THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

Speak for Yourself, Ike!

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" the pretty Priscilla Mullens in Longfellow's poem is made to say in reply to the importunings of her most ardent admirer, John Aiden, in behalf of an ineloquent rival. In somewhat similar manner the American people, who are hearing Republican politicians almost daily speak for General Eisenhower and declare his love for the nomination and election to the Presidency, must be saying: "Why don't you speak for yourself, Ike?"

It appears from some recent, widely publicized announcements that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., is going to hold a conference with newsmen tomorrow. According to the advance notices, this is going to be "really important." Since the Senator is the campaign chairman of the Eisenhower - for - President movement it was immediately assumed that the "really important" news will concern the general who has observed sphinx - like silence amidst all the clamor of those who want to get on the surest political bandwagon.

Hitherto no one has made any positive statements about the Eisenhower attitude toward the Presidency. But just about all left the impression that they know more than they had announced publicly.

Whether Senator Lodge's probable "handout," or carefully prepared statement, tomorrow will go farther than the previous statements of other political seers remains to be seen. Certainly this is the expectation for, it will be asked, why should a conference be held about a mystery that is going to be kept a mystery?

Certainly the American people want to hear from General Eisenhower himself. There have been some hints and fairly broad statements that positive decision would be made by him and announced early in 1952.

This may be it. Now is the time to speak for yourself, Ike!

A Sisterly Service

The splendid work of the local unit of the American Cancer Society along the line of publicity and public education frequently is noted in the recording of the news.

An abundance of facilities have been provided in this community, notably the Cancer Clinic in the Sacred Heart Hospital and the laboratory of the Neuweiler Foundation for Cancer connected with the same hospital, for discovery and treatment of the disease.

A big problem is to make the people aware of cancer's great menace to health, happiness and even life. The problem largely is to prompt each and every individual in our society, particularly adults, to be aware of the menace to himself and to act intelligently according to the best information that medical science can provide today.

In this work of bringing the problem of cancer directly to the individual congratulations go out to the members of the Soroptimist Club. This splendid organization of local women is making it their especial business to take the message of Science to women and their groups wherever they meet and will listen to the information that women best can give to other women.

The meaning of the coined word Soroptimist includes the idea and the ideal of sisterhood. In this local task to which this organization of women has set itself there is evidenced the sisterly affection which a group of trained, sympathetic women possesses for all the members of their sex. They know that women in vast numbers become affected by this deadly disease. They know that many of them delay over-long in securing attention for suspicious bodily conditions. They know that delays never are wholesome but productive of more serious conditions, if not in fact death.

The Soroptimists are taking their message in the spirit of sisterly helpfulness and affection for their sisters everywhere in the community. A work that best can be done by women has been assumed by them. The work will best be done by and with the prompt and complete cooperation of the women of the community. They should open their hearts and minds to these messengers of mercy on their errand in behalf of the local Cancer Society.

Higher Taxes on Motoring

Altho the average motorist will keep no track of the taxes he will pay for the operation of his car during the coming year, an estimate by W. F. Richardson, executive secretary of the Associated Petroleum Industries of Pennsylvania, indicates the average will be $94.23.

This will be an all-time high largely because of recently-enacted Federal gasoline and automotive tax increases. Under the new scale of federal automotive excise taxes, which took effect on November 1, the gasoline tax is increased to two cents a gallon from the previous 1½ cents. The excise tax on new passenger cars is up to 10 per cent, from seven per cent, and the former five per cent taxes on trucks, buses, truck - trailers, automotive parts and accessories have been boosted to eight per cent.

The higher federal gasoline tax alone will mean that Pennsylvania motorists must pay seven cents in state and federal taxes on every gallon of gasoline they buy. "This equals a 38 per cent sales tax on gasoline — the heaviest tax imposed on a non-luxury product in our state," Mr. Richardson notes.

The federal gasoline and automotive excise taxes are not connected with highway development but are used for the support of general government. These taxes were first levied as temporary measures in 1932 to help meet a depression emergency. "Not only have the federal gasoline and automotive taxes been retained all these years, but they have been increased with each following emergency," he declared. He concluded: "As soon as world conditions clear up, the heavily overtaxed motor vehicle owners should be the first to receive deserved — and long overdue — tax relief from their federal government."

No More Concessions

That interesting magazine United Nations World publishes a forum of opinions by six correspondents who report UN affairs for newspapers in Britain, France, Egypt, Yugoslavia, Brazil, and the United States.

The question was asked, "What concessions should be made by East and West to resolve vital differences on matters such as China, Germany, atomic race, etc.?"

The answers were almost unanimous against any further concessions by the western powers until the Soviet Union makes some. This position was put bluntly by Levon Keshishian of the Arab News Agency, Cairo: "There should be no more concessions made by the West, because the West has made enough concessions already."

Louis Foy of the Paris Presse and Frederick Cook of the London Evening Standard pointed out that the United States already has offered a major concession which could bring peace and an easing of armament burdens to the world. This was in the recent proposal to join in an effective international control of both atomic and conventional weapons.

The offer stands. The Communist counterproposal falls several steps short of being realistic or convincing. The next move is up to the Kremlin. — Christian Science Monitor.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This just goes to show you how right I was when I wrote a piece back in November, saying that those great big appropriation figures being thrown at us all the time are meaningless.

"One of the cutest tricks our Government has is to express everything in billions," I wrote.

Then I went on: "Why don't they tell us how much it is for each of us — like sixty billion is forty-five dollars for every one of our 150 million people?"

It is, of course, nothing of the kind.

My figures were all wrong, although my thoughts were right.

But, would you believe it? I got just one post card calling my attention to my mistake.

You might say that nobody reads my column, so how can they tell when I make a mistake?

That is not so. I have received hundreds of letters since I wrote that column, lauding me for some and criticizing me for others.

But apparently billions are just too much for the average person — and even for the way-above-average person.

The one reader who corrected me, was a Miss or Mrs. Salome Ann Mardos, of Girardsville, Pa.

She wrote:

"Was it just a joke of yours or a wrong figure? I would gladly pay $45 to clear our debt and stop killing. But my figure shows different! Sixty billion dollar debt on 150 million people is $400 per person — small and large."

I stand corrected, of course. But like most of us, I can't quite picture a billion dollars. There are just too many naughts in it.

Four hundred, yes. Even eight hundred — my wife's share and mine — that's one thing. That means more than a year's clothing or almost six months food and rent for the average American family.

But sixty billion — phew!

Here is something else to which I must confess.

Maybe you are the same as we here at home.

The other day — about two weeks ago, to be more precise — there was an eight-column headline in the papers about Truman starting a U. S. Whitewash Commission (I use that name only for want of a better one).

My wife saw the headline and asked me what it was all about.

"I am too busy reading about the shooting of that fellow Lang by Joan Bennett's husband," I said. "When I'm through with that I'll tell you all about Truman and Murphy and the tax scandals."

A little later I wanted to read the latest news about the United Nations.

By this time my wife was reading the paper.

"Could I have that section, please?" I asked her.

"Just as soon as I am through with that story about Tallulah Bankhead's maid. It's certainly interesting, isn't it?"

And would you believe it, when she handed me the section I had forgotten all about the United Nations and became all engrossed in the juicy story about "Tallu."

"Ain't people the cwaziest monkeys?" to paraphrase the late Lew Lehr.

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Which Twin Leads?



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Among Britishers, none appeals to the American imagination as does Winston Churchill. As British as John Bull, he has an instinct for American atmosphere and personality.

He comes to repair the damage done to Anglo-American relations by the British Socialists, the pro-British excesses of Dean Acheson and those Americans who are captives of British culture. In a word, he must recognize, as few of his countrymen do, that Americans who are more British than American are as offensive to most Americans as those who are more pro-Russian than they are pro-American.

The American people are turning from a synthetic globalism, which has brought nothing but misery and death, to patriotism, which built our country.

Churchill is neither a Socialist nor a globalist. He is a British Imperialist who did not take office to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire. He represents in his person not only a country, but a civilization.

Major Factors

Yet, it is impossible for him not to recognize three major historic factors which may, in the broadest sense, be producing the forces that will reduce Great Britain to a secondary role. These are:

1. The rise of new civilizations, out of war and revolution, which contest Anglo-Saxon supremacy and superiority not only from the economic and political standpoint but also on a racial basis:

2. The reduction of the authority in world affairs of the processing nations, with the attendant wealth that comes from banking, shipping and insurance. The automatic machine reduces the advantages of human skills and even the so-called "know-how" of experience. This new industrial revolution is already having far-reaching effects upon the great colonial powers;

3. The rise of new empires — the Soviet empire; the Moslem cultural empire; the Latins, perhaps under Spanish or Argentinian leadership; the emergence of Soviet China as a military power; the expansion of the Soviet periphery toward the Indian countries — these historic factors can only be ignored by a political ostrich — a description that can never fit Winston Churchill. Among these new empires, military operations are not conventional, involving the Anglo-American countries in major difficulties.

Racial Problems

The British, as the Americans, are being forced to recognize that inaccurately described racial problems move upon the current canvas with greater vigor than either economic or political problems. A Pakistani will not, for instance, accept the Anglo-Saxon concept of "white superiority," which has no foundation in science or history.

This is tough business and difficult to discuss in the United States where the Negro problem arouses deep emotions. Yet, we are piling up casualties in Korea over precisely this problem. I can say from my own long experience in Asia that if we spent billions upon billions on that continent to make ourselves popular and to engage the good-will of those peoples, we shall fail as long as those peoples believe that we believe that we are superior because of race.

True, Soviet Russia is doing a masterly job stimulating racial antagonism. They will profit greatly out of the stupidities of the Florida bombings. But long before Soviet Russian propaganda appeared on the scene, what in Asia is called "anti-colonialism," which is racial, not nationalistic, was a force. I first encountered it in China as early as 1918 and in Japan in 1920. The Japanese Black Dragon Society, headed by Mitsuru Toyama, was already a force.

Comes for Money

Churchill undoubtedly comes here for money, but he is no arrogant beggar like his Socialist predecessors whom our State Dept. supported. He has pride of country. Yet, he must face frankly the cold fact that most Americans find distasteful the British political affinity for Chinese Communists who massacre Americans, particularly prisoners of war.

He would be well advised to reject the counsel of the emotionally captive pro-Britishers who feel that England can do no wrong even if his name is Attlee or Bevan.

British policy in Asia can no longer dominate American policy in Asia, and even Dean Acheson accepts a medal from the Jewish War Veterans because there are no Arab voters in critical states in an election year. Churchill will grasp the essence of that because he understands votes. He can discover the pressure of public opinion here on such questions as China, Korea, Israel, Iran and Egypt. We are not going along with colonialism.

Winston Churchill is preferable, from an American standpoint, to British Socialism, headed by the pro-Russian Aneurin Bevan. But he needs to recognize what, in 1952, the American people will no longer support.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An ingenious butcher in a small Southern town has found a way to get around a lot of price regulations that did not meet with his approval. He ran the following ad in the local gazette: "Lost, on Main Street, an envelope containing three crisp new five-dollar bills. I offer a reward of a six-pound sirloin to the man who returns it to me." One day after the ad appeared, the butcher had forty-one envelopes returned to him, all complete with three new five-dollar bills.

25 Years Ago

Taken From The Morning Call of Jan. 5, 1926, a Wednesday

Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Blackstone and daughter, Althea, left on a world tour of approximately five months. They will stop in 60 ports and 25 countries.

A water tower was erected to greatly service passenger trains on the Reading and Central railroads. This will eliminate stops in New Jersey and Quakertown.

Joe H. Hart of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce broadcast an interesting talk on American history.

Horoscope

By aiming for worthwhile accomplishments you should experience a year of steady progress. Moderate success should be in store for the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N BIND BAUM FER 'N GRAWBSHTAE: Ohrmuth wie ihra shodda, hank'd am tzu fiel leit wie 'n tzeck un kenna 'n yusht net lose werra. So wors mit ma gawissna boo woh m'r Willie haisa wolla, un woh gabora wor longa yohra tzurick uf Flint Hill, fon Leithsville drowwa. Fon glain'm us wor der Willie ohrmsaelich un tzimberlich, hut winders fiel shule ferseim'd, un summers net rum shpringa kenna shoiela wie onner nochbers kinner immer om faiga worra. Ow'r wos er darta mit ferlora hut, hut er uf gamocht in onnerra hee sichda, weil er immer fiel fon seinra tzeit tzu gabrocht hut bei da grossa leit.

'S wor fershtonna bei ol, os der Willie net gute wear, un des da elter os er werra is, des da shwecher is er werra. Wie onnerra boova sei elt om gucka worra fer maid fer heirra, hut er gons onnerra gadonka kot. Sei gadonka worra nimmy fon ardlicha socha, ow'r hut fohraw gaguck'd noch ra onnerra welt woh er in seim kartza lava shun 'n lot sehna hut hee gae, ow'r niemond hut 'm sawga kenna, "Wos," odder "Woh" os es onna gang'd.

'S wor die ous tzaring woh der Willie in seim gawolt kotta hut, un het net gadenk'd fer 'n dawg ferbei gae lossa unna sei beavel laisa. Er hut galaisa fom guta, un fom baisa blotz, ow'r neimols 'n rechdie fersichering kot woh er hee kumma maich'd. In da ohrmuth wohk er galaibt hut, in ra grossa familia mit ra lot meiler un wenich tzu essa, worra wenich socha fer der hochmuth.

So wie er ols shwecher un shwecher werra is, hut er 'n arrick ferlongas kot os er nie mohls fergessa gae maich'd won er nimmy doh wear. Der gawainlich gabrouch shun fer yohra wor, hut er gawist, fer 'n grabshtae uf shtella mit 'm nahma drug,—ebbes os der Willie ous un ous gawist hut os net miglich wear tzu howwa in seim umshtond.

'N shtick tzum fenshter, fon seim gronkas bed drous hut 'n dinner, glainer, shnackerricher bind baum g'shtonna, im grons fom bush woh wedder der hofe kumma is. So schwoch wie er wor, un aw grawd so iwwel ob weil er net gawist hut welar karsh os wer gang'd won er die ard ferlossa dade, hut er seina elterra gabid sie sotta ihm 'n g'falla duh won er nimmy doh wear—in blotz fon ma grawb shtae, sotta sie ihm selar bind baum midda uf sei grawb bionsa.

"Un" het der Willie g'sawt, "won ich unna nous ins aewich fire gae, sol der baum bletzlich dote gae. Ow'r won ich nuf noch 'm himmel tzum Hellond un da Angel gae, sol der baum woxa un immer gree uf meim grawb shtae."

Kartz danoh is der Willie g'shtarva, un sei elterra hen ihra fershpraches k'halta, un 'm sei bind baum ufs grawb gablonst, uf 'm kerrich hofe g'shwishich Centre Valley un Coopersburg. In blotz fon ow'r dote gae is der baum gawoxa, mess'd now bout 3 foos iwwer der shtumba, un 75 foos hoch un shtaid shun fer 70 un noch may yohr uf 'm Willie seim grawb, 'n lavendicker awdenka tzu ma boo, os net fergessa sei hut wolla won er nimmy doh wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S sin fiel shaina alta socha so wie der bind baum fershteck'd in unserra gagend, won m'r numma wase woh hee tzu gae fer sie griega.

Won aenich ebber wase fon so alta g'shpichta, sein so gute un lossa uns hoerra dafon.

Today's Text

By ROBERT R. FRITSCH

Psalm 23:1-2

Since the Lord is MY shepherd, I shall not want any necessary thing. The pronoun, my, as we said yesterday, denotes 'possession,' the logical result of which is 'plenty,' for God promises to supply our every need according to His riches in glory 4:19). In the second verse we by Christ Jesus (Philippians have 'position,' that is, He causes His sheep to 'lie down' in green pastur s—a picture of rest, quiet, and contentment. When we speak of pastures, we are using a word related to 'pastor' (shepherd). The 'pastor' pastures his sheep. The second half of v. 2 speaks of 'privilege,' the sheep being permitted to drink of the water in the underground reservoirs constructed by the shepherd, and filled with water during the rainy season—the still waters, in contrast with the streams running full during the time of the rains, but dry river beds (wadies) in the dry season. Joseph was put into such a reservoir, called a pit in Genesis 37:24, in which there was no water at that time, as the same verse tells us.



DER WINTER WIND

Blos, du rauer Wind!
Ich hab ken Lieb fer dich.
Du hausscht un dobscht von Daag zu Daag;
Dich hawwich uff em Schtrich.

Du bringscht der Schnee un Kissel bei,
Un dreibscht's in alle Eck;
Es Vieh schteht drauss im Scheierhof,
Mit Kopp vun dir eweck.

Du dreibscht die Veggel schier all aus,
Wu als so haerrlich sin;
Was bleiwen, die verfrieren schier,
Unnich em Vorschuss drin.

Gediere sin all eigschluppt nau,
Es iss yo nix meh drauss,
Wu macht des Lewe waert zu uns—
Mer bleibt deheem im Haus.

Un immer iss die Holskischt leer—
Uff alle Weeg en Schtrof;
Der Schnee muss gscheppt sei paarmols Daags,
Darrich die banks im Hof.

Un der wu fallt vun Zeit zu Zeit,
Den yaagscht du in die Schtross;
No faahrt mer darrich's Welschkannfeld,
Bis Zeeh ball schnarre los.

Bischt so unfreindlich, schier so kalt,
Wie Mensche ihre Harz;
Besonders zu uns aarme Drepp,
In Mitleid fallscht du karz.

Blos, du rauer Winter Wind;
Du losscht mool ee Daag no.
Du kannscht net dauere darrichs Yaahr—
Fer sell bin ich aa froh.

Glei dreibt der Friehyaahr dich mool aus,
Sell iss de Sunn ihr Zweck;
Geh zrick zum Nordland wu du gheerscht,
Un bleib vun uns eweck!

March, 1950. —RALPH S. FUNK.

NO FINNSCHT'S AUS

Ich will eich nau verzehle vun zwee Karls ass drauss im Busch waare am Yaage. Sie hen net viel gsehne fer schiesse un es waar ihne verleed. Dann sehne sie en hocher Schtumpe. Der Baam waar abgebroche about zwelf Fuuss owwich em Grund.

Der Baamschtartze hot gans glatt abgerutscht geguckt. Sie hen ihn mool en Weil beguckt.—"Ich wunner, eb der Schtumpe hohl iss?" saagt der Eent. Der Anner hot ihm gholfe un er iss am Schtumpe nuffgegratdelt. Dann saagt er "Ya, der Schtumpe iss hohl. Un ungedrin iss en Baerenescht. Un es sin zwee gleene Baere drin. Die will ich nau browiere zu griegge." Er hot no sei Schuh un Schtrimp aus, un hot ausgemacht er gingt in der Schtumpe nunner, deet owwe am Schtumpe aahewe un deet no browiere die gleene Baere fescht petzte mit seine Zehe un deet sie selleweg rausziegge.

Awwer der Schtumpe waar diefer ass er gemeent hot. Er hot sich als weiter gschtreckt. Endlich hot er sei Fiess uff eens vun de gleene Baere grickt. No sin ihm sei Hend uff eemool uffgange un er iss in der Schtumpe nunner gfalle. Die gleene Baere hen gemeent ihre Mammie waer heemkumme, un hen dem Karl es Gsicht gschleckt. Er iss in die Heeh getschumpt fer aus dem Schtumpe raus, awwer er hot net hoch genunk tschumpe kenne.

Dann sehnt der anner Karl wu outside gschtanne hot, ass die alt Mammi Baer am Heemkumme iss. Sie iss graad am Schtumpe nuff, un waar uffem Weeg fer driwwer nei. Der Karl outside iss in die Heeh getschtumpt un hot die Mammi Baer am Schwanz gfange. Datt waar sie fescht, graad owwe im Loch.

Dann greischt der Eent im Schtumpe, "Was macht dann 's Loch so dunkel?" — "Wann der Schwans abreisst, finnscht 's aus!"

—Der Kaschpar Hufnagel.

DIE MUTTER SCHTRICKT SICH SCHTRIMP

Die Mutter hockt so ruhich allee
Un schtrickt sich Schtrimp fer ihre Bee;
Der Winter iss am Kumme.
Ball heilt der Wind ums Hauseck rum
Un biegt der Weidebaam gans grum,
Un Schnee bedeckt die Blumme.

Ihre Noodle sin so lang uh hell,
Sie fangt die Schtich un dutt's aa schnell,
Un dutt ken eens verfehle.
Vun ihre Memm hot sie's gelannt,
Die Woll hat aersicht sich oft verzwannt,
Nau brauch sie nimmi zehle.

Der Schtrump watt lenger, Zoll bei Zoll,
Es nemmt Geduld un blendi Woll,
Un ken Minutt zu schpaere.
Sin nix fer Guck, sin yuscht fer Kelt,
Doch sin's die Beschte in der Welt,
Sin schier net auszuwaere.

So wie Mutter Zeit als grickt,
Nemmt sie der Schtrump un schtrickt un schtrickt
So wunderflick un haddich.
Des Schtricke watt ihr net verleed,
'S iss Zeitvertreib un ihre Freed,
Der Schtrump watt endlich faddich.

Der Schtrump legt sie no in ihr Schooss,
Un guckt so schtill naus nooch de Schtrooss,
Un dutt der Schtrump ausschtreiche.
Doch ihr Gedanke sin weit fatt,
Un wie am Beede hockt sie datt,
Sie dutt ihr Kopp so beiche.

—William H. Erb.

THREE POUNDS REWARD

On May 11, 1784, the following advertisement appeared in German in the "Philadelphia Correspondence":

"Bern Township, nine miles from Reading.

"On the 29th of March, 1784, there ran away from the undersigned one of the Brunswick soldiers who had been sold to him. He is already about 50 years old, Henrich Kirsch by name. When he went away he had on a half-linen breastcloth, a waistcoat and long trousers. But he has a respectable lot of clothes with him so that he can change frequently.

"He has a hairy knapsack with him. Any one who takes him up shall have the above reward of a half-Johannes, besides reasonable expenses from

"Johannes Noecker."

There are a number of interesting points in this notice:

1—It will be noted that the runaway is called a "Brunswick" soldier. In most of the areas of the colonies all of the mercenary troops hired by the British were called "Hessians." Actually the proportion of troops from Hesse-Hanau, Hesse-Kassel and Hesse proper, was very small. The great majority of the hirelings came from Braunschweig, or Brunswick. It is interesting to note that Johann Noecker made the distinction in his notice.

2—The escaped servant was "already about 50 years old." The British mercenaries indentured (not sold) to freeholders in Berks were those who had been captured at Trenton, late in 1776. The first mercenaries came to America in 1776. This would mean that Heinrich Kirsch was at least 42 years of age when he entered the British service, rather old for a soldier of fortune—and especially for one who took "French leave" after serving six years of a seven-year indenture.

3—A half-Johannes was a Portuguese gold coin worth about $16 in American currency, or the equivalent of about three pounds. The name Johannes was in tribute to King John V of Portugal.

There are several interesting points in Noecker's offer of this particular coin. First, it will be noted that he calls it a Johannes, or John, when the common colonial slang was "double Joe" instead of half-John. The second point is that it appears that Portuguese money was circulating in Berks at the time of the Revolution. It is common knowledge of course that British coins were drained from the colonies through the mercantilistic policies of the British Board of Trade; it is equally well known that Spanish coins (dollars) were in common use because of the influx of Spanish money growing out of the smuggling trade with the West Indies. But where did the Portuguese coins come from? Brazil? And how did they reach Bern Township, in Berks? They must have been fairly common if Noecker expected people to recognize the exchange value of a half-Johannes.

Johannes Noecker was one of the Palatines who migrated from New York province into Pennsylvania in 1728.

—By courtesy of Arthur D. Graeff.

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND JOHN.

Matthaeus, Markus, Lukas, Johannes,
Die segne mei Bett, en yeder der kann es;
Vier Ecke hot's Bett, vier Schtolle die's hewe,
Un iwwer meim Kopp, vier Engel die schwewe;
Eeener fer bede un eener fer singe,
Zwee fer mei Seel in der Himmel zu bringe.

—Aus em JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

BOOK NOTES

AMERICAN FOLK DECORATION by Jean Lipman. With Practical Instruction by Eve Meulendyke.—Oxford University Press, New York. 1951. 163 pp.—$10.00.

We call the attention of our readers to this beautiful book because of the prominence its author gives to Pennsylvania German folk art.

As implied in the title the author has not endeavored to present an inclusive record of American folk art but rather to render a practical survey of painted decorations in American folk art. To quote from the Introduction: "The painted decoration which is the subject of this book was executed by American craftsmen who worked mostly for middle-class country folk in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This homespun decorative painting which flourished in rural communities was quite different from the sophisticated and elaborate ornamentation fashionable in wealthy urban centers. The native decorators worked simply with an instinctive feeling for line and form and balance, producing a body of work that is distinguished by its design and gay, strong color. This folk style in painted decoration is most attractive, suitable and easily reproduced for country homes today."

The book comprises seven chapters. Their titles will denote the scope of content: Chapter 1, Decorated Furniture; 2, Decorative Accessories; 3, Ornamented Tinware; 4, Stenciled and Painted Fabrics; 5, Architectural Decoration; 6, Coach and Sign Painting; 7, Fractur Designs.—There are three approaches to each chapter. The first is historical and factual in content; the second leads to a consideration of the technique of applying folk decoration; the third offers illustrations of relevant antique items. So, for example, the chapter on decorated furniture first considers historically the types, regions, periods, style and decorations of painted furniture. The second part, of special value to artists and craftsmen, gives instructions on brush-stroke painting, how to decorate Taunton and Pennsylvania German dower chests, the preparation and application of color, two-toned finishes, marbling, vinegar painting, stippling, scumbling, gold-leaf decoration, etc., etc. Upon all this then follow 15 pages of beautiful illustrations of antique chests, chairs, beds and tables. For the many illustrations which form the third part of each chapter the author has drawn extensively upon collections in public museums and upon private collections.

This book is very informative within its scope. To be sure only such fields of folk art which admit of decorative painting fall within consideration. There are therefore no chapters on pottery, wrought iron, needlework and coverlets.

The distinctive value of this book lies in the abundance of folk designs offered in it together with the extensive instructions for executing them. The latter are the work of Mrs. Lipman's collaborator, Eve Meulendyke. Craftsmen, decorators and all who have occasion to reproduce and adapt folk designs will find this a most useful book. The Oxford University Press is to be commended on producing a book of such beauty and excellence of workmanship.—P.A.B.

* * *

THE EPHRATA MARTYRS' MIRROR—Past and Present. By Daniel R. Heatwole.—Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa. 21 pp.—25 cents.

This booklet will be of interest to all who wish to know more about that most remarkable publication of colonial times in America, the German translation of van Braght's monumental Martyrs' Mirror published at the Ephrata Cloisters in 1748 under the title "Der Blutige Schauplatz Oder Martyrer Spiegel." The production of this colossal tome, comprising 1,512 pages, employed sixteen men continuously through three years. Not only was it printed at Ephrata, but paper, ink and binding were all made there. However, many of the volumes remained unbound during the Revolutionary War. We are told it was these unbound volumes, enough to make two wagonloads, that were confiscated by the Ordnance Department of the Continental Army and hauled away to be used for cartridge paper and cannon wadding. Only a second visit to Washington's headquarters on the part of the saintly prior, Peter Miller, finally brought about a return of the unbound volumes to Ephrata. All this and more can be read in this little pamphlet.

The many who cannot hope to own a copy of the rare Ephrata imprint will be interested in knowing that the Martyrs' Mirror can once more be had in English translation, recently published by the Mennonite Publishing House at Scottdale, Pa., where a clothbound copy (1,157 pages) can be purchased for $9.75. This book, today more than ever, should make its appeal to serious-minded Christians of all denominations. From a recent catalog of the Mennonite Publishing House we quote the following:

"Martyrs' Mirror" has been an excellent seller wherever Mennonites have migrated. Next to the Bible it has been on many occasions the source of a spiritual bolstering in time of stress or persecution. Over 1,000 copies of this edition were sold during the first month of availability. It is our hope that it will never be out of print again. A message of discipleship, such as this mammoth book presents, is as urgent today as the day the book was first issued in the seventeenth century."

The first English edition of the Martyrs' Mirror was published in 1837, and was a translation from the German. The above mentioned edition is the fifth in English.—P.A.B.

"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.

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS.— INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

Curb on Firemen's Speed

One of the first orders of the new fire chief, Walter Flores, calls for greater care and lower speed in the driving of fire apparatus when responding to alarms. It is but one of a number of orders issued to the men of the department but it is the one in which the public probably is most interested because of accidents in the department that caused injuries for men and damage for vehicles.

Chief Flores does not want his men to dawdle upon their way to fires but he does want them to exercise reasonable care. He neither wishes his firemen to be Caspar Milquetoasts nor "cowboys" because he knows there is an average that can be struck between these two types.

The Chief is on firm ground with this order. It has been demonstrated in every accident that has occurred to a piece of apparatus that time was not saved in the response to an alarm. A vastly greater amount of time was lost thru the accident, in addition to the pain and suffering caused to firemen and others and the cost in dollars thru smashed vehicles.

The few seconds that can be gained at 60 mph speeds and higher on busy city streets are immaterial for the skilled firemen and our modern apparatus which can be put into action speedily and effectively.

Chief Flores is not so much concerned about when the firemen arrive at a fire as the shape they are in, physically and mentally, when they get there.

Where Pennsylvania Leads

We may be prone to believe at times that the great Empire State, New York, sets the standards and leads the way for the less populous units. Certainly that State has had excellent government, by and large, over many years. But there are some matters in which it is backward, according to the Pennsylvania viewpoint, and pretty much the national viewpoint as well.

Our commonwealth cannot take a lot of pride in the repeal of the archaic laws restricting the sale of oleomargarine because it took so many years of costly and much needless agitation to get recognition for a common sense decision. Still the fight was won in Pennsylvania while New York still has restrictive legislation on its books. Governor Dewey, year after year, inveighs against it and urges the Legislature to give this cheap and useful food the chance that it has been denied widely for more than half a century.

The Governor is equally vehement about compulsory inspection of motor cars in the interest of public safety and economy. In this field Pennsylvania has been way out front. For many years it has been required of all owners that they secure semi-annual inspection of their cars and that such inspection shall be an assurance that the car has been put into safe operating condition if it lacked any elements necessary to that end.

Again at this time of the year the deadline for an inspection period draws near. Our motorists are Pennsylvanians and therefore all cars will have to be put in order on or before the end of January. Motorists well may be glad that they are Pennsylvanians and not New Yorkers for it is apparent from traffic statistics that compulsory inspection of motor cars reduces the number and severity of accidents and that where such inspection procedure is not in force the reverse is the order of things.

Legion Asks Faith in God

Applying the power of its prestige and great membership the American Legion is able to promote and advance many notable enterprises in the interest of the American people. Accordingly it is highly interesting and significant that this organization has just launched a movement designed to bring about a spiritual reawakening of our people.

National Commander Donald R. Wilson yesterday called upon the 17,333 posts of The American Legion and the 14,000 units of its Auxiliary, representing a combined membership of almost 4 million, to take the initiative in a mighty and continuing rededication to faith in God, a program urging church attendance every Sunday, prayer every day for Divine Guidance and emphasizing religious training of youth.

The movement will be inaugurated on Sunday, February 3, ninth anniversary of the date when the Four Chaplains, representing the three faiths — Protestant, Jewish and Catholic —surrendered their lifebelts to enlisted men and went down praying together aboard the torpedoed U.S. Transport Dorchester.

A special memorial service will be held that date in the Chapel of the Four Chaplains in Philadelphia, of which Dr. Daniel A. Poling, father of one of the chaplains — Lieutenant Clark V. Poling — is pastor. Participating in the ceremony will be National Commander Wilson, the Rev. O. G. Birkeland of Whitehall, Wisconsin, National Chaplain of The American Legion and Dr. Poling.

In his letter to all Legion chaplains Commander Wilson suggests that appropriate services be held in churches thruout the country on that day. He recalls that the Legion was founded "For God and Country" and that these are words by which all Americans should live. He points out that it is fitting for the Legion to ask all our people to join in "an appeal for Divine Guidance in one of the dark hours of our country's history" and that "Need for a spiritual reawakening of our people was never more clearly manifest than now, with the world engaged in a struggle between those who believe in God and Freedom and those who believe in godlessness and slavery.

"We have a glorious heritage as citizens of America and children of God, and I therefore most fervently urge The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary to inspire and lead a spiritual reawakening of our people, a back-to-God and back-to-church movement whereby we all may be made more aware of the necessity for daily prayer for Divine Guidance in these troubled times."

Welcome to New Bishop

The million members of parishes in the Roman Catholic Diocese of Philadelphia are rejoicing over the installation of the Most Rev. John F. O'Hara as Archbishop and the assumption by him of the duties so long, faithfully and capably performed by the late Cardinal Dennis Dougherty.

Admiration and affection long have been felt in this diocese for this eminent churchman and so there is deep satisfaction that he has been sent here to carry on the vast work that is growing by leaps and bounds in a see with more than a million souls. He is no stranger in the Philadelphia area, where he has frequently visited and taken part in important ceremonies. He is no stranger to Roman Catholics thruout the United States for some of Notre Dame University's finest days and years were experienced during his term as president of that institution.

Now he is our very own here in Eastern Pennsylvania and already there is intense satisfaction and pardonable pride in such possession and confidence that even higher honors will be his as not too many years roll on. It is noted that there is a parallel with the career of Cardinal Dougherty and there is hope that it may continue. That late lamented prelate came to Philadelphia from the important diocese of Buffalo. Archbishop O'Hara until recent weeks filled that post and now moves on to succeed the man who was his predecessor in the Buffalo see. It will be the hope of the diocese that its head will ultimately be accorded as great honors as Cardinal Dougherty attained.

Public Opinion

Praises Publication of All Assessments.

