeit, wies Roscoe Decha fon Northampton, 's Elmer Fehnels', 'n Harry Fehnels', uns Cortland Cressmans' fon Cross Roads, noch Lake Minnisink worra harsh yawga. Die monsleit worra doh net yusht gonga, die weiver worra aw dabei, 'm Elmer sei "Em," 'm Roscoe sei Minnie, 'm Harry sei Meda, un 'm Cortland sei Mary. Sie worra ol fer etlicha dawg om Lingerwyle kabin, un shure hen 'n bommerawlishie gutie tzeit kotta.

Now wie g'sawt, sis gawainich ainer in yaderra hunder trip os gae wil yawga, un doh ow'r worra tzwae dabei-der Harry Fehnel un der "Cory" Cressman os ihra share hundas gaduh hen. Der aintsich'd druvel wor, os sie sich so olmechdich ferlora henyaderra uf seim aigna, un yaderer hut mohl fer 'n weil gaglawbt er mist die nocht drous im bush shpenda. Der Cory fer die wohret tzu sawga wor tzwae dawg ferlora, un dale hen so'n halvier noshion er het da freea eiwhner ihra Lawf Kauf nocha mohl iwwer lawfa wolla. Woh der Harry oi iwwer rum g'shtiv'ld is kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r die welt wor ihm aw mohl fer 'n weil gahairich ferliad-bardich wie er der "Lingerwyle koch kessle deckle nimmy hoerra hut kenna robbla.

Now der Elmer Fehnel wear aw garn ganunk gonga yawga, ow'r er shloaft so garn ei. Die weil os ers net gaduh hut fer 'n wecker uhr noh drawga wie sei "Em" hawwa hut wolla os er sot, is er liever dahame im kabin gabliva, un hut helfa karbet lumba glingla. Un sel bring'd uns on die gute tzeit os sie ol kotta hen darta in Lingerwyle, 'm Elmer sei "Em" hut 'n gonsie truck load frish g'schniddna karbet lumba mit ganumma fer naya. In kartza werta, sie worra net yusht gonga harsh yawgades is der Harry un der Cory, ow'r aw fer mohl ruh mocha mit da Emma ihra karbet lumba woh shun shun fer yohra heifa weiss rum galaiga hen.

Der. Elmer un der Roscoe hen sich noh net yusht ferwil'd karbet lumba glingla, ow'r hen aw don un won awenich tzeit kotta fer peanuckle shpiela. Un dabei uf kours is aw gessa werra. Die weibsleit worra die kech, un kon eich sawga sie hen sich in die reeva galust, gameese fon alla orta, hinkle un budboy, un so 's gleichas. Niemond hut hunger leida breicha darrich die tzeit os sie drowwa worra, un arbadich so net iwwer Sundawg, wie aw noch der John Corell un sei Lillie fon Northampton kumma sin. Der. John shoft fer die Arnolds' beckerrei, un hut 'n gonsie mashine load gabocka socha mit gabrocht un woh sie shier net gawist hen ous 'm waig tzu shoffa bis es tzeit wor fer hame gae.

Harsh hen sie kenna grick'd, ow'r yaders hut so'n wunnerborie gute tzeit kotta os sie innerlich winscha, die harsh tzeit kaimt alla paar mohnet rum, so os sie efter wie sel tzomma kumma kenta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Milt Herber fon Bullfrock gaibt gore nix drum won der Belsnickle sich des yohr erbarma dade, un bauer bree drake bringa fer 'n Grishdkind'l.

Wos noch mainer is, der Milt hut grawd die ort bree drake uf hond woh 'n monicher bauer froh wear tzu howwa-hond gamochta bree drake frish nei uf gamocht, un wohs shiend os niemond now may howwa wil.

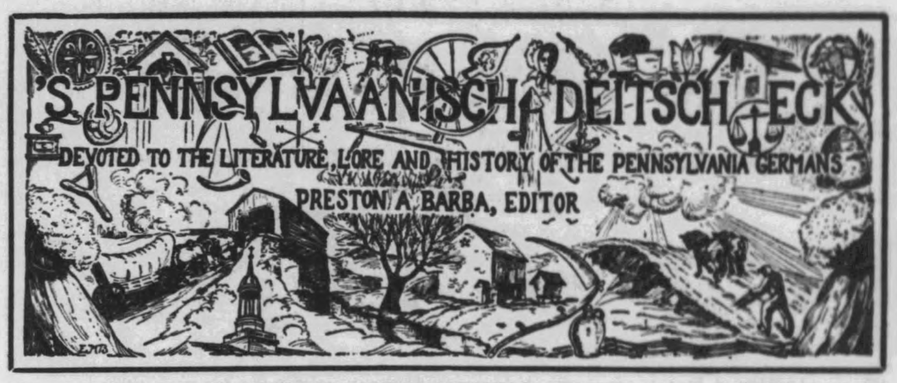
Der Milt maint, 's wear niemond besser om socha weck gewwa os niemond wot wie der Belsnickle, un maint er kent sei drake ferleicht sella waig lose werra.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 22: 12-13

In these verses there are two different kinds of animals referred to, describing the spirit of the crowd which had gathered to witness the execution of Jesus, inspired by Satan, the arch-enemy of Jesus, now that the Redeemer of men had apparently been put out of the way. 'Bulls of Bashan,' v.12, represent a particularly fine breed (east of the Jordan, to the north). Had the crowd been able to do so, it would, according to the nature of bulls, been willing to gore the body of the helpless victim. In v.13, the same mob is represented as a 'roaring lion,' ready to rend and to tear His body. Satan is described in 1 Peter 5:8 as a roaring lion, so that it is not difficult to understand who is inspiring these enemies of Jesus. But Jesus is also described as a lion — the Lion of the tribe of Judah, Rev. 5:5. Some day both of these lions will roar terribly in their final conflict (described in the book of Revelation), when He Who came as the Lamb the first time (Is. 53:7), will come as the Lion, the King of kings, to put an end to the 'roaring lion,' and to establish His Kingdom of righteousness, peace, and glory.



ICH WINSCH EICH SCHEENE FEIERDAAGGE SO WIE'S VOR ALDERS WAAR ICH HOFF IHR HEN AA NIX ZU GLAAGGE IM GANSE NEIE YAAHR

— JOHN BIRMELIN

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

Once upon a midnight holy
As the shepherds, poor and lowly,
Sat their woolly flocks defending
On the plains of Palestine.

Lo the shrouded skies were riven
By a light from highest heaven,
And, their reverent foreheads bending,
Did they hear a voice divine.