Editor, Morning Call:

This is to gratefully acknowledge the publication of my article on assessments in your public opinion column yesterday. I also want to commend the splendid policy of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers in publishing the new assessments as a public service.

These figures show that a large majority of city home owners will be paying less real estate taxes in 1952 than they did in 1951, because the new assessments on commercial, industrial and business properties, on the average, have been doubled. One property on Hamilton Street formerly assessed at $420,000 is now increased to $1,209,990 — almost tripled.

These published assessment figures, by comparison with the former ones, further reveal those property owners who were getting away with mayhem in the past. It is these who are now screaming the loudest because they have been brought into line by the new revaluations. Taxdodgers will continue to bellow, nevertheless, and in all the examples of alleged inequalities cited in the article on page 29 of the "Call" this morning, there is not one single comparison of actual value with the new assessments therein quoted. In fact, the writer contradicts himself.

The very fact that less than 5 per cent of real estate owners have filed appeals indicates that the new assessments are in line with the owner's individual estimate of the value of his property. Those appeals which have merit will be fairly adjusted and the special favor seekers washed out, since city council has been smart enough to have representatives of Roy Wenzlick & Co., who made the revaluations, present to confer with it on all the appeals. Nor should any one else be permitted to alter their figures without their consent and agreement that a mistake was made.

If this were not the case, and assessments again become subject to the manipulations of pressure groups and politics, and appeals allowed promiscuously, whether meritorious or not, it would mean the beginning of a gradual reversion to the unfair, hodge-podge assessment conglomeration which heretofore existed. To prevent this, whenever assessments are changed in the future, no matter when or by whom, such changes should be published.

Respectfully submitted January 9, 1952,

Harry M. Schoenly
511 Linden St., Allentown, Pa.

Where Are the Rescuers?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The "double talk" of the Churchill - Truman Communique —some of it unavoidable because of world politics and some of it inevitable because of domestic politics in Britain—still leaves the American people in the dark as to just what the basic purpose was in the meeting of the President and the British prime minister.

Every subject mentioned in the joint statement could have been canvassed as well by American and British diplomats here and in London in the normal channels. This conference, it will be recalled, was sought not by President Truman—but by Prime Minister Churchill, who came out of a close election campaign worried about the future of his parliamentary majority and well aware that he needed the prestige that a visit to the United States at this time could give him.

Past Strength

Mr. Churchill's forte in the past has been in his dealings with the top men in other governments. He still likes to give the British people the impression that he can accomplish, because of his standing in the world, more than any other man in England.

Mr. Churchill, however, also had a few things to tackle in order to be able to fight back at the "left wing" in the British Labor Party. For several months now what looks like a Communist - inspired idea has been accepted with some seriousness by the Labor Party and other British groups. It is that the American government would go off "half cocked" some day and send her fliers out of British airfields to drop bombs on Russian cities without so much as telling the British government it intended to take such a step.

Mr. Attlee was gullible enough to believe that such things could happen and actually asked for and obtained from Mr. Truman assurances on this point. But the Communists were not satisfied and kept up their propaganda line. Mr. Churchill's purpose has been to get rid of that problem altogether with a frank talk in Washington. The final phaseology of the communique on this point is interesting. It says:

"Under arrangements made for the common defense, the United States has the use of certain bases in the United Kingdom. We reaffirm the understanding that the use of these bases in an emergency would be a matter for joint decision by his majesty's government and the United States government in the light of the circumstances prevailing at the time."

The foregoing simply means that, if an emergency arises, the American government, of course, will consult the British, and if Great Britain is being attacked by atom bombs, it is not to be doubted that instantly there will be retaliation both by the British and American fliers based in England. The trans-Atlantic phones will settle that issue in a matter of minutes.

It is significant that the communique does not say much more on this subject than was said when Mr. Attlee was here in 1950. But nevertheless the Moscow propagandists have been assiduously spreading the idea that the United States might use her overseas bases to precipitate a war, particularly when the American armament program has reached its goals.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than the assumption being spread in Europe by the Communists that America has a "hair trigger" attitude toward war. For the fact is that the United States has not, in a single instance in modern times, moved into war except to resist an attack already initiated by a hostile power.

The remainder of the Truman-Churchill communique calls attention to a "complete identity of aims" in the Middle East, a four-power approach in Egypt as "the best prospect of relieving the present tension," and it expressed the hope that the plan of the world bank will "lead to a solution of the Iranian oil problem acceptable to all the interests concerned."

What this means in a nutshell, is that the United States has merely reaffirmed her diplomatic intervention in the Middle East and will accept responsibility along with the British in that area.

Added Prestige

Every one of these points means added prestige for Mr. Churchill at home. He gets, moreover, a promise of scarce materials for British industry.

Now what did the prime minister give to America? He didn't agree on the standardization of the rifle nor on the grant of the Atlantic command to the United States Navy as Gen. Eisenhower had requested. He probably will do so later. About the only thing that can be read between the lines of the communique is that America obtained a little better understanding concerning far eastern policy. Already in the House of Commons debates before Mr. Churchill left England there was a hint of a change.

The new communique states that both Britain and America "recognize that the over-riding need to counter the Communist threat in that area (the Far East) transcends such divergencies as there are in our policies towards China."

In a sense this merely means that recognition of Red China by the British will not affect the broader aspects of joint American-British programs in the Far East.

So, all in all, Mr. Churchill came away with plenty to strengthen his political situation at home—and the United States gets out of it what? A feeling that the governments of the two countries understand each other better now and that maybe Mr. Churchill will reassure Europe that the United States is interested in the defense of Europe not as a means of offense but as a secondary matter and that it is up to European countries themselves to begin to appreciate that the defense of Europe is primarily Europe's job.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! — Doh net long tzurick owets wor aeland im haichda grawd ons John Gehringers in Weisenbarrick township. 'S sin wenich socha os der "Pappy" John besser gleich'd tzu essa wie gakochda keshda, ebbes os die Sallie Noll fon Emmaus shun long wase. Sis fer sellie uhrsoch os wie 'm John un seinra Mary, shun fer yohra alla Grishdawg 'n dut fol keshda bring'd fer 'n Grishdkind'l—des yohr hut sie na so gore gons dicht ocht pund nous ganumma.

Die Sallie uns Johns' sin nonner bakont werra etlicha yohr tzurick wie die Sallie, 'n "Fraw in Groe" wor im Allentown Hospital, un da Mary ihra Pap der Andrew Wisser, wor uf galaig'd im hospital. Die Sallie hut 'm Andrew shae bei g'shtonna, un tzitter sellie tzeit fergait net bol 'n woch os sie net bei nonner sin aina waig odder da onner — gawainlich fer haas - im - peffer shpiela.

Doh net long tzurick wie die Sallie un ihra boo der soldawdt Ralph Noll nous worra mit da keshda, huts gore ken lang ganumma bis gablauder'd is werra fon keshda kocha. Weil ol die onnerra ready worra fer korta shpiela, hut der Andrew g'sawt, er dade die keshda kocha, noh kenta die onnerra shpiela wie sie wotta. Fon da weibsleit hen uf kours gamaint er dade sie ferleicht awbrenna, ow'r der Andrew hut na glei tzu fershtae gewwa os des net die airshda keshda weara os er kocha dade, sie sotta ihn yusht mit freeda lossa, un allas kaimt ol recht.

'S game hut noh g'shtart mit da Sallie, Ralph, der Pappy John sei Mary, un ihra boo der Stewart, um der dish rum fer shpiela. Fer 'n longie tzeit is allas gute gonga, un die aintsich'd tzucht un yocht os om gae wor, wor ols won die Mary der John iwwer die kola ganumma hut fer haas beata won er yusht ae jack in da hond kotta hut — wie so oft sei gabrouch.

War gawunna hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r alla gabut hut ains odder 'd onner ebbes g'sawt waeich da keshda, un der Andrew hut na ols glei g'sawt, die keshda gaibta ocht uf sich selwar, un sotta numma gadult haltta, sie weara glei gore. Un fermuthlich weara sie aw gore werra wons wosser net ei gakoch'd wear, un der shmoke is awfonga wolka weiss tzu da shanty dier rous kumma. Ol hen gamaint 'm shmoke noh, 's gons hous dade brenna, un dale hen fire, gagrisha allas os sie tzu da heis rous greisha hen kenna, un der Andrew hut ols g'sawt, "Halta numma gadult, die keshda sin yusht abissel awgabrent."

Un sie worra aw aw gabrent, un die socha weara noh ferleicht ol recht gawest, won der Andrew net gonga wear fer der wosser aimer, un hut die keshda gawesser'd. Dr shmoke hut sich glei fertzoga, ow'r die keshda hen so hesslich g'shmock'd, ebbes os der Andrew gore mechdich k'hoss'd hut. In old sim lebdawg hut er g'sawt, wear 'm ken keshda aw gabrent wie die sin, un hut shier so grossa auga gamocht wie aw da Sallie Noll ihra inshurance mon Paul Hallman die auga uf garissa hut, wie sie 'n weiss gamocht hut sie het sich 'n mon aw g'shoft.

Un die Sallie hut sella dawg aw 'n mon grick'd kot — des noch so gore 'n deputy shrief os ihra boo ra fon Utah rei g'shick'd hut. Ow'r sis yusht 'n gons glainer mon — ainer fer uf 'n uhra mant'l shetlla, un net die ort woh der Paul gamaint hut os die Sallie sich grick'd het. Die Sallie is so wusslich wie 'n shell ketz'l tzitter os sie ihra mon hut, ow'r des da wenicher os der Andrew may hoert fon keshda kocha, des da liever is es 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Da onner dawg wors so kalt in Bullfrock, os der Willie Merkle — des is da Ellie inra Willie, die fousht handshing aw galust hut fer 'n sow shtecka iwwer 'm shlochta.

Today's Text

By ROBERT R. FRITSCH

Psalm 23:6

According to Spurgeon, verse 5 of yesterday spoke of 'the warrior feasted, the priest anointed, and the guest satisfied.' 'Surely, therefore,' says the Psalmist, 'goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' It is a wonderful life that the joyful Christian lives in a wicked world, because the blessings of his Lord follow, literally pursue, him, so eager is the Lord to bless those who put their trust in Him. How strange that so many people are willing to miss the real joy of living in the consciousness and experience of the fact that the Lord takes pleasure in the prosperity of His servants (Ps. 35:27). And this is a daily experience; 'all the days of my life,' says the Psalmist. He was not one of those who would go to church once a year, perhaps on Easter, to retain some kind of connection with a church, were he living to-day. And to have walked in conscious fellowship and communion with his Lord for a long life-time is the happiest memory a man can have when he comes to the end of his earthly career, about to enter upon a closer relationship with Him in the glory of a better world.

Factographs

A sourdough is a Canadian or Alaskan prospector — so called from the habit of carrying "sour dough," a fermented dough used as a leaven in making bread.

The inventor of the typewriter is believed to have been Christopher Latham Sholes.

Louis Pasteur, French scientist, was called the "father of bacteriology."

Horoscope

Creative work should be highly successful under these vibrations, so give your mind and imagination full scope. Many fine traits and accomplishments may be noted as today's child develops.



WENDELL KITZMILLER

Gives a New Version of the Prodigal Son. A literal translation with a few explanatory embellishments—Wendell comments on the jealously of ye elder brother — Some advice to fathers — Honor to whom honor is due — Slaughter the fatted calf sometimes for the good son — Don't wait with your festivities for the prodigal — rather show your love to the deserving one.

'N sartener Mann daer hot zwee Buwe un moll ee Daag iss der yingscht zu seim Daadi gange un hot gsaat, "Daadi, geb mir mei Deel vun de Arrebschaft ass zu mir kumme soll."

Un der alt Mann daer geht verhafdich draa un verdeelt sei Sach un gebt em yingschte sei share.

Net lang dernooch geht der yingscht vun de Buwe draa un geddert alles zamme was er grickt hot un geht widder fatt mit in en anner Land un datt hot er glei alles darrichgeyaagt un versoffe ghatt.

Un wie er mool alles verschpendt hot ghatt, noot hot 's hatte Zeite un Hungersnoot gewwe in sellem Land; un er iss so aarm warre ass er schier verhungert iss.

Noot iss er gange un hot sich verdingt zu me Mann un der hot en naus geschickt ins Feld fer die Sei zu fiedre un zu hiete.

Un er hot gemeent er misst sei Bauch fille mit em Seifuuder—mit de Schaale wu die Sei gfresse hen. Es hot em niemand nix gewwe zu esse.

Un wie er noot mool aafange hot mit sich selwer zu denke, so secht er, "Wie viel vun meim Daadi seine Knecht hen genunk Brod un ich muss do verhungere!

"Ich geh draa un geh widder heem zu meim Daadi un ich saag zu ihm, Daadi, ich hab mich versindicht vor dir geegge der Himmel. Un ich bin nimmi schmart genunk fer dei Suh zu sei."

Un er iss uff un iss ab un iss heem zu seim Daadi. Awwer wie er noch en gross Schtick ab waar so hot sei Daadi en schunn gsehne, un er hot en gedauert un iss em engeegge gschprunge, un hot en um der Hals grickt un hot en gebosst. Un der Suh hot gsaat, "Daadi, ich hab mich versindicht—dir ins Gsicht versindicht—un ich bin nimmi waert dass du mich dei Suh heesscht."

Awwer der Vadder secht zu seine Knechte, "Geh un hol die bescht suit Gleeder as dihr finne kennt, un duht sie em aa; un duht em en Fingerring aa un Schuh an sei Fiess."

"Un geht un schlacht 's fettscht Kalb un macht en guut Esse un losst uns all froh sei;

"Fer des iss mei Suh, daer waar doot un iss widder lewendich; er waar verlore un iss widder gfunne." Un sie hen aafange freehlich zu sei.

Awwer der eltscht Suh daer waar uff em Feld, un wie er heemkumme iss ans Haus so hot er en laut Gesing gheert un music un Danse.

Dann ruuft er en Knecht e wennich newe naus un froogt ihn was die Dinge meene deete un was aagingt im Haus.

Un daer hot em gsaat, "Dei Bruuder iss heemkumme un dei Daadi hot en Kalb schlachte gelosst un en banquet gemacht weil er widder deheem iss safe un sound.

Noot waar der anner bees un iss net nei ins Haus. Dann iss sei Daadi rauskumme un hot em gude Watte gewwe, un hot gsaat er sott doch reikumme.

Awwer er hot gsaat zu seim Daadi, "Guck emoll do! Die viele Yaahre hawwich dir gedient un hab dei Gebodde nie iwwerdreede un awwer mir hoscht noch nie net even en Schoofbock odder en Geessli gewwe, das ich mit meine Freind freehlich sei hab kenne!

"Un awwer nau, so gschwind ass der anner do heem kummt, daer wu sei Guut alles darrichgeyaagt hot mit schlechte Weibsleit un sei Sach verfresse un versoffe hot, nau gehscht du draa un schlachscht en Kalb un hoscht en banquet gemacht fer ihn.

Er hot awwer gsaat zu ihm, "Mei Suh, du bischt allezeit bei mir, un alles was mei iss, des iss dei.

"Du sollscht awwer aa freehlich un guuts Muuts sei, fer dei Bruuder waar dot un iss widder lewendich; daer waar verlore un iss widder gfunne!"

* * *

Sell iss die Schtori vum verlorne Suh. Sie iss schunn en mannich hunnertmool verzehlt warre, un schunn en mannicher lidderlicher rascal ass alles darrichgeyaagt hot uff schlechte Weege un ass am End vun seim Bendel waar, hot sich draaghowe un gschteibert. Sell maag allrecht sei, awwer fer mei Deel muss ich em eltschte Buh sei Batt ewennich nemme:

En mannicher Vadder schiebt sei Kelwer Butscheres zu lang uff! Er sott 's net nausschiewe bis dass so en lidderlicher Schelm zerickkummt, awwer er sett aa ebmools en banquet mache fer der braaf Buu wu em immer folligt, wu em gedrei dient un wu sei Gebodde nie iwwerdreet.

In meim Pinyon iss es zu oft der Fall ass der schmart, gedrei Gaul wu der Hawwer verdient grickt en net, un soll uff vergrootzt Hoi un Buhneschtroh lewe un noot soll der schtreitich Balger die bescht Frucht am Droog hawwe.

No sir, mei liewer Leser, wann 'd en gedreier Buu hoscht dann mach ebmolls en gut Esse fer ihn, un waart net fer dei Lieb zu weise bis er mool der Deiwel gschpielt hot un dir dei Sach darrich geyaagt hot un dir dei Haz halwer verbroche. Ich will dir saage, wann dass du moll recht driwwer denkscht, dann musscht ordlich viel Mitleides hawwe mit sellem eltschte Suh!

HON. WENDELL KITZMILLER.

The above came into the editor's hands in the form of a newspaper clipping from The Lebanon Report for January 17, 1903. It was at the turn of the century that Dr. Ezra Grumbine (1845-1903), well-known Lebanon physician, began to write his dialect letters for The Lebanon Report over the pen-name of "Hon. Wendell Kitzmiller." Dr. Grumbine, one of the founders of the Pennsylvania German Society, wrote "Folklore and Superstitious Beliefs of Lebanon County," "Stories of Old Stumpstown" (sketches of Fredericksburg, his birthplace), the comedy Die Inshurance Business, the first play in our dialect, and Der Prahl-Hans, a collection of Pennsylvania German and English poems (Lebanon, Pa., 1917).

The parable of the prodigal son has been favored material for translation. It was first translated into the dialect by a certain Miss L. A. Ash. Her translation was published in Rauch's "Pennsylvania Dutchman" in 1873 and later included in "Ich Schwetz in der Muttersproch" a collection of dialect texts selected and edited by Heinz Klosz, Wiesbadener Volksbuecher, 1936. E. H. Rauch later made his own dialect version of the parable and included it in his Pennsylvania Dutch Hand-Book (Mauch Chunk, Pa., 1879).—ED.

AN OLD-TIME FROLIC

An unpublished poem by the late Reverend Astor C. Wuchter

Saag, weesscht noch ebbes, denk moll gschwind,
Wie's waar datt drauss beim Ludy Schlott?
En Frollick un party alle Woch,
Wie's Schnapps un Bier noch gewwe hot?
Wie als die Buwe un die Meed,
Verleicht net all, doch 's greesschte Deel,
Datt hie sin owets fer die fun,
Wu's gewwe hot als unni Fehl.

Was waar der Lud als uffgelebt,
Wann Samschdaag Owet kumme iss;
So wusslich wie en Katz im Sack,
Do meint er nix vun Rummadis.
Die Neweschtubb waar uffgeraahmt,
'S waar Platz genunk fer Glee un Gross;
Paar Benk un Schtiel so newe rum—
'S waar alles reddi fer druff loos.

Die Barschtubb waar schee uffgetrimmt,
Abaddich hinnerm bar so rum.
Die Boddle gfillt bis an der Hals
Mit scheene, kleene neckties drum.
Datt unne drin, wu's nimmand sehnt,
Waar 's voll mit "Achtel" in re Rol,
Gepreimt mit Graahne rechts un links,
Wann 's abgeht mit der Zapperei.

Der "Sacktown Trio" hot als g'schpielt,
Der Tim schlaggt Bass un Takt so nei;
Nuckt mit em Kopp un ruft die "calls,"
Wann 's ewwe basst, so newebei.
Nau "hands all round," "turn partners," "change,"
Nau "right and left," nau "chassy," "next;"
So iss es gange, rump un plump,
Der floor hot gewwe un gegreckst.

Deel ann're schtehn so newe rum,
Sie hen sich, meent mer, all gepaart;
Sie lache, zaerre, mache Gschpass,
Un pischpere leis noch aller Aart.
Die Grundniss hen sie loos im Pack,
Un yedri helft sich wie's re gfallt;
Un wann 's en guder joke no gebt,
Lacht alles ass die ceiling schallt.

Die Barschtubb waar aa wimmervoll,
Ass wann 's en township meeting waer;
'S waar 'n grosser Darscht so var em bar,
Un 's Bierglaas doch schier immer leer.
'S waar alles datt uff weit un breet,
Un Deel sin vun de Schtadt noch naus,
Die Meed zu sehne un verleicht
War 'n chance, wann 's abgeht noch em Haus.

Bei Deel hot 's Mals so bissel gschafft—
Der Tscho singt zu sich selwer datt;
Der Leef wetzt eifrich mit de Zung
Un tschumpt no uff un danst un scharrt;
"Hee diddel um dum, Schillfrack, Bullgrott,
Grick mool die Flint un schiess den Harsch;
Hee diddel um dum, guck mool nuff,
Datt uff em Baam henkt en rodie Karsch."

Sie kloppe 'm uff die Axel datt,
"Bei Tschimmi! Leef, sell biet der Tscho"—
Sell waar zu viel, der Tscho schpringt uff
Un danst un singt sich halwer blo:
"Datt drunne dat danse die Schwowe druff los,
'S geht drunner un driwwer, sie butze die Schtross;
Sie raffe 's in Wolke un blose 's rum haer,
Un huschte un niesse wie 'm Schambach sei Baer."

(sie danse mitnanner)

No geht 's aerscht ab, sie hen geyohlt:
Do geb 'm Leef un Tscho en Bier!"
Sie hen gelacht, 's hot alles gschtoppt,
Die Dansleit un die Rassem Schmier.
Was sin die Glesser gange no,
Ken Zeit fer auszuschwenke meh;
Der Ludy hett sei Maetsch mool ghatt,
Wann er 's geduh hett gans allee.

'S waar alles glei im Schwang un Gang,
Die Schpielleit ziegge widder uff
Mit "Captain Jinks" un "Peter Kutz,"
Mit "Money Musk" un "Loss es druff."
Sie hen gedanst, es waar ken End,
Mer meent verdollt sei, 's kennt net sei;
En gansi Woch hatt gschafft im Feld
Un Samschdaag Owets frisch debei.

Sie waare yuscht am "Hands all round,"
No schlippt der Charlie Froschmaul nei,
Der Hut so neewe uff em Ohr
Un danst eens ab un singt debei:
"Mer gehn zum Hiram Graessly, yep!
Datt gehn mer in der Schtor, ya, ya!
Mit Budder un mit Oier, hep!
Datt grickt mer 's Geld devor, ha! ha!"

Die Schtringbend hot en "Kutztown" gschpielt,
Un "Fisher's Hornpipe" hinne druff;
Die ann're hen gelacht, getschiert,
Der Charlie iss noch suppe!"—buff!
Datt leit er hiegschtreckt wie en Gaul,
Wann 's Glatteis hot am Baerekopp;
Sie draage 'n in die Neweschtubb
Un leegge 'n hie, der aarme Dropp.

Der Ludy hot gezappt, gezappt,
Bis alles voll waar, alles satt;
Die ann're hen gedanst, gedanst,
Bis Luscht un Lieb waar abgematt.
Was waar no als en Wese noch,
Bis alles uff waar, alles fatt;
Die Meed un Buwe, Aarm in Aarm,
Deel denne Weg, die ann're datt.

Saag, weesscht noch ebbes, wann waar's yuscht!
Wie's Bier un Schnapps noch gewwe hot?
Bigasch! 's geht heit viel schlimmer haer,
Ass wie seil Zeit beim Ludy Schlott.
Ee Iwwel fatt, sex schlimm're hot's,
Ass arger sin ass Gretz un Zeck;
Der Deiwel lacht sich in die Feischt
Un saagt no driwwer: "Geh mer weck!"

Die Alte hen schunn oft verzehlt,
Wie 's waar in ihre yunge Zeit;
Waer 's efters bissel rau gewest,
'S waer dausendmool viel schlimmer heit;
Reschpeckt, Karakter hett net gefehlt,
Was doch die Haaptsach iss am End;
Heit laaft der Deiwel rum im Land
Mit Wipp un Geeschel in der Hand.

—ASTOR C. WUCHTER (1856-1933)

(The above verses were written in 1921, in the days of prohibition. Among our dialect poets the late Rev. Astor C. Wuchter is second to none in wealth of vocabulary and skill in versification. He excels in creating small genre pictures of Pennsylvania German life as it used to be. Saturday night in the bar-room of Ludy Schott's tavern is here delineated in all its rude jollity and with the virtuosity and gusto of a Peter Breughel.—ED.)

LINSEED OIL

The production of linseed oil, as a byproduct of the flax plant, is an industry that has long ago vanished from eastern Pennsylvania. Our correspondent, M. Walter Dundore, of Beloit, Wis., informs us that at one time there were no less than 20 linseed oil mills in Berks County alone. This fact is gleaned from the census of 1810. The only mill that has been identified is the Kriebel mill in eastern Berks.

The linseed oil mills served the various communities in the same way that grist mills were used to meet the needs of farmers. Each farmer had a patch of flax and carried the seeds to the mill nearest his home for the purpose of having the oil extracted. In order that we may gain some idea of the extent of this industry it is of interest to note that in 1785 the United States exported 50,000 gallons of linseed oil to foreign countries. A very large proportion of this total export came from the flax fields of eastern Pennsylvania. When it is remembered that the exports represented only the surplus that existed after domestic needs were met, the figure assumes large proportion indeed. The total number of gallons produced in 1806 was 770,000. More than one-half of this total was produced in Pennsylvania!

The early method of extracting linseed oil from flax seeds was to crush the seeds between stones that were operated by hand. Later some of the millers used the "tamper mill," which was a large form of the mortar and pestle method. The mortars were made of heavy stone or cast iron. The pestle was an iron-shod log of ample proportions. The log pestle, weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, was raised by water power and then allowed to drop upon the seeds with a crushing force. Water was played on the seed-meal whenever vapors began to rise, in order to keep it from getting too hot and spoiling the oil.

Another method of crushing the seeds was by the ancient screw and lever process, a modification of the old cider press. This consisted of a wooden or iron barrel, perforated to give free outlet to the oil. It was fitted with a plunger, which, when activated by the screw and lever, exerted a slow, crushing pressure. Very little oil was secured. This type of press yielded only one barrel of oil a day.

A "cracker" mill consisted of rolls arranged in pairs, varying in size from 12 to 18 inches and 7 to 18 inches in length. After the seeds were thoroughly bruised between these rolls the mash was placed in a "chaser" or muller. This consisted of a circular trench of iron, several feet in diameter, placed horizontally on a firm foundation of stone or hard ground. Running around this, like wagon wheels in a rut, were two ponderous mill stones set opposite one another, on a shaft. Round and round these wheels revolved, chasing one another, until the meal was finely crushed. Then the water was added until the mixture acquired the consistency of putty.

This mixture was further mulled for 10 or 15 minutes and tempered with heat by placing it in a heavy drum which slowly revolved over a charcoal fire. When the proper temperature was reached it was possible to pour off the oil.

—By Courtesy of Dr. Arthur D. Graeff

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
TELEPHONE 3-4241
BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.85; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

Rats in the Granary

So much stealing in government is coming to light that an inevitable expression escapes from many lips: "Everybody's doing it!"

While there is not the slightest doubt that the vast majority of our public officials and employes in all departments of government are absolutely honest in all their work and dealings with the government, the fact is there are enough who are dishonest to tar the entire government. A serious factor is that so often it takes outsiders to discover and reveal the thefts and bring about action regarding them.

The latest expose is that millions of bushels of grain, supposed to be in great silos to which the Government consigned its purchases, are not there at all. Auditors for the Comptroller General found shortages valued at almost $4 millions in one office alone, namely that in Dallas, Texas. It is indicated that there may be large shortages in other farm products which were purchased by the Government in carrying out the price support program.

If there were thefts and conspiratorial practices with surplus food stores in Dallas it is likely that there were thefts in some others of the hundreds of warehouses scattered all over the United States.

Some prosecutions are said to have been begun by the Department of Agriculture but some of the senators who are concerned in this newest probe and scandal are not at all satisfied that prosecutions have been as extensive, as speedy and determined as they should have been.

It may develop that thrifty public employes pondered the destruction of millions of tons of foodstuffs in recent years and decried such waste of food and money when half the world goes to bed hungry every night. They may have decided to ease their consciences and put some of the surplus out into the ordinary channels of trade and feed hungry mouths. And they may have been able to find conscienceless dealers who were ready to pay the public officials for merchandise that readily could be sold in the black markets. Or cash may have been paid for shipments of products that never were delivered into the warehouses, but were rerouted to the channels of trade, thus defeating even the spirit of the farm support program.

The multiplication of Government agencies and the employes to handle them, the establishment of controls and the handling of virtually endless amounts of money or its equivalent in valuable commodities have created a cache of wealth greater than the value of the gold hoard at Fort Knox. The temptation is tremendous. The human rats and mice have gnawed their way into the Government's granaries and there are indications that the losses have been enormous.

It is not too late for the Agricultural Department to clean out the vermin that has found its way into the silos and warehouses where billions of dollars worth of food is stored.

End to 'Torch' Sweaters

When our public safety officials yesterday destroyed some thirty sweater sets of the "torch" variety they removed the hazard to life and limb for the owners who had turned them in after the dangerous character of these garments had become known thru others' misfortunes.

It had been established that one of these sweaters would burn like a grain of powder within a minute. The score and a half that were heaped together yesterday and lighted at just one fine thread of the nap were completely destroyed within five minutes.

The experience of the owners of these garments who paid anywhere from $5 to $10 per set certainly will never be forgotten by them. The story of this experience never should be forgotten by any one who has been reading about it.

The purchasers of the sweaters are poorer by the amount of money that they paid for the garments. They are the richer because they escaped the dire fate that might have come to them had some one with lighted cigarette or cigar touched them or had hot ashes fallen upon them.

Some of them should have learned another lesson, namely that the purchase of stolen goods is a serious crime. While it has not been indicated at any time that the peddlers stole the neatly boxed and highly attractive sweaters, it is known that the peddlers in some cases hinted that the goods had been stolen from a truck and therefore could be sold at bargain price. Wherever haggling brought about reduction in price there was good reason to believe that the goods had been stolen and therefore should not have been purchased in the first place.

The general public undoubtedly has learned the lesson that always it is best to deal with well-known and reputable dealers. Responsibility is established in such dealings as was indicated in the local courts several years ago when there was prosecution for injury to a child who had worn a highly inflammable cowboy suit and had been badly burned. In that case both retailer and wholesaler were well known and reputable. Their sales had been made in honesty and innocence about the dangerous character of the fabric that was used.

If an accident had happened to any one of the thirty men whose sweaters were disposed of yesterday it would have been virtually impossible to trace the itinerant peddler or learn the name and whereabouts of the maker of the garments.

A Better Phone System

It will be in the interest of progress and certainly of better communication between the public and its county officials if the County Commissioners decide to install automatic telephone service for the Court House, the annex and such detached units of county activities as the judges' chambers, district attorney's offices, the County Home, the Prison and others.

Any institution which has reached proportions even approaching the size of the County's is sacrificing a great deal when it clings to an outmoded telephone system. It is absolutely certain that an automatic system will bring efficiency and high satisfactions for every unit of County government and for every citizen who has dealings with any of its units. It should even prove to be more economical. It certainly will be money-saving because of the time-saving which will be effected in the hundreds of daily inter-office calls that must be made.

Every large local business institution which employs the automatic system would not dispense with it. Everybody who employs the system will urge the Commissioners to adopt it and effect a great improvement to inaugurate their regime.

Always First to Respond



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Thoughts while watching Prime Minister Churchill address Congress and watching Congress as it listened to him.

What a salesman!. . .Every paragraph of the speech worked out carefully to produce a particular impression . . . Knowing in advance he would face a semi-hostile audience. . .Makes his points with much foreknowledge of what American objections are to British policies. . .

Thoroughly understands American viewpoint because he's half-American. . .Cleverly plays on the humor of an audience like he has often faced in the House of Commons. . .A bit of kidding isn't amiss as he says: "I have not come here to ask you for money—" and then waits. . . There's laughter and then he he finishes "—For money to make life more comfortable or easier for us in Britain". . . more laughter and a good beginning. . .audience at ease. . .

Speaks as in '40s.

"I have come here to ask not for gold but for steel, not for favors but for equipment". . . Reminiscent of his famous speeches in 1940. . ."Give us the tools and we'll finish the job" . . .And it took American troops to finish that job. . .

Launches into an explanation of how Britain borrowed from other countries during the war and didn't put in counterclaims against sterling-bloc countries which were defended and preserved by Britain in Africa and Asia.

The prime minister makes a "digression" . . . A purposeful one. . .Under the guise of not meddling in American politics, he speaks of British bipartisan policies and adroitly pays tribute to the late Sen. Vandenberg, champion of the bipartisan approach to foreign policy in the United States. . .Interjects this bit of advice so delicately that it wasn't a bit indelicate. . .

Another piece of diplomacy and tact — the references to Korea. . .praise for America and a recognition that the United States is bearing "nine-tenths or more of the burden". . .

On one point the prime minister wasn't well informed. . .He said with reference to Korea—"the action which President Truman took in your name, and with your full support, in his stroke against aggression in Korea". . . It was never submitted to Congress. . .but it would have doubtless been approved. . .

Refers to the Middle East. . . Shifts to America a part of the burden of protecting the Suez Canal. . .Reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt's ideas about internationalizing most of the major waterways of the world. . .

Warning to the Communists that they may expect allied resistance if their aggression intensifies in Southeast Asia. . .Puts in a warning, too, to the state of Israel, reminding her that Britain first backed her aspirations for independence with the Balfour declaration , and now expects the Israel government "to renew and preserve their friendly relations with the Arab world". . .

Explains his attitude toward a European army and puts his faith in alliances of free countries and their armies. . .Says the British Commonwealth of Nations are doing their full duty but will not give up their sovereignty "in any continental federal system on either side of the Atlantic."

A single important concession to American policy. . ."I am very glad that whatever diplomatic divergencies there may be from time to time about procedure, you do not allow the Chinese anti-Communists on Formosa to be invaded and massacred from the mainland". . . This is the first sign of a break toward America in Britain's Far Eastern policy. . .It could also mean an understanding has been reached to let British recognition of Red China become a dead letter. . .

Advice on A-Bomb

The loudest applause comes as the prime minister advises Congress "not to let go of the atomic weapon until you are sure, and more than sure that other means of preserving peace are in your hands."

A final plea to America and Britain to work together. . . The applause is substantial but no such emotional response as Gen. MacArthur evoked a few months ago from the same rostrum.

The prime minister looks pale . . .He moves with careful step . . .He shows his age. . .He is not as vigorous in his delivery as he was before. . .He is restrained, deliberate. . .But his phrases and sentences still make the best case that anyone can make today for the plight of Britain after two devastating wars in Europe. . .

Did Churchill make a sale? He probably did. . .If for no other reason than that he had logic on his side in a world that cannot afford division between friends, because its foes are united and ruthless.

(Copyright, 1952)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BEI DA FEGEL OM FARM SHOW: Wenich leit maiga 's wissa, wow'r sis wunnerbore wie fiel fon unserra Fegel os die woch darrich om Harrisbarrick Farm Show worra. Des wor 's airsht yohr in yohrra os m'r yusht ae dawg dart tzu gabrocht hen, un kon eich sawga os die Fegelcher shure gapifa hen die weil os m'r drous worra. 'S hut nix ous gamocht woh m'r wor, bei da shofe, da si, im hinkle house, im arena, odder im grossa gabei, ol iwwer hut m'r bakonta leit aw gadroffa, un woh fiel dafon dick rund ous g'shtopt worra mit neiichkata un barichda. Ainer hut g'sawt er het shun die gons woch gaguck'd fer uns, ow'r sotta net grawd fertzaila wos er uns tzu fertzailt het, so os es net rous kaimt os er uns die barichda gewwa het.

Ae Fegelchie is kumma un hut gawunnert eb m'r der Clair DeLong, kounty agent fon Centre county shun g'sehna hetta. Wie m'r g'sawt hen m'r hetta 'n noch net tzu sehna grick'd, hut er g'sawt der Clair het so 'n shmuntzel uf 'm g'sicht os er sich sheb draya mist fer tzu da dierra ous un ei gae. Wenich shpaiter hen m'r der Clair aw gadroffa in da Press shtub, un ferhoftich sei wons Fegelchie net recht wor—der Clair hut galocht fon ohr tzu ohr. Un die uhrsoch dafor wor, os fier fon da finf shofe benna om Show woh owwa uf 'm haufa rous kumma sin, fon seim kounty worra. 'S aintsich'd os 'm laid gaduh hut wor, os sie 'n onner yohr hinnershich gae mista, un nimmy hoffa kenta fer fohraw tzu gae weil sie om end from band'l sin. In da fier benna hen sie aw net yusht so gawunna, ow'r hen der Grandchampion fom shoe kotta, so wohl wie aw der reserve champion, un in der barya 's Grand Champion fittership gawunna — odder ewwa der boo kotta os es beshd fers h tonna hut wie sie shofe shae gucka mocha.

Der Russell Seip fon Cross Roads hut hard glick kotta om show so wie m'r hoerra — hut der Reichard's fosfate shtand so hard baguck'd, os 'm die brilla glasser rous g'falla sin, un ains is in shticker ferbrocha. Ferol os m'r wase, is 'm aw ebber druf gadraida un der Russell sot ken glawk om kumma howwa sei brilla glaws sella waig ferlierra — sis 'n lot besser won ebber uf 'n brilla glaws draid wons uf 'm budda leit, gaea wie wos es wear won m'r 's uf da naus hucka het.

Niemond os net om Farm Show wor kon sich ei bilda wie fol menscha os darta worra. Mier nadierlich worra drous uf 'n "glainer" dawg, Dinshdawgs un Midwochs worra 's manshd leit darta, un woh feruhrsoch'd hut ferwos so fiel leit net yusht druvel kotta hen fer nagshd ons gabei kumma, ow'r aw fer parking blotz finna fer die mashina. Der John Hindren hut uns ferzailt, 's het ihn Midwoch moryets fon siva bis nine uhr ganuma fer fon Springfield, Delaware noch Harrisbarrick fohrra mit da mashine, uns het 'n fon nine uhr bis halver twelfa ganumma, fer fon Harrisbarrick noch 'm Farm Show kumma kumma. Noh is aw der Robert DeSilver, der G I Shule maishder fon Bedlahame wohs drei shtun ganumma hut fer der kartz waig fon route 22 (bout 'n mile unna halb) noch 'm Farm Show kumma, un parka.

Soicha os im geshters Call gaguck'd hen fer 'm Charlie Geiger un 'm Clarence Lauchnor sehna uf 'm bild hen gaguck'd fer ewwa fiel. Der obnemmer fer ae wihrsoch odder die onner huts pickter ganumma tzwae minuta fer da tzwelfa, un der Charlie un der Clarence sawga die Fegelcher, weara hee kumma yusht 'n minute danoh — ols noch 'n minute fer tzeit wons bild ganumma wear werra uf tzeit, ow'r 'n minute tzu shpote, weil der obnemmer tzwae minute fer tzeit wor — ebbes os die boova net fershtae hen kenna. Yar wel, der Hayden Peters, der Gordon Rehrig, un der Homer Koenig sin m'r barichda, weara drei dawg om Show gawest, un hetta 's pickter nemma aw yader dawg ferfall'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S Harrisbarrick Farm Show gamohnt em onna 14 yairicher boo os sei elf yairicha glaider wairra mus — 's Show hut net yusht ol die gabeier ous gawoxa os darta sin, ow'r wissa aw nimmy woh parking blotz tzu finna fer die mashina.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A sixty-five-year-old housewife gave her son a most unusual Christmas present.

It was a hand-written copy of the King James version of the Bible. She copied it herself, every word of it. It took her fifteen years to do the job.

It contains 1,828 lined loose-leaf pages, written on both sides of the paper. She used up eighteen bottles of ink, but completed it with one fountain pen.

The manufacturer of the pen now has that pen and has given her a new one.

The American Bible Society will exhibit the leather-bound, red-plush-backed volume next month.

Frankly, I can't quit understand why a busy housewife should spend fifteen years to copy something which is already available for everyone to enjoy and to LIVE.

The lady, a deeply religious woman, gave as her reason that she would retain the contents of the Bible more readily if she copied it.

When I was a schoolboy, our teacher made us copy certain chapters of the Bible five or six times for PUNISHMENT.

I haven't the slightest idea what the chapters were or what their meaning was. All I know is that I hated the teacher who punished us and—at least, at the time—the chapters I had to copy.

However, all due respect to that lady who copied the Bible. If that is her way to enjoy the good book she is welcome to it.

It certainly is not my way.

To enjoy the Bible it must be a LIVING companion.

Whenever I am perlexed about something, when something worries me, when I cannot solve my own problems, I turn to the Bible.

I want to say here and now that I am not what you would call religious.

I seldom go to church. I enjoy hymns because I like the music and the solemnity. I haven't much use for sermons.

But in the Bible I find the truest and soundest PHILOSOPHY that has ever been written.

No matter what bothers me, the Bible gives me the ANSWER —and PEACE.

But one must not read the Bible mechanically.

The best way to enjoy it fully is with the help of a Concordance—a table of contents which, in my opinion, is an absolute necessity for the proper understanding of the Bible.

One need not be a goody-goody to make the Bible one's "home companion."

It is something to live by and to live with.

For instance, Harry J. Cook a reader in Muskegon, Mich., wrote me the other day how much he enjoyed Ecclesiastes. He mentioned particularly Chapter 7, Verse 10.

I am not very familiar with Ecclesiastes. So I read it.

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" it says "for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

And in the 15th verse of Chapter 8:

"Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry; for that shall abide with him of his labour the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun."

I wonder whether that lady was not so busy copying the Bible that she had no chance to enjoy it.

I wonder whether too many of us cdpy rather than LIVE.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

News notes from everywhere: An English tory proposed in Parliament that crime be nationalized immediately. "That way," he explained, "we may be absolutely certain it won't pay." . . . A lady asked a music dealer in Los Angeles for Cole Porter's Splinter Song. Turns out she wanted I've Got You Under My Skin . . . A participant in a radio quiz show told the moderator he had met his wife on a moonlight sail. "How romantic," gurgled the moderator. "Romantic, my eye," scoffed the participant. "I thought she was home taking care of the baby." . . . An English tourist summed up New York as a city where "everything is controlled by switches except the children." . . . A defiant Communist's office was raided recently. Cops found it tastefully decorated in early un-American . . . A motion picture agent lost patience with a wayward client, broke off relations with him, and phoned the press to explain, "Know what I am? I'm a ship deserting a sinking rat!"

Horoscope

The year is likely to be one of happiness and success. Born on this day, a child may possess much talent.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 28

Israel in this prayer of David is crying to her God in the face of a threatening enemy, perhaps at the time of her particular oppression in the last days of her national sorrows. Especially does the nation ask that God be not silent when she calls, for that would be her end. The description of Israel's enemies in v. 3 is interesting, for they speak peace to their neighbors, but mischief is in their hearts. One might ask whether, if David were living today, he could find among the leaders of the nations one who is making loud professions of peace, but all the time plotting mischief for the neighboring nations. For such a one David prays for a reward equal to the wickedness of his endeavors, a just desert. Back of the sinister character of such an evil-doer is the fact that he regards not the works of the Lord, nor the operations of His hands. Therefore God will destroy such tyrants, as past history shows. When a man bows God out of His universe, He will in time have something to say to him. That is why David raises a high note of praise and thanksgiving in vs. 6-9.



BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURE AND COUNTRY LIFE, 1640-1840. By Stevenson Whitcomb Fletcher, Dean Emeritus, School of Agriculture, The Pennsylvania State College.—Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. 1950. 605 pp.—In paper covers, $2.50; bound, $3.00.—To be ordered from the State Bureau of Publications, Publications Building, Harrisburg, Pa.

This is a monumental achievement which cannot fail to enthuse tillers of the soil, and students of the cultural history of our state, as well as the general reader. It is by all odds the most comprehensive treatment of the subject. It would indeed be difficult, if not futile, to find any subject that remains untouched. A hasty glance at the table of contents will impress the prospective reader with the vast array of subject matter. The first 14 chapters covering 369 pages include the following: 1, The Land; 2, The Farmers; 3, Pioneer Farming; 4, Buildings and Equipment; 5, Labor; 6, Soil Fertility; 7, Crops; 8, Livestock; 9, Horticulture; 10, Transportation; 11, Marketing; 12, Profit and Loss; 13, Industries Associated with Agriculture; 14, Agricultural Leadership. Each chapter contains many subdivisions. Let us take for example, Chapter 8 on Livestock: Colonial livestock (of the Swedes, of the English, neglect of livestock, woodland range, brands and ear-marks, pounds, livestock thieves, degenerate livestock, cruelty to animals, upswing in livestock farming); Cattle; Droving; The Fat Cattle Craze; Birth of the Dairy Industry; Swine; Sheep; Horses; The Conestoga Horse; Poultry. The reader feels overwhelmed with this mass of material, garnered from so many sources, carefulld denoted in the valuable chapter notes.

"During most of the two-century period covered in this survey," writes the author in his Foreword, "Pennsylvania led the other colonies and states in the production of food. It was the 'bread basket of the nation.' Here was laid the foundation of much that is most significant in American agriculture. Farmers dominated the economic and political life of the province and state, partly because of their numerical preponderance. This was made possible not only by the fertile soils and efficent farming but also by the substantial character of those who lived on the land." The author is confronted with the difficult task of tracing out the achievements and influences of the three ethnic groups that were most responsible for making Pennsylvania the foremost among the colonies and states in the production of food. He states that the pre-eminence of Pennsylvania in agriculture during the colonial period and in the early years of the republic was due in large measure to the diverse nationalities that comprised her population. The three main ethnic groups were the English, who settled near Philadelphia; the Germans in the southeastern and south-central counties; and the Scotch-Irish farther west. There were and continued for a long time such definite ethnic-geographic divisions that one commonly spoke of an English Pennsylvania, a German Pennsylvania and a Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania.

Many of us would no doubt like to think that the Pennsylvania German farmers were the dominant factors. Did they not outnumber all other farmers? It would seem that the author recognizes the dangers and pitfalls that await him and tries to be objective. Although much about the Germans is scattered through the pages, the early sources from which the author draws are predominantly English-language sources—reflections of English travellers, or observations of English farmers, horticulturists, etc. This is unavoidably so because there were but few contemporaneous German writers expressing themselves upon the subpect and but few writers in English that rendered opinions about the Germans, notably Benjamin Rush, who is frequently quoted. There are times when one cannot quite escape the feeling that the author had not made the most of later works that have dealt definitely with the achievements of the Pennsylvania Germans in this field. We note that he does not list in his bibliography Kollmorgen's notable monograph on the Amish and Pennsylvania Agriculture, published by our Federal Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; nor Knauss' Social Conditions among the Pennsylvania Germans in the Eighteenth Century. Among his list of best county histories we miss Rupp's excellent History of the Counties of Berks and Lebanon.

However, the author has succeeded in introducing most of the facts familiar to students of our German ethnic group. In the course of the chapters we read about the early Crefelder and Pastorius, the Mennonites, the Dunkers, the Schwenkfelders and the Moravians. We read that the Pennsylvania German farmer has consistently developed limestone soil; that he has remained more devoted to the land than any other group; that he lead in his sense of obligation to conserve the soil; English colonists did not begin until after 1750 to build substantial barns similar to those their German neighbors had been building almost from the first settlement; the Pennsylvania German farmer developed the Constoga, the first great horse of American origin (A German horse is known in every part of the State, wrote Benjamin Rush); "th finest wagon the world has ever known" was a product of Lancaster County.

In the absence of science tradition and superstition were the rule and guide of agricultural practice. The author points out that the Swedes were as superstitious as the Germans, but on p. 504 he states that the English and the Scotch-Irish were hardly less superstitious than the Swedes and the Germans.

On p. 481 the author states that in the middle of the 18th century Germans comprised nearly half the population of the province, but that a much larger proportion of them were illiterate. However, on the very next page he points out that th Lutheran Church maintained about 250 schools, the Reformed Church about 160 and the sectarians about 150. That the German was illiterate because he did not speak, read and write English was a frequent provincial error. Such illiteracy is hardly consistent with the great activity of the German press at Germantown, Ephrata and elsewhere. According to Benjamin Franklin there were in 1753 six printing houses in the province, two of which published in English, two in German and two both English and German. One needs only to refer to Wilbur Oda's colossal bibliography of German imprints in Pennsylvania to ask in amazement who bought and who read all these German publications.

The reviewer is of the opinion that the author is at his best in the first fourteen of the twenty-two chapters, namely those dealing with Pennsylvania agriculture. Indeed one might say that this volume suffers from a certain duality. In the remaining chapters devoted to the second part of the title, namely, Country Life, the author covers an extensive area, including The Farm Home (the farmhouse, interior, heating, lighting, sleeping arrangements, bathing and washing, household pests), Food and Clothing, Family Life, Social Customs in the Home (frolics, bees, weddings, funerals), Social Customs in the Community (not omitting Bundling) the Rural Schools, the Rural Church; and the Farmers as Citizens. This is indeed a rich repast. Here, we are inclined to think the author is less at home. But perhaps only a Wertenbaker or a Toynbee could deal adequately with such wide areas. We regret that this second portion was not published in a separate volume entitled "Country Life in Pennsylvania."

In so comprehensive a work some errors are perhaps unavoidable. Many of the German words and phrases needed more careful editing. We take the liberty of making the following corrections: p. 103, **Denglestock** should read **Dengelstock**; p. 172, the old proverb, **Wer gut futtert, gut buttert**, here should appear without **u umlauts**; p. 341 **Aberglaude** should read **Aberglaube**; p. 342, **Steinback** should be **Steinbock**; p. 442, **Metzel-supple**, should read—**Suppe**; p. 443, **abgeschlachtel** should be **abgeschlachtet**; p. 445, spell **Fleisich** with **ss** and **betrunken** without **u umlaut**; p. 489, **zwinag** should be **zwang**; p. 506, **Marks** should read **Mark**; **Aus dem Knocken in das Fleish** should read **Aus den Knochen in das Fleisch**; and **Aus der Hohe seiben Klofter tie** should read **Aus der Hoehe sieben Klofter tief.**—P.A.B.

EM YOSI SEI AUTOBOMIL

An unpublished poem by the late Astor C. Wuchter

"Die Autobomilla sin 's Deiwels gans los,"
Saagt karzlich der Yosi ans Hannickels datt;
"Sie raase wie gschliffe die Schtross uff un ab,
Un hechze fer gravel wie'n Hund wann er scharrt.
So 'n Autobomil iss en farchterlich Dier—
'S hot Aagge wie Bledcher, en Schtimm wie en Baer;
'S hot Schtiwwel vun rubber un Ribbe vun Blech,
'S guckt grisslich, kummt's owwe der Himmel so haer.

"'S kann huschte un schnarrickse wie 'n Haerd wilde Sei,
'S kann hupse un tschumpe darch Wasser un Dreck;
Un rechts un links gucke fer Kissel un Schtaab,
Den rafft's no un kickt's no in Wolke so weck.
'S hot Schtrimp in de Schtiwwel, ass gfillt sin mit Luft,
Was peift 's in der Wind, wann 's en Schteebloder grickt;
So 'n Autobomil iss en wunnerbaar Dier,
Waerd's schtreitich dann schteht's datt wie daab un verrickt.

"Die Naas hot's voll Wasser, der Maage im Hals,
Es fresst nix, es sauft yuscht vum John D. seim ale;
Es suckelt un schmatzt, ass es Feier weck schpritzt,
Un niest wie net gscheit datt am hinnere Deel.
'S hockt' eener datt drin an re Schtang mit me Raad,
Un hebt datt des Dier an de veddere Bee;
Er hot aa noch ebbes vun Schpore am Fuuss,
No rennt er'm eens anne, soll's wiedicher geh.

"Datt inwennich drin unnerm Wammes am Kopp,
Datt iss en Gemasser ass wunnerbaar iss—
'S iss yuscht so'n Gegnarwel, der Schinner weess was;
'Ya, sell,' saagt der Pitt, 'iss dem Dier sei Gebiss.'
Im Buckel hot's Gewaerwer, en Langkwid am Bauch,
Un Dreppe un Diere so newe draa hie;
Ya, 's hot noch datt vanne en Fenschter am Hals,
Un vanne, gans vanne, so'n Yochhals fer Knie.

"Der Pitt hot mer karzlich mool owets verzehlt,
Ich lieg net, er secht des waer arger wie'n Gaul;
Wann's abgingt, en Gaul hett doch bissel Verschtand,
So'n Dier gingt wie'n Hund mit me Knoche im Maul.
So dann un wann grecht's noch die Schtaeggers, bigasch!
No gengt's iwwer Fense un Mensche un Vieh;
Un waerd's noch recht schtowwerich, no geht's in die ditch,
Schlaggt Barzelbaam paarmool un legt sich no hie.

"Er hot mer aa gsaat noch, 's hett Nubbe, des Dier,
Wann zwee nanner sehne so drauss uff de Schtross,
No deete sie scharre un wiehle im Schtaab,
Un gengte wie Schofbeck im Friehyaahr druff los.
No gaebt's aerscht Schpeckdaagel, 's waer grisslich wie's gengt,
Un's gans Kudderment waer ken drei eent meh waert,
Except fer em Isaac sei junk Gaerwerei.

"Die Sall hot schunn gscholte! Der Hund schunn geblafft!
Es geht ass wann 's gengt fer so'n Mexico Tschabb;
Die Katz geht als ab zu de Kansdrauwe nei,
Un's Hinkelvieh flottert die Fliggel schier ab.
Die Sall will nix heere vun Autobomil;
Schwetz ebber vun Kaafe, no waerd sie schunn bees;
No saag ich als: 'Waart yusch verleicht gricksch en Reit."
Waerd's Liedel mool gsunge im Karrichhof, wer weess?"

Oct. 10, 1916 —ASTOR C. WUCHTER (1856-1932)

The advent of the automobile and its early impression upon the Pennsylvania German mind have always been favorite subjects among our dialect writers, among others, Henninger, Rupp and Birmelin. But for pithy and ludicrous characterization we believe Astor C. Wuchter surpasses them all in the above hitherto unpublished verses.—ED.

Fletcher's PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURE AND COUNTRY LIFE, reviewed elsewhere in this issue of the ECK, offers a mass of information drawn from remotest sources which will make its appeal to the general readers as well as to the one who has special interests. The readers of the ECK will find themselves intrigued, no doubt, as the reviewer was, with such bits of unusual information as the following, to select but a few at random:

In pioneer days buffalo roamed parts of Pennsylvania. One of the last was killed near Capitol Hill, Harrisburg, as late as 1792.

The shad at one time constituted the principal food of all the inhabitants along the Susquehanna. No farmer was without a barrel of shad the year round. As many as eleven and twelve thousand were taken at one haul!

The Swedes on the Delaware had two-wheeled carts with wheels made of solid discs of hardwood, preferably sweet gum.

What was probably the first botanic garden in America was established in 1694 by Johann Kelpius, leader of the mystics on the Wissahickon.

In 1800 Pennsylvania was the most important wheat-producing state in the Union.

In 1775 farmers in Lehigh (then still Northampton) practiced 14-year rotation of crops: 1, 2 wheat; 3, corn; 4, 5, wheat; 6, 7, 8 barley; 9, 10 oats; 11, buckwheat; 12, 13 oats; 14 peas.

Corn, being unknown in Europe, the first settlers adapted Indian varieties and cultural methods, for instance, corncribs larger at the top than at the bottom. Indians had two kinds of field corn and also had pop corn and sweet corn, but the latter was little grown in Pennsylvania until after 1860.

Alfalfa, grown successfully in the Mediterranean region since the 14th century, was at first a failure in Pennsylvania, and only since 1910 has it become a standard farm crop in Pennsylvania.

About 1820 Chester and Delaware counties were the center of beef cattle grazing in America.

In 1766 Benjamin Franklin, testifying before the House of Commons, reported that 70,000 bushels of flax-seed were being shipped annually from Philadelphia to Europe.

Potatoes did not become popular until after 1720. In 1787 it was reported that a German farmer, named Stoneburner (!), produced 450 bushels of potatoes from one acre and a quarter.

On August 4, 1801 there was exhibited in Reading an ox over six feet high, over 12 feet long and weighing over 3,000 pounds.

The peach, introduced by the Spaniards, grew wild in Pennsylvania in early colonial days. There were no native pears, apricots and quinces.

The Moravians planted European white muiberry trees at Bethlehem and made silk for a time.

Silk was also produced in Lancaster County. In 1770 Susanna Wright of Columbia made a piece of mantina 60 yards long from home-made cocoons and this cloth was worn as a court dress by the Queen of England.

Before the Revolution there were no mints in the colony and no banks. No money was minted until 1782.

Sugar-making had been practiced by the Indians for centuries before white settlements. Bees were not native to America. Black or German bees were brought to Pennsylvania by the early settlers.

Until sometime after 1820 salt was extremely scarce and costly. Then salt deposits in western Pennsylvania began to supply local needs. By 1840 Pennsylvania was the leading salt-producing state in the Union.

Pennsylvania Germans ate less meat and had more vegetables in their diet than other groups.

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9311

CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St. Lansford—Phone 709

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

Favors to Skilo End

Announcement by District Attorney Jack Morgan that Skilo, the game with many a name, is barred in Lehigh County is a logical decision and pronouncement following the same official's declaration a day before that gamblers shall cease activity or leave the community and that gambling shall end.

It is to be remembered that Skilo, which had been called Bingo, long enjoyed a favored, a virtually extra-judicial position in this county. It had been banned in 1938 by a conscientious and able district attorney, John L. Cutshall. Prosecutions were made against those who challenged both the law and Mr. Cutshall after his fair warnings had been given. But the ban developed a lot of "bad blood." Then, as now, law-breakers immediately threatened political reprisals and insolently flaunted the district attorney in carrying out the duties which he was elected to perform and which he had sworn to obey.

More important however than the protests of the operators and beneficiaries of the game were the protests of the vast number of players, principally women, who objected to the removal of their favorite pastime.

Officialdom and a considerable segment of public opinion sided with the group which believed it was getting innocent recreation, even tho it was being gained in and thru an illegal institution. There was no wish to take away from any one the pleasure that was being gained by these players in the big and friendly parties in the pleasant, warm and brightly lighted bingo parlors.

So compromise quietly was arranged. There was tacit understanding that the games were to be held within reasonable bounds and that there would be no police interference with operators and players.

The law enforcement officers certainly lived up to their side of the bargain. There were however very few operators who lived up to their side for, as competition developed, the games became bigger and almost certainly grew far beyond the bounds which originally had been considered reasonable.

It was assumed, just as a matter of logic, that the reasonable bounds were being exceeded when convoys of motor buses, filled with players, came to this city from distant parts of the Lehigh Valley and even from New Jersey. It was concluded quite logically that players could not be induced to make a long journey to gamble for the reasonable stakes that had been agreed upon; that the stakes must be high and were becoming higher.

As in so many other matters, the operators were overreaching themselves. In so doing they did not seem to fear that they might be killing the goose with the golden eggs.

If Skilo had not already developed into a local scandal of considerable size it is most likely that the new head of our law enforcement agencies could have continued the tacit, tho illegal, arrangement under which the game has operated for some years with a mixture of harm and benefit.

The operators of Skilo were not satisfied with a "good thing." They had to make it better, better that is to say for themselves. Attack against them was being brought about by their own actions. They were "asking for it" for some time. Now they have gotten it.

The district attorney occupies the unassailable position of being absolutely right under the law. Furthermore under that law he is required to do as he has announced he will do. That Skilo operators have been favored for some time was not their right. It was a favor which was being accorded them in the higher interest of a considerable sector of the public which was the operators' customer. All favor now has been withdrawn and there is a challenge to ingenuity to devise some new way to retain the advantages which Skilo operators and players enjoyed, despite overt disobedience to the law.

A World Police Force

Altho we do not hear about it except in crises, like that at Suez, the fact is that the British Government polices a great part of the world in the interest of all the nations which stand for world order and peace.

When Mr. Churchill, in speaking to Congress, said that "our island has been denuded" of military formations to an extent I have never seen before" he summed up the story that the United Kingdom has almost all of its 850,000 men stationed at 19 points outside the tight little island. Britain in fact has the largest armored force of any of the Atlantic Powers in Europe. In addition Britain has over 50,000 men at Suez who are there, as Mr. Churchill said, "in the common interest of all nations, as guardians of the commerce of the world."

To these must be added the British troops fighting in Korea and in Malaya, and stationed in bases all over the world—Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Hong Kong, etc.; plus the Royal Navy (second only in size and strength to the U.S. Navy).

To maintain these fighting forces and to expand arms production places a severe burden on the United Kingdom. Just how severe was graphically described by Mr. Churchill when he said "in the process (of rearmament) we contribute ourselves two-thirds as much as the rest of Europe put together. . ."

It is for this reason, the Prime Minister explained, that Britain needs U.S. aid if she is to realize "in good time" the very high level of military strength to which she is committed.

Mr. Churchill added: "That is why I have come here to ask not for gold, but for steel, not for favors but equipment."

It can be added that the world can have a greater sense of security with Britain in Suez, Malta, Hong Kong and similar stations than if these posts were in the possession, let us say, of Russia or any of her satellites, or any of the countries which seek to blackmail the western countries by threat of going over to Communist control.

Need for Economy in Gov't.

Convinced that inflationary pressures will increase this year as the rearmament program takes a progressively bigger bite out of the economy, a group of the nation's leading economists, polled by the Institute of Life Insurance, believes that a more intensive effort is needed to maintain economic stability and prevent a renewed price spiral.

The economists saw several weaknesses in the anti-inflation program as it has been conducted so far in the post-Korea period. Major emphasis was placed on the need for the strictest economy at every level of Government, regarded as fundamental under today's conditions in any effort to wage a successful fight against the inflation menace. Considerable concern was likewise expressed over developments on the wage front and their impact on the price level.

The replies showed only a limited sentiment for strengthening controls except with respect to credit, and reliance was largely placed on voluntary restraint by the people, business and Government.

Twenty-eight economists parcipated in the Institute poll on the inflation situation and the outlook for 1952. Of these, 22 are in the private sector of the economy—business, banking, and universities — and the other six are in Government. The replies to the poll were based on the assumptions of no early change in the international situation and the rearmament program, and, of course, no all-out war.

The majority of the economists rated savings as of key importance in helping to hold down inflationary pressures, and a substantial number urged that the Government act to encourage the public to maintain its recent high rate of saving by making U.S. obligations more attractive to investors.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Trying to make a federal case out of it?"

If you have ever seen Milton Berle on television you'll remember that fat fellow Marco who uses the above as a stock phrase.

Graft, extravagance, waste are not confined to Washington. Every city or town of any size seems to have its share of it.

On the other hand, accusations of graft and crookedness can become ridiculous.

For instance, the other day I told you that the Roquefort Association sent me a five pound block of imported Roquefort Cheese because some time ago I wrote that I liked that kind of cheese.

Literally speaking that is GRAFT.

It is in payment, or rather as a token of gratitude, because perhaps I helped the Roquefort cheese industry a little bit.

But that cheese smelled so nice, I cut a piece and ate it.

After the second and third piece my conscience had become dull, and the rest of the cheese went into our deep freeze for future enjoyment.

(I assure you, however, that I PAID for the deep freeze.)

Legally, perhaps, I am a grafter. Possibly I could go to jail for a year or so. (If I do I am going to take the cheese with me.)

But the whole thing would be ridiculous, wouldn't it?

Quite a fuss is being made in New York City by Rudolph Halley, who is now the city's Council President, because he has discovered "irregularity" in the expenditures for official receptions.

There is an item of $8,158 to pay for the deficit of a $17,158 reception for fifty wounded veterans of the United Nations forces who recently visited New York. It was held at the fashionable Waldorf Astoria.

Mr. Halley claims it is perfectly all right to do honor to those veterans.

But how come, he asks, that there is an item for eight rented tuxedos on the bill? And how about ten corsages at $8 each, only two of which went to the wives of service men? How about 180 free dinners at $12.50 each for officials and guests other than service men?

That sort of thing happens in every community.

I bet if you went around snooping you could get yourself lots of publicity by finding out that your mayor or your police captain or your selectman or what have you, accepted free drinks or free cigars from his constituents. Or maybe their wives accepted free lunches or free afternoon tea from the local Parent Teacher Association..

It seems to me that quite a few of the things about which we get excited nowadays are just perfectly natural human characteristics.

Just don't let us go overboard on these little things. Just don't let us develop a neurosis.

Oh sure, let us go after the crooks and the real grafters hammer and tongs. Let us chase them out of office into jail.

But don't let us just go witch hunting to help a lot of politicians who want to gain something for themselves by a holier-than-thou attitude.

The mere fact that we ARE awake and INDIGNANT is a pretty good sign, though. It shows that there is still a lot of is, at least, fairly safe.

spunk left and that the country

Check Point



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The administration has developed a plan to settle the controversy between the CIO unions and the steel industry and thus avert a strike.

The plan, which is talked about a good deal behind the scenes here and in steel centers, involved a 15-cent-an-hour package instead of the 50 cents which the unions have been asking in their total demands.

This means that approximately 5 cents will be attributed to the cost-of-living indexes, about 2 cents will be added on the basis of productivity along the lines of the General Motors formula, and the balance, amounting to 8 cents, will be figured for certain benefits, such as shift pay differentials and extra holiday compensation.

The total cost of all this will be considerable and there is no practicable way by which all the companies in the industry can absorb it without an increase in price.

$2 to $5 a Ton Hike

Thus the estimates are that, since the existing law — under the so-called Capehart amendment — permits an increase in prices to take care of certain increases in cost, the price of steel will go up somewhere between $2 and $5 a ton depending on whether the companies are low-cost or high-cost producers. It is believed that the increases justified under the Capehart amendment will amount to an average of about $3 a ton.

If such increases are granted, it will still leave a substantial portion of the added cost to be absorbed by industry. Some estimates indicate that the 15-cent package will mean a $7-per-ton increase in cost for the producers and that somewhere between $3 and $4 of this $7 would have to be absorbed by the industry if the steel companies accepted the plan, which, of course, is by no means assured.

The importance of the price question has just been indicated in a public comment by Chairman Feinsinger of the Wage Stabilization Board, who told a news conference in Chicago that "whether or not recommendations of the board will prevent a strike depends upon whether the price question is settled before or after the recommendations are made."

This could mean that the Wage Stabilization Board will take into account the amount of relief that can be afforded the steel companies through the Capehart amendment and will tailor its recommendations accordingly. The general belief here is that the 15-cent package is designed to accomplish that very purpose.

For, with the 15-cent package, the industry and the consumers split about 50-50 on absorbing the added cost of the wage increase. There is reason to believe that CIO President Phil Murray has told Mr. Truman that something in the neighborhood of the 15-cent package would, if proposed by the Wage Stabilization Board, be recommended by him to his policy board for adoption. But there is no certainty that the steel companies will accept it. If they don't, a strike could result.

Big Problem

The chief difficulty is not altogether the 15-cents-an-hour for this year but imbedding such an increase in the wage level at a point difficult to maintain if the demand for steel falls off in the next few years. Already there are signs that certain types of steel are coming into more plentiful supply.

Also, the so-called "break-even point," which is a closely guarded secret in the steel industry, is believed now to be 87-½ per cent of capacity. It was around 62 or 63 per cent just a few years ago. This means that a drop-off in demand will curtail profits materially and put some steel companies in the red.

If there were some way by which the 15-cent package could be ear-marked as a temporary increase — so that when excess-profits taxes are repealed, and the demand for steel has fallen off, the temporary increase in wage rates can be repealed, too — maybe some of the steel companies would feel differently about it.

But the talk at present around Washington is centered wholly on the 15-cent package as being something labor and the administration have virtually agreed on but which means a hike in steel prices and a diminution of steel-company profits for 1952, which already are at a lower rate than in 1951. This may impair plant expansion and present difficulties in financing new plants.