While the message of the ages,
Longed for by the priests and sages,
By angelic choirs chanted,
Fell upon their charmed ears,

First they listened, then they wondered,
And the gladsome tiding pondered,
By that glorious vision haunted,
Bade farewell to all their fears.

Soon they haste to find the royal
Infant and adore in loyal
Fashion at the lowly manger
Found in little Bethlehem.

There a God with flesh encumbered,
Come to bear our ills unnumbered,
To his people aye a stranger,
Lay, the fruit of Jesse's stem.

Far within the holy city
Di-ves feasted (ah, the pity!)
All unknowing of the glory
Banished to a village inn.

Priests and Levites, all unheeding
On Jehovah's errands speeding,
Never heard the angels' story
Told no temple court within.

Once again the bells are ringing
And the childish hosts are bringing
Gifts of praise of hearts and voices
To the King who came a child.

Once again the nations offer
Richest gifts from purse and coffer,
And the Christian world rejoices
Over Him men once reviled.

But, yet potentates, remember,
And ye Pharisees, (December
Hath no colder heart, I know it!)
Christ was born for lowly men.

Though a king he lived a peasant,
Chose no easy lot nor pleasant,
And to crown his love ye owe it
To grow humble once again.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
1862-1934

The dialect poems of Louise A. Weitzel, with their wisdom and humor, have regaled the readers of the ECK through a number of years. None of our Pennsylvania German writers was also skilled in the writing of English verse. This sweet singer of Lititz, Pa., like Elizabeth Barrett Browning, struggled gloriously through life with her frail and crippled body. The above poem is taken from her volume of English verse, A QUIVER OF ARROWS, published in Lititz in 1908.

GRISCHTKINDLIN KAAFE

IWWERALL wu mer heert sin sie am reddie griegge fer Grischtdaag. Kaanscht du noch zerickdenke zu de Daage wie mer gleene Buwe bei enanner waare. Sellemols hot als die Mammi yeder vun uns en Handvoll Keschde gewwe, en Shtick belly-guts, un en Kuche Gaul odder zwee gebacke. Was waare mir als so gut gsaetisfeit mit unserm Grischdaagskindel. Un wann der Belsnickel als rumkumme iss, dann hett ich mer die Haut vum Bickel hacke losse far en Handvoll Grundniss.

Alleweil wann die Grischtdaag kumme, dann misse buschelweis Zucker, oranges un feine Niss bei fer de Kinner Bauchweh mache, un dernoh sin sie net gsaetisfeit. In Yaahre zerick wie ich un du gange sin die Meed sehne, hen mer ihne als ihre Grischtkindlin gewwe mit e paar Schtenglin rotschtreeficher Zucker un en Boss; mer sin dernoh als gebliwwe bis mer reddi waare fer heem geh. Uffkors, oftmools hen als die Haahne gegreht eb ich aus der Polly ihrem Haus kumme bin, awwer ich hab die Haahne net bleeme kenne—es waar ihre Zeit fer grehe. Alleweil misse die yunge Buwe ihre Meed en goldner Ring odder sogaar en goldni Watsch bringe uff de Grischtdaag, un dernoh darrefe sie yuscht bleiwe bis elf Uhr fer karessiere. Nau, karessiere koscht nix uff kennere Seit, un dohaer meen ich sett's net so deier sei. Mer hen als viel meh Karessieres for unser Geld grickt ass wie die Buwe nau duhne. Un sie saage mir es deet aller Yaahr heecher kumme.

Awwer ich bin vun meinre Grischtdaag subject kumme un mich verloffe an Karessiere. Es iss meh Gschpass ass en circus.

Ich will ee Watt saage zu de yunge Buwe wu ihre Meed Bresents mache welle uff de Grischtdaag. En verschtennich Meedel will ix Bessers hawwe fer en Bresent ass wi die attention vun me neise, sobere, uffrichtiche, schmaerte yunge Mann. Deel Meed gleiche en Bu yuscht fer die Bresents ass er ihne gebt. So en Meedel iss net waert zu thawwe. Ich hab schunn Buwe gekennt ass ihre Meed behenkt hen mit goldne Finger un Ohre Ring bis sie ken Gelt meh hen ghatt fer aafange haushalte wie sie gheiert hen. Sunndaag Maryets iss die yung Fraa in die Karrich kumme mit Gold an ihre Ohre un Finger. Nooch de Karrich iss sie heem un ihre Middaagesse aus ere Schtor-box grickt—sie waare zu aarm fer en Schank kaafe. Mei yunger Freind, duh meh Geld in die Kich un net so viel in der parlor—schpend meh Geld nooch dem Heiere un net so viel devor. Die Kich iss fer dich un die Fraa—der parlor fer die Kumpani. Die Kumpani findt meh Blessier in re scheene Kich wu Friede in der Haushalting iss ass wie im reichschte parlor wu Schtreit deheem iss—un loss mich dir saage, en Schtor-box fer en Schank maag duh so lang ass die Lieb blind iss, awwer sell iss yuscht nein Daag, wie en yungi Katz.

In karze Watte, mei yunger Freind, wann du dei Meedel zehlscht zu heiere, kaaf ihre nix ass du ihre net gewwe deedscht wann du sie schunn gheiert hettscht. Kaaf ihre nix Deieres except du kaanscht's gut afforde, un derno, bei Friede, nix uneedich. Geld iss zu hart zu griegge fer es uneedich eweck schmeisse, un wann dei Meedel dich net gleicht, weil du ken Naar bischt, dann loss sie zum Deihenker geh—sie iss dich net waert.

Der Boonastiel kaaft alsfert ebbes ass notwennich iss un net zu deier fer sei daarer Geldsack. De Grischtdaag kaaft er de Polly en fungelneier Schiene Besem. Derno wann sie widder die Hausbutz Gichtere grickt im Friehyaahr, hot sie ebbes fer ihre Zarn ausiewe.

—DER BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter)

DIE FEIERDAAGS MIEHL

Der Briefemann iss widder uff em Weeg,
Des iss es dritt Mool schunn fer heit;
Datt schteht er nau uff unsre hoche Schteeg,
Un mit me miede Nuck biet mir die Zeit.

Sei Sack iss gsehtoppte voll mit Kaart un Brief;
Des draagt er zeit de Marye frieh
Darch rauer Kelt un naaser Schnee so dief;
Nau reecht er mir en Bindel Kaarte hie.

Was hawwich doch so viele gude Freind!
Vun neegscht un aa vun weit eweck
Kummt Kaart un Brief. Die sin en rechti Meind
Vun Grischtdaags Wunsch—Blessier ihr eensischt Zweck.