The increases granted the steel unions will set off a series of wage increases in coal and in other industries. The administration, since this is an election year, is ready to stand back of the 15-cent wage increase.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Jan. 26, 1927, a Wednesday

A capacity crowd gave Miss Louise Lerch, native Allentonian who sings with the Metropolitan Opera, a tremendous ovation for her performance at the Lyric Theatre.

Professor A. S. Corbiere lectured to the Muhlenberg Auxiliary on Southern Italy at its meeting in St. Michael's Lutheran Church. He presented colored slides to illustrate his talk. After the lecture, refreshments were served.

Disabled veterans of World War I, patients of the Allentown State Hospital, enjoyed an evening of entertainment. They saw several motion pictures and were given refreshments and gift boxes.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Latest "kibitzer" story tells of one of the most persistent of the breed, who hovered behind a card player for three solid hours giving advice. What's more, the player won consistently. Suddenly he found himself in a quandary. Turning to the kibitzer, he whispered, "Well, smart guy, what do I play now, the ten or the queen?" The kibitzer answered, "First you've got to tell me this: what game are you playing?"

Samuel Johnson, displeased by the reception accorded him in Dublin, observed tartly, "Our Irish cousins spring from nobody at anybody!"

A brassy young busher, who thought himself too good for the Three-Eye League, walked off his job and wired John J. McGraw of the Giants, "Dear Mac. You will be happy to hear I'm loose." McGraw wired back, "Tighten up."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BOOVA, OH BOOVA:Sis hard tzu sawga awfongs war 's fergesslich'd is, der Marvin "Muff" Wetzel fon Walberts, odder sei boo Willard, woh in Langashter in die shule gait. Noh kon m'r aw net recht sawga'os es fergesslichkate is-ow'r sie sin so bahoft fer ihra glaider ferwexla won sie fon hame gaina, un gawainlich gaits na wie 'm Irisha wie er g'fochta hut, sie kumma tzwet beshder weck.

Yusht doh 'm onnerra Sundawg owet wie der Marvin un sei Mabel, un der Willard, doh rei moch da shtadt noch da kerrich worra, hut die Mabel ferparbas ocht gewwa uf 'm Willard sei vommas woh er da nagshda morya mit nous noch Langashter nemma hut wolla. Sie hut der vommas k'hova da gonsa owet, un sin noh tzu ihr'm bruder Paul Ritter doh fon da shtadt, un woh der Willard immer onna gait fer feriossa mit onnerra boova fer Langashter. Noh wos hut der Willard da nagshda morya gaduh, os wie 's Pauls' boo Carl sei vommas mit noch da shule ganumma, un hut seiner doh in da shtadt hanka lossa.

Ferol os m'r wase, hut der Willard die socha gaarab'd fon seim pap Marvin, un woh doh weil tzurick aw so'n aryie tzeit kotta hut wie er un der John Werner reck gawex'ld hen. Der John uf kours is abissel shwearer wie der Marvin, un hut sei ruck net tzu gnibba kenna, un glei ous g'funna os der "Muff" sei ruck aw kotta hut-un woh der Marvin shier tzwae mohl um sich rum wickla het kenna.

Noh hut der Marvin aw mohl 'n letzer ruck ferwish'd on ra lodge fersommling in Guthsville, un woh die gute hate wor, os der woh der Marvin sei ruck haisa hut mit hame gae, sei nahma im sock kotta hut, un der Marvin hut sella waig ous g'funna woh der ruck onna gakairt hut. 'S wor 'n mon fon East Allentown, un woh gawort hut bis der aller ledshd mon sei ruck ganumma hut kot on Guthsville, un hut noh ganumma wos iwwerich gabliva is—'m Marvin sei ruck.

Die arrickshd g'shpass wor, wie der Marvin niver noch East Allentown is fer die reck widder tzurick shwabba. 'S wor so olmechdich glot icich, un allas is gute gonga bis der Marvin der Hamilton shtross barrick nunner galoffa is, un ainer hinnich 'm hut die foos halt ferlora, un is 'm marvin hinna tzu da bae nei, un sin tzu tzwet bol die fol lang fom barrick nunner garitch'd.

Un os m'r yusht draw denka, der Marvin un der John Werner hen aw mohl dafor rech gawex'ld ons Paul Ritters', un der John huts net ous g'funna bis er un sei Lillian da nagshda morya noch da kerrick gawolt hen. Die ruck seck worra fol grundniss shawla, un der John hut grawd g'sawt, "des is 'm Marvin Wetzel sie ruck," un in blotz fon noch da kerrick gae, sin sie nous noch Walberts reck tzurick shwabba. Wos noch mainer is, der John het 'm Marvin sei ruck net aw duh kenna won er gawolt hetder ruck wear tzu glae gawest.

Yusht sis aw ferleicht net g'sawt os der Willard die vommas wexlerrei gaarab'd mus howwa fom Pap, sei Mam die Mabel mocht aw alsa mohl gakosa shtraich-ungfare wie sie un ihra shweshter Emma Holben now fon New Tripoli, koats g'shwabb'd hen bei ihra Mam da Annie Ritter doh in da shtadt, wie die Emma noch in Allentown dahame wor. Die Emma hut g'sawt sie mist hame gae der hund feedra, un da Mabel ihra koat ferwish'd. Die Mabel is gross, un die Emma glae, uns hais'd die Emma het sich bol ferlora in da Mabel ihr'm koat, ow'r hut die socha net ous g'funna weil sie so imma huddle wor fer hame, bis sie fon da bus is. Noh wie sie sich uf der koat gadraida is, hut sie wol g'sehna wos g'shaina wor, uns hais'd, sei wear tzurich noch da 16d shtross gawadd'ld kumma woh die Annie Ritter wohn'd, wie 'n halb fersoffnie gons.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wos m'r doh fertzailt hen sin yusht paar fon da uf huddlerreia os der Marvin doh kartzlich darrich gamocht hut-hen evens nix g'sawt fon da tzeit wie er mit da bus noch Guthsville gae hut wolla, un hut fergessa fon da bus tzu gae, un hut tzurick lawfa missa fon Hoffmansville.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 35

Two times in particular did the enemies of David seek to make trouble for him and to overthrow him; in the days of his exile as he was fleeing from Saul and his men, and secondly, when his son Absalom rebelled against him and with his army pursuing him, an exile for the second time. Verses 4-8 are David's prayer to God for protection from, and for the destruction of, these enemies. Because of this petition, the 35th Psalm may be included in the series of imprecatory Psalm, calling down judgment upon the writer's enemies. Many are surprised that such passages are included in the Bible, so far removed from loving one's enemies and praying for those who despitefully use us, the spirit of the New Testament. But we must remember that David considers his personal enemies as enemies of God's people, and that it is for God's honor that he asks Him to spare the one He had chosen as leader and king of His people. Furthermore, the saints of the Old Testament thought more seriously of judgment and retribution in this life rather than after death.



BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH DICTIONARY and HANDBOOK with special emphasis on the dialect that was, and is, spoken in York County, Pennsylvania. By Edwin R. Danner, Ph.D. Published by the author, 34 N. Main Street, Spring Grove, Pa.—pp. 178.—$2.00.

During the past 75 years some one has at longer or shorter intervals yielded to the impulse to undertake a Pennsylvania German Dictionary, glossary or word list. This is indeed a remarkable phenomenon, when one considers how much labor and patience, how much understanding and training, are required and how little glory and even less financial rewards are received in return. Whatever their merits, and they vary considerably, we can only humbly regard the courage of their compilers or bemoan their foolhardiness.

It all started when J. M. Beck of the Reading Eagle attached a meager word-list to Harbaugh's Harfe in 1870. At about the same time E. H. Rauch (Pit Schweffelbrenner) began to gather dialect words, but he soon recognized his incompetence and discontinued, not knowing how to deal consistently and uniformly with the spelling.

In 1875 A. R. Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual appeared, containing his P. G.-English and English-P. G. Dictionary with some 5600 words. Although a good German scholar, Horne employed in this dictionary the English sound values and orthography.

Now Rauch once more took courage and improved and simplified his spelling by adhering, as he thought, to English rules. In 1879 he published his Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook containing his English-P. G. and P. G.-English Dictionary of some 5000 words. In the same year appeared H. L. Fischer's 'S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes in D'r Schtadt, with a glossary of some 2200 words, in which the compiler followed the German phonetic system. When, in 1882, Fischer published his Kurzweil un Zeitfertreib he again attached a glossary of 2000 words, but in his introduction stated that he was in error when he tried to use a phonetic system.

In 1887 James C. Lins published the Common Sense Pennsylvania German Dictionary (revised and enlarged in the 1895 edition) "containing nearly all the Pennsylvania German words in common use." Since the purpose of this dictionary was to "facilitate the acquisition of the English language" it offers only the P.G.-English and not the English-P. G.

A curious contribution to our dialect lexicography, and little known, is a list of over 5000 words by Dr. W. J. Hoffman, published in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical society for 1888. Dr. Hoffman was a fine scholar and acquainted with German, but being at the time ethnologist with the Bureau of American Ethnology he recorded his Pennsylvania German word list in the spelling used by the Bureau in recording Indian dialects.

Another glossary is that which Daniel Miller added in his Pennsylvania German, Vol. II, 1911, consisting of some 1200 words.

Interest in P. G. lexicography seems now to have subsided for some years; but in 1924 the Pennsylvania German Society published Marcus B. Lambert's Pennsylvania German Dictionary containing 16,438 entries. Of all the lexicographers Lambert was the only one who had the scholarly equipment for such a task. He was trained in the ancient languages as well as in Germanic philology and was aware of the involvements of the task as no other before or since. One would think there were no reason for any further P. G. dictionary, unless to improve upon Lambert's. And yet in 1949 the Meredith Publishing Co., of Quakertown, Pa., published a Pennsylvania-Dutch Dictionary under an obscured anonymity, which proved to be only a rude reprint of the P. G.-English part of Horne's dictionary, omitting however the useful diacritical marks.

With the renewed interest in our dialect and the desire on the part of some to acquire a practical knowledge of it there was a growing need for an English-P. G. glossary or dictionary. Lambert's excellent work was out of print and besides it did not include an English-P. G. part.

Early in 1948 the late Howard Snader's Glossary of 6167 English Words and Expressions and their Berks County Pennsylvania Dutch Equivalents was published. It was apparent that the compiler lacked the training for the work, and yet this might have been a valuable contribution if one could learn from it to what extent Berks Countian P. G. differs from that used elsewhere.

A more pretentionus endeavor is Edwin R. Danner's Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary, which has just appeared. Dr. Danner is a teacher of English in the Penn Senior High School in York. Having been invited by Mr. Harry B. Herr, Director of Adult Education in York, to give a course in the dialect Dr. Danner felt impelled to compile this dictionary for practical use on the part of those who needed to work from the English to the dialect.

As a dictionary stressing dialect differences that obtain in the York County area it contains much interesting and valuable matter. As a general dictionary of the dialect it is less useful. The compiler states that the spelling is phonetic but does not clearly develop a sound system (English or German) and there is much confusion, especially with the use of "sch" and "ch." Nouns are given without denoting their gender, a constant source of confusion for the beginner Verbs are not entered in the infinitive form, nor are the parts and personal inflections' given under one entry. For ex., I want the verb "to be." It is not there. I look for "am" and find it on p. 3. I now look up "are" and find it in the plural, but I want the singular, so I go without. I next look up "is" and find it on p. 57. I now want "was" and find it on p. 168. For "I have been" I surely must find "been." It is not there. Could it be under "has?" I find "has been" on p. 47, but lo! it is the noun "has-been" and rendered in the dialect with "hasbeen" (Ich bin en hasbeen!)

The book would have taken on added value if the compiler had pointed out the prevailing dialect difference of the York County area, as for example the formation and use of diminutives; the use of the prefix "un," its nasalized form as in uumechtich, (unmechtich) or its change to "um" as in "Umgraut," "Umkoschte" and uumfriendlich; and especially the peculiar behavior of the past-participial "ge," for ex., its contraction as in "gwesche," "gwockse," or its disappearance as in "Mier hen schpielt," or its change before "s" as in "Er hot zawt (g'saat), "Er iss zuffe (g'soffe).

We are grateful for words not to be found in Lambert, such as "guulre," to coo, "glever," clot, Waaschfissel, a comical, irresponsible person, "hevlibevli (a game), "falirichbuutz, coward, "bendere" to dare, "ommenenz schuunscht," elsewhere, and many others.

This dictionary is rich in the rendition of phrases, which only too frequently show pronounced English constructions, for ex., "in die dage zu kumme," in the days to come; "Sis en glub onn die dier," there is a knock at the door; "es geht uunie zawt," it goes without saying; "net according zu Hoyl!"

Despite the weakness in this work future lexicographers will find it useful. It is regrettable that the compiler did not collaborate with his fellow-York-Countian, J. William Frey, of the Dutch Folklore Center, Lancaster, who is admirably equipped for such work and who has for years been laboring upon a dialect dictionary. We need a definitive P. G.-English and English-P. G. dictionary. The reviewer is more than ever convinced that no one who is not trained in Germanic philology should undertake such work. The definitive dictionary containing both the P. G-English and English-P. G. needs still to be done, but it should be done by a corps of trained men.—P.A.B.

DER KESCHDEBAAM

Wie ich waar noch en yunger Bu,
Wie's ewwe geht, hot die Unruh
Mich nausgeyaagt ins Feld;
Datt waar en kleener Keschdebaam,
En kleeni Wipp, so aarm un laahm,
Doch was er schtrack sich schtellt.

Ich hab en kleeni Fens drum gschtellt,
Wann ebber naus geht do ins Feld,
Dass er net driwwer laaft;
No hab ich datt en Schtickel gsetzt,
Un druff es Yaahrzaahl gschnitte, yetzt,
Ihn selle Weg gedaaft.

Vun Daag zu Daag hot Sunneschein,
Der Regge un Schneewasser rein
Gut der Baam gewessert;
Un Krefte vun der Bruscht der Aerd
Hot no ihn aa noch gut ernaehrt,
Langsam ihn verbessert.

Es waar net lang, vleicht fimf, sex Yaahr,
Ass Veggel hen mit Lehm un Haar
Ihr Neschter neigebaut;
Sei Bletter machen Dach fer's Haus,
Sie halten Sunn un Regge drauss,
Ihr Gsang hot siess gelaut.

Im Winter, wie's gewehnlich geht,
Hot Wind sei Bletter weck geweht,
Waar yuscht en Schtarze meh;
Weil ich im Haus waar schnock un waarm,
Schteht er datt drauss so kalt un aarm,
Un ach, so gans allee.

In paar Yaahr bin ich owwenaus,
Der Baam macht fatt, schloft ei, schlagt aus,
Wie Beem gewehnlich duhn;
Un's waar vleicht fimfunzwansich Yaahr
Bis ich bin zrick un guck devor
En scheener Daag im June.

Ei, sehn yuscht mool, so'n grosser Baam,
Un nimmi klee un aarm un laahm,
Wie ich en letscht Mool seh;
Die Fens verrisse—alles fatt—
Der Schtickel gfault un nimmi datt,
Ken Marker brauch er meh.

Paar dutzend Veggelneschter drin,
Un wie ich rumguck weiter, sin
Sei Igel schee un dick;
Un schpeeter wann's mool Reife hot,
Schmeisst ghauftich Keschde uff die Lot
Un halt aa kenni zrick.

Gedier un Veggel—Mensche aa—
Kennen Frucht dann hendich draa,
Er saagt aa niemad ab;
Gebt alles wu er hot in Niss,
Sich selwer, wann's mool needich iss,
Des iss sei ehrlich Tschabb.

So weil ich driwwer denk un draam,
Sin mir net wie der Keschdebaam
In besondere Weegge?
Weil mir klee sin, so siess un sacht,
Duhn Eldre mit ihr Lieb un Acht
Um uns Fense leegge.

Mir waxen wennich alle Daag,
Duhn kleene Diensche, wie ich dir saag
Vum kleene Baam vorher;
Dann kummt en Daag, ass mir bereit,
No naus gehn in die Welt so weit,
Verlossen Heemetdeer.

Mir schtehn vor alle Mensche yetzt,
Die Aagge vun der Welt sin gsetzt
Zu sehne was die Aern.
Die Schtarm vun Unglick blosen hatt,
Farcht un Zweiwel aa sin datt,
Versuch packt uns so gaern.

Wie schafft Nadur, so iss der Baam,
Iss fruchtbaar, odder aarm un laahm,
Er dutt nix deweegge;
Mir awwer fer Schlecht un Gut,
Mir kenne duh graad wie's uns suut,
Niemand saagt degeegge.

Un iss der Baam verhaust mit Schtarm,
Die Niss verdrickelt un voll Warm,
Dann waerd er umgemacht;
Ich hoff ass unser Baam getrei,
Vun Not, Versuch verhietet sei,
In alles gut beacht.

Wann wie der Baam mir schtarrick schtehn,
Un ehrlich un uffrichtich gehn,
Un gewwen etwas her;
Iss unser Aernzeit siess un voll,
Wie mer vum Baam verwaarte soll,
No gebt die Welt uns Ehr.

—RALPH S. FUNK...

THERE WAS A MAN AND HE HAD NAUGHT

Do waar en Mann, der hot nix ghatt,
No kumme noch die Raawer;
Er graddelt dann zum Schannschtee nuff,
Sie denke, nau hen sie'n awwer.

Er graddelt uff die anner Seit,
Ee Schprung, dann iss er drunne;
Er iss de Raawer ausgewitscht,
Sie hen ihn nimmi gfunne.

Es waar ihm awwer angscht un bang,
Er weess er muss sich ducke;
Schpringt verzeh Meil in fufzeh Daag
Mitaus zerick zu gucke.

* * *

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR, I LIVED BY MYSELF

Ich waar emoll leddich, hab selwer gekocht,
Mei Fleesch hawwich all uff der Schpeicher gebrocht;
Die Ratte un Meis, die gehne mer draa.
Ich geh nooch Phildelphi un grick mer en Fraa.

Die Schtrosse sin bucklich un gans iwwerzwarrich,
Do hock ich mei Fraa uff en alter Schubkarrich;
Der Schubkarrich wackelt un brecht mer noch zamme,
Die Fraa schpringt mer fatt un ich kann sie net fange.

* * *

ROBIN, THE BOBBIN, THE BOUNCING BEN

Der Raubels fresst fer verzich Mann,
Un yuscht zu weise was er kann:
Er fresst en Kuh, er fresst en Kalb,
No fresst er noch en Sau un e halb,
Er fresst die Karrich mitsammt de Leit,
Un noch der Parre, yuscht fer Schpeit.
En Kuh un e Kalb,
En Ochs un e halb,
Die Karrich mit Leit,
Der Parre fer Schpeit.
No glaagt er noch—nau harrich emoll!
Sei Maagge waer net halwer voll!

* * *

HOGS IN THE GARDEN, CATCH EM, TOWSER

Die Sei sin im Gaarde. Wasser, yaag sie naus!
Die Kieh sin im Weischkann Feld,
schpringt, Buwe, schpringt!
Die Katz iss im Millichhaffe,
schpringt, Meed, schpringt!
Feier uff em Lecha Barrick, dabber macht's aus!

(Delightful nonsense from John Birmelin's)
MAMMI GANS BUCH

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

For a Bigger Hospital

The Allentown Hospital's $1 million campaign has been opened and some five hundred good citizens who are philanthropists in the truest meaning of that word — "those who love mankind and seek the good of others" — now are at work thru - out this community in the effort to raise this sum.

Allentown Hospital is our largest eleemosynary institution. It was established by the people. It has been maintained by the people. Its continuing existence depends upon the people.

The Allentown Hospital has grown with the community's increase in population but it has not been able to grow as rapidly as the community's demand for hospital service and facilities. To catch up with this demand thru enlargement of the hospital and its facilities is the purpose of the current campaign.

As just about everybody knows the hospital occupies a very different relationship to the community in these days than it did in the days of the founders. Fifty years ago there was quite widespread dread about going to the hospital for treatment. It was the last recourse for the ill. It was the place in which to die rather than the place in which to gain greater opportunity for living, according to the opinion and emotions of a vast number of people. And it might be added, the child who was born in the hospital was rather an oddity.

Today there is complete change in attitude. At the very first sign of trouble vast numbers of people repair to a hospital for care and that "stitch in time that saves nine." Almost every expectant mother makes her timely way to the hospital, there to receive the best care during her accouchement and to have complete peace of mind concerning the care that her baby will receive.

It is true not only of Allentown but of every community in the United States that greater demands are being made today upon hospital accommodations and service than ever before in our history.

It is a splendid sign of our civilization that this is true in Allentown. It is concrete evidence that the vast discoveries which have been made in the fields of medicine and surgery are being offered to our people for the extension of life and happiness. It is concrete evidence that our people desire to avail themselves of the splendid medical and surgical services that are offered, accompanied by the improved nursing service that hospital staffs can give.

But more space, more rooms are needed for all this. So this is the purpose of the campaign: To raise a million dollars and to give to the people of this community the opportunity to live longer and more happily by the conquest of sickness and injury.

Everybody knows it is a well worth while project. Everybody will wish to make it become a reality.

Indefensible Waste

A good deal of attention has been drawn to the apparent wastefulness that lies in a legal action which has been initiated and continued by a $5500 a year Government employe who has been fighting to hold the job from which he had been discharged. Up to this time it is reported that the litigation has cost the Federal government half a million dollars.

It will be said of course that no amount of money is too great to spend in this democratic country to sustain the rights even of the humblest individual. If the employe who began this costly fight is proved to be a worthy person and not the unworthy one that his superiors thought him to be, then the expenditure will not have been entirely in vain.

But what shall we think of the unbusiness like way in which the National Production Authority is reported to have handled a simple business matter during recent weeks?

That body desired to learn what metals and the amounts thereof were in the hands of some 11,000 manufacturers. Their replies were to serve as a guide in the allocation of supplies for the period beginning April 1.

A Washington direct-mail firm offered to send out the questionnaire to the 11,000 manufacturers at a cost of $894, including the cost of airmail stamps.

Strangely enough, airmail was not considered to be speedy enough. So the questionnaire was sent out at a cost of nearly $30,000, or an average cost of nearly $3 per telegram.

The wastefulness here is apparent and indefensible. It does not sit well with people to know that public funds are so carelessly handled. Since the extra cost in handling the questionnaire by wire was about $29,000 it is interesting to note that this is equivalent to the income tax paid by 196 married men who earn $3475 a year and have two children. Nobody will relish the thought of income taxes going to telegraph messages when they could be saved by the simple method of using air mail.

Industry Has Shown Way

Final statistics on fatalities in the United States due to accidents during 1951 have been announced and show that 93,000 Americans lost their lives and the nation lost the equivalent of $8 billions in accidents in factories, homes and on the highways.

This figure is about four thousand greater than in the previous year. Its largest element was due to the automobile which made a record for the past decade by taking 37,000 lives. Accidents in the home caused 27,000 deaths while occupational mishaps accounted for 16,000, thus proving that the factories have been made safer than the home and that they are far safer than the highways.

What the factories have done it is certainly possible to do in the home and upon the highways. Years ago mines, quarries and manufacturing establishments suffered huge losses from deaths in accidents. But the safety engineers took hold of the problem. Management financed their devices for accident prevention. Organized labor encouraged the programs for the training of men in safety measures. The result has been almost startling.

If mines and factories can be made safer, then homes and the highways likewise can be made safer.

Public Opinion

AN ANSWER TO STATE SEN. FREED'S RECOMMENDATIONS FOR MARXISM TEACHINGS.

Editor, The Morning Call.

SIR:

The writer was rather confused when on page 5, Saturday, Jan. 26th issue of the Morning Call, Sen. Freed voiced himself in favor of a State income tax and the possibility of a State sales tax. At the same time he says he thinks schools should teach practical subjects and should stay away from Communistic ideas.

Senate Bill 121 unanimously passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature in '51 voted for by Sen. Freed, makes it possible for Third Class Cities to adopt the new optional graded tax law, taxing first land values in full, buildings partially, as is used by Pittsburgh and Scranton. Sen. Freed also knows there is a movement on foot to make this State wide and National. In order to retain home rule and our Republican form of government, we must face the issue squarely.

Public officials who are students of economic affairs throughout the world, well know that by 1905 the Fabian Society had grown in unity and power in England and that the income tax was started with a general relinquishment of advalorem or land value real estate taxes by the large land holders This is the only tax that is the most economical and safest for home rule when it is done on a basic equitable basis. Income, sales and double mercantile taxes come from the Fabian, Marx and Keynes theories and increase the cost of living for the housewife. It is strange that an eminent elected public official like Sen. Freed voted for Bills 121 and the new Third Class City Code. Both, when applied, would remedy our situation.

He then advocates publicly to students of our schools, the Socialistic Marx, Keynes income and sales tax that is leading us down to the level of England's socialistic way; when at this time, many of England's leaders are trying to reestablish their land tax that was abolished by the land owners and fabians.

The factors in the above quotations can be had by writing for copies of "The Wise Young Men in Washington" by the Rev. Walter R. Courtenay to Box 285, Easton, Pa.; "Pennsylvania's New Optional Graded Tax Law" by Will Lissner; "A Dilemma of Contemporary Keynesism" by Dr. Harry Gunnison Borwn, economist. "Earned Income Public and Private" by Joseph S. Thompson, president, Pacific Electric Mfg. Corp. can be secured from Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, 50 East 69th St., New York 21, N.Y.

An Allentown Property Owner and Member Pa. Graded Tax League

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 39

In this Psalm David seems to have been depressed by meditating upon the brevity of life, and as he was so doing, he reached the point where he had to say something about it, v. 3. What he did say was in the form of a prayer: 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is,' the same idea expressed in Psalm 119:12. Life at its longest seems so short, and 'he that heapeth up riches knoweth not who shall gather them,' V. 6. What, therefore, shall he wait for; what can he hope for, if life is so fleeting, the Psalm is in his confession: and wealth so easily takes wings and flies away? The heart of The Psalm is in his confession: 'My hope is in Thee,' v. 7. He hopes particularly for the forgiveness of his transgressions, v. 8 and for the removal of the punishment which had been sent of God as direct chastisement for his iniquity. 'O spare me,' he cries, 'that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more.' One more lucid moment in which to praise God for answering his prayer.

The Road Back?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Far Eastern situation is getting worse every day. The prospects of a truce in Korea have about reached the vanishing point. Actually the purpose of both sides now is to keep the talks going indefinitely so that neither side can persuasively blame the other for breaking them off.

So the proposals and counter-proposals go back and forth, and then some new formula or procedure for starting negotiations all over again on some other tack is introduced. All in all, there is no basic desire for agreement by the Chinese Communists, because Moscow is still angling for a surrender to her viewpoint by the west and for a world - wide "settlement" in which Korean peace can be traded for some other advantage to the Communists elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the situation in all of Asia grows very serious. There is a threat of more military operations and aggression in Southeast Asia by the Chinese Communists. The Japanese people are restive. They are anxiously waiting for some clarification of their future relations with China — their natural trading area.

The British, on the other hand, are lukewarm in their attitude toward the Far East. The promises made by Prime Minister Churchill to take resolute action if the truce in Korea is broken have met with quibbling comments in London, where the "left wingers" still think the United States wants a large-scale war and that appeasement is a better course.

France in Trouble

France is in difficulties over the Southeast Asia situation and the Communist bloc has helped to upset the French government at home.

What then is there to do? American experts who have been studying the Far Eastern situation have been advising the government here to take a firm position so as to regain China. To do this, it is suggested that the Nationalist troops on Formosa must be allowed to go back to the mainland to fight and that the United States must not use the 7th fleet to prevent Chiang's forces from invading the mainland if they wish to do so.

There is a revived interest in a naval blockade. It is known that materials of a strategic nature are getting into China and also into Siberia through China. While American boys are dying in Korea, European merchants are trying to make money by sending supplies to China.

Recently it has been evident that the policy of the American government was moving toward the firmer side. But with an election campaign in the offing, policy decisions of a firmer nature are not implemented by action, and there seems to be a vacillation which allows the whole situation to deteriorate from day to day.

With the loss of the mainland of China, Hong Kong can be taken away from the British any day.

The South Korean people, whose troops we expect to relieve our own, are worried about the prospect that the truce may make it possible for the North Korean Army again to swoop down some day and do overnight all that the U.N. forces fought to prevent them from doing.

The morale of the South Korean people is rapidly diminishing as they see the allies wavering and vacillating.

The U.N. is an alliance in name only. Each of the major powers has its own ideas about what should be done in Asia and, so far as the Arab countries and India and many of the members of the British commonwealth are concerned, there is a definite move toward appeasement and even surrender.

This is a shocking state of affairs and very little of the truth gets to the American people. But there are many persons in our government and outside of it familiar with the Asiatic situation who are convinced that an air and sea blockade in the Far East along the China coast would divert and weaken the Communist effort in Korea and prevent an invasion of Indo-China.

But the government here, for reasons not too clear — while sympathizing with the objectives and especially the importance of doing something to save Asia, including Japan and Korea, from Communist infiltration — is reluctant to take positive measures. It looks like a crisis of some kind will have to force the issue, and the probabilities are that the Communists, who are well aware of the dissension among the allies as well as the political situation inside the United States, will make the mistake of risking an open move of aggression this year — thus forcing an American decision.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER ALLENTOWN HOSPITAL DRIVE: Sis fermuthlich net notewenich fer may fiel sawga from Allentown Hospital Drives woh geshter in der gong kumma is, un gait fer tzwae wocha. Des is kens fon denna beddle drives wqoh 'n yaders awgarons'd wert, sehna wos es gewwa wot — der fol doh is, os yusht die wohs beshd afforda kenna tzu gewwa g'frok'd werra fer ihra dale duh, helfa ae million dahler uf mocha wos es nembt fer der Allentown Hospital ferbesserra. 'S wert net fon dier tzu dier gonga, un der hospital is aw net in da note os er gelt brouch — die obsicht doh is, fers gelt uf mocha fer 'm Allentown Hospital die socha gewwa wohs nembt fer da gronka, die fergribblda, un onnerra in note mit helfa.

Der hospital wie shun g'sawt, is gore net in da note fer gelt. Wos doh gaduh wert, is die socha in arder griega fer die tzeit tzu kumma, so won aenich ebber in da gagend gronk wert, odder unglick hut, os grawd blotz is fer aw ganumma werra. 'N graiserrer Allentown Hospital maint net yusht os may leit darta aw ganumma werra kenna, ow'r aw os sel ol da onnerra hospital fon da gagend mit helft, un woh aw shun long, ol iwwer fol sin.

Der "drivse" fer ae million dahler gelt uf mocha — un woh shun may wie 700,000 dahler dafon tzomma gamocht is, gamohnt em onna mon os hondwaricks g'shar kauft. 'S mocht nix ous wie 'n guter shoffmon os er sei mawg, won er net 's g'shar hut kon er net shoffa. So aw mit ma hospital. Niemond wase wen unglick 's nagshd badreft — ains ous alla fierra da reckords noh kon sich tazila fer noch ma hospital gae in da nagshda tzwae yohr. War sel fiert sei mawg wase niemond — un m'r wase aw net wons ei shlecht. Gronkhate un axidents sin immer rum, un so aw kinner fergribb'ld gabora, un in onnerra waiga in da note fer obworting un 'n bed, fer g'sund werra.

M'r worra 'm Dunnershdawg owet on da fersommling im Lehigh Valley Auditorium, un woh 475 leit bei nonner worra in da indressa fom Allentown Hospital drive. Leit os shun fer yohra so "drives" mit helfa, hen g'sawt, sei lebdawg hetta sie ken so 'n drup shoff leit bei nonner g'sehna, wie darta fersomm'ld worra. 'Sis net 'n drive woh niemond wase wohs gelt onna gait—allas bleib'd doh dahame, un wos m'r gebt, gebt m'r ferleicht fer em sei aiga lava, odder 's lava fon onnerra os em nagshd sin, safa.

'S sin Lieutenants, Kaptains, un Shoff Leit on da arwet, — dale worra so gore shun on da arwet fer wocha long, un hen may wie 700,000 dahler tzomma g'shoft. 'S iwwerich sot 'n glaenichkate sei tzomma tzu mocha — un wies aw is won 'n yaders os g'frok'd wert fer gewwa, sei g'flich dut. Die shoff leit sin drous im feld, uns sot 'n ehr sei fer g'frok'd werra fer sei dale duh fer der Allentown Hospital. Wos noch mainer is, sie froga net grawd fers gelt — fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie wolla 's gelt net howwa grawd now. Der hospital shick'd bills nous sex mohl in drei yohrs tzeit, un m'r batzawlt wos m'r fershprach'd tzu gewwa, wie won m'r die telefone un lichter bills batzawlt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Heit is der dawg, un da Mondawg owet der owet, woh die breeder Grundsow fon Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw ous finna wos die deitlicha wedder barichda sin, fer die nagshda sex wocha.

Heit kumt die Grundsow rous, un woh die aw g'shtelda fon da Lodge sich on da heck halta on gawissna bletz, fer die folla wedder barichda griega — barichda os da Mondawg owet noch da Lodge gabrocht werra, un woh die Grundsow selwar die wedder barichda unnershtitzt.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of my readers in Fairhope, Alabama, which is just across the bay from Mobile, asks me to write about "Fear."

He says that there is so much fear in the world today that I ought to take my pen in hand and dispel some of it in the hearts of people.

I thank him for the compliment. If I had the power to dispel fear and to restore courage I think I should want to join the ranks of the apostles.

My correspondent in Fairhope —who, by the way, is 74 years old—tells me that he knew a man in Memphis who had business on the sixteenth floor of an office building.

He would walk up the entire sixteen floors because he had once seen an elevator fall and kill three persons.

Then my friend goes on to remark that 95 per cent of all people die in bed. But nobody seems to be afraid to go to bed just because so many die in their beds.

I can't figure out whether this is sound reasoning or not. At any rate it is a fairly good illustration of FEAR.

What is this FEAR business? Why are we so afraid of things nowadays—of things and events?

The late President Roosevelt told us that the one thing we have to fear is fear itself.

How right he was!

You and I have so often feared calamities that never happened.

I remember years ago when I was usually broke at the end of every week, my blood pressure used to go up to 300 or 400 when the paymaster was late with his checks.

I used to think that perhaps some creditor had attached my salary; that my company had gone broke and I would have to go without pay. I could see my landlord throwing me out into the street and keeping all my clothes for security.

Then the paymaster came—he had dawdled on the way with a blonde stenographer—and everything was hunky dory.

I could name a hundred bugaboos I used to have and still have.

Like most men, I am deadly afraid of sickness. Every time there is the least little thing the matter with me I rush to the bathroom, get the thermometer and take my temperature.

While it is in my mouth I picture pneumonia, cancer, diabetes, heart failure.

Then I take it out and look. 98.6—and suddenly I feel all right again.

It is the same with our national and international fears.

To listen to a lot of talkers—and the higher they are the more afraid they seem to be—you'd think we were already in a world war and that we had already lost our lives, or at least our shirts.

Although, the way we are going now, we'll probably lose our shirts anyway.

Sometimes I think that something much more insidious than anything the preachers of Communism can do to us, is the work of the preachers of FEAR.

And I also think that much more weakening than the Communists are our Fearmongers in high places!

(Copyright, 1952)



D ISS FER DEITSCH

D ISS fer Deitsch, un es iss aa ken Zweiwel,
Sie glaawe an Gott un sie hasse der Deiwwel;
Sie glaawe an Arwet, un yeder soll schaffe
Fer selle Weeg ehrlich sei Leewe zu mache;
Sie glaawe ans Schbaare, doch blendi zu esse,
Un duhne bei allem die Gschpass net vergesse.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

ES BLATTBUSSELCHE odder ENDESCHNAWWEL

The above unusual title, conceived in a humorous sense, is only another indication of the easy adaptability of our dialect.

Es Blattbusselche (der Endeschnawwel) or DUCKBILL, with its Greek name platypus and Latin ornithorhynicus paradoxus, is indeed a paradox. With the bill of a duck, the fur of a muskrat, the eyes of a woodchuck, the webbed feet of a goose (but four of them), and the tail of an otter, it nevertheless lays eggs and hatches its young, which look like tiny mice. The mother furnishes them with milk, but has no teats to give them suck—surely one of God's most bizarre creations and one that continues to be a monkey wrench in the Darwinian theory.

• • • •

The author of the following now a deep-south Pennsylvania German, a former Allentonian, has lived in Atlanta, Georgia, for the past fifteen years. He is a landscape architect in the service of the Federal Department of Forestry. His particular work of planning picnicing and camping places in national forests has taken him on extensive journeys through the southern states. He is Winton H. Reinsmith, son of Martin A. Reinsmith and brother of Gerald J. Reinsmith.

• • • •

DES sin verdollt karyose Kreadure. Sie sin so ausgelegt un gebaut ass sie gans verlogge aussehne. Vanne hen sie en Schnawwel wie en Ent un gucke em so bees aa mit gleene, schwarze, gneppiche Aagge wie en Gans. Der Schnawwel iss en halb Zoll karzer unne als owwe, awwer sie kenne gut tschaawe demit.

Sie hen Hauthaar wie en Ratt oder en Maus, schwarz schier wie en Grundsau. Ihre Fiess, alle viere devun, sin wunnerbaar hesslich un wennich wie re Ent ihre Fiess un des macht fer gut Schwimme. Des gans Dier iss baut zwelf Zoll lang un graddelt rum wie so en Bobbli alligator.

Was fer en Kreadur iss dann des?' froogt mer. Die science Bicher gewwe aus mit em Naame ornithorhynichus paradoxus un sell helft uns nix im Ladeinisch. Sell letscht Watt paradoxus meent, 's is graadeweck en Lieg, wie mer 's aaguckt und glaabt net was- mer sehnt. Mer meent 's kennt yuscht net sei!

Der Daadi Blattbusselche geht nie net weit eweck von heem in de Grickebenk, wu er rumschnuffelt un graabt, wu er sei Nescht baut un Warrem fangt un der Hals nunner schluckt. Wie's scheint, gleicht er's wiescht gaschtich nass un dreckich, un graddelt darrich lange Lecher unnich em Wasser. Er iss es aerscht gfunne warre in Australia, wu sei nadierlichi Heemet iss.

Die Mammi Blattbusselche geht aa net weit weck vun ihrem Nescht, ass yuscht en Seierei iss, gemacht aus Hoi un Schwammgrass ass der Daadi vun aryets haergschleppt hot. Die Mammi leegt dann so Schdicker drei gleene Oier, wu dann zammegeleimt warre mit Schleim ass die Alt uffschtoosse kann, wann's notwennich un dewaert iss.

Was en Pikter des macht! Was die zwee, der Daadi un die Mammi in enanner sehne kenne, weess ich net. Sie gewwe aa verleicht nix drum. Es scheint mir wie en aardlich schlappich un geduldich Lewe un driewer als en Hunnsleewe.

Do weil zerick hen sie zwee vun denne Diere imme Kaschde vun Australia riwwergebrocht. Des muss viel gekoscht hawwe. Die Schiffer uff em Schiff hen so viel Druwwel ghatt fer ne Fuuder griegge. Do katzlich zerick waare die zwee Blattbusselcher allebeed im me Nei Yarrick Zoo wu mer sie sehne hot kenne hinnich em Glaas, wu sie darrich geguckt hen an die wunnerfitziche Leit, die lang datt gschtanne hen un gewaart fer die Busselcher rauskumme.

Es nemmt gaar ewich viel Warrem fer die Diere zu fiedere un die keepers hen's aerscht gaar net gewisst wu so viel beizuschaffe. Sie hen bait uff die sidewalks gschmisse fer die Aerdwarrem rauszulocke aus em Graas. Noo deete sie die warrem selleweeg fange, awwer sell hen sie schtoope misse, noochdem ass selle Owed zwee karessieriche Schpunners gschlippt un gschtarzt sin, un paar Knoche verbroche. Noo hen die Zooleit was mer so "culture tanks" heesst baue misse un hen Hawwermehl un Molassich nei fer Fuuder fer die Aerdwarrem drin uffzuziegge fer die Blattbusselcher zu fiedre. Die Aerdwarrem Bauerei hot gewiss marrickwaddich gschtunke, awwer der Daadi un die Mammi Blattbusselcher sin dick un fett warre. Mer meent sie sette freelich sei, awwer 's hot ken abaddicher Unnerschied gemacht, ennihau sie hen's net in ihrem Gsicht gewisse—sie hen yuscht noch besser geguckt!

Ihre yunge Bobbelcher sin nix viel fer aagucke. Sie sin glee un glatt wie Meis. Sie hengke an de Mudder un suckle die Millich aus ihre Haar, wu gleene Droppe Millich runnerrinnt. Awwer so ebbes sehnt mer yuscht dann un wann im Zoo. Deheem in ihre Wasserlecher verschteckle sie sich so gut, ass schier kee Mensch sie seilewes sehnt. Der Alt schtarrt immer aryets rum un schleeft Aerdwarrem, gleene Schaalefisch un anner Gfrees bei fer sei Familye. Die Mammi moppst im Nescht rum, versarrickt die Oiyer un wann sie ausgebricht sin, gebt sie ne die Millich ab an losst sie an de Haahr abdrebbsle.

Ferwas so en Dier erschafft warre iss, fer was es waut iss, sell weess ich net. Ich weess yuscht, ass mir nix demit zu duhn hen ghatt un fer sell bin ich schier gaar froh. Vier Fiess wei en alligator, Kopp un Schnawwel wie en Ent, Zannichkeet wie en Gans, en Schwans wie en Grundsau, Haar wie en Muschgrott, Oier ebbes wie Hinkel leegge, awwer weecher, un Millich wie en Kuh—ferwas kann so ebbes yuscht uff daere Welt sei? Ya well—sie wisse 's aa net un sie kenne uns nix erzehle (sie hen ken Schdimm fer schwetze, greischce odder singe) wie 's kummt ass sie so gans verlore sin warre aryets im Darwin seinre "theory." Es iss mir yuscht ee Dinge glaar—sie griegge gaar ken Gschpass aus ihrem Leewe.

—DER VINT

KAFFI UNNE WELSCHKANN

(en nei Lied for Kaffidrinker)

These verses have long been in the files of the editor. They were presumably written during or shortly after the Civil War, when the price of coffee was prohibitive and when roasted grain was extensively used as a substitute. The writer has used a pen-name but who "Kaffejockel" was is unknown to us.—ED.

Mer maag's, ihr liewe, gude Leit,
Graad wie mer will begucke,
Der Kaffi iss schier alle Zeit
En forstreet Ding zum Schlucke!

Mer hot's gefiehlt un hot's gemarrickt,
Mer hot's schunn ausgefunne,
Dass er die alde Gnoche schtarrickt
Vun owwe bis noch unne.

O schwarzbraun, dicki Lewensbrieh,
Wie viel hett mer zu glaagge,
Hett mer vun dir net maryets frieh,
Sex Koppcher schunn im Maagge.

Ihr liewe Leit, was hot mer dann
Schunscht noch fer gude Sache?
Nix als en guder Kaffi kann
Die Leit recht schpankich mache!

Un geht en Bu sei Meedel seh,
Halb farchtsam, halb verlore,
Un kenne sie sich net verschteh
Fer Lieb bis an die Ohre,

Dann secht des Meedel: "Kumm, mei dier,
Hock dich zum Sopper anne!"
Un nooch der Hitz vum Kaffi schier,
Hen sie sich gut verschtanne.

Wann selli Kaffihitz dann schteit
Den Weibsleit in die Kepp;
Dann, Mannsleit, geht geschwind uff Seit,
Schunscht schpringe ab die Knepp!

O Kaffi, eensich koschtbaar Ding,
Ich loss dich net verdarwe,
Weil yo mei gans Harz an dir hing,
So will ich mit dir schtarwe.

Was sin die Mensche doch so bees,
Was duhn sie net all fixe,
Mit Welschkann un mit schunscht Gefrees,
Dich Kaffi nau zu mixe.

Ach Kaffi, du waarscht yo so gut
Zu mir schunn so viel Yaahre;
Du schtaerkscht die Nerfe un mei Blut,
Nau will mer an dir schbaare.

So lang ich leeb, schtick ich zu dir,
Ich loss dich schur net faahre;
Ich schtick zu dir—du schtickscht zu mir,
Die annere meegge schbaare!

Do schwetze sie en arrig Geschicht,
Sie iss zum Harz abhacke,
Vun dir geeb's Runsle ins Gesicht,
Un Lecher in die Backe.

Du Kaffi warrscht—un's bleibt debei,
Bei mir schur net gemixt;
Wer sell browiert, watt meiner drei
Vun mir wiescht abgefixt.

—KAFFEJOCKEL

TOO MUCH DUTCH?

HAS THERE BEEN a surfeit of publicity and publication about the Pennsylvania "Dutch"? There are some unmistakable signs that some people have had their "fill." "Why, it has come to the point," complains one student, "that one cannot find anything on the current bookshelf of libraries unless it deals with the Pennsylvania Dutch or Germans—whichever it is."

A writer in a journal devoted to the folk arts and crafts growls that he has become tired of seeing nothing but "so-called Pennsylvania Dutch" articles featured. A lecturer to whom we listened recently made a point that we, in Pennsylvania, are reverting to provincial isolationism at the very time in history when our people should become more and more world-conscious. She declared, with stentorian rhetoric, that our boys are dying in Korea, rich in the knowledge of local lore and utterly ignorant of the international problems which led to their sacrifices.

THESE ARE severe indictments. Certainly we want none of provincialism and more of sensible international-mindedness. The result furthest from our desires is that there should be any ascendancy of the Pennsylvania German over any other cultural pattern which helps to enrich America. Therefore we ask ourselves, "How true and honest are these accusations?"

First of all, in every instance cited the criticism came from individuals known to be hostile. In one case the hostility stems from a suspicion that in some way the Pennsylvania Dutch were responsible for the wars of the present century—monstrous ignorance, of course; in another case the writer is hostile because the craft he follows has not caught public favor—and the lecturer, well, we heard her, and, if there is such a word, she is a demagogress—trying to say something sensational.

SO MUCH for the honesty of the criticism. Is there any fundamental truth in such charges? Where there is smoke, usually, there is some fire.

Perhaps there has been an over-abundance of ink spilled during recent years. We are quite ready to be objective about it all, and admit that there has been a disproportionate amount of attention given to this single segment of our American society. In 1935 it was quite in order to complain that historians and scholars of all types had neglected us badly; that novelists had misrepresented us shamefully and that "our fragrance wasted on the desert air."

But since 1935 many forces have been at work to reverse the entire situation; a tremendous program of education was set in motion, generated by its own force, unsponsored, undirected, unchannelled. Never once has there been a semblance of a "folk movement," a sociological phenomenon to be dreaded in a democracy. The major propelling forces were to provide good fun, to revive the crafts and skills, and to cultivate an appreciation of the better features of our unique heritage.

WE HAVE no special holidays set aside for us, no St. Patrick's Day, no Columbus Day, no Booker T. Washington Day, no feast days. We have asked for no commemorative stamps to honor our heroes, no monuments, no political considerations. In all our history we have never asked for or organized an appeal for aid, to any nation but have contributed generously to all pleas from those who did.

Our writings are for the purpose of recapturing for ourselves that which is our very own and to invite others to share the joys with us if they wish.

Reprinted from Arthur D. Graeff's SCHOLLA in the Reading Times for Jan. 7, 1952.

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

New City Hall! When?

Decision by Councilman Reinsmith to "doll up" Council chambers in City Hall just a bit will be commended by any and all persons who at any time have had to do business in or expect to do so in that dingy, ugly and positively depressing place.

There are many other parts of this aged and unattractive building that deserve some attention and Councilman Reinsmith promises "piecemeal" renovations. Extensive changes for this structure however are not warranted. Sometime, perhaps, the City will be able to catch up with its expenditures, feel in the required mood and have the necessary bank balances to construct a much-needed City Hall. Certainly the structure in which the City's most important offices are located and in which the bulk of City business now is transacted is an unworthy index to the community's importance and even its wealth. It has been inadequate in addition to being poorly located. It has been part of parsimonious municipal housekeeping and its economical factor has been its only and saving grace. Nobody is proud of it. Citizens apologize for it if they are forced to speak about it, even between themselves, let alone in the presence of strangers.

Allentonians hope that some day a City Hall designed for the various uses of its government and beautiful within and without will be established somewhere in surroundings befitting its size and architecture.

This brings us back to the oft-considered dream of a civic center at 5th and Hamilton Sts. where the functions of all our divisions of government could be centralized: Federal in the Post Office building, County in the Court House, Municipal and, perhaps Schools as well, in a new City Hall.

There is so much business for so many persons involving more than one phase of government that seats of those various phases of government should be adjacent to each other. It would be an arrangement in the interest of thousands of people. It would be a convenience and a timesaver for the people in government itself.

Loyalty Law in Effect

A great many people do not like to be put upon "the spot," as it were, and take an oath of any kind. The extreme cases are found in court room practice when witnesses and others are permitted to "affirm" instead of to "swear" that the testimony which they shall give shall be "the truth, the whole truth," etc.

A great many persons have felt that the proposal to demand loyalty oaths from persons engaged by our public educational institutions would be an infringement upon human rights; that there would be invasion of the right to academic freedom which educators generally have enjoyed, in theory at least if not in practice.

But the General Assembly at its most recent sessions enacted a law requiring a loyalty oath from all public employes. That law now must be obeyed, whether employes enjoy it or not.

It would seem that a to-do out of all proportion to the importance of the issue has been made by those who do not like the idea of taking such an oath. People pledge allegiance to the flag at many meetings and ceremonies. Credos, in church and in other institutions, are subscribed to vocally and otherwise without protest. People as a rule are ready and willing to stand up and be counted in a great many matters that are not nearly so important as the purpose of the loyalty oath, which is to weed subversive elements from society at the places where they can do very great harm, namely to budding and impressionable young minds.

It has been protested that the subversives who are being sought out have no sense of honor and that lies are part of their stock - in - trade. They will have no compunctions about signing the loyalty oath for it will be with tongue in cheek. But the answer to that is that more serious offense than falsehood thereby is being committed, namely perjury and it will have been placed upon an enduring written record.

Non-compliance with the statute is not expected among our local public employes. They know that as far as loyal people are concerned the action is unnecessary. But they are ready to stand and be counted in a matter that may easily be of vital concern to our government and our institutions.

What Has Russia to Say?

The American Legion, thru its monthly magazine and other action, has brought to national and international attention reports back in 1939-40, when Russia and Nazi Germany were bedfellows and Poland had been crushed by the latter and the two knaves were dividing the loot, more than 10,000 officers of the Polish Army were massacred in the Katyn Forest, Poland.

Prodded by the Legion, Congress has begun investigation of the alleged mass murder a dozen years ago and before the United States had gotten into the war. In fact, it occurred at a time when this country studiously was avoiding any action that might bring our involvement in the Hitler-made war. We were "keeping our noses clean" in matters that might rouse Hitler and Stalin in anger against us. Later when Hitler turned upon Stalin, and when war had been declared against us and when Russia became our own bedfellow and we were quite happy about it, there was no disposition to question an ally about Katyn Forest.

Now that dirty business has been brought out into the open by the Legion. For four days a Congressional committee has been listening to testimony about it. There is no question that the intelligentsia of the Polish Army, resembling the core of Germany's military strength, the German General Staff, was mowed down and destroyed. But Russia has claimed in unofficial statements that it was Hitler's Nazis who were the murderers.

Now Congress is giving Russia an opportunity to give its version of Katyn. Whether the Kremlin will deign to reply to the invitation remains to be seen. It will not almost certainly if it be felt that it is not entirely in the interest of its propaganda and if it might be harmful to the Communist government in Poland.

Flights of Mercy

Helicopter service between the battlefield and hospital ships standing off shore has become a fixed routine for the Navy after a successful six weeks test in Korean waters which started in mid-December and was completed about ten days ago.

The result of this amazing development in carrying wounded men directly to the wards of the big hospital ship augurs well for the future of care for the wounded. In the six weeks experiment, some 400 patients were delivered by "whirlybirds" of the Marine and Army Air Forces, and only twice during the period were the planes unable to fly because of weather.

As a result of the tests, and the great success attending them, it seems assured that the Navy will soon install helicopter flight decks on remaining hospital ships and on many other naval vessels as well. The "flight deck" required is roughly 60 by 60 feet, and it has even been suggested that with slight additional construction space would be available for a spare helicopter to be serviced without interrupting the transfer of patients.

There is little in the Korean battle that can be greeted with any acclaim, but here is one development of which the Navy, the flying services, and the medical departments may well be proud. For if, as has been so well demonstrated, wounded or injured men can be brought to the superior facilities of a hospital or other Navy ship in a very few minutes and with a minimum of discomfort, then a great stride forward has been taken. Harrisburg Patriot

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A $10,000 contest has just been announced by The Christophers, a religious organization of which the Rev. James Keller is the head.

The contest is open to "all people who have a story to tell on how one person helped to make a better world."

"Literary style is secondary in this contest," said Father Keller. "Truth, sincerity and real achievement even in an apparently small way are important. The mere listing of facts in a letter could suffice."

"Real achievement even in an apparently small way."

That specification should bring millions of entries to the contest.

Almost every day we read about some BIG achievement—something that gets front pages in the newspapers and is "the talk of the town."

Edison's electric light. Marconi's wireless. Morse's telegraph. Fleming's Penicillin. Curie's Radium. All great achievements.

Then there were the great poets, the great composers, the great painters, the great architects.

None of these would be eligible for Father Keller's contest.

He wants the little achievements — the achievements that are made in every city, every town, every village, on every day, but achievements that have helped to make the world a better place in which to live.

It seems that each one of us could think of some such achievemesnt — and if all of them were entered in the Christophers' contest they would make a pile so high that it would reach to Heaven.

I came across just one such achievement a few nights ago.

I had somes business in a New York office building.

It was after hours when I left, and the cleaning women had started their work. They were gathering their mops and their brooms and pails and dust cloths, ready to go to the different offices to sweep and dust and clean out the waste baskets.

Suddenly, as I walked along the hall, I saw a woman whose face seemed familiar. She must have seen me, too, because as I came near, she quickly tried to duck into one of the offices.

But then she thought better. She came up to me, called me by name, and then I remembered.

"Please, Mr. Brandies, please don't tell anybody that you have seen me here," she said. "I am doing this to help my kids. It's the only thing I know how to do."

I promised her, and I won't tell anybody her name.

This woman lives in a little home not far away. With her are her two children, a girl who goes to high school and who has many "swell" friends. The other is a boy whom this woman's scrubbing and sweeping and dusting is sending through college.

She is from a good family. She never was taught a trade or a business. All she ever did was to keep house for her late husband and her kids.

She isn't any too well and she is getting along in years. But every night she goes out with mop and broom and dust cloth and pail so that this may be a better world for her kids. And even the kids don't know what she is doing.

I am not going to enter this in the contest.

But I do hope it will win a prize by the final judge of all good deeds.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken From The Morning Call
Feb. 9, 1927, a Wednesday

The annual meeting of the Allentown Portland Cement Company stockholders was held in the Feller Building. Most of the 500 stockholders were present or represented by proxy.

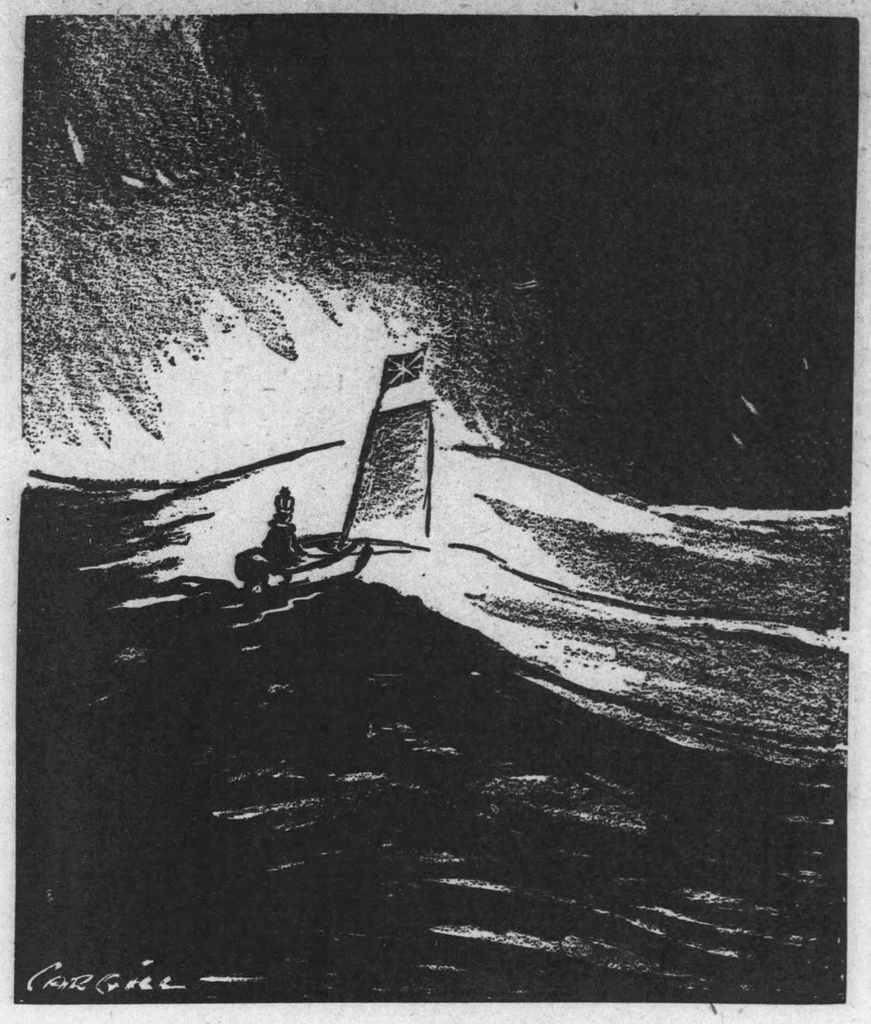
City Council was prepared to make improvements to the streets and sewage system as soon as weather permitted.

The 29th anniversary meeting and past exalted rulers night was observed by Allentown Lodge 130, BPOE in its home with more than 300 members present.

Horoscope

A revival of fortune is suggested—accompanied by success and happiness. A successful professional and domestic life is indicated for today's child.

Big Girl Now



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

To many Americans who do not belong to the American Legion, it has had the reputation of being a hell-raising organization which once a year takes over a town, marches all over the place, breaks the furniture in the hotels and generally provides good cheer.

This side of the Legion is more pleasing to some veterans of World War I than it is to the young men of World War II, who look at the world through different eyes and who realize that their country has suffered its first defeat. In fact, although in the past the politicians and permanent jobholders in the Legion have kept older men at the helm, the tendency in recent years has been to give the newer elements a chance.

The present national commander, Donald R. Wilson, is only 34 years old and a brilliant laywer and orator. Although a national commander lasts only one year, it is refreshing to the outsider to witness the new type of leadership which he presents. His advocacy of the Legion as a spiritual force, his "Back to God" movement, his speeches in which he calls for a return to church attendance, is giving to the Legion new stimulation that is attracting widespread, favorable attention.

The Legoin is important. An organization of 3,000,000 members can accomplish much in the reconstruction of our country. The change, for instance, in the character and make-up of the "American Legion Magazine," under the direction of James F. O'Neill, gives the Legion a status as an intellectual and social force which it had not been before.

Anti-Red Articles

This magazine has been publishing articles of special significance in the fight against Communism. In fact, some of these articles were such as frightened the editors of national magazines who prefer what they call noncontroversial topics. Many of them publish articles and stories by well-known Communists and fellow-travelers on the assumption that they are not controversial, a conclusion that would not pass even elementary logic.

Such articles as "Did the Movies Really Clean House?" by J. B. Matthews; "How the Reds Invaded Radio," by Louis Budenz; "Terror by Law," by George N. Craig; "Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism," by Irene Corbally Kuhn, and "Our New Privileged Class," by Eugene Lyons, are among an important series of articles which is making magazine history. It just shows what a fearless editor can do in a field where so many fear to tread.

The Legion also maintains a National Americanism Commission which provides a monthly news service of very great value. A special research staff under the direction of Karl Baarslag, a former naval intelligence officer, has produced a vast amount of valuable data in brochure form. This is now issued in a pamphlet entitled "The Firing Line," and is widely used by persons outside the Legion who are interested in the subject.

In this field no national organization is doing a comparable work. In the motion picture field, those who are studying the problem admit that the greatest fear of the motion picture producers is the American Legion. Their opposition to a picture because of its content or because Communists have had a part in the making of it can kill the box-office. That makes the picture a defective product because it encounters unusual sales resistance.

Aid in Clean-Up

The American Legion and the Catholic War Veterans have played a notable role in cleaning up this industry, although thus far neither has been very successful with radio or television, both of which are infested by Stalin's little creatures. As many actors, writers, directors go from the movies to televsion, the Legion's position has an important indirect effect.

The Catholic War Veterans have, in the past, been effective in picketing houses that showed unacceptable movies. The American Legion, while it took a strong position, avoided picketing. However, Hollywood (California) Post 43 took the lead in advocating a picketing resolution which, if widely adopted, may drive the final nail into the coffin of Communist hopes of using the movies for subversive purposes or to raise funds from the employment of its members in this industry.

(Copyright 1952)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GLEICH'D SIE GUTE GAKOCH'D: 'S sin wenich socha in da welt os die Ead Fink fon da Glaina Lechaw drowwa aryer uf 'm shtrich hut, wie halb gakochda oyer. Un so weit os sel aw gait, 'n halb gakoch'd oy is aw 'n misslichie g'shicht, m'r kons net dunka, un won m'r 's essa wil wie 'n hard gakoch'd oy, lawft em der dunner iwwer sie finger nunner — sis 'n aeland ol rum. Evens won m'r hard gakochda oyer yusa wil fer tzu grumbierra tzalawdt duh maint die Ead, sotta die oyer gute gakoch'd sei.

Un war maint die Ead wear net fer hard gakochda oyer, het doh net long tzurick numma fer der aewich wunner on da Westlicha Solsbaryer "Ladies Aid," fersommling sei solla. Sie mocha immer essa darta fer ihra gleader — ains bring'd des, uns naghsd ebbes shunshd. Den gawissna dawg hen sie grumbierra tzalawdt mocha wolla, un ainie hut die gakochda grumbierra gabrocht, 'n onners die tzwivla un der rawm, un aenie hut 'n dudsend hard gakochda oyer gabrocht.

Die Ead woh m'r ferleicht "Grumbierra Tzalawdt Maishder," haisa maich'd hut mohl die armel nuf gawick'ld un shtarta die socha tzomma nei riehrra wos sie maint os guter grumbierra tzalawdt mocha dade. Wie sie on die oyer kumma is, wos hut sie gaduh, os wies gons dudsend hard gakochda oyer nocha mohl inna koch kessel un sie gahairich gakoch'd. Wie die onnerra gawunnert hen ferwos sie die oyer nocha mohl gakoch'd het, hut sie yusht so shpettlich galoch un g'sawt, sie het gamaint sie weara roe, un het sie gakoch'd fer sel. Onnerra sin ow'r shure sie het gawist os sie gakoch'd gawet weara, yusht het da kocher 'n net gadraut os sie sie hard ganunk gakoch'd het, un het sie fer sel nocha mohl iwwer un gahairich gakoch'd.

WAR WIL 'N OX KAUFA: Is es now net kayose wie leit alsa mohl socha tzomma nei kaufa on fendua — socha os sie gore net tzaila tzu yusa. Now nem doh der Harvey Biehn fon da Nord Ocht shtross, woh sich doh weil tzurick der kup bol ob ganook'd hut on da Eugene Frantza fendu nagshd on Laurys, bis er 'n huls ox kotta hut. Er hut die ox aw endlich grick'd, ow'r net g'sawt ferwos er sie howwa wot — net bis die socha 'n net gaglick'd sin — now wil er die ox widder ferkaufa.

Grawd so arrick os die Ead Fink halb gakochda oyer uf 'm shtrich hut, so arrick hut der Harvey 's huls kocka uf 'm shtrich. Fermuthlich hut er mohl 'n hoar sehna uf ma huls blotz leia, uns griss'ld 'm die gons tzeit alla mohl os es hais'd huls hocha. Fer sel 'm aeland fohr kumma hut er ous gamocht er dade die ox kaufa, un sie da fraw gewwa, un sie dade 's huls hocka. Ow'r ihr hetta mohl hoerra solla so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, wos sie tzu sawga hut kot wie der Harvey hame kumma is mit da ox. Er is gore net gute aw kumma, un now liever wie die ox im waig rüm leia howwa is er om gucka fer 'n kustomer woh 'n shtick g'shar wie sel mainer eshdamiert wie sei fraw dut. Won der Harvey wist os ganunk leit bei kaimta dade er fendu mocha. Der Rich Peters hut sich awgabutta fer die fendu groyerra, un der Menno Fenstermaker dade sie schreiva. Der Harvey hut evens gamaint die fraw kent noh 'n huckshter shtand uf die feddershd porch mocha un eishter sup ferkaufa, ow'r sel wil sie aw net duh. Die barichda sin, der Harvey het shun gawinsch'd er wist nix fon da ox.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Da Dinshdawg owet is Grundsow Lodge fersommling in Mitten Hall, Temple University, Fildelfy.

M'r gaina nunner bei special bus, uns sin noch gons paar tzettle iwwerich won ebber is os garn mit gang'd fer die g'shpass ei nemma.

Der lodge tzettle is drei unna fartel, die bus tzwae dahler, odder ewwa finf unna fartel fer die gons g'shicht.

Rufa der Pumpernickle won n'r mit wolla, ow'r dummla eich.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 43

The fifth verse of this Psalm is a repetition of verses 5 and 11 of the preceding one, thus continuing the prayer of the godly remnant of Israel, as they pray for God's vindication of them in the midst of an ungodly nation, and for deliverance from the evil one, who is the enemy of all God's people. This godly remnant at times feels its weakness, as though cast off while mourning under the oppression of the enemy, and scattered abroad, far from their land. They ask that God's light and God's truth might be sent out, to lead them and to guide them to God's holy hill, Zion, and to His Temple, amid the playing of the harp and the singing of praises to God, as they surround His altars. And God did send forth His Light and His Truth in the person of His Son, Who is the Light of the world amid its darkness, and the Way, the Truth, and the Life to counteract the lies of Satan. Some received Him to the joy of their hearts, and others preferred to continue in darkness. But the godly remnant find their hope in God and praise Him for their salvation.



BOOK NOTES

YEARBOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY (1950), VOLUME XV, pp. 138. Schlechter's Allentown, Pa. Ordered through Professor Robert P. More, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.—$5.00.

This is the fifteenth volume of the publications of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. The Society, which in 1936 was a flashing revolt against what its founders called disregard for Pennsylvania German folklore, has firmly established itself as one of the voices of the Pennsylvania German cultured class, if the word "culture" can be considered to apply automatically to the more learned.

Some of the volumes of the Society have already become collectors' items. Out of print and still in demand are Volume I, which contains among other things, C. C. Ziegler's collection of Pennsylvania German poems "Drauss un Deheem"; Volume II, with J. J. Stout's "Consider the Lilies;" Volume V, with Heckewelder's Indian Names of Streams, Rivers, Places, etc.; and Volume VII, with its articles on county historical societies, and that on Lancaster rifles by H. K. Landis and G. D. Landis.

The Society early established the tradition that folklore meant not just "quaint customs" but the entire culture of the Pennsylvania Germans, that which the Germans call "Volkskunde."