Nau do iss eens, des iss abaddich schee—
Sankt Joseph un die Yungfraa mild
Begucke 's Kindel in Sei Kripp so glee;
Des macht en wunnerschee un zaartes Bild.

Deel Scheefer schtehne rum, deel gnie-e sich;
Die Scheefli lei-e datt im Feld;
Ya, alles heebt die Aagge unnerschich
Un ehrt des Gottkind, Keenich vun de Welt.

Un do gemolt in Farwe samft un fei,
Mer sehnt en schee altfrenkisch Kich;
Der Disch gelaade, Essach un aa Wei—
Die Leit sie sitze rum un freehe sich.

Der Feierheerd schmeisst Funke hie un do;
Die Schadde danse uff de Wand;
Mer meent mer schpiert die Hitz, un's macht em froh
Fer sehne gude Sache allerhand.

Well was iss des? Ich wunner nau! Ya 's iss
Mei yeehrlich Grischtdaags Brief vum Sim;
Un als ich lees vun des un sell, gewiss,
Es scheint mir dass ich heer sei diefi Schtimm.

Un des Yaahr hot er uffs Babier gedruckt
En Bild vun seim schee leidlich Gsicht;
Will hawwe, dass ich sehn wie er noch guckt—
Ya, des iss mir en ungewehnlich Gschicht.

Wie neier Schnee sin nau dei schwarze Haar,
Die Achsel aa en wennich grumm;
Un aa verleicht en bissel daab dei Ohr,
Mit gleene Runsle an de Aagge rum.

Wie lang Zeit mir als schwimme gange sin,
Un summers fische in de Grick;
Ya, aa en wennich gfochte zwische drin,
Gedischbediert eb 's Kunscht waar odder Glick.

Was sin mer als gegraddelt uff die Beem,
Die Feggli in de Neschter bsucht;
Des waar als Gschpass fer schpiele weck vun heem,
Der Nochbers Bauer hot uns oft verflucht.

Es Schlimmscht, hen mir des Fliegge Fiewer grickt;
Sinn aus em Owwerdenn getschumpt
Zum Mischthof nei; es iss uns net verglickt,
Der Halsgnick wennich gschtreent un deel gebumpt.

Ya, viel Erfaahring hen mir oftmools ghatt,
Die Memm un Paepp so oft verzarnt;
Die Schleeg un Schelterei hen nix gebatt,
Wie dumme Schtoffel hen mer nix gelarnt.

Nau sin die Aagge drieb, die Ohre daab,
Die Kinner Sache lengscht verbei;
Gedechtnis schteht uns bei, ya, bis ans Graab,
Un du un ich, mer bleiwe Freind gedrei.

1951 —MARTIN EDW. BIRMELIN

PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCHE BREDDICHE

Es iss ordlich wie die Sache sich ferennere imme Mensch seinre Lewenszeit. Ich hab do draa gedenkt die letschte paar Monet. Ich hab etliche Parre heere breddiche in Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch net so lang zerick. Den letschte Summer hawwich selwer gebreddicht in meinre Mudderschprooch.

Eb mir 1900 gschriwwe hen, hawwich yuscht paar englische Breddiche gheert. Die Parre hen awwer Hochdeitsch gebreddicht—ennihau so neegscht as sie hen kenne. Ich hab Schtunne lang in de Karrich ghockt un waar am Micke fange. Weesscht, wammer yuscht die Heift ferschteht was der Parre saagt, no gehne em glei die Aage un die Ohre zu, un 's Maul henkt em so weit uff as die Micke nei fliegge kennte. Die alte Leit hen awwer druff gschtanne es misst Deitsch gebreddicht warre. Sie hen wull die deitsch Zeiding nimmi lese kenne, un hen ihre Brief aa nimmi in Deitsch gschriwwe. Awwer Englisch hot ken Bissniss in de Karrich, hen sie als gsaat. Der lieb Gott schwetzt yo selwer Deitsch. Mer kann lese in de Biewel "Un Gott sprach," un sell iss Deitsch.

Darrich der aerscht Weltkrieg iss es Deitsch aus de Karrich geduh warre. Fer Yaahre waar alles Englisch. Nau awwer die letschte Yaahre hen mir iwwerall deitsche Fersammlinge ghalte. Un fer sell hen mir ausgemacht mir wette Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Karrich halte.

Letscht Summer, wie ich gebreddicht ghatt hab, hen sie in de Gemee aafange alte Lieder singe. Eens as ich fer fufzich Yaahr net gheert ghatt hab, waar:

"Freie Gnad, unendlich Lieb,
Freie Gnad, unendlich Lieb,
Freie Gnad, unendlich Lieb,
Drowwe im neie Jerusalem."

Sell meent in Englisch "Free grace, unending love, in the New Jerusalem above." Ich hab mei Aage zugedrickt un hab zerick gedenkt fer en halb hunnert Yaahr. Fer en gleeni Weil hawwich gemeent ich waer widder im Weisse 'Meeting' haus im Schtumpeschtedtel, un deet widder die alde Brieder sehne un heere in de grosse 'Meeting.' Owwer ich bin widder wacker warre, un sell waar all in de Fergangeheit. Doch, fer uns all iss "Freie Gnad, unendlich Lieb, drowwe im Nei Jerusalem."

Eier
KASCHPAR HUFNAGEL

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Editorials

Adding to Score vs Reds

There will be deep satisfaction in American hearts today over the news that four American flyers, held for virtual ransom in Hungary, have been released. Somewhat like the concern of God over the fall of just one sparrow, the American people often worry more about a few unfortunates whose distress is conspicuous than over a multitude who may be in even greater need.

Accordingly they have felt disturbed since it became known that four missing airmen were being held in Hungary. They have felt outraged since news of the sham trial and imposition of a cash fine of $30,000 each became known.

Considerable controversy has raged throughout the country about paying the ransom demanded for their release. There has been belief that such payment will be an invitation to every Soviet satellite to grab every American upon whom it can lay its hands, hold the equivalent of a drumhead court-martial and assess heavy fines in the confidence that the American people will demand payment in order to secure release.

On the other hand a lot of Americans have argued that either the Government promptly should provide the ransom or permit the American people to do so. As to the latter, Robert Vogeller, who knows more about Communist court and jail practices than most Americans, agreed to pass the hat to raise $120,000. Partisans for this opinion generally are irate to the highest degree. They want our Government in turn to grab every Red that our people can put hands on, throw them into jail and release them only upon similar heavy fines. This group forgets that all these Reds speedily would be represented by smart American lawyers. Each and everyone would avail himself of the inalienable rights guaranteed to friend or foe under our American Constitution and each and everyone soon would be released, in all likelihood with apologies and recompense of some kind.

Of course nothing like this is going to be done because the United States does not behave in the barbaric pattern to which the Soviet nations have reverted in their spy mania and other perversions.

Our government has decided the controversy by buying back our flyers at a cost of $120,000. It is not because they are trained aviators but because they are Americans and the American public has demanded that they be released and that any and all steps possible toward securing their release should be taken.

The four flyers' story's last chapter probably has not been written. Or it may be just one chapter in a big book of accounting that the United States is keeping with her enemies in the cold war. The final chapter of that larger book certainly has not been written. But it is already a huge volume of insults, injustices, bribery and blackmail, theft in the highest brackets of thievery and, most serious of all, slavery and murder.

Keep Alleys Clear

The importance of having open highways and well-cleared city streets in the event of fire was dramatically demonstrated on Thursday when a Fullerton dwelling burned down while firemen were striving to find a way around the dwelling's area and the nearby street that was blocked by two trucks and trailers that had "jack-knifed" on the street's icy surface.

Throughout the worst hours in highway blockades during recent storms one of the most serious concerns of people has been the fear that fire might break out somewhere and that fire fighters and their apparatus would not be able to make way through the tangle of trucks and pleasure cars. Fullerton's experience on Thursday night indicates what might have happened in Allentown, even on larger scale, had fire broken out somewhere. Certainly during many hours apparatus could not have reached a fire even a few blocks from the fire houses.

Fullerton's experience also indicates how serious the violation of ordinances providing for no parking in half streets may be. Those ordinances are not arbitrary. They represent a commonsense desire to protect life and property in the event of fire. It is logical for even the densest mind to comprehend that if cluttering up half-streets or alleys with motor traffic is dangerous and a fire hazard under normal weather conditions, then it is a thousand times more hazardous when ice and drifts of snow, deep ruts and glazed surfaces are the order of things on those streets.

Now, more than ever, the half-streets should be clear of motor cars at all times, especially during the night hours.

His City's News Dean

The death of Frank T. Boyle, for more than a score of years with the Morning Call and long the head of the newspaper's newsgathering and business organization in Bethlehem, grieves his associates and that host of friends in our sister city which was amassed by him during virtually a lifetime in that community and 53 years in newspaper work.

There is no doubt that Frank Boyle has been Bethlehem's best known newspaperman for many years. None could point to a record of such long and faithful service to his community in the field of work that he loved. He loved his city and her people and well he knew them and their long and respected history.

There was no secret about his ability to make and to hold friends. He possessed the charm to attract them and the sincerity to hold them.

Bethlehem and Frank's associates particularly have missed him during recent illness. Always however, there was the hope and some promise of his return. Now there is irretrievable loss to our Bethlehem office and we all are sad.

Sunday School Infantry

All thy children shall be taught of the Lord (Isaiah 54:13).

The Christian Church attaches great importance to the training of children, and the Sunday School throughout its long history has always been regarded as the "infantry" of the Christian army.

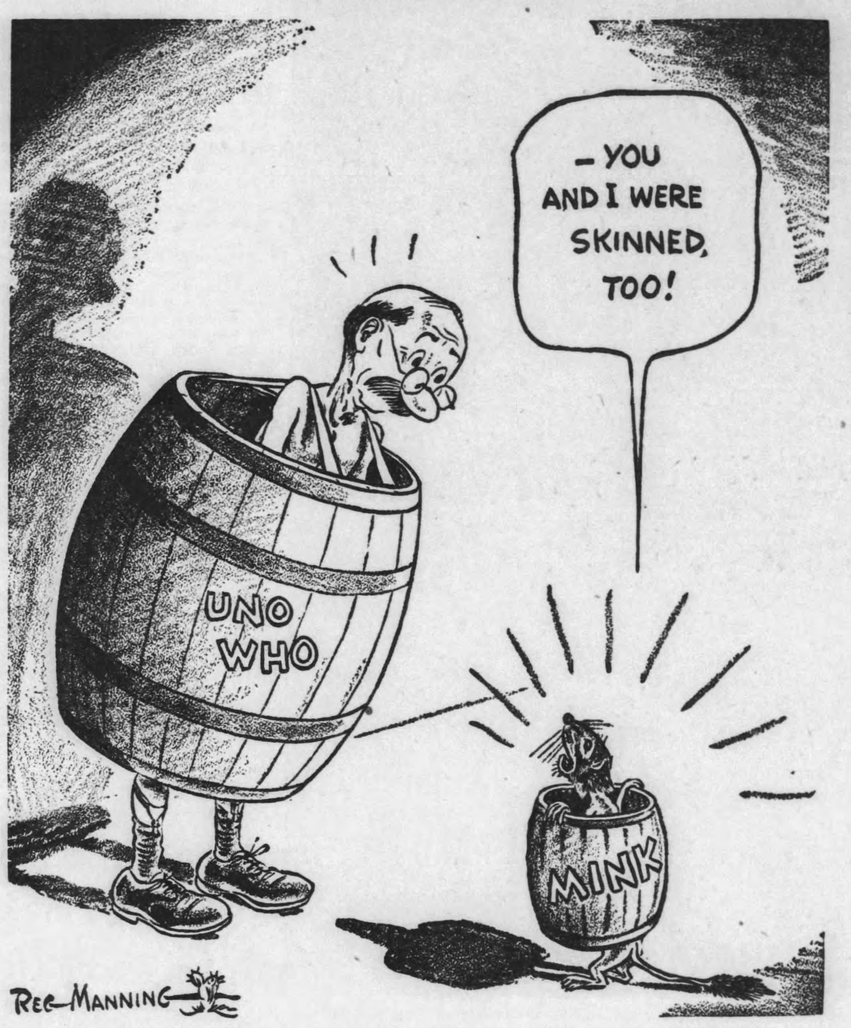
It has long been the practice to teach children early in life how to pray, and although few people today say grace before meals, there are many who never fail to say their prayers at night. The habit of a lifetime is not easily broken.

Bearing this in mind, state-run nurseries in Germany's Soviet zone have been ordered to lull small children to sleep with a new nursery rhyme:

With folded hands,
While eyelids sink,
For a moment
Of Stalin think.