The feature article in Volume XV is Russell Wieder Gilbert's "Pennsylvania German Wills" on which he labored for a number of years. The article is a cross section of Pennsylvania German life in the first half of the nineteenth century, that time when the Pennsylvania Germans may with good grounds have been said to control the state of Pennsylvania.

As Gilbert states, the writers of the wills did not realize that they were creating a history in the rough, but nevertheless the thought of death produced an accurate copy of life at that time.

"Facts and fiction merged to create characters with personal whims and idiosyncrasies to picture the men and women who typically followed the norm, to give local color for a definite period and to portray the Pennsylvania German heart in its love of home and family."

It would take too much space here to indicate the rich detail of Gilbert's study—to attempt it would be to rewrite the article. One item of interest to both the student of language and the student of family history may serve to whet the appetite: that is the names in the wills. All of us are familiar with the fact that many Pennsylvania Germans have really two names—their "court house" name and their Pennsylvania German name. Thus the "Albrights" are regularly called "die Albrechte" in the dialect, while the "Kneers" (pronounced Nerr) are in Pennsylvania German "die Knaerre." Furthermore, where family names have been translated, the traditional forms are often retained in Pennsylvania German. Farmer "Bookman" and farmer "Good" are still "Buchman" and "Guth" to their Pennsylvania German neighbors. I quote here from Gilbert: "The wills indicate the early trend toward anglicizing [the names] or writing them as they sound to one who knew no German. The name often appeared in the body of the will in a form different from the actual signature in German script . . . . "Jakob Oyler" for "Jacob Euler," "Nicholas Hunter" for "Nicholas Jaeger," "John Moone" for "Johannes Mohn," "George Poffenberger" for "Georg Pfaffenberger" and "Godlieb Thorm" for "Gottlieb Thurm."

Gilbert asserts correctly that only a similar study of documents from other ethnic groups in America will indicate whether there are any fundamental differences in the Pennsylvania German wills.

Of a lighter nature in the volume are humorous tales told by contemporary Pennsylvania Germans. They include "Florida Wasser," a variant of an old European folk theme told by Frank W. Ruth; a widespread American anecdote for George Washington's birthday as told by G. Gilbert Snyder; linguistic troubles on the Lehigh County court bench as told by Judge James A. Henninger; and rambling editorial comments by Pierce E. Swope. (Look in the volume for stories not mentioned here.)

I feel that this collection is an inadequate sampling from the huge stock of Pennsylvania German stories. I know of no field of Pennsylvania German literature — and these stories, although largely unrecorded, must be regarded as literature—where there is such a profusion of tradition dating back to the early Middle Ages, American adaptations of this material and modern restatements of ancient themes. I have heard "neie Schtories" which can be found in old Chapbooks of the time of Luther, and then really new ones of the twentieth century, which follow the old style so accurately that one might almost believe the Pennsylvania Germans had some kind of a school for story telling which granted diplomas to those who learned the technique. How about a whole volume, carefully edited, of these stories?

Included in the volume is the careful annual report by Dr. Arthur D. Graeff of activities closely related to the interest in Pennsylvania German. This brief account which appears annually in a modest position at the tail end of the volumes of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society furnishes ready reference for the modern student of Pennsylvania German, and will be a quick guide for future historians.

RALPH CHARLES WOOD

Muhlenberg College

* * * *

"Pennsylvania German as a Foundation for the Study of Standard German" by Albert F. Buffington in **The German Quarterly** for March, 1951 (published by the American Association of Teachers of German, Appleton, Wis.) is a thought-provoking article. Its purpose is twofold: 1. to deplore the contemptuous attitude of many high school and college teachers of German toward dialects in general and Pennsylvania German in particular; 2. to suggest how a knowledge of Pennsylvania German can be made to serve as an excellent foundation for the study of Standard German.

There are still people who think that dialects are a debased form of a standard speech or literary language, due to the ignorance of common people who speak them. They are unaware of the fact that "dialects have always been the feeders of literary languages"; that they precede the development of a standard or literary language; that even the English of Shakespeare, of the King James version of the Bible, and the English of our great writers is but the florescence of a plant nourished in a soil enriched through centuries of Anglo-Saxon dialects with the fertilizing infusion of Norman-French and other foreign elements, not unlike the processes manifested in our own Pennsylvania German dialect.

The writer relates that even in recent years he has heard high school and college teachers of German speak of Pennsylvania German as "a form of debased German," "corrupt German," "a mixture of bad German and English," "a mixture of Dutch and English," "Low German," or "Low German with English words mixed in." Historically our dialect is a fusion of High German dialects, called High because spoken in the highlands of southern German, whereas the ancestral Anglo-Saxon of English is the fusion of Low German dialects of the North. The dialects of northern Germany are still today known as Plattdeutsch or Low German. Let us remember that our Pennsylvania German dialect is "a respectable German dialect (with a small percentage of English loan words) which happens to resemble most closely the dialects spoken today in the eastern half of the Rhenish Palatinate."

It becomes clear from Prof. Buffington's article that students of Pennsylvania German backgrounds who take German in high schools and college have a great advantage over other students: 1. They will have to spend little time in the acquisition of a correct pronunciation; 2. Certain difficult sounds which do not occur in English are already in their possession; 3. A large percentage of the inflectional endings are the same in both the dialect and Standard German; 4. Many syntactical constructions difficult for other students are the same in the dialect and in Standard German; 5. The greatest advantage lies in the fact that the student of PG backgrounds already has an active vocabulary of more than 1000 words which are the same both in the dialect and in Standard German.

It is easy to underestimate the number of high school and college students who can speak or understand the dialect because of their reticence in admitting it, in view of the contemptuous attitude on the part of some teachers and educators.

The area over which PG is spoken comprises almost one-third of the area of the state of Pennsylvania. Even the more distinctively PG counties —Berks, Bucks, Carbon, Dauphin, Lebanon, Lehigh, Lancaster, Monroe, Montgomery, Northampton, Northumberland, Schuylkill, Snyder and York—these alone cover an area of more than 8,000 square miles and have a population of more than one and a quarter millions.

Recent investigations show that in some of the high schools in this large area as high as 92 per cent of the students can speak PG; many of these go to college, not only in Pennsylvania, but also to colleges and universities outside of Pennsylvania. It is apparent and important that all teachers of German should know something about the similarities (as well as dissimilarities) between PG and Standard German.

In the face of all this it is indeed most regrettable that in this large PG-speaking area our town and county superintendents of schools are so slow in capitalizing upon this great potential for the acquisition of another language. Indeed in many of our high schools the study of German is discouraged, and even discontinued, in favor of Spanish. One wonders why?—

* * * *

Elsie Singmaster's Christmas story "Little and Unknown," from her book BRED IN THE BONE was privately printed by the Franklin Printing Company. The designing and illustrations were done by Edward C. Smith, co-author with Virginia Smith of TRADITIONALLY PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. Unfortunately the limited edition of this charming little book is out of commerce. The Franklin Printing Company (active since the Spring of 1728!) intended it only for its selected Christmas distribution.

* * * *

The Mennonites in Germany since the Thirty Years War" by Ernst Crous appeared in The Mennonite Quartely Review for October 1951. The article is the revised form in English of two lectures delivered by Dr. Ernst Crous of Goettingen, Germany which were published in the Mennonitische Geschichtsblaetter and in which Dr. Crous shows not only what the Mennonites have accomplished in reconstruction during the period of the Thirty Years War, but also in how far their religious and church attitudes have changed since that time.—P.A.B.

DIÉ GEDECKT BRICK

'S waar net yuscht arrick lang zerick,
Do bin ich Sünndaags naus;
Waar aardlich faul un schteif im Rick
Vun Sitze do im Haus,

En Weeg geloffe vleicht paar Meil,
Der waar mir fremm bei Tschinks;
Kumm an en Gawwel iwwerweil,
Wu dreht en Weeg karz links.

Ken board waar datt, hab aa net gfroogt
Un bin dann abgedreht;
Der Wunnerfitz hot mich gebloogt
Zu sehne wu der geht.

En Hiwwel bin ich nunner no,
Un in so'n kleenes Daal;
En lieblich Blatz, Beem hie un do,
Un Blumme unne Zaahl.

Der Weeg waar rau mit diefe Glees,
Un Felse schtecken raus;
'S waar vleicht schunt langi Zeit, wer weess,
Ass ebber faahrt do naus.

'S waar scheener Waasem yeder Seit
Bis an die Waggeschpur,
Kaum breed genunk an eener Seit
Fer meh wie'n Bauersfuhr.

Do laaft en krummi kleeni Grick
Gschwische de Weidebeem;
Un driwwer waar'n gedeckti Brick,
En Bild gewiss genehm.

Die waar vun Bleck, handbschlagge aa,
Mit Schparre newe nuff;
Un dinne Glabbord newe draa,
En Dach mit Schindle druff.

Un well ich datte ruhich schteh,
In Roi Gedanke gschtellt,
Dutt's mir so arrick, arrick weh,
Wie's geht in daere Welt.

Die waar mool nei, wie alles schunscht,
'S geht alles ewwe so,
Un der sie baut, verschteht sei Kunscht,
Schunscht waer sie nimmi do.

Heit awwer sehnt sie drauerich aus,
Sie iss yuscht meh en Schall
Vun was sie waar, datt newe drauss
In sellem kleene Daal.

Die Poschte warren ewwe schwach,
Es Fundament voll Moos,
Un faul die Schparre unnich em Dach,
Es Eise rumhaer loos.

Un newe fehlen Wetterbord,
Es Dach rinnt hie un do;
Hot Wetter gsehne alle Aard,
Ken Wunner guekt sie groo.

Die Blanke sin verschliwwert, dinn,
Vun Else uff de Geil,
Sin Gnarrelecher blendi drin
Un waarn schunt lange Weil.

Sie rabble wann mer driwwer faahrt;
Was des doch macht un schallt!
Sie sin so los ass mer verwaart,
Es gans Ding zamme fallt.

Die Brick hot gschtanne yaahrelang
Un ball ihr Dienscht geduh,
En schtrenge Beischpiel, bin ich bang,
Zu Leit wie ich un du.

Ya well, ich denk 's muss ewwe so
Geschehe datt im Daal;
Die Brick fallt zamme—was dennoh?
Sie bauen no vun Schtaahl.

Scheint alles hot sei kleeni Zeit,
No gehn sie widder aus;
Die Bricke graad so wohl die Leit,
Des sehnt mer vanne naus.

Uns geht's mool graad wie selle Brick,
Mir warren aa mool alt;
No schtellen sie uns aryets z'rick
Un ebber schunscht nemmt halt.

Die Elt, die kummt wie'n Dieb, so schlau,
Der in der Nacht rum schtiert;
Die Welt iss kalt un hatt un rau,
Des yeders eemool schpiert.

Die Schtarm vun Angscht un Zweiwel, saag,
Es scheint sie hen ken Ent;
Der Fluss vun Arwet alle Daag
Verschwecht es Fundament.

'S gebt Sarye, Krankheit un Verdruss,
Die sin es schwer Gewicht
In daere Welt mer draagge muss,
Un die sin immer dicht.

So macht mer Blatz fer ebber schunscht,
Iss unser Zeit verbei;
Ya, 'n annrer Mann nemmt unser Kunscht—
Mir sin vergesse glei.

Nov. 14, 1935 —RALPH S. FUNK

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

Greatest Campaign Ever

The biggest campaign ever conducted in this city for a philanthropic institution very properly turned out to be the most successful because it was conducted for that archangel of mercy the Allentown Hospital.

Certainly this entire community was rejoicing yesterday that the campaign for a round million dollars went over the top by 35 per cent; more than a third of a million dollars, with some belated returns undoubtedly still to be received.

It was a tremendous undertaking. Of that the public was certain when it was announced originally. A great many people will tell you, even today after they have been proven to have been so far in error, that they believed it could not be done. The sum was so stupendous, it was so much greater than any local campaign ever dreamed of, and there had been so many campaigns in recent months and so many in the immediate offing that there was much warrant for fears.

Even during the recent weekend, when final reports were being faced by the hard-working and virtually consecrated women and men, there were clouds on the brow of just about each and every member of those teams. They have been working like beavers. They were giving not merely hours but days to systematic canvass of prospects. Many of them were physically weary. In addition others were mentally exhausted by rebuffs from a few nasty people. (And there are, unfortunately, some persons remaining in our society who can get very nasty when merely asked for money, for any purpose.) And there were those who were spiritually weary. They had discovered on their rounds the host of human miseries and woes that generally are not known but are revealed in the confidences that so quickly develop when soilicitors for funds approach people unknown to them hitherto, announce the purpose of their visit and thereby lift the lid of the Pandora-like box of individual and family troubles.

On Thursday night all weariness was forgotten in the jubilation that marked the conclusion of the most successful campaign in the community's history. It was a happy, a victorious army of women and men which was demobilized by its general and other officers with the thanks of the institution and of the community as well.

The glory was big enough for all. Every person participating in the campaign was a factor in the victory. A splendid structure will rise as the monument to their endeavor. But the greater achievement — alleviation of pain and suffering in an institution devoted entirely to mankind's welfare — will be made possible by reason of their work. That will be the finest tribute to their endeavors.

Growth of Gas Business

Introduction of natural gas to consumers in this immediate area and to very much of the North Atlantic and New England area has been accomplished in the most recent months but with very little fanfare altho it has been a major development in business and industry.

The greatest advance in the distribution of this fuel has come about in the past fifteen years. It is due very largely to the fact that risk capital has been ready to lay the highly expensive pipe lines very great distances and that engineering and manufacturing skill has developed and proven the practicality of such lines.

Only fifteen years ago, according to statistics compiled by the American Gas Assoc. there were only 6,200,000 customers for natural gas in the 34 states to which pipe lines had been laid from the great oil and gas fields. Those states were among the least populous in the country.

By 1951 eight additional states had been reached by the pipe lines and the number of customers increased to 16,100,000, or a gain of 160 per cent.

To reach these eight additional states and to expand business in the former 34 states it became necessary to lay 63,000 miles of new pipeline so that today there are 118,000 miles of pipeline in the national gas network. It might be added that the past five years, or the years since the war, were the biggest in the industry's history.

No longer is gas thoughtlessly and recklessly blown at the fields. There is a tremendous market for this useful fuel and all the valuable byproducts resultant from the processes thru which it is put before it is sent to domestic and industrial stoves and furnaces. And it is a happy circumstance that new discoveries have assured reserves of gas that consistently exceed current consumption. As consumption has increased, gas reserves in excess of consumption have been discovered in the course of man's restless, hectic search for oil.

Taxes Exceed Savings

Demands for increased Federal revenue and the need for getting it out of the only possible source, the American people's pockets, are bothering the economists from the scientific point of view just as they bother individual citizens from their individual, personal point of view.

From almost any angle that the question is viewed it appears serious. A somewhat new angle is presented by figures compiled by the U. S. Department of Commerce showing that all government revenues — Federal, State and local, combined—have been running ahead of total private savings during the past five years, or since the war's ending. The excess has been $20 billions and more each year.

For the five years, 1946-50 inclusive, the margin of aggregate Government revenues over private savings added up to a total of $131 billions. These revenues come, for the most part, from taxes of various kinds.

Nothing even approaching such margins were recorded before World War II. The trend since 1945 indicates the extent to which the yearly charge on the economy for support of Government has been outstripping what the people and business have been able to put aside in savings annually. A part of this period, of course, was one of a defense build-up.

What this trend portends for the future of the economy and the traditional basis on which it has operated, time alone will tell, and may have far-reaching implications. Right now, the cost of Government is rising rapidly, primarily at the Federal level, because of the defense effort and the fact that taxes are being imposed to support it, instead of the Government's resorting to vast borrowing as it did during World War II. Although individual savings showed a marked gain through a large part of last year, it is doubtful that gross private saving is now keeping up with the sharp rise in aggregate amounts going to the Government.

For 1950, the last full year for which official figures are available, Federal, State and local Government revenues combined came to $69.8 billions. In the same year aggregate gross savings of individuals and business amounted to $38.5 billions. Thus the Government took $1 out of the economy in 1950 for every 55 cents that the people and business together were able to save.

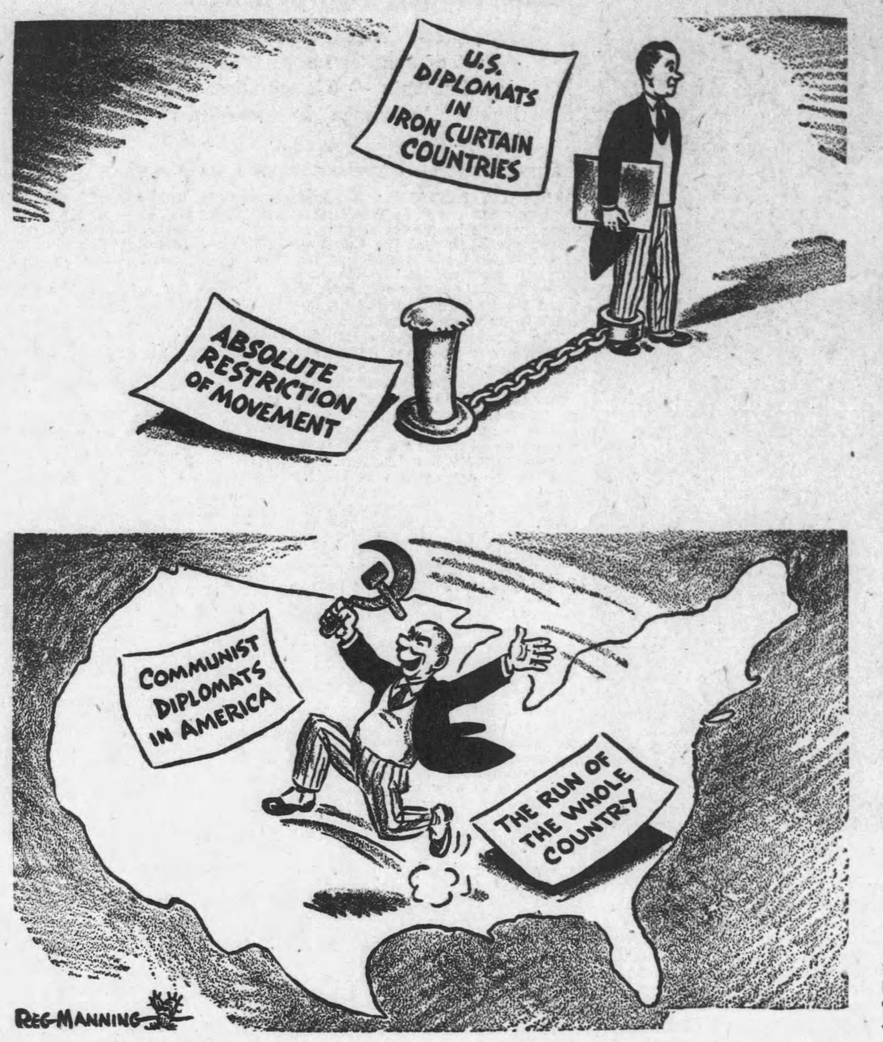
Once in a Blue Moon

The non-scientific fellow observes, now and then, that such and such a thing happens only once in a blue moon. But you can't even get away with that figure of speech now. Scientists, who come up with the darndest things, report the occasional appearances of blue moons. These blue moons are always a sequel to blue suns, and have nothing whatever to do with blue Mondays.

According to scientists at a meeting of the American Meteorological Society in New York, the last combination blue moon and sun occurred in the summer of 1950. They were observed in Europe. This phenomenon was caused by Candian forest fires. Microscopic smoke particles were carried across the Atlantic and acted as a kind of light filter, so that observers of the moon during that period saw it as blue.

Scientists say that there is a possibility on another occasion, that different sized particles may result in a green moon. We mention this in case anybody had in mind using that figure of speech. Don't do it, because the minute you vow once in a green moon, science will start undermining the phrase. It's still uncontroverted that the moon is not made of green cheese. But we could be wrong.—Hartford Courant.

Diplomatic Exchange



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The reason that I write so often about schools and teachers and pupils is that nothing that happens in the United States is quite as important as what happens to our children. Generations go and a new body of citizens takes over, and while there are some who say that times change, it is really people who change because they have been differently trained.

When I went to public school, the Bible was read every morning; we sang a hymn and we saluted the flag. No one thought that it was the wrong thing to do because parents assumed that God and patriotism were all right for children. Yet today Bible-reading is an issue on which sincere persons differ. Although the pledge of allegiance continues, there are teachers who regard it as an invasion of their rights to question their loyalty and they refuse to answer on the grounds that it would incriminate them.

It is not surprising that parents wonder what kind of a teacher guides their children when the teacher has to talk about self-incrimination in relation to loyalty. Yet, it must be said that the Fifth Amendment does protect a person against self-incrimination — as a human right.

Unattractive Profession

Teaching, on the other hand, has become a very unattractive profession because as the cost of living has gone up, the salaries paid to teachers are not good enough. With the Federal Government taking so large a share of the earnings of our citizens by income taxes and withholding taxes, cities, counties and other tax-collecting agencies find it difficult to discover new means of raising revenue. There simply is not enough money to pay for everything and it is beginning to look as though we have money for everything but our children.

In addition to all the other troubles that face school authorities, it is clear that they are running short of teachers — even poor teachers. It has been estimated that in a 10-year period, if nothing is done about it, there may be a shortage of about 700,000 teachers for the children who will need schooling.

When there is a shortage of this dimension, quality of teaching must degenerate. Actually, a girl can earn more as a stenographer, with better prospects, than as a teacher. The attraction of short hours is no longer present with the 40-hour week usual in industry. The long summer vacation is only available for the lazy and ambitionless; good teachers will attend summer sessions at college to improve their status and their knowledge. And that costs money, as well as time.

Dr. Earl J. McGrath, United States Commissioner of Education, is quoted as saying:

"The thinner you stretch your available teaching staff to cover the unprecedented and inexorably increasing enrollments in our public schools, the less chance there is for a teacher to do a competent job of teaching. It is the child who inevitably suffers. And when the child suffers, the nation suffers."

Serious Problem

The problem is really serious and parents give it too little attention. They accept the conditions as they find them and they assume that because their children are at school, they are being taught. The fact is that a teacher can only do so much with a class and when it gets too large, the teacher is helpless. She grows nervous and irritable. Children are passed to higher grades who should be held back; the smart children are irked by "class average" teaching which is inadequate for them. In time, some of them become so moody in class that they seek adventure outside of it — often dangerous adventure.

J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI constantly call attention to the increase of juvenile crime, which parents ignore until it hits their own homes and then they wonder how it could happen to them. Someone once said: "There are no bad children; there are only bad parents." It is something to think about these days when citizens do not guard their schools and wonder at the improprieties of their children.

The schools should come first in our interest. They are more important than many functions that the Federal Government has piled up in the enthusiasm of political empire-building.

(Copyright 1952)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MIDDAWG MIT DEITSCHER P'SUCH; ebbes mit unserra arwet os uns immer so awshtaid-m'r ease nee net wos es nagshd kumt. Bout 'n woch tzurich hen m'r Un rufe kot fon da Teachers College in Kutztown, eb m'r 'm Dunnershdawg middawg nous kumma kenta fer essa-'s weara Deitscha schule maishder darta, un hetta garn m'r kaimta nous blauderra mit na.

Wel m'r sin gonga, un hen 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit kotta. Der Al Kemp wor aw noch dabei, so wohl wie aw der Kutztown Patriot tzeiting mon Charlie Esser, woh m'r aw gadroffa hen farna om gabei wie m'r hee kumma sin. Sie hen g'sawt m'r sotta darta sei bis halver ains, un wohrhoft wie m'r nei kumma sin tzaea minuta noch da tzwelfa, won sie net shun mit da fees unnich 'm ess dish worra in da grossa Georgian ess shtub woh mier ols kotta hen fer 'n Chap el, wie m'r 'n shtudent darta worra.

Die sex yunga shule maishder woh doh hiwwa sin tzitter awfongs September, un bleiva bis hinna fom Moy, gaina ol iwwer im lond rum har sehna wie mier unser shula halta, un wie die Amerigawner lava. In da drup is der Lothar Lutze fon da Freie Universitait, in Berlin, Deitschlond; der Heinz Sagert, aw fon Berlin; der Weissauer Rudver fon Munich; der Dr. Franz Link fon Frankfort; un tzwae arya awganaima yunga maid, die Annemaria Heydemann, fon Bremen; un die Dorothea Jacob, fon Berlin.

Ol kenna gute English shwetza, ow'r mier worra bei na fer Pennsylfawnish Deitsch blauderra, un kon eich sawga m'r hen 'n gutie tzeit kotta. Ol huts g'sheind kenta uns gute fershtae -'s worra yusht alsa mohl dale Englisha werta os sie net grawd ous mocha men kenna. M'r hen gablauder'd fon alla orta socha tzu denka, der Charlie Esser naidierlich hut 'n lot tzu froga kotta waeich Deitchlond-un woh er hof'd da Summer drei mohnet tzu sei. Er hut fershprocha kumma dale fon da boova un maid um der dish rum p'sucha, won er niver kumt.

Sis gablauder'd werra fon aenich ebbes os tzu denka wor, un hetta arrick gaglicha tzu froga waeich dale griegs socha, ow'r hen gadenk'd da wenicher g'sawt da besser. Yaders huts ow'r g'sheind wear shure der Hitler wear dote-ebbes os mier noch ken tzeit recht glawwa hen kenna. Ainer fon na hut gamaint sie shure dada hoffa er wear dote-er het na ganunk druvel ins lond gabrocht. Die Dorothea Jacob woh shule k'halta hut in unnershittlicha bletz fon Deitschlond kumts uns fohr, hut 'n gutter bagriff fon folks lava. Sie huts g'sheind, het shun 'n lot tzeit ganumma fer g'shpichta wie hexerrei, g'shpuckerrei, un so 's gleichas iwwer denka, in unnershittlicha gagenda woh sie shule k'halta hut.

Die shule maishder in Deitschlond ferdiehna net fiel gelt, un ihra graishder winsch sheinds, wear, fer ferdiehna dart driwwa wos die shule maishder fon doh hiwwa ferdiehna, un noh lava wie sie lava missa. Fon mashina wissa sie nix ols shule maishder-kenta net afforda fer 'n mashine tzu howwa, un wos noch mainer, sie breicha aw kennie wie der Dr. Link uns g'sawt hut, weil sie rigelwaiga, bussa un bicycles hen fer hee gae woh sie onna wolla.

'S wor ershtounlich tzu ihna, tzu sehna wie fiel Pennsylfawnish Deitscha os es hut doh rum, un kenna net fershtae ferwos mier Pennsylvania Germans k'haisa sei sotta-m'r weara 'n kloss leit bei uns selwar, un woh Pennsylvania Dutch gore net ous blotz wear. Wie die Dorothea gamaint hut, m'r weara shun so long ob gadrent fon Deitschlond os ken uhrsoch may wear fer "german" noh shlaifa.

Die sexa hen 'n lot fon ihra tzeit tzu gabrocht on Temple University, Fildelfy, worra on Niagara Falls, un tzaila noch 'n lot may tzu sehna fom lond eb sie hame gaina hinna fom Moy. Dousanda fon shule maishder hetta gaglicha riwwer tzu kumma, ow'r yusht gons paar hen kumma kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Unna unser wissa, hen sie uns fer drei minuta in ocht ganumma die weil os m'r gablauder'd hen in da mutter shproch, un hen g'sawt in selra tzeit, hetta m'r yusht drei Englisha werta gayus'd,-ebbes os sie shier net glawwa hen kenna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 48

This Psalm continues the thought of the preceding one, a description of glory of God's kingdom in the earth, with Mt. Zion (Jerusalem) the central city, the capital of all the earth, 'the city of our God, established for ever,' v. 8. The center of this government consists of the palaces of v. 3 and the Temple of v. 9. The kings of earth are astonished as they behold the power and the glory of the great King, vs. 4, 5. Lovingkindness, v. 9, and righteousness, v. 10, characterize the atmosphere and spirit of His regime, and His judgments cause men to rejoice, v. 11. In verses 12-13 we are invited to take a walk around the walls of the glorious city, to tell (that is, to count) the towers on these walls, and to observe how well fortified are the bulwarks thereof. (The words 'tell' (count) of v. 12 and 'tell' (recount) of v. 13 are the same in the Hebrew). In that day Jerusalem will be 'the glory spot of the world, the joy of the whole earth.' Let us pray for the peace of Jerusalem, Psalm 122:6.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Here is a question that has puzzled me for a long time:

Has America REALLY deteriorated to an alarming extent during the past few years?

You hear it everywhere. You read it in newspaper editorials. You hear it from the pulpit. Radio and television commentators are blaring it at us almost nightly. Magazine writers compose lengthy articles—with illustrations—on the subject.

You and I and a lot of us must hang our heads in shame to think into what a terrible morass of iniquity we have sunk.

But have we?

You can read your history all the way from the times of the Bible to the present day.

There are stories of murder, of rape, of graft, of every conceivable kind of crookedness in every century, in every country, in every chapter of the world's history.

Perhaps I am naive. Perhaps I am just an incurable Pollyanna. Perhaps I should go to an optometrist and have my glasses examined. They may be altogether too rose-colored.

But I, for one, believe that we are not getting any WORSE but BETTER.

In my opinion all this clamor about crime and evildoing is a sign not of deterioration but of IMPROVEMENT.

It may well indicate that our moral consciousness has been aroused, that at last we have become moral ADULTS rather than playful ADOLESCENTS.

All these investigations and court trials of crooks, of dope peddlers, of chiselers and grafters indicate, at least in my opinion, that we are sick and tired of all these things and that we are no longer afraid to drag them out of their hiding places and expose them to public scorn.

A friend of mine is remodeling an old house.

When the workmen pulled the plaster off the ceiling in one of the rooms, they found a rat's nest in the rafters, and two big fat rats scurrying away into the fields.

The nest was full of baby rats. The workmen had no trouble killing the babies. The nest was out in the open. Their hiding place had been exposed to the light.

The old rats got way. But now they are out in the field. They can't hide any longer. They can be SEEN.

I guess it's about the same with our society.

In the old days there used to be so many fears, so many traditions, so much hiding of facts.

"What will the neighbors say?" used to be the principal consideration.

Nowadays we are much more frank, much more outspoken about a lot of things.

We are no longer afraid to call sex sex, a spade a spade, a crook a crook.

I think that's a good sign. I think it's a sign of a BETTER world, not a worse one.

I have never been much of an advocate of the United Nations. But even there I think there is improvement.

Gradually they are tearing the old plaster off the ceiling, and the rats are exposed for what they are.

And that's the only way to kill them.

Horoscope

This period will probably prove favorable for pleasant sociability and for performing difficult tasks. Financial gain is likely in the months ahead. An original and studious child may be expected if born today.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Feb. 16, 1927, a Wednesday

Dr. R. H. Dengler, formerly the physician for the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Delano, was appointed to the staff of the Allentown Hospital.



BOOK NOTES

FOLK-LORE OF WATERLOO COUNTY, ONTARIO, by W. J. Wintemberg. National Museum of Canada, Bulletin No. 116, Anthropological Series No. 28. Ottawa, Canada, 1950.—pp. 65.—Price, 50 cents.

Canada is rich in folklore. Her native races, the Indians and Eskimos, with their songs and customs, have received the attention of the ethnologists of the Canadian National Museum, and French Canada, rich in customs traditions and folksongs, has also received considerable attention. Less attention has been given to the folk material of the British, Scandinavian and other racial ingredients of Canada. It remained for W. J. Wintemberg to make a study of the folklore of Waterloo County, Ontario, settled by German stock from Pennsylvania. (For a detailed account see Arthur D. Graeff's THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS IN ONTARIO, CANADA, Vol XI of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, 1948).

W. J. Wintemberg was born in Waterloo County in 1876. Waterloo County, one of the most fertile parts of Ontario, is situated some 50 miles west of the city of Toronto. The Pennsylvania German dialect spoken there early intrigued the author.

Unfortunately his Folk-lore of Waterloo County, Ontaria, was left in manuscript form at the time of his death. Parts had been published in the "Journal of American Folklore"; other parts were still being added to; perhaps, thinks Douglas Leechman, the editor, some sections would have been omitted by the author had he lived to complete the work. The editor included all the material recorded in the various versions at his disposal rather than omit anything that might be significant.

This is the most significant work in the field of Pennsylvania German folklore that has appeared since the late E. M. Fogel's Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, which is extensively cited in Wintemberg's work. This is not a hurried job. The author has gone far afield in his investigations and introduces constant comparisons with the lore and folkways of other races—in Germany, the British Isles, Bohemia, Austria, and even ancient Greece and Rome. It is often quite astonishing to note how similar superstitions have persisted interracially over many centuries.

In Ontario, as in Pennsylvania, a runty egg, known as an "Unglicksoi," is the harbinger of ill luck and must be thrown over the roof of the house as soon as found, but now we learn that in Devonshire, England, they also believe that "the small egg laid by a pullet should never be brought into the house, but should be thrown over the roof, that the ill-luck may pass over the household." Also we find here the warning that you may have heard from the lips of your grandmothers, namely, not to look into a mirror at night, else Satan will look at you over your shoulder. Now we find that it was also one of the exhortations of the Greek philosopher Pythagoras. In Waterloo County too there is pow-wowing and there are pow-wow doctors, but up there "Brauche" seems to be known as "charming." Some charmers use the sixth verse of the 16th chapter of Ezekiel, but now we learn that the same charm has been used by the Manx on the Isle of Man!

The scope of this work is best indicated by enumerating the titles of the topical divisions: The Heavenly Bodies; Natural Phenomena; Weather Lore; Animal Lore; Plant Lore; Mineral and Stone Lore; Lore about Children; Folk Medicine and Materia Medica; Love, Courtship and Marriage; Death and Burial; Omens and Signs; Good and Bad Luck; Dreams; Divinatory Practices; Charming, Conjure or Pow-wow Doctors and Formulae; Charms, Customs and Practices; Proverbs and Sayings; Folk-Names of Native Animals; Folk-Names of Native and Introduced Plants; Similies; Witches and Witchcraft; Games and Amusements; Folk-Rymes; Folk-Songs; Folk-Tales.