Clever, isn't it? And not many years hence the world may pay very dearly for that simple nursery rhyme. It should, however, be a reminder to all with small children that the time to train them for life's battle is now; and the Christian Church, in all its branches, is willing to assist parents in discharging this important obligation. — The Chronicle (Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia)

Scandals Bared in '51



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

International blackmail isn't all on the other side of the Iron Curtain. There is a good deal of it on this side. Some of the principal offenders are stockholders of Bolivian tin companies who live in Europe and who are closely identified with the British government and with tin interests in Malaya and Indonesia.

For the biggest hold-up in the whole field of raw materials today is in tin, for which Bolivia is seeking to extort a high price from the United States. If granted, such a price will send up the cost of canned goods in America and other articles using tin containers.

The Reconstruction Finance Corp., headed by Stuart Symington and backed up by the unanimous recommendations of the Senate Preparedness Committee, of which Sen. Lyndon Johnson, Democrat, of Texas, is chairman, is refusing to bow to the Bolivian extortion.

Shocking Facts

The facts are shocking in their boldness and in their utter disregard of the interests of the American people. Here are the essential points:

First, the Bolivian tin production is interwoven in the tax policies of the Bolivian government. The price of the tin is figured, not on the cost of production, but on the amount the Bolivian government and the rich producers choose to collect. It is true that the expenses of the Bolivian government are met largely out of the tin tax, but, if the United States government wants to subsidize a foreign government, it could be better done by a direct grant or loan than by boosting the price of raw materials in world markets. Bolivia, incidentally, has defaulted on every single loan made to her by the United States in recent years.

Second, nobody knows how the gross receipts from the tin tax and tin sales are split as between the Bolivian government and the stockholders, who, according to London financial newspapers, are now getting a 100 per cent return on their invested capital and who expect even more if the new phases of the blackmail should be successful.

Third, the Bolivian costs of production—according to their own figures—have gone up only 28 per cent since Korea, and the RFC, which does American buying for the stockpile, has been willing to raise the pre-Korean price from 76 cents to $1.12 a pound, which includes the Bolivian export tax. This has been refused by Bolivia, and the Bolivian mining interests are demanding $1.50 and are saying, in effect: "America must come to us and accept our price.' '

Fourth, if the United States grants the Bolivian price, this automatically fixes the price for tin from Malaya and Indonesia and the Belgian Congo even though the production costs in each of those three areas are much lower than in Bolivia.

Fifth, if a foreign government can include an export tax as a part of the cost of production of a raw material and can increase that tax at will, the result will be, as the Senate committee has pointed out, that a foreign country has been given a key to the American Treasury. The export tax has gone up 100 per cent, even though costs of production haven't gone up more than 28 per cent.

Sixth, the RFC has suspended its purchases of tin for the American stockpile until Bolivia ceases its extortion and comes to an understanding based on sound commercial practices rather than gouging.

Heeding Protests

It is apparent that the Dept. of State is giving heed to Bolivian government protests and is sensitive to Bolivian pressures to get the price accepted. But the RFC is balking and is taking the position that, if the United States wants to subsidize Bolivia, that is a different matter and that this should not be allowed to affect the price of tin where it becomes a world price, because it will start a precedent in countries which have large supplies in oil, copper, rubber and other commodities needed in the armament program.

A mission sent recently by the RFC to Bolivia has reported that the price asked is unreasonable and that, while America should pay for tin a fair price that includes a reasonable profit, there is no reason why the various tin-producing companies owned by the British and other European interests should hold up Uncle Sam just because tin is needed to fight Communism.

It is a shameful chapter in international affairs and, when all the facts come out through Senate investigation, maybe Prime Minister Churchill will discover that the British government will have lost in economic aid many times the dollars involved in the Bolivian blackmail. For it seems certain that expressions of resentment will come from Congress when the mutual security program is up for further appropriations next year and particularly when aid to Britain is considered.

The whole affair needs a thorough airing, and the Churchill government might well be the first to clean its own house and show the American people that it is not asking for aid on the one hand and with the other hand abetting Bolivian blackmail of the American Treasury.

(Copyright, 1951)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT KEN GRISHDBAUM GEWWA: Mit tzwae Grishdbame uf da fedderra porch, dade m'r now denka os es miglich sei kent os die familia fom hous ken Grishdbaum het iwwer die Grishdawg? Sel ow'r is der fol ons Paul Frankenfields' fon da 13d un Walnis shtross doh in da shtadt. Der Paul wie ol wissa os 'n kenna, is head janitor om Allentown Hoch Schule gabei, un hut g'sehna datzu wie die shule feriwwer wor fer da Grishdawg, os naryads ken grishdbame shtae gabliva is in da shtubba. Grishdbame maint der Paul weara fire neshder, un hut seina shoff leit arders gewwa fer ol die bame hinna nous uf 'n haufa shmeissa, so os es yoh ken dumhata gaibt dadarrich.

Now 'm Paul sei Mary maint net os Grishdawg, Grishdawg weara mit ous sie hut 'm baum im parlor shtae. Fer freeda halta hut der Paul shun fer 'n gonsie woch odder noch langer 'n Grishdbaum dahame uf da fedderra porch leia kotta, ready fer uf shtella. Grishdbame shtella sich uf kours net selwar uf, un die weil os der Paul dawgs g'shoft hut, un so aw die Mary, is der Grishdbaum leia gabliva. Noh wie sie hous gabutzt hen mit da grishdbame inda Hoch Shule, hut der Paul 'n baum g'sehna os 'm aw g'shtonna hut, un hut selar dawgs fer Grishdawg aw noch haisa mit hame gae, un hen noh tzwae bame uf da fedderra porch leia kot.

Owets wie die Mary hame kumma is fon da arwet, hut der Paul Gamaint sie wotta ihra Grishdbaum uf shtella — der shanshd fon da tzwae nemma. Die Mary hut noh ow'r airsht wesha wolla eb sie helfa dade der Grishdbaum uf duh. Sel hut der Paul net gaboss'd, un is ins bed so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna. Die Mary hut noh gawesha mit ra maining fer der Paul wecka won sie fartich wear, ow'r is so shlaiferich werra os sie nimmy gawist hut die auga uf tzu halta. Ferol os es Grishdawg owet wor, un der baum shun langshd uf sei het solla, hut sie sich aw hee galaig'd, un is ei g'shlofa, un net wocker werra bis da nagshda morya.

Da nagshda morya—des wor Grishdawg morya, hut der Paul noh ous gamocht 's wear hoch tzeit fer der baum uf duh, un is nous uf die porch ainer fon da tzwae bame woh er drous leia hut kotta, haisa mit nei gae. Yusht wie er om wahla wor weiar baum os er nemma wot, sin tzwae boova 's payment nunner un ainer hut tzum onnerra g'sawt, er dade wunnerra eb selar kerl sei baum noch net uf het, odder eb er 'n uf kotta het, un wear 'n shun om runner nemma.

Sellie socha hoerra hut der Paul shier so arrick fertzarnt wies aw hut owets dafor wie die Mary g'sawt hut sie wot airsht wesha eb sie helfa dade der baum uf duh. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 's hut der Paul so fertzarnt os er der baum hee g'shmissa hut woh er gatzailt hut kot fer uf duh, un hut g'sawt, "sel sett'ld die Grishdbame bisnis fer des yohr, now wert gore kenna uf gaduh."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Shwetza fon ken Grishdbaum howwa, gamohnt uns on der Daniel Frantz fom Ironton hivel wohs niver gaeich Ballietsville gait.

Der Daniel—des is da Irene ihra Daniel, hut da tzwae glaina maid, da Phyllis un Barbara Grishdawg owet arder gewwa fer net ins bed gae bis er hame kaimt—er wot gae der Belsnickle hola.

Aina waig odder da onner hut der Daniel sich aryads fosht gablauder'd, un die glaina maid worra net yusht shun langshd in ihra bedder bis er hame kumma is, ow'r hut aw der Belsnickle nimmy tzu sehna grick'd—der alt kerl mit 'm bocka board wor shun langshd tzurich om Nord Pole bis er hame kumma is.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Here is a little story that will never make the headlines, but somewhere in it there is something that affected me very much.

It may be because it is so human. It may be that there is something divine in it.

It may just show how ignorance can be bliss, and how needless it is to worry.

I just don't know. Maybe you will when you read it.

Charles Kent, of Newark, N.J., is just five years old. He can neither hear nor speak.

But a few days ago Charles decided to have himself a nice day, and, since he had thirteen pennies in his pocket, that should be easy.

He got on a Bloomfield Avenue trolley, the last trolley line in Newark, about eleven o'clock in the morning.

He paid his seven cents, took a seat by the window and looked out on the traffic with evident enjoyment.

At Hartley Street in Montclair another seven cents was due.

Unfortunately however, Charles had only six cents left.

He offered it to the motorman, but John Rawson, who acted as both motorman and conductor, insisted on that other penny.

Charles could not explain his plight to Rawson, but somehow or other he indicated that he had no more money.

Presently it dawned on Mr. Rawson that Charlie was deaf and dumb — and he called a policeman.

The officer took the boy to the police station and tried, by various and devious ways and means, to get some information from him.

He gave him a piece of paper and a pencil.

But, being only five years old, all Charlie knew about writing was the one word "Mommy."

That wasn't much help, and Charlie proceeded to draw some of his own particular kind of art work on the paper.

The policemen got sandwiches, milk and ice cream for him and planted him in front of a television set.

He sat there all afternoon watching his favorite shows, and was not the least bit worried about his predicament.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, his father, Garrett Kent, a laborer, who had been scouring the neighborhood for him ever since ten in the morning, finally went to his own police station and reported the boy missing.

He found a teletype message from the Montclair police telling of their deaf-and-dumb guest.

The father rushed to Montclair as fast as he could and found his boy — fast asleep.

I just thought I'd tell you this story, because it is so seldom now that anybody says anything nice about policemen.

I like the cops. They are not, as you have become accustomed to think recently, a bunch of grafters and heartless individuals.

For every crook in the police department there are ten who do kindnesses for people.

Who do you think paid for those sandwiches and the milk and the ice cream for Charlie Kent?

The cops did.

So, maybe that is the moral of this little yarn.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

NEW YEAR THOUGHT

With the old year slipping out,
This is what I think about:
Will the man I'd like to be
Ever substitute for me?

As we start another year
Will that better I, appear?
Should he visit for the day
How much longer will he stay?

Why so difficult should be
Plans I make for changing me?
And ,why should it be so hard
Faults and follies to discard?

Is the man I'd be a sham,
Covered by the man I am?
Can the lack of courage be
Reason for the faults in me?

(Copyright, 1951)

25 Years Ago

Dec. 29, 1926, a Wednesday

Municipal government of Allentown cost the taxpayers $1,141,594 which was $60,000 in excess of the previous year's budget.

Robert D. Jones was elected president of the Four Square Club to succeed the Rev. S. F. Custard. The retiring president recieved a lounging robe from the club in appreciation of his services.

Horoscope

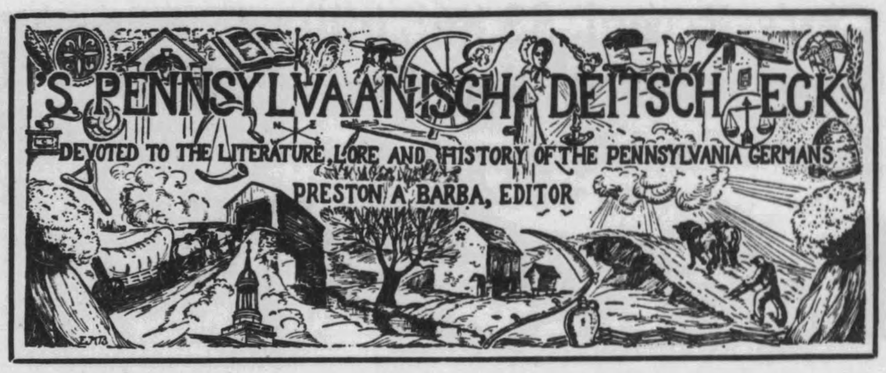
Provided erratic actions in business and personal matters are avoided by you, your next year should bring you good fortune and some happiness. Many good characterists may be noted as the child born today develops.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 22:21

Dr. W. Graham Scroggie, whom all Bible students know as one of the great Bible teachers of recent years, says that this Psalm, from vs. 1 to 20 is a sob and a sigh, but the second half, from v. 21 to the end, is a song. The first division is in the minor key, but at v. 21 David tunes his harp to a joyous major chord. In v. 21 he exclaims: 'Thou hast heard me,' but in v. 2 it was the despondent note: 'Thou hearest not.' A reference to Hebrews 5:7 may help. There we read of Jesus 'in the days of His flesh offering up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him Who was able to save Him (not 'from,' but) out of death, and was heard.' Jesus would not have prayed to be saved from death, because He came for the purpose of dying, but to be saved out of death, meaning that He would not then have to be separated from the Father for ever, the bitter dregs of the cup. He was heard by way of His resurrection, thus fulfilling Ps. 16:10, and explaining the joy which is expressed in the rest of the Psalm.