Here is a rich repast for folklorists. Many bits are familiar to us here in Pennsylvania; others may once have been known here but now forgotten or obscured; and still others were brought by later German immigrants and other racial elements.

* * * *

The PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FOLKLORE CENTER, Inc. of Lancaster, Pa., has published an interesting pamphlet entitled MYTHS ABOUT THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COUNTRY. The author, Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, one of the co-editors of The Pennsylvania Dutchman, a periodical devoted to the folk-culture of southern Pennsylvania, has had a lot of fun devastating three notions, widely spread and deeply seated among enthusiastic outsiders, namely: 1, that our attractive barn decorations are "Hexefiess"; 2, that somehow there is an ancient custom among the Pennsylvania Germans of serving seven sweets and seven sours at every dinner worthy of the Pennsylvania Germans; 3, (and in the words of the author the dullest of the three myths) that the Amish paint their gates blue to show prospective suitors that they have daughters of a marriageable age. Dr. Shoemaker, however, begs not to be misunderstood. He finds there is a certain charm about these myths, only they must be recognized as myths and not truths. He is all for myths and is of the opinion that they add so much to life. He also points out that they help the tourist trade and are so much cheaper than other forms of advertising.

* * * *

The official Souvenir Booklet of the Bernville CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION (One Hundred years 1851-1951), printed by the Kutztown Publishing Co., Kutztown, Pa., lies before the editor. The Publication Committee, headed by Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, is to be commended for bringing together in so slender a pamphlet so much of local historical interest.

Bernville has existed as an incorporated borough for only a century, but its beginnings go back to 1722. In the collection of the Penn-Physick Papers there is evidence that as early as 1722 the Palatine settlers in the Schoharie area along the Mohawk in New York province sent two emissaries southward to explore the lands along the Tulpehocken in Penn's province. They must have returned to New York with glowing reports about the fertility of the soil, for the very next year, 1723, a group of 33 families made their way by raft and canoe down the Susquehanna and to the mouth of the Swatara and from there across through woodlands to the area drained by the Tulpehocken. Those who followed later spread over what are now Heidelberg and Bern Townships in Berks. Soon Indian troubles arose. In 1728 Chief Sassoonan, King of the Delawares, protested that the lands upon which the Germans from Schoharie had settled belonged to the Delaware Nation. But even at this early date Conrad Weiser, that noble interpreter and peacemaker between the whites and the Indians, comes into the picture. By the land purchase of 1732 the Penns acquired title to the area which we now know as Berks and Lehigh Counties.

The pamphlet quotes familiar family names from the early tax lists; it contains data about Bernville's founder, Stephanus Umbenhauer, native of the Canton of Berne, Switzerland; a short narrative about Bernville as a port on the Union Canal and its subsequent growth and prosperity; short historical sketches of the churches; of the Bernville Greys, a militia battalion; a biographical sketch of Michael A. Gruber, mathematician, historian, genealogist and dialect poet, who spent much of his life in and around Bernville; and greetings from Berne, Switzerland delivered through the Hon. Maurice J. Rohrbach, Consul of Switzerland.

The pamphlet further contains two human interest stories: that about Black Jim, the colored chimney sweep, who, after serving in the Civil War, Company C 45th Regiment, U. S. colored infantry, settled in Berks, learned to speak the P. G. dialect and was widely known as "der schwarz Jim"; and that tragic story about Celia von Bernville, which appeared in the ECK in May 1936, and which also inspired John Birmelin to write the fine ballad of that name. Of some value to literary historians are Dr. Graeff's efforts in establishing the authenticity of the story.

A similar pamphlet, replete with local historical matter, was published by a local committee on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of Vera Cruz (1851-1951) and dedicated to "the former residents of Vera Cruz who during their lives exerted a strong and guiding influence in affairs of agriculture, industry, religion and education" in the hopes that it "may awaken in the present and future generations an appreciation and understanding of its precious heritage." It was printed by the Progress Printing House of Macungie, Pa.

No doubt many have wondered why that little Pennsylvania German village in Lehigh County should bear a Spanish name. According to J. Stuart-Wesselle writing for the Sunday Call-Chronicle for Feb. 9, 1941, it happened as follows:

The place: A village (then un-named) at a prominent crossroads in Milford Township.

Time: 1851. Scene—Interior of Alexander Weaver's store.

As the scene opens, the regular loungers are gathered around the stove and, between choice bits of local gossip, their eyes return to a badly tattered, week-old newspaper spread out on a counter, whose headlines shriek: REVOLT IN VERA CRUZ, MEXICO—12 KILLED, 20 INJURED, and the conversation reverts to Mexico. The sound of angry voices comes through the open door, and as the loungers rush outside and look up the road, they see two local characters engaged in a fight, and one of the combatants biting off the other's little finger.

Grasping the humor of the situation, Alexander Weaver jokingly remarks: "Now we have a name for our village. Why not call it Vera Cruz?"—And ever since the village has retained that name.

For the more serious reader this pamphlet contains much about the nearby roads and streams, about the interesting Indian jasper quarries, the three-piece Indian corn-grinding mill, about churches and schools, hotels and stores, the ice dam, creamery, blacksmith shops, stone and sand quarries, Frey's mill, Shelly's mill, the Dillinger Tunnel, etc.

Pamphlets such as the above two, casual as their publication may seem, nevertheless offer much material to the historians of the future.

* * * *

"The Conestoga Wagon (Home, fortress, often even a boat, its capacious interior contained human and material freight that pressed westward with each new line of frontier)" is a very readable article by Norman B. Wilkinson, formerly Instructor in history at Muhlenberg College, now Assistant Pennsylvania State Historian. The article appeared in AMERICAN HERITAGE (Summer 1951), that beautiful new Quarterly (published by the American Association for State and Local History, Brattleboro, Vermont), whose purpose it is to popularize the things of the American past that went into the making of our American nation—industry, agriculture, art and architecture, folksong, folk art and folklore; to bring forth and dust off the story of our American heritage, which, in the words of its editor, often lies covered with the ashes of yesteryears or embalmed within the musty covers of pedagogic treaties. But no doubt he and the readers will in time say pretty thanks for what has been so well embalmed between musty covers by perodic researchers. Indeed Mr. Wilkinson himself in writing about the Conestoga wagon has reaped richly where others have laboriously plowed.

—P.A.B.

DIE SCHPRING

Es iss en Schpring drauss an de Krick,
Naegscht bei en aldi schteeni Brick,
Net weit vum Haus;
Was iss do 's Wasser rein un klor
Un kalt, mer brauch ken Eis devor,
Wann's heess iss drauss.

En karzer Paad vum Weeg eweck,
Newich em Paad deel Hollerschteck,
Genseblumme viel;
En Schteeroi mit Fens verrisse,
Schadde iss vun Weiss-birch gschmisse,
Do iss es kiehl.

In der Schpring sin paar Forelle
Fer die Moos, wu datt sich schtelle,
Weck zu fresse;
En Glass henkt aa datt an de Beem,
Wu ich gebrocht hab vun deheem,
Kann's net vergesse.

Meh waert zu uns wie's viele Geld,
Yuscht sehn emool wie's Wasser gweilt,
'S laaft imme so;
Kalt odder waarm, es Wetter drauss,
Nass odder drucke, 's macht nix aus,
Es losst net no.

Wie duh ich uff en Summerdaag
Als drinke do, so oft ich maag,
Vum Wasser kalt;
Un yeders wu geht naegscht verbei,
Verlosst der Weeg un geht mool nei,
Der Yung un Alt.

Der Reich un Aarm maag drinke do
Un brauch ken Geld, 's waar immer so
Fer'n langi Zeit;
Es Wasser immer siess un rein
Iss besser weit wie Bier un Wein
Fer all die Leit.

5. Feb. 1934 —RALPH S. FUNK

NET AUSHALTE KENNE

Mer kann oftmolls viel duh un watt gaar net mied. Awwer wie mer elder watt, no kann mer nimmi so viel duh. Weesscht, mer watt glei ausg'schpielt. In annere Watte, mer kann's net meh aushalte. Des iss en verdollti Gschicht, un's macht eem net zu gut fiehle. Awwer die Leit misse des all lanne, wann sie mool elder warre.

Ich hab en Mann gut gekennt in meinre Yugend, ass en wunnerbaarer guder Geilsmann waar. Er hot alle Satte Geil eig'schpannt. Er waar gut zu de Geil, hot schee g'schwetzt zu ihne, un hot net oft Druwwel g'hatt fer sie breche. Die Geil sin vun de West kumme, un waare net gewehnt zu schaffe wie die Geil do duhne. In unsere Geeyend iss der Gaul an de linxe Hand der Leingaul. Daer laaft in de Farricht iwwerm Bluugge. Der Bluug dreht der Grund niwwer geegge de linxe Seit. In de West iss es gans annersht. Der Bluug schmeisst der Grund uff die recht Seit. Der Gaul uff de rechte Seit laaft in der Farricht. Anschtaats vun re Zopplein yuuse sie en Doppeltlein in de West. Des dutt die Western Geil gans verkollebiere, bis sie unser Weeg gelannt hen.

Well, mei guder alter Freind hot en Latt Western Geil getreent zu unserm Weeg. Moll ee Daag hot er en schtreidicher Gaul eig'schpannt g'hatt. Daer hot im gaar net g'folligt. Der alt Kall hot der Gaul ausg'schpannt, hot en Wipp grickt un hot ihn gebrowiert zu dresche. Der Gaul hot den alte Kall darrich der loos Grund genumme ass es en Aart g'hatt hot. Endlich waar der alt Kall faddich un hot g'saat, "Wann ich's aushalte kennt, deet ich dich greislich dresche."

En aldi Fraa hot g'saat, sie waer's Lewe so leedich. Endlich iss sie naus an der Barrick fer sich dod greische. Sie hot madderloosich gegrische. Die Eile un die Fix waare verschrocke. Sie hot lang un laut geyohlt. Endlich hen sie nix meh g'heert. "Nau iss sie dod," hen die Leit g'saat. Awwer iwwerdem iss sie widder heem kumme. Die Leit hen g'saat zu ihre, "Mir hen gemeent, du wettscht dich dod greische."—"Ya, ich hab aa welle," saagt sie, "awwer ich hab's net aushalte kenne."

—Der Kaschpar Hufnagel.

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
TELEPHONE 3-4241

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months $5.14; One Week 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

Rough on Textile Workers

It must seem to the 240 employes of the mills of Fullerton Textiles Inc., that their Government has made a colossal blunder in shutting down the plants and throwing them out of employment because Government is at odds with the company in the matter of failure to pay some $65,000 in withholding and income taxes.

Almost every day readers of the newspapers hear of some new cases of income tax defaults and of settlements and adjustments at ridiculously low rate of vast amounts of taxes allegedly due the Government. We have yet to read of one business or manufacturing enterprise that was shut down while the negotiations for these ridiculous settlements were in progress.

The Government has been considered, by some, to be competent to run anything and everything in the country. Railroad operation upon nationwide scale has been tackled a couple of times. A vast variety of manufacturing business is and has been handled at various times and places by Government. It would appear that it could have continued operation of the two comparatively little mills in Fullerton until business settlement with the corporation could be worked out, or attempts had been made to work them out.

Textile business in the North has been pretty hard hit during the past year. It will have to be dealt with just a bit easily if it is to be saved for this part of the country and its host of workers.

Steel Strike Postponed

Deferment for a month of a strike which was threatened to begin today in the steel industry affords what should be sufficient time in which to settle the differences that have prevented arrival at new contract terms between Labor and Management.

Negotiations up to this time have been pretty much the same old story. The steel workers are asking an 18½ cent per hour increase, plus other benefits. The Steel industry has been resisting, but not very vigorously, on the ground that the price of steel must be raised if wages and benefits are to be increased. Government has been seeking quietly behind doors to have the two sides arrive at an amicable settlement and, it is believed, has provided some assurances that steel prices will be permitted to rise in some proportion to wage and fringe-benefits increase.

A month is afforded for the working out of the problems which concern not merely one industry but the entire national economy. Wage and price increases will continue the inflation spiral. This new round of increase in one industry will be followed by a new round in other industries. The snowball of inflation had been stalled temporarily. Mighty forces are at work to give it additional push. Increase in the price of steel by upwards of $3, as predicted yesterday by one congressman, will be such a powerful push.

Watch Reds at Olympics

One of the most interesting developments in the field of international sports is announcement from Russia that many of her athletes will compete in the Olympic games in Finland this summer. Presumably, following the bellwether, Red satellite countries also will be well represented at those games. So for the first time since the war the world will see what the much-touted totalitarian athletes can do in competition with women and men from the effete democracies.

We will make no mistake when we conclude well in advance that the games in Finland will be more political than athletic, as far as the Soviet propagandists and their political bosses are concerned. The Russians must be lieve that the Olympic Games and their site this year — in their neighboring Finland — have been made to order for the success of their entrants. Otherwise it is unlikely that they would permit participation. They expect to sweep the boards and to make a great shouting about it that will echo around the equator and from pole to pole.

One gets a hint of this smug confidence in the Red athletes invincibility while reading a recent report on Soviet sport achievements in 1951. In the reports they tell of slicing seconds from previous USSR records but give no figures of past or the latest performances. They tell of record-holders but there is no indication as to how fast they have run or how high they have jumped.

Except for Swedish opponents, the Russians had no competitors it seems except those from satellite countries. Against all there were overwhelming victories. It is reported that Soviet athletes captured top honors in "all" of the team events at the World Student Games in Berlin (Eastern) and won 259 medals, 158 of them gold.

In the biggest sport of all, soccer, it is reported that the Russian teams scored 13 victories and tied four games in international contests with the strongest teams in Bulgaria, Albania, Poland, Romania and East Germany. Americans will seem to remember that the Russians took their own referees with them to those matches, but this is not mentioned in the report. Nor is it mentioned that brawls marked those international matches. Likewise in hockey, the Soviet players achieved "decisive victories" against teams representing Czechoslovakia, Poland and East Germany. It is reported that points scored were 158 to a miserable 13 for their opponents.

It can be seen from this that in line with all other Red thinking, the idea of a superior race is being developed and that Bulgarians, Romanians, Czechs, Poles and East Germans (even tho they have become the most ardent Communists) are far beneath the new Master Race.

At Helsinki the Russians are not going to meet "pushovers." But our western Olympic teams may well exercise the greatest care that they get into all the competitions in perfect physical condition.

As at other Olympiads it will be the ambition of young women and men to represent their native countries proudly. Triumph is not merely individual. It becomes national in import. Never before will this fact be made more important than when the Soviet athletes enter the events in Helsinki. If they win the Red propaganda line will be almost intolerable. If they lose their recriminations and alibis will set a new mark in bitterness and asininity.

World Leader–And His Guide



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Chickens come home to roost and mistakes that the President and Secretary Acheson began making more than two years ago in dealing with Congress on matters of foreign policy now come back to plague the administration with the possibility of serious consequences for the American people.

Thus the revolt in the House of Representatives is a disturbing development. By a vote of 189 to 143 the House has demanded that the President supply more information on any commitments or agreements given to Prime Minister Churchill recently concerning the possible dispatch of more American troops to overseas countries.

This literally means that the Congress is demanding to have revealed matters which have a truly confidential as well, as a security aspect. While such a Congressional demand does not have to be complied with by the President, the result is bound to be damaging insofar as the reaction created outside the United States is concerned.

Votes on Resolution

The votes favoring the resolution included 29 Democrats, and the remaining 160 were Republicans. Only 1 Republican and 1 independent voted against it.

Does the resolution imply that an isolationist sentiment is rising in the United States with Republican Party backing? It will be so construed abroad because it leaves the distinct impression that the majority of the Congress of the United States is opposed to sending troops to Europe. This question was the subject of the debate in Congress several months ago. While the feeling then was that troops sent in the absence of an outbreak of war should be limited in numbers, the end result was to continue to pledge indefinitely American military support to the defense of Europe.

Now the revival of the opposition to the dispatch of American troops to overseas areas comes at a time when public opinion is rather concerned with the prolonged truce negotiations in Korea, the extension of the draft, and the proposals for a universal military training program. It is natural to find political minded folks in Congress testing out once more the issue of troops-to-Europe.

Much of the present difficulty would never have arisen if the President had dealt properly with Congress on the Korean War. Had Mr. Truman obtained the consent of Congress to send American troops to that area of the world, there would not now be a justified fear that he will do so again without asking the legislative body to ratify his action, as is really required under the Constitution.

Many a quibble and an equivocating argument has been made by the State Dept. that it is within the province of the executive to order American troops to go anywhere in the world and that there are precedents for it. But everyone who knows these precedents is well aware also that the occasions were directly connected with the protection of American citizens and their property and were largely "police actions" which did not turn into wars. When some of them did, Congress was then given an opportunity to ratify or disapprove of the military action taken.

Pledge of Troops

The President does not have the right to pledge the use of American troops overseas except under treaties and agreements that have been ratified by the Senate. Mr. Truman has been indifferent on that score and now has brought a lot of trouble upon himself.

There is no justification for running the foreign policy of the United States on a party basis. The administration claims it has "consulted" Congress. It usually has done so after a decision has been made, and not before. This has hurt bipartisan consideration of foreign policy.

Another embarrassment is the promise of the Secretary of State to Congress that troops would never be sent without specific consultation of Congress if the obligation arose under the United Nations charter or the North Atlantic Treaty. There is a feeling that this pledge has not been kept.

The need for better understanding between the President and Congress is evident. The Executive can do many things without asking the consent of the legislative body, particularly in the conduct of foreign policy, but the dispatch of American troops to do garrison duty, for example, in the Suez Canal area is not one of them.

Congressional Consent

If the necessity arises for the dispatch of American troops to the troubled sections of Europe or Asia, Congress will give its consent provided the information is forthcoming to justify such a course. At a time when Americans feel that Europeans are not sending enough troops to help the U. N. in Korea, it would not be consistent for the Congress to take the position that American troops shall not be sent to Europe if the need arises there.

It has been thoroughly understood from the day the U. N. charter was ratified that Congress would be given an opportunity to exercise its constitutional authority in reference to the employment of troops to carry out any treaty obligations. Mr. Truman has hurt the whole cause of collective international cooperation by ignoring Congress, and that's why such a mischievous resolution — which ought never to have been passed — gets the approval of a bipartisan majority in Congress.

(Copyright, 1952)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ARYIE TZEIT IN FLORIDA:

Fiel leit gaina noch Florida, ow'r wenich hen die erfohringa wie der Richard Schneck un sei Esther, un dochter Verna, fon Siegersville, der Urellius Miller un sei Addie fon nagshd on Ledder Eck Poshda un der Wils Schneck un sei Beatta doh fon da shtadt kotta hen wie sie dart drunna rum g'shpuck'd sin. So wie die Fegelcher gapifa hen, missa sie 'n wunnerborie tzeit kotta howwa, un hen alla weil noch druvel fer die meiler tzu halta-dart drunna hen sie sie immer hinna wedder uf kotta sich ershtouna iwwer ol die shaina socha os tzu sehna worra. Der Rich het uf kours gaglicha fer 'n lot tzeit tzu bringa om sae woh die shaina maid worra, ow'r sei Esther hut 'm glei der kabittle runner gagalaisa in siva unnershittlicha shprocha, un 'm g'sawt, er sot net fergessa os er tzwelf hunnerd mile fon hame wear, un os er ken pony het fer hame rida won sie 'n fon da mashine shmeissa dade.

Sie hen nochts immer g'shlofa on motels, — alsa mohl hut yader familia ihra aignie shtub kotta, un etlicha mohl hen sie 'n shub mit nonner kotta. Ae mohl os sie bei nonner g'shlofa hen, huts arya shtraich gewwa-un ol weil der Rich un der "Reelie" gleicha hussa gawora hen. Moryets wie sie uf g'shtonna sin, wie immer ihra gabrouch worra sie sonderbore imma shuss fer sich aw duh, un wos hen sie gaduh wie die hussa ferwex'ld unna ihra wissa. Noh hetta sie 's ferleicht net ous g'funna won der Rich net gas kaufa het wolla, un hut ken bocka buch kotta.

Die barichda sin, der Rich wear shnae weiss im g'sicht gawest, un die hand hetta gatzitter'd wie lawb bladder im wind, wie er noch seim bocka buch sock garaich'd het, un der sock wor lare. Er uf kours wor shure 's weara nochts rawwer in da bed shtub gawest un hut gae wolla fer die police, wie der "Reelie" hinna on sei bocka buch soch galong'd hut, un hut ebbes fremmes drin g'shpiert. Der "Reelie" drecht sei bocka buch imma onnerra soch, un shure ganunk wie er mohl recht gaguck'd hut, wons net 'm Rich sei bocka buch wor, un sie hen moryets ihra hussa ferwex'ld.

M'r wolla wetta os die Beatta gahairich galocht het iwwer der Rich un der "Reelie," won sie net aw shier yusht so dumma shtraich gamocht het kotta. Sie hut mohl ae gonser farmie dawg gamaint ihra frock dade sie so kayose shponna, uns wor net bis gaea middawg os sie g'sehna hut os sie 'n moryets da letza waig aw hut—hut 'n inside rous gadray'd kotta, uns wor gore ken wunner os er gapetzt hut. Mit da shtyles wie sie sin heit tzu sawg mochts uf kours net fiel ous wie die weibsleit die frocka aw hen —sie gucka alla waiga ferdray'd.

Noh wor aw mohl nochts so'n aryer uf ruhr. Sella mohl hut yader familia ihra aignie shtub kotta, un worra net may wie im airshda shlofe, wie 's gahariich gabumb'd hut. 'S gons gabei fer die wohret tzu sawga hut g'shudder'd un der Rich un die Esther sin ous 'm bed g'shprunga un so aw 's Wilsa, un hen net onnisher gadenk'd os wie Florida wear lose garissa fon Georgie, un dade nous in der sae shwimma. Der "Reelie" hut noh garufa uf da onnerra side da wond—"hen n'r sel k'hoert?"

Wies Richa uns Wilsa g'sawt hen sie hetta 's k'hoert, un gawunnert hen wos g'shaina wear, hut der "Reelie" galocht, un tzurick garufa, "Die Addie is ous 'm bed g'falla."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Soicha os alla weil dawgs glae aeich run lawfa, sin gawainlich soicha os nochts gross aeich uf hucka, ihra eikums tox ous rachla.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

OVER-PLAY

Though work is wearisome, I'd say
A worse fatigue can follow play.
The weary toiler, home from town,
To rest awhile can settle down
And sleep the night away, and then
With strength renewed start out again.

But play a heavier toll demands
Than tired legs and arms and hands.
It takes the hours for sleep designed,
It dims the eyes and dulls the mind,
And for the burdens of the day
It steals tomorrow's strength away.
Though over-work is bad, they say,
Man's greater foe is over-play.

the principal address during the second annual dinner meeting of the Lehigh Valley Southern Society at Hotel Bethlehem.

Eighty trainmen had a narrow escape when a P & R and a Central train sidewiped each other at the South 3rd St. crossing, near Auburn.

Horoscope

Utilize the excellent stellar influences now operating for all affairs. A remarkable and fortunate child should be the one born today.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I wish this Oklahoma reader had directed her letter to one of the many lady columnists who know so much more about these things than I do.

This reader—an eighteen-year-old girl—is in love with a fellow. Or at least she thinks she is.

She lives on a farm. He is a city slicker.

Honest to goodness, this is not a gag. (I can show you the letter if you want to see it.)

He is a house-to-house salesman who sells nylons, lingerie and other ladies' apparel.

It seems that her farm is on his regular route.

But where he used to come around three or four times a year, he now comes almost every week.

So far he hasn't said anything about love. But she thinks he might speak up any minute now.

And she doesn't know what to do.

She has never been in love before, she says.

At least she hasn't had that funny feeling around the heart that she has this time.

Whenever his automobile honks outside, her heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.

And she feels as if she has goose pimples all over.

Not only that, she writes, when he rings the doorbell, she gets tongue-tied and can feel herself blush right to the roots of her hair.

"Is it love," she asks me.

She wants to know whether I think it is just the passing kind of love—the "kind that comes and goes."

Is it REAL love? That's what she wants to know, and she also wants me to tell her what real love IS.

Frankly, I haven't the slightest idea of what REAL love is.

I don't know whether anyone else knows.

For instance, there is Robert Q. Lewis, the radio and television comedian.

According to Dorothy Kilgallen, he flew to Florida the other day and on the National Airlines plane there was a stewardess named Birdie Roberts.

She served him his coffee and sandwiches in such a charming way that Robert Q. immediately fell in love with her.

Instead of staying in Florida, as he had intended, he booked passage on the next north-bound plane on which Birdie Roberts was serving coffee and sandwiches.

That's how smitten he was.

Is it real love? If you wait until next week I may let you know. If by that time Mr. Lewis is still flying on Birdie Roberts' coffee-and-sandwich plane, then it MIGHT be REAL love.

The surest way to tell whether love is REAL is when it is all over.

While you are in love, you are liable to be so busy BEING in love that you lose your senses.

But when you are no longer in love, and laugh at yourself for having been such a fool, then you may be sure it was NOT real love.

Don't you think I ought to write an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column?

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken From The Morning Call of Feb. 23, 1927, a Wednesday

Crowds estimated at 5,000 visited the new Dime Savings and Trust Company building at the northwest corner of Center Square.

Congressman Thomas Webber Wilson of Mississippi delivered

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 55:1-18

The attitude of David's enemies, vs.1-5, caused him to exclaim in these familiar words: 'Oh that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest.' What caused him particular sorrow was the fact that it was not an enemy that had reproached him, for then he could have borne it, v.12; neither was it he that hated him that did magnify himself against him, for he could have, in that case, hidden himself from him; but it was his equal, his guide, his acquaintance, with whom he had taken sweet counsel, with whom he had walked in company into the house of God, who, like Judas in the Gospel story, had risen up against him (for the same thought see Ps.41:9). Notice in v.15 that imprecation: 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell (which means to go alive into the grave), for wickedness is in their dwellings and among them, that is, in their hearts. But he refuses to be discouraged, for he will call upon the Lord, evening, morning, and at noon to save him. So did Daniel pray three times a day (Dan. 6:10).



ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Es waar Samschdaag Owet. Die vedderscht Bortsch hot Schadde gmacht, 'u die Betzy ghockt waar. Es waar bissel kiehl, wie es gewehnlich iss geeggich Schpootyaahr.

Uff de Bortsch waare drei Schoggelschtiehl. Die Betzy waar uff em scheene neie Schtuhl in de Mitt.

Sie hot sich gschockelt un all paar Minudde hot sie niwwer an der Greizweg geguckt.

"Ich wunner waer es aerscht kummt den Owet" hot sie gsaagt zu sich selwert.

Sie hot die Leit net aageguckt wu verbei gange sin uff em Weg zum Schtor. Sie hot yuscht der Greizweg gwatscht.

Die Betzy waar en gegliche Meedel in Porters, wu sie deheem waar mit ihre Eldre. Sie waar es eensichscht Kind, un hot alsfert alles ghatt ass sie hot welle. Sie hot schwaze Hoor un dunkle Aagge ghatt mit en feeri Haut. Sie waar es schennscht Meedel im Schtedtel un manniche yunge Karls hette gschtohle, gelogge un, 's iss gewiss, deel hette gmaddert mit Blessier fer sie zu heiere. Awwer sie waar net fer zu gschwind gheiert sei, un es hot ihre nix ausgemacht wann sie aa dreiunzwansich Yaahr alt waar. Die Betzy hot alsnoch gewisst wie die Aagge rumschmeisse un die Mannsleit schmuuslich aagucke.

Ihre Vadder, der Solly Hansmoyer, iss ums Haus rum kumme uff seim Weg zum Schtor. Er waar immer Heemmann darrich die Woch gwest, awwer Samschdaag owets, Regge odder Schein, iss er zum Schtor geloffe.

"Was witt mit drei Schockelschtiehl uff de Bortsch den Owet? No noch seller nei! Ich will en net verschunne hawwe," hot er gwannt un iss zum Dierli naus.

"Ach, badder dich net weegge sellem. Selli wu druff hocke, hen ihre Sunndaagsgleeder aa," waar ihre Andwatt.

Der Solly iss ruhich weggloffe.

Darrich all sellem hot die Betzy ihre Aagge uff em Greizweg ghatt.

DER BILLY UN DER ZACH

Endlich iss der Billy Gleffel ums Eck rum kumme am Greizweg un iss wunnerbaar schmart gloffe.

Der Billy hot im Siesschwamm gwuhnt un die Betzy hot verhaftich net gewisst eb sie der Billy odder der Zach Beindler vum Insching Hiwwel es bescht gegliche hot. Der Billy waar net so schee ass der Zach, awwer er waar die gut Schtunn selwer, un der Zach waar en Hitzkoop ass fer common im Schtreit waar un oft iss er in Fechtes kumme darrich sei gross Maul, un die mensch Zeit iss er gedichdich gedrosche warre. Doch hot die Betzy net gewisst weller sie heiere wett.

Der Billy waar halb Wegs hiwwe vum Greizweg wu der Zach ums anner Eck kumme iss imme Halbschprung. Die Betzy hot gwatscht mit Blessier. Ihre Haz hot geschtumpt so dass sie net ruhich hocke hot kenne. Yuscht zu denke! Zwee Karls im seeme Huddel fer zu ihre Kumme! Ken Wunner waar die Betzy eiferich froh, sie hot gewisst ass net viel Meed im Land sin ass zwee Buwe schpaziere kenne an ee Zeit.

Neecher un neecher sin sie kumme. Der Zach waar am gehne uff der Billy, un bei der Zeit ass er sich ghockt hot newich de Betzy, hot er yuscht Zeit ghatt fer saage, "Betzy, du bischt es schennscht Meedel im Heidelbarrick. Mir sette heiere, fer das ich bin liebgrank. Betzy, saag mir dabber, ass du mich witt fer dei Mann," waar em Billy sei Aafrogges.

"Ach, Billy, halt noch bissel zerick. Ich gleich dich, awwer ich weess net eb ich dich lieb," hot sie der Billy kaz abgschnidde.

"Saag," hot der Zach aagfange, wie er uff die Bortsch kumme iss un hot sich uff der leer Schtuhl ghockt. "Ich hab mei nei-i Maularyel mitgebrocht, yuscht fer dich, Betzy. Bill, du bischt mir en Dann im Aag," hot der Zach gsaagt in re beesse Schtimm.

"Ach, sell iss nix. Ich hab mei Drumpel, un ich schpiel sie yuscht fer die Betzy. Du kannscht die Ohre zuhewe, wann ich schpiel," hot der Billy gsaagt.

"Du Seibengel. Du kaanscht mer nix vorsaagge . . .".

"Ruhich, die zwee vun eich," waar de Betzy ihre Adder. "Ich will ken Fechtes do rum hawwe," un hot die Buwe so lieblich aageguckt un gsaagt, "Es deet mer gut eich heere zamme schpiele."

Die Buwe hen schpielt un schpielt, bis die Betzy mied waar devun. Ihre Schtannrunsle hen 's gewisse, awwer sie hen sich net bekimmert weegge sellem. Yeders hot sich abweise welle.

Endlich hen sie widder abgschtoppt fer ihre Odem fange, dann saagt die Betzy, "Wann dihr denke, ass ich yuscht Maularyel un Drumpel schpielt will hawwe, sin dihr letz. Ich will mei Schpazieres unnerschiddlich hawwe."

"Der Billy un der Zach hen nanner aageguckt.

"En Meedel gleicht ebmolls en Boss vun Buwe," hot sie gsaagt.

"Ich boss dich net so lang ass mer en Schillgrott hen fer uns aagucke. Schick en fatt, dann un datt bischt du gebosst. Ich verschprech der ich duh," hot der Zach gsaagt.

"Ich bin ken Schillgrott, un ich geh aa net fatt. Ich will's verschtanne hawwe, ass ich un die Betzy selwer en Daatem hen nochderhand," hot der Billy gsaagt in seim freindliche Weg.

"Ya, du bischt en Bisskatz. Du brauchscht net denke, ass die Betzy dich besser gleicht, ass sie mich dutt. Ich hab Schteil un du bischt yuscht en dummer Siesschwammer," hot der Zach gsaagt.

"Zach," hot der Billy langsam aagfange, "du deetscht freilich gleiche en Gfecht zu schtarte, awwer ich bin geduldich un deet mich schemme mich so nidder zu mache fer fechte iwwer so en schee Meedel wie die Betzy. So ebbes iss schandvoll. Zach, schemm dich!" hot der Billy gsaagt.

"Sell nemm ich net vun niemand. Ich weiss dir," hot der Zach gsaagt, un iss uffschprunge vum Schtuhl.

Bletzlich hett's en Gfecht gewe, awwer yuscht no iss der Solly zum Dierli nei kumme.

"Was der Schinner geht aa do?" hot er gfrogt.

Niemand hot ebbes gsaagt.

Der Solly hot en Maulvoll Duwacksbrieh in der Hof gschpautzt. "Ab mit eich. Alle zwee vun eich. Die Sei un die Hund fechte. Gude Leit bede. Naus mit eich bletzlich," hot der Solly g'addert.

DIHR BESSER GEHT

"Dihr besser geht," hot die Betzy gwannt.

Langsam sin sie geeggich em Dierli gange, awwer sie hen der Solly scharref gwatscht. Es waar ihne bang ass der Solly sie in ihre Hossesitz kickt. Sie sin ruhich am Solly verbei gschniekt. Der Billy is noch em Schtor gange un der Zach iss noch em Greizweg gange.

"Mach dich nei. Was der Deiwel musscht du zwee um de Dier rum henke hawwe?" hot der Solly gscholde.

Die Betzy iss nei gange, awwer sie hot net ruhe kenne. Sie hot als net gewisst well vun de zwee sie heiere wett. Sie issgraad ins Bett gange, awwer sie hot net schlofe bis schier gaar Marriye.