SO SIN DIE FASCHENS

Mer muss sich schier gar bucklich lache,
Dasz die Zeh im Hals ehm krache,
Iwwer all die Faschens in der Welt,
Un wie en jedes sich ferstelt,
Es is gewiss net wunnerbar,
Wann mer sich todt lacht ganz un gar.

Die Buwe kumme 'raus in Mode,
Sie sin so weiss as wie die Tode;
Ehr Hensching wee're sie g'wiss,
Wann's in der Mitt fom Sommer is;
Sin trage Roeck es is der style,
Un wann sie schwitze wie die Geil.

Sie sin so zimberliche Dinger,
Mit ihre klehne weisse Finger,
Un wann sie schaffe; ach du Zeit!
Sie kumme schuhr net arrig weit,
Weil sie so bang sin all die Weil,
Es wer vielleicht net in der Steil.

So sin die Faschens bei de Buwe,
Sie grabe sich ihr egne Grube;
Die alte hehsse sie zu dumm,
Weil sie so steif sin un so krumm,
Awer, oh! ihr Junge; gebt mol acht,
Der Tag geht rum, es kummt die Nacht.

D'noh gehts euch iwwel in der Welt,
Ihr hen ken Heemet und ken Geld,
Es Schaffe geht euch ah zu hart,
Ihr sin zu faul and grisslich zart;
Was gebts d'noh aus euch? Bettel Leut;
Zu dem hen Faschens euch bereit.

Es is nix besser bei de Maid,
Ihr Faschens sin ehm fast ferleh'd;
Geb ihne yust ihr Grecian Bends,
Un Ruffles wie en Stake Fens;
Noch uf der Kopp en Wasser Fall;
En Hut g'schaped wie en Eeme Stall.

Dazu dann Band fon jeder Art,
Die Nichnacks wern g'wiss net g'spart;
Sie stecke in ihr dresses drin,
Mer wehs net ob sie Mensche sin;
Ihr schoene G'sichter ohne Fehl,
Die sieht mer gar net dorch ihr Wehl.

So sin die Faschens bei de Maid,
Wer die all hot der is firstrate,
Und wann's ah nemt ihr Hab and Gut,
Was sie mit Mueh ferdiene duht,
Sie schafft so hart als wie en Mann,
Dass sie recht steilisch dresse kann.

Die Mensche koennte besser sei,
Un hetten meh plesier dabei,
Wann 's wehr, as wie's in alter Zeit,
War bei de gute alte Leit;
Die Faschens deht mer iwern Seit,
'S weren wieder lauter kommene Leit.

D'noh deht mer grad, as wie mer koennt,
Ich wott es wehr so justament
Die Faschens wehre unne .....
.....
.....
.....

(Here the clipping is frayed)

The above verses came to us by courtesy of Professor Melville J. Boyer, of the Allentown High School Faculty and Secretary of the Lehigh County Historical Society. They were found in the form of a newspaper clipping pasted on the inside of the rear lid of a badly worn Sanders Reader. The author is unknown to the editor but the contents would indicate that they had been written in the seventies or eighties of the 19th century, by a writer who preferred to base his orthography on the German phonetic system. Ed.

ES EINHARN

(The Unicorn)

Es waar emoll en gross Gedier,
Scheint niemand dutt 's verschteh;
Genennt in Deuteronomy,
In Dreiundreissich, Siewwezeh.

(Und seine Hoerner sind wie Einhoerners Hoerner)

Do iss en grosser Dischbedaat,
So wie mer leest in Bicher;
Ich schreib die Schtori graad wie gsaat,
No fiehl ich zimmlich sicher.

'Siss niemand meh do ass weess,
Wie gross es waar; sei Gwicht waar arrick;
En ungeheier Dier, mit vier Fiess,
Ee lang Harn un mechtich schtarrick.

Es sin Bicher uff Zoologie,
Ass all die Nachricht geeb;
Der Keenich vun de Wilderniss,
Der Freind vum raasend Leeb.

En Unicorn waar sell Gedier,
Deel Leit behaabte fescht;
'S waer en Gedier mit yuscht eem Harn,
En Naasharn waer 's gewest.

No kummt der Gaul do in des Bild,
Der Kinschtler nemmt en Narwhal Harn,
Un macht en Unicorn; er zweigt sell Harn
Graad midde uff em Gaul sei Schtarn.

No nemmt er aa sei Barscht un Farb
Un moolt die Fiess; (sei Bild iss proof),
Verennert sell; er schplit der Fuss,
Un gebt em Gaul em Geess sei Huf.

Un fer sell Bild vollkommen sei,
Muss aa em Geess sei Baart zum Gaul;
Er nemmt der Baart un schtrehlt en aus,
Un henkt 's em Gaul ans unnersht Maul.

Sell Dier waar hoch ge-eshtemiert.
Schee wie en Blumm waar sell Shtick Vieh;
Doch waart emool! waar sell all 'real?
Waar sell verleicht Mythologie?

Mythologie, odder real!
In heraldry, datt meent sell viel;
En gross Gedier mit viel Gewalt—
Der British hot 's nau uff seim seal.

—D. GEO. KNECHT

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES

THE telling of tall stories has become one of the popular features at many of the Pennsylvania German Versammlinge, at which the dialect is featured. Among the most skilled raconteurs of such tales was the late Dr. Edwin "Patsy" Balliet of Northampton. Patsy was for many years the Haubtmann of the Allentown Grundsau Lodge, a position which he regarded with as much pride as he did his place in the Legislature at Harrisburg, his veterinary practice and his position as a director of the Lehigh Valley Milk Cooperative.

"Patsy" was proud of his family history. It was the Mickley side of his family that hauled the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to Allentown during the Revolutionary War in order to prevent its falling into the hands of Howe's invading army in the autumn of 1777. In concocting one of his favorite tall stories Balliet mixed history and Lehigh County potatoes, then gave the mixture a French twist and the result is a tale of unusual merit in the category for which it was designed.

The best horse that the Mickleys owned died in 1776 regretting that it would never help to haul the Liberty Bell. To compensate for the premature death of the horse the Mickleys decided to give the animal a special burial. A grave was dug in the "Baschdert" (pasture). The animal was dragged to the spot and interred there with appropriate ceremonies.

A Lehigh County potato had become lodged in the horse's hoof and was buried with the carcass.

ZUM BESCHLUSZ DES JAHRS

Our pioneer forefathers seem to have engaged in no distinctive festivities at the passing of the old year. But for the few that engaged in the merriment of Shooting in the New Year, the evening of Dec. 31 no doubt found most of them hugging the sparkling hearth fire or the glowing woodstove, cracking walnuts or hickory nuts on the housewife's flatiron (uffem Biggeleise), eating apples and drinking cider. The more serious-minded of them, reflecting upon the passage of time and the rapidly gathering years, sought solace in their family bibles, great folio tomes printed in Basel or Nuremberg, or perhaps the more convenient form of the Sauer bible printed in Germantown in 1743; others were reading in that comforting household book, Arndt's Wahres Christentum; while still others were studying the movements of sun, moon and stars in that indispensable kitchen item, the almanac, which Christopher Sauer published annually in Germantown.

The editor of the ECK has before him at this moment Sauer's Hoch Deutsch Americanischer Calendar for the year 1758. It is stained and thumbworn. Who knows in whose hands it may have been on the evening of December 31, 1758! Perhaps in the hands of an aged grandfather, who remembered the days of his youth in the Palatinate along the Rhine. He had left his war-torn fatherland and crossed the sea to find peace and betterment in Penn's wooded lands.

But here too there was no peace. English and French colonists were in the midst of the so-called French and Indian War, which also made itself felt in these quiet valleys of eastern Pennsylvania, where the German frontiersman and his family were constantly exposed to the ravages of the Indians. The French had allied themselves with some of the Indian tribes. They had now trespassed on lands in the western part of what is now Pennsylvania. In 1754 the governor of Virginia had raised forces to oust the French. They went forth under a young, 22-year-old officer named George Washington. They met with defeat. The French had reared a stronghold, Fort Duquesne, where Pittsburgh now stands. In the spring of 1755 General Braddock had marched westward with his 1,000 men to take the fort, but he had met with disaster and death. The future looked dismal indeed. But now, with the year 1758, came prospects of better times. Thanks to the labors of Conrad Weiser, famed Indian interpreter and peacemaker, and of Christian Frederick Post, brave Moravian missionary, the Eighteen Indian Nations (also known as The United Nations) had met at Easton and concluded a treaty to live at peace with their white neighbors.

The old man sitting by his fireside on the evening of Dec. 31, 1758 could indeed peruse his calender with new hopes for better days in the approaching year. He could of course not know that next September would bring Wolfe's crowning victory over Montcalm; nor that the following year would see the surrender of Montreal and with it the end of the seven years of war, though peace would only come with the Treaty of Paris in 1763.

What Sauer's calender did show on that Dec. 31, 1758, was that it was Sylvester Abend (so-named for St. Sylvester, pope from 314-335); that the day's length was 9 hours and 12 minutes, the character of the constellation was Capricorn and the weather for the year was "stuermisch." The calender also offered the following information (it may seem trivial to the reader of today): in this year of Grace 1758 King George II is 75 years old; Louis XV of France is 48; King Frederick of Prussia is 46, and the Electoral Prince of the Palatinate is 33. Since God created heaven and earth and all that therein is 5707 years have passed and since the Flood 4051; since the discovery of America 267 years; 75 years since the founding of Philadelphia; 64 years since the establishment of postal service; 21 years have passed since the earthquake in Pennsylvania which was felt at the same time 500 miles away; and the great comet was seen only 14 years ago.

Since it is the time of the year when our forefathers, after their winter butchering, ate heavily of **Metzel Supp, Pannhaas,** sausages and **Gfillter Seimagge,** with less of the strenuous physical exertion to which they were used during the rest of the year, many suffered, so they thought, of excess of blood. Therefore Sauer does not neglect to give instructions in his calender how to cup, "leech" and let blood.

Yes, the Sauer almanac was an important household item among our Pennsylvania German people. Samuel Sauer, following in the footsteps of his grandfather, published a calender which he called "Der Neue Hoch Deutsche Americanische Calender (Gedruckt und zu finden bey Samuel Sauer, Chestnut Hill). Samuel Sauer's calender for the year 1792 offered to its readers the following verses for their serious reflection:

ZUM BESCHLUSZ DES JAHRS

Weil das alte Jahr verschwunden,
Stellet sich ein neues ein;
Wohi dem der ein Herz gefunden,
Dasz verneuret ist und rein:
Dann nur solche koennen sehen,
Was geschieht and soll geschehen!
Sonst bleibts alte doch im alten;
Lebte man gleich tausend Jahr,
Musz man doch im Tod erkalten;
Was hilfts auf der Todten-Baar,
Wann man in viel Gnaden-stunden,
Gottes Gnade nicht gefunden?
Busze thun und christlich leben,
Stehet manchem hier nicht an;
Und dort soll er Rechnung geben,
Von dem was er hat gethan;
Und wie kan der Mensch bestehen,
Wan Gott ins Gericht wird gehen?
Wer das Buszethun versaeumet,
Hier in dieser kurzen Zeit,
Der erfaehrt dasz er getraeumet,
In der langen Ewigkeit;
Dann die Welt mit allen Schaezen,
Kan den Mangel nicht ersezen,
Jener reiche Mann gedachte,
Koennten doch die Brueder mein,
Eine Stund mit mir betrachten,
Meine Quaal und meine Pein;
Wuesten sie was ich empfinde,
Sie verfluchten alle Suende.

—P.A.B.

The potato sprouted and grew to an immense size. When, in the late summer of 1777, the potato was dug from the ground it was six feet long and four feet thick!

Now the people in Lehigh County had heard the French soldiers protecting Philadelphia were short of rations. "We will take this potato to Philadelphia," declared the Mickleys, "the French soldiers will have food and then we will haul the Liberty Bell to Allentown so that the British won't get it."

The French troops were stationed on Hog Island, near Philadelphia. When they saw the huge potato they shouted with glee and then held a conference to determine how to divide it in such a way that it would serve many. They used their bayonets to slice the tuber, cutting it into many narrow strips.

Then, because Hog Island abounded in hogs, they rounded up some wild boars, slaughtered them and rendered huge quantities of lard. The narrow strips of potato were tossed into the boiling lard and that is how the world learned how to make French fried potatoes.

By Courtesy of ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

"Eck" Reprints 1c—Clearance Sale

The 'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK edited by Dr. Preston A. Barba has contributed much valuable material on local history and on the lore and dialect literature of the Pennsylvania German people. It has appeared in the Saturday Morning Call for the past 16 years. In order to meet the demand for extra copies of the "ECK" reprints have been supplied by this newspaper.

The readers are herewith informed that a storage problem now makes it necessary to dispose of the surplus copies of the reprints at one cent per copy.

CIRCULATION DEPT.