Es waar schier Zeit fer in die Karrich geh, wu sie wacker iss warre. Sie hot sich gedummelt fer sie hot gewisst, ass ihre Daadi hot alsfert gsaagt, Sunndaags muss alle eens in de Karrich sei mitaut Grankheit. Sie hot aa gwisst ass ihre Daadi wisse deet, ass ihre Grankheit waar yuscht liebgrank un sell deet net schaffe. Sie hot sich gedummelt un reddi gmacht in Zeit for die Breddich.

EN MADDEREI

Wu der Parre sei Bschtelling gmacht hot ghatt, hot er die gans Gemee ihre Odem hewe gmacht. Er hot ihne gsaagt, ass en Madderei waer letscht Nacht in der Nochberschaft gwest.

Die Betzy hot ihre Odem schier nimmi griegge kenne, wu der Parre gsaagt hot ass der Zach Beindler waer gmaddert.

Der aarm Zach, hot sie gedenkt. Doch hot ihre Gedanke ihre gsaagt, ass der Billy ennihau ihre beschder Schparricker waar. Awwer sie hot doch heile misse fer der Zach un wann es net gwest waer fer die Schand waer sie uff un naus gschprunge.

Nooch de Karrich iss die Gemee schnell die Dier naus imme narrefiche Ranft. Sie hen nanner net aageguckt. Der Parre waar gans iwwerzwarrich. Er hot's gaar net verschteh kenne, ferwas die Gemee sich so fannich aaschicke? Er hot awwer nix gsaagt. Es hot ihn gedruwwelt, er hot gfarricht die Leit waere ihn ledich un er hot net es Haz ghatt ebber zu froogge. Er hot sei Maul zu ghalte un yuscht gschmunselt un Hand gschiddelt.

Auswennich waare die Leit schtehne un zamme gepischpert un sell hot em Parre leed geduh. Awwer de Leit ihre Pischperes waar net weegge ihm. Sie hen schwetzt vun de Madderei.

Die Betzy iss zu de Dier naus un hot niemand aageguckt. Sie iss gschwind die Schtross naus, awwer sie iss net weit kumme bis ebber ihre Naame gerufe hot.

"ALDIE RETSCH!"

"Betzy, waart bissel." Die Betzy hot rumgeguckt. "Aldi Retsch!" hot die Betzy zu sich selwert gsaat, wu sie di Gussy Finkelbinder gschne hot huddlich geeggich ihre kumme.

Die Betzy hot schunn lang gewisst ass die Gussy alsfert meh Neiichkeete gewisst hot, ass die Schpring Groof Ripplet gebrocht hot alle Woch.

Die Gussy waar en iwwerich Meedel. Sie waar schee genunk gewest, awwer ihre grosser Fehler waar en losi Zung. Sie hot vun Kind uff geretscht un gelogge iwwer allebber im Schtedtel. Sie waar vazich Yaahr alt un hot ihre Verschpreche ghalte ass ken Mannskarl unner ihre Deck schlofe darref, awwer die Waahret waar, es hot in ihrer Leweszeit ken Mann sie froogt fer sie schpaziere un aa noch viel wennicher fer bei ihre schlofe. Sie hot awwer immer gsaagt, ass sie zwansich Mool "Nee" gsaagt hett zu Karls, ass eiferich waare fer sie zu hawwe.

"Betzy, was duscht du nau?" hot die Gussy gfroogt wu sie uffgfange hot mit de Betzy.

"Yuscht wie ich immer hab," hot die Betzy geandwatt.

"Ya," saagt die Gussy, "zu hawwe iss net hatt, awwer zu hewe iss verhafdich hatt zu duh."

Die Betzy hot ihre en beesser Guck gewwe, "Du hoscht seilewe kenner ghatt zu hewe. Schwetz vun Sache, ass du ebbes weesscht devun."

"Du Rotznaas!" hot die Gussy aagfange, "Ich weess was ich schwetz. Der Zach iss gmaddert un ich weess ass er an dir rum ghenkt waar. Du denkscht du hoscht der Billy Gleffel noch, awwer du bischt gfuhlt. Der Billy hot heit es Fuss im Graab."

"Was meenscht du bei sellem?" hot die Betzy gfrogt mit Druwwel uffgwisse in ihre Aagge.

"Sie hen ihn noch net gfange, awwer waart yuscht, er geht in die Bressent."

"Harriyammer!" hot die Betzy gepischpert, "der Billy muss in die Bressent! Sell glaab ich net," hot die Betzy gsaagt mit grefdich Schprooch.

Sie sin ans Eck kumme, wu die Betzy abgedreht hot.

"Yuscht waart," hot die Gussy gwannt, "sie schparre ihn ei, verleicht heit noch."

Mit sellem iss sie graad fatt geloffe mit ihre Kopp in de Heeh, wie en Bu Schkaut, wu sei gudi Arrewet gschafft hot fer der Daag.

TO THE READER

The editor of the ECK has from its beginning nearly 17 years ago encouraged aspiring writers to express themselves in our dialect. It may be charged against the editor for having published considerable creative dialect literature of doubtful quality. But is it not enough to have thus afforded a medium for such writers of quality as Lloyd A. Moll in prose and John Birmelin and Ralph S. Funk in verse, without whose work our dialect literature would be considerably the poorer?

It is a curious fact that more writers in the dialect have aspired to writing verse than prose. But it seems that the writing of verse precedes the development of prose. So it was in Greek and in Latin literature, in the Germanic literatures of the north and in English, and so it has also been in our PG dialect literature. Few writers of good dialect prose have emerged and none have surpassed Charles C. More and Lloyd A. Moll.

Some time ago we received a packet, which, to our astonishment contained a novelette of some 15,000 words, the first installment of which appears in today's ECK. We believe this to be the first "Whodunit" story to appear in our dialect.

Mr. Roy D. Stauffer, the author of "Es Recht Kummt an der Daag" has spent most of his life in Hanover, Pa. He informs us that forty or more years ago he wrote several dialect stories for a weekly paper published in Spring Grove, Pa. His novelette has a York County setting. His dialect shows many idioms and forms characteristic of the York County area which may seem rather curious to some of our readers. Especially marked is the absence or elision of the past participial prefix "ge—" in such forms as "Er hot gmacht" and "schwetzt" for "gemacht" and "gschwetzt", and "gsaagt" for "gsaat". We find also a more dominating English influence in the phrasing and sentence structure.

Since this story will continue in the ECK for some weeks we would suggest that our readers keep the installments from week to week, so that they may have the connected story.—ED.

Die Betzy iss schmart geloffe un hot es Middaagesse schtart. Sie hot's uff me gude Weg ghatt wu ihre Eldre heemkumme sin. Der Solly iss naus die Sei fiedere un wu er faddich waar hen die Weibsleit es Esse reddi ghatt. Sie sin graadeswegs an der Disch.

AM DISCH

Wu der Solly faddich waar bede, hot er die Betzy aageguckt. Er hot gsehne as sie gebrillt hot ghatte. Er hot schtart esse, awwer nix gsaagt fer paar Minudde. Endlich hot er schwetzt.

"Betzy, was iss letz?"

Die Betzy hot ihre Kopp gschiddelt.

Der Solly hot sei Fraa aageguckt, awwer sie waar aa ruhich.

"Bischt du grank?"

"Paepp, loss sie geh bis nooch em Esse," hot sei Fraa gsaagt.

"Wannich schwetz, muss sie mir follye un mir Andwatt gewwe," hot der Solly gsaagt.

Die Betzy iss uffgschprunge vum Disch un iss owwenuff gange.

"Du settscht dich schemme. Du settscht waarte bis sie meh geduldich iss."

"Well, was der Deihenker iss letz nau? Wann du weesscht, ferwas saagscht mer's net? hot er scharref gfrogt.

"Du bischt so dumm ass en Esel. Du settscht wisse ferwas sie verkollebiert iss."

"Ya, ich denk sie hot gheert was der Gleffel geduh hot. Der Glotzkopp iss darrich gange. Awwer er watt gfange. Waart yuscht," hot der Solly greftich gsaagt.

"Wass iss letz mit ihm?"

"Er waar net an de Breddich heit, un so en Karrichemann wie er alsfert abweise dutt, sett ken Breddich verfehle. Ich weess aa ferwas er darrich gange iss."

DER SOLLY MEENT ER WISST

"Paepp, wu gricksecht du all die Nei-ichkeete?"

"Sell hawwich selwert ausgschtoddit," hot der Solly schtolsich gsaagt.

"Du hoscht? Ei, du Harriyammer!

"Ya, geschder Owed wu ich heem kumme waar vum Schtor, hot's schier en Fecht gewwe. Es hett ennihau, awwer ich hab sie alle zwee abgeyaagt un die Betz hawwich ins Bett geyaagt. Sehscht nau, was es Auskummes devun iss?"

"Nee, ich verschteh dich net," hot sei Fraa gsaagt.

"Du bischt awwer dumm," saagt der Solly.

"Well, was hot all sell zu duh mit was du augschtoddit hoscht?"

"Zum Schinner, eenichebber kann gut nei sehne. Wu ich sie abgschickt hab, sin sie schpeeder zammekumme un der Zach waar viel schwerer ass der Billy un es waar ihm bang, ass er gut gedrosche watt. No hot er sich reddi gemacht un wu der Zach ihn gfange hot, dann hot der Billy der Zach yuscht gschosse."

"Oi, Himmel Aerd ! Ich will net denke! Hoscht du em Parre des gsaagt?"

"Nee, ich hab 's niemand gsaagt. Awwer es hen Leit mich gheert sie abyaage, un sie saage em Kunschtaawler sell un ich denk er watt gewiss kumme mich sehne."

"Gott im Himmel, ich will net hoffe!"

"Ya, waart mool, eb ich net recht bin."

Der Solly waar gedruwwelt imme Weg, awwer doch waar er eiferich fer sei feschtgiaawich Ausfinnes zu 'report'e zu em Kunschtaawler. Er iss uff die veddersche Bortsch gange. Er hot sich net ruhich anne hocke kenne. Alle paar Minutte hot er uffschteh misse un im Hof rum laafe. Sei Narrefe hen gschiddelt in seim Bauch.

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months $5.14; One Week 40c.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

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

Editorials

A Sad Chapter for Art

There is probably no community in the United States where original paintings — done by amateurs, it is true, but often very good — hang in such large numbers in so many thousands of homes as in Allentown. The Allentown home which does not have one or more paintings by present or former students of the Kline-Baum Art Class, or by persons touched by the Art Movement which establishment of the class set off in the Lehigh Valley, is rather an exception. Always the owners of the paintings are proud of and pleased with them. They are glad to live with them.

All this is because for a full twenty-five years women, men and children of all ages have been attending the classes conducted here by the eminent American painter, Walter Emerson Baum, of Sellersville. He has been the inspiration for more than three thousand persons who during the year have come directly under his tutelage and for many others who have found the local atmosphere for art appreciation favorable to their work. That atmosphere was created largely through and by the personality of this artist who has headed the Art Movement and out of which have grown such other useful institutions as the Circulating Picture Club (unique in the United States,) the Allentown Art Museum and the Lehigh Art Alliance. Because of this movement the City already owns many hundreds of paintings and sculptures but a building or buildings of sufficient size to house them still is wanting.

Because the School has done a work essentially for the public and at no cost for most young students and only nominal cost for others, it has received the support of the educational district, the Allentown School Board, during most of its years. While the support has not been what could be termed "handsome" no more ever was really sought by the School. Always it has been regarded as a valuable adjunct to the Allentown School system and worth far more to the student body than the heat, light, janitor service and use of several otherwise unused school rooms for one day a week Saturdays, was costing the School District.

Its values never have been challenged. Instead they have been supported by all our educators during the years. The school has been the envy of other school districts. It has been the delight of the parents, families and friends of the more than three thousand students who have been enrolled during the years. It has been one of the prides of our educators.

But hard times have come. The pressure of increasing school population and the demands for new services for children in the schools such as cafeterias, libraries, health centers and so on have forced the School Board to take over the rooms now used by the Art class, effective June 1.

Every available Allentown school room is necessary for the carrying out of the basic and the primal work of the School District. There isn't enough room in the house nor enough food upon the table for all the children in our big educational family. So the Art Class must be put out into the street. It has never known any other parent than the School District. It really has no where to turn.

There will be general agreement that the turn in events is highly unfortunate. The School District has not been able to build schools fast enough to take care of increasing school population and additional school services. Under these circumstances the Art Class is forced to become the waif of the family.

It has no place to go. It has no promises of a place later on, contrary to any impression to the contrary which may have been gained by reading the report of the School Board's meeting on Thursday night.

It has no money in hand. It has no pledges. It does not even have any plans to keep operating when it will be virtually put out into the street three months hence. Art still is a Cinderella in the family of general thinking and action. Cinderella will be down in the ashes. And that's that.

Make Short Work of Foxes

Announcement that State game protectors from many points in this area have arrived here to distribute the carcasses of poisoned crows and thereby kill off foxes which, supposedly, have a high incidence of rabies in their population, poses some problems for our rural communities.

Granted that there is a wave of rabies among the foxes, they should soon be dying of the frightful disease or biting each other to death in their mad spasms. For just how long a time, even in our current cool weather, will the carcasses be attractive to an animal that likes warm blood and fresh meat? Have the game protectors made careful record of their plantings of carcasses and will they make later rounds to remove the dead crows when their efficacy as bait has ended? Are any such plantings of bait to be made upon private property?

While these and other questions are going through the minds of ruralites, it will be important to keep all domestic animals on leash and to avoid touching any dead animals or birds that may be encountered during one's walking about in field and forest.

It is important that this campaign against the foxes be conducted with dispatch. Farmers and others rely upon the watchfulness of their dogs to give them a sense of security against surprise from culprits. Farmers keep small armies of cats, not because they are ailurophiles but because they hold destructive rodent population in check. All these domestic animals while free are part of the rural economy and of its social life. Confined, they are worth little more than nothing.

Save Precious Soil

The national Association of Soil Conservation Districts had its annual meeting in Cleveland, O., during the week and the program served to remind the American people that, if we expect to grow in numbers and continue to be well fed instead of to starve, the precious food-producing topsoil of the United States must be saved from erosion.

While much work is going on thruout the country, the areas that are being conserved against erosion are small by comparison with the areas that continue to be washed into the rivers and the seas.

One speaker in Cleveland declared that erosion and soil depletion "are aggressors just as destructive to the future of America as invading Red armies would be."

The serious fact is that while our population is increasing at the rate of about 2,000,000 per year, erosion annually is robbing us of the equivalent of 500,000 arable acres. Most of it is washed away. Much of it is being carried away by the winds.

It is up to individual land owners with the assistance of Government, where so desired, to clothe the land with the earth's green carpet of vegetation, whether trees or grasses. What soil we still possess should be bound closely to plant life to resist its being snatched away by rains and floods. To that soil should be added vegetable growth that will increase the bacteriological elements and the humus in the soil.

It has been said that an inch of top soil represents nearly a century of undisturbed plant growth. But Americans, by intelligent processes, can reduce that hopeless span. Much can be done in a decade and more in a generation if the knowledge already possessed is put into action upon the farms and the hillsides of the United States.

Not until we can go down to the banks of the Lehigh River and its local tributaries and see clear or but slightly clouded waters after rain storms or even floods will we be able to feel satisfied completely with conservation results in this part of the country.

'The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth'



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The most serious psychological problem that faces our diplomats in Asia, Central and South America, Africa and the islands that are scattered in the seven seas is the assumption that Americans dislike human beings who are not "white." It is perhaps a problem without solution; surely no one has yet found an answer to it which is either practical or satisfactory.

The instance of th suburbanites in Southwood Tract, Calif., rejecting a Chinese family as a neighbor may seem a local matter of no importance except to the parties concerned.

Yet, I am certain that 10 years from now, the Sing Sheng case will appear and re-appear in anti-American literature in Guatemala, in Pakistan, in the Philippines, in China, in India, in every country where racism is an insult and a humiliation.

I quote from the Wah Kiu Yat Po, a Chinese newspaper published in Hingkong:

"The strong desire for independence and freedom of the Southeast Asian people cannot be fulfilled unless the Western Nations are ready to bring to an end their colonial rule. The people there may not like Communism but they definitely hate to be ruled by others. That is why they prefer Communism to colonialism. . ."

Strongest Red Weapon

This is altogether too true, and it has become the strongest weapon of Soviet Russia in many countries, most dangerously in Central and South America. Our people do not realize, for instance, that Guatemala, not far from the Panama Canal, is pretty well dominated by Communists. We get little data on the Communist troubles in Panama.

It is too easy to blame all the troubles on Russian propaganda. But propaganda never takes effect unless it falls on fertile soil. There must be a readiness for it, especially in Central and South American countries, and in Asia and in Africa, and wherever people refuse to recognize that they are inferior to any other people because of their birth and origin.

It is a very tough problem for a country like ours where race and color do arouse emotional responses in a large number of citizens. Our complications arise from the adoption of a foreign policy that requires associations with people who resent the "white" peoples of the Western European-American alliance.

This problem would not have faced us had we not become involved in the affairs of all the world, but we have become so involved, and we are seeking allies everywhere, even allies among the peoples whom we reject because of their race when they come to live among us.

This country has just experienced the humiliation of having been rejected by Mexico. That happens to be more important realistically than what happened in Suez.

Psychological Phase

I am diagnosing a case, not offering a cure, because I have none. We speak about psychological warfare, about the Voice of America influencing peoples, of reaching the nations behind the Iron Curtain.

But none of that will really mean anything unless the peoples of the countries that we want as allies sincerely believe that we do not have contempt for them because of race. Did you ever hear a Kashmirian talk about his true Aryan origin in tones that are more like a leer than a sneer?

How do you make an ally out of a nation that feels the contempt you really have for it? That was the fertile soil that Soviet Russia found in China. It was not landlordism; it was not the corruption of the Kuomintang; it was not even Communism. It was an anti-"white" man attitude. It existed in that country before the Boxer Rebellion (1901), which was an outbreak against the "white" man. It existed in a large number of anti-American and anti-British boycott movements. It was expressed in the May 30th movement in 1925 when the revolution, not yet completed, was started as an opposition to all Europeans. The Russians moved into a soil prepared for them.

Few men concern themselves about the inconcistencies between what they believe and what they do. Most Americans believe that all men are created equal, as it says in the Declaration of Independence, but they cannot apply it to human beings whom they naturally dislike. And there is the rub in a situation that may, in Asia, in Africa, and in Central and South America some day cost the lives of our sons.

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Public Opinion

OBJECTIONS VOICED TO COMMENTS UPON UMT

Editor, Morning Call:

As a long time subscriber and rather regular reader of your editorial page, I should like to comment on the editorial appearing today under the heading "Eleven Million Escape Arms."

1. You make much of the fact that pressure groups oppose this legislation. Why not state that in the forefront of such groups are respected Church organizations, and why not show why they oppose it? At the same time, why not question the legislation on its not to well publicized feature of permanency? And, since you quote General Hershey, why not suggest that he recommend legislation to close the exemption loopholes, rather than put across a permanent military training law? In other words, make it as universal as possible, —NOT PERMANENT.

2. The back-bone of the pressure groups opposed to permanent military training, represents millions of patriotic American parents who will very readily make any required sacrifice for their country, but who rightfully oppose PERMANENT military conscription or any other form of state or military control of the lives and destinies of their children on a PERMANENT basis. To these people, and to the ministers and others who champion their cause, your editorial in effect says, "Shame."

Generally your editorials are well worth reading, balanced, informative and considerate. Standing out as an exception, one so narrow and inconsiderate as this, with proper reflection would, I am sure, have been consigned to the waste basket rather than printed.

Wm. A. Gallagher
2429 Tremont St.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There ought to be a law against people telling you all about the wonderful trips they've taken and making your mouth water for a journey of your own.

Somehow you get these wonderful tales much more in winter than in spring or summer.

It seems that when folks are freezing, they think of the joys of summer, and the memories of past delights keep them warm.

The story usually starts "you should have been with me in . . ."

Wherever the teller of the yarn was, there is the best place of all.

During the past week I had to listen to stories about Florida, California, and Jackson Hole.

And since I have been to Florida and California, I was most interested in this Jackson Hole.

It's way up in Wyoming in the Grand Teton Mountains, and unless I am very much mistaken, my wife and I shall pack up a few of our things about June and it's going to be "Wyoming, here we come."

Although, maybe, we'll only go map-travelling.

I don't know whether you are that way, too. But I am map-crazy.

And looking at maps really is an excellent pastime.

Wherever you want to go—you simply get yourself a map at your nearest gas station—and you are on your way.

In addition to the maps, I've got myself all the touring guides from the automobile club, so I'm all fixed up for my imaginary trips.

First I figure out our trip on the map, mileage and all.

Then I mark the places where we are going to stay at night.

I look up, let us say, Mobile, Alabama, in the guide, and I find the most luxurious and most expensive place with a description of all its services and entertainment.

Here we stay—in my imagination and in splendor—and the best part about it is that it doesn't cost me a penny.

Every once in a while my wife will call me to breakfast or dinner and I'll yell downstairs, "Sorry, I'm in Hollywood right now." (That is when I have just taken a map-trip to California.)

My wife, having been married to me for quite a few years, does not exactly think I'm crazy—but she is very glad that we are in California only in mind and not in reality.

It saves her so much packing, and closing up the house, and all the other things a woman has to do when she goes traveling. And it's so much less expensive.

Just to show you how traveling gets into your blood, though.

The other night they had that big Eisenhower rally in Madison Square Garden. We watched it on television.

There were a lot of people from Texas there, all with banners. Suddenly we saw the "Lubbock" banner.

We had been in Lubbock only last November and met a lot of people.

So I looked and looked to see whether I could recognize any of the Lubbock people. But they were only pinpoints on the screen.

Yet, I just bet you that among the pinpoints were some friends of ours.

Yes, I think one of the greatest transportation systems is your IMAGINATION.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 61

In v. 2, "from the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee" would seem to imply that David was far from home, evidently during the period of his exile when hounded by Saul, or when driven from Jerusalem by his rebellious son, Absalom. A wider application would refer the Psalm to Israel, scattered throughout the world, praying for the day when the nation will again be worshipping in their central national shrine in Jerusalem ("I will abide in Thy tabernacle for ever," v. 4). It is Israel's king who is praying for restoration to his throne, and for the prolongation of his life, v. 6. This too has a Messianic application. In Isaiah 53:10 there is the promise given to Jesus in these words: "He shall prolong His days." Here in our Psalm, at v. 6, the Hebrew reads: "Thou shalt add days to the days of the king," expressing the same idea. As in so many of the Psalms, this one opens with a cry of desperation, ending, however, in a note of praise for God's mercy. "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I" has become the theme of several Gospel hymns.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WORS WOX, ODDER DER HAAS: M'r hen shun 'n lot bloea auga g'sehna in unserra tzeit, ow'r noch sare wenich woh die bloeichkate shanner ous gadailt wor wie 'm Bill Feterolf seins woh uf da Allen shtross on da Bee Auto Supply kumpany shoft. Der aintsich'd druvel is, niemond wil recht wissa wie die socha g'shaina sin, un 'm Bill glawbt niemond. Der Bill uf kours shtaid druf er wear 'm Mondawg nocht g'shlipt uf 'm gawoxda shlofe shtubba budda, un der Ralph Schaffer fon Slatington maint er het sei bloe aug grick'd fon seinra fraw Helen, weil er net gons bei da wohrhate gabliva wear so weit os 'n g'shlochter haas aw gonga is.

'M Mondawg owet hut die Bee kumpany ol ihra shoff leit un weibsleit, om Keystone Trail wertshous kotta her 'n supper. Sie hen 'n yairlicher tzomma lawf wie sel, un wohs gore net long ganumma hut wie 'm Bill Fetherolf sei Helen der Ralph Schaffer g'frok'd hut eb er der g'shlocht haas mit gabrocht het os sie gaarder'd het. Der Ralph, woh net liega kent won er wot, but noh g'shtudder'd un g'shtuttzt, un gaduh wie won er nix wist dafon. Der Bill hut sich ow'r arrick gaeffendiert er het 'm Ralph g'sawt er sot 'n g'shlochter haas mit bringa, un so hen sie fer 'n ordlichie weil gawertschoft. un endlich is die party tzu ma end kumma, un ol sin uf die hame pawd.

Wos es noh darrich die nocht gewwa hut ons Bill Fetherolfs uf da Washington Shtross wie sie hame kumma sin wase der Bill un sei Helen—un niemond shunshd. Aenicha waig, da nagshda morya wie er noch da arwet kumma is, hut er 's shanshd rechts bloe aug kotta os aenich ebber winscha maich'd fer sei lava net griega. 'S wor bloe owwa, bloe unna, bloe hiwwa un bloe driwwa, blitza bloe maich'd m'r sawga ol rum — grawd wie won er 'n gahairiches ous galeicht het grick'd mit ma grumbierra shtamble odder warigle huls.

Oi on da Bee nadierlich hen wissa wolla wos es gewwa het, uns kayosh'd fon ol wor os die brill noch gons wor—'n baweiss os 'm nix wedder fohrra wor uf 'm hame waig. Der Bill uf kours hut grawd 'n ousret kot-uns wor aw net die gawainlich alt ousret os er inna halb uffnie dier galoffa wear. Der Bill hut gawist os 'm niemond sel glawwa dade, un hut noh g'sawt, sei fraw het dawgs dafor der be shtubba budda gawox'd, un der wear so olmechdich glitchich un glot os er nochts die foos halt ferlora het, un wear kups feddershd tzu da dier nei g'falla.

Now m'r kon net sawga os sellie Bee boova hard glawwich sin, ow'r sel tzu hoerra wor shier mainer os sie shtanda hen kenna. Dale hen g'htonna un gablis'ld, paar so fei shtanglich keesh'ld, un der Ralph Schaffer hut so droashd meedich g'sawt, "Bill um da lieva willa ferwos hosh'd dei moul net uf gamocht os die Helen 'n g'shlochter haas wot, noh weara die socha gore net g'shaina."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'M garagemon Dewey Lentz fon Newhards sin die barichda, weara die kalta chills der buckle nuf galoffa so dick wie laverwersht un ob gajump'd on da hols onkle, wie er 'm Bill sei bloe aug g'sehna hut.

Der Dewey is aw also mohl bahoft fer abissel shnitza, un denk er hut sich fermuthlich ei gabild wos g'shaina maich'd, won sei Mildred 'n mohl ous leichta maichd.

Horoscope

Be vigilant throughout the year and success seems assured. Courage and a happy nature are likely in today's child.



ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Continued

DER SCHRIEF KUMMT

Es waar drei Uhr wu die Betzy sich uff die vedderscht Bortsch ghockt hot. Un selli Zeit waar der Solly widder uff un ab gloffe gwest, awwer in fimf Minudde waar er widder uff seim Schtuhl.

All uff eemoll kummt en car schpiedi ums Eck rum vum Sieschwamm. Die Betzy hot's graad gsehne, awwer der Solly hot net bis es schtoppt hot vanne am Haus. En fedder Mann iss rausgegraddelt un iss in der Hof kumme. Er hot der Hals paar Mool gebutzt, no hot er aafange imme diefe Schproch, "Ich bin der Schrief vum Yarrick Kaunti," un eb er meh saage hot kenne, iss die Betzy uffgetschumpt un iss ins Haus wie en Schuss. Der Schrief hot nix gsaagt. Er hot sie yuscht watsche geh. No hot er widder sei Hals paar Mool gebutzt un gfroogt, "Bischt du der Solly Hansmoyer?"

"Ya, ich bin."

"Was weesscht du vun de Madderei?"

"Well," hot der Solly langsam aafange, "der Zach Beindler iss gschosse warre letscht Nacht. Ich weess . . ."

"Halt mool," hot der Schrief ihn abgschtoppt, "wie weesscht du ass er gschosse waar?"

"Well, waar er net gemaddert?"

"Ya, awwer er waar net gschoose."

"Ei, Dunner! Wie waar's dann geduh?" hot der Solly gfrogt.

"Sei Kopp waar uffgebroche. Sei Hann waar uff em Weg gelegge."

"Ei, Dunner!" hot der Solly widder gsaagt.

"Saag," hot der Schrief aafange, "waar sell dei Dochder wu ins Haus gange iss, wu ich kumme bin?"

"Ya."

"Grick sie raus. Ich will wisse, was sie weess vun dem."

"Sie weess gaar nix devun. Ich bin der Karl wu Sache weess do in dem Haus."

"Du weesscht verleicht net alles. Ich will sie sehne," hot der Schrief g'addert.

Der Solly iss uffgschtanne un hot die vedder Dier uffgmacht un gerufe, "Betzy, der Schrief will dich sehne."

Die Betzy iss raus kumme. Sie waar verscheecht, fer sie waar schei un hot sich gfarricht wegge Amtsleit.

Die Betzy Watt Ausgfroogt

"Ferwas bischt du ins Haus gange, wu ich abgschtoppt hab?" hot er sie aagegnarrt.

Die Betzy hot nix gsaagt. Der Schrief hot sie hatt aageguckt un hot aafange, "Ich verschteh, der Zach Beindler waar dei Bu Freind g'west."

Die Betzy hot widder nix gsaagt.

"Heerscht du mich? Wann du ken Andwart gewwe duscht, nemm ich dich in die Bressent," hot er gwannt.

"Du nemmscht die Betzy net in die Bressent. Ich will dir wei . . ."

"Du bischt ruhich. Ich hab aa Sache, ass ich dich frog wann ich faddich bin mit ihre."

Der Schrief hot gwaart.

Endlich hot sie gsaagt, "Er waar eens vun meine Freind."

Der Schrief waar schtowwerich. "Er waar dei Bu Freind. Du kannscht es net verlegle."

Die Betzy hot's so gelosst.

"Du hoscht en Fecht ghatt mit ihm letscht Nacht un hoscht ihn heemgeyaagt. Waarscht du noch sellem weggange?"

"Nee."

"Bischt du gewiss vun sellem?"

"Ya, ich bin gewiss."

Der Solly waar umruhich. Er waar am bees warre, un bei die Zeit waar er reddi fer em Schrief nix saage vun was er ausgschtoddit hot ghatt.

"Dann waar ken Fecht do letscht Nacht?"

"Nee."

Der Solly hot nimmi ruhich sei kenne, "Es hot schier gaar en Fecht gewwe," hot er gsaagt, "awwer ich hab sie alle zwee abgeyaagt."

"Was meenscht du? Hoscht du dei Dochter un der Beindler abgyaagt?"

'Nee, der Beindler un der Gleffel."

"Wie kummt der Gleffel in des?" hot der Schrief gfrogt.

"Sell iss der anner Karl wu als do rum leit mit de Betzy."

"Is er aa ihre Bu Freind. Zapper Michel! Wieviel Buwe Freind hot dann des Meedel?" hot der Schrief gsaagt in eem Odem.

"Maag en Meedel net meh ass eener hawwe weggich der Law?" hot der Solly umschuldich gwunnert.

"Die Amtsleit gewwe nix drum wieviel sie hot, wann sie leddich iss, awwer ferwas muss en schee Meedel wie sie meh ass eener hawwe?"

"Wieviel Meed hen die Amtsleit im Gang? Ich denk sie kenne all hawwe ass sie welle un nix deet gsaagt warre."

"Ruhich wegge so ebbes," hot der Schrief gschnarrt.

"Well, die Betzy will yusht eener," hot der Solly, gsaagt, "sie hot vun Kind uff gsaagt ass wann sie mool heiere dutt, muss der Karl Schier gaar recht sei in alle Weg."

"Mir sin wennich abkumme. Was ich wisse will, ferwas waar's schier en Fecht?"

"Wu ich heem kumme waar vum Schtor un bin zum Dierli nei, waare sie reddi fer an nanner schpringe," hot der Solly gsaagt.

"Waart mool, paepp," hot die Betzy nei gschwetzt, "der Zach waar uffgschprunge, awwer der Billy iss net uffgschtanne bis du sie abgeyaagt hoscht un der Billy hot net bees gschwetzt. Es waar der Zach wu bees waar."

"Hoscht du en bees gemacht?"

"Nee, er iss yusht nadierlich bees warre an der Billy un ass ich der Billy net abgeyaagt hab."

"Ferwas hot er der Billy fattgeyaagt welle hawwe?"

"Er hot much b..," awwer die Betzy hot net weider geh kenne. Ihre Gsicht iss gans rot ge'blush't.

"Wu der Schrief sell gsehne hot, dann waar er recht wunnernaasich.

"Was hot er duh welle? Du musscht mer alles saage," hot der Schrief gemiedlich gsaagt.

"Ich saag's net. Ich schemm mich."

"Ei ei! Dunner noch emool! Betz, hen ihr ebbes geduh ass ich mich schemme muss? hot der Solly ausgegrische.

"Nee," hot die Betzy andwart, "e..er hot mich yusht bosse welle, awwer er hot net hawwe welle, ass der Billy uns seht."

"Was hot's no gewwe?"

"Der Paepp hot sie abgeyaagt."

"Sin sie minanner gange?

"Ich weess net. Ich bin ins Haus gange."

"Du hoscht gsaagt du bischt nimmi aus em Haus gange die letscht Nacht."

"Nee, ich bin nimmi rausgange."

"Solly, weesscht du eb sie minanner gange sin?"

"Ya, der Beindler iss niwwer geeggich em Greizweg gange un der Gleffel iss der anner Weg gange geeggich em Schtor."

"Dann sin sie net minanner fatt?" hot der Schrief widder gfrogt.

"Nee, sie sin net, awwer sell meent nix."

"Was iss die Meening vun sellem?"

"Eenichebber kann sell ausfiggere," hot der Solly gsaagt un hot recht gscheit geguckt.

"Iss der Gleffel in der Schtor gange?"

"Ich weess net hot er abschtoppt odder verbei gange."

"Der Schrief waar weil ruhich. Endlich hot er gsaagt, "Was hoscht du gemeent, dass eenichebber ausfiggere kann?"

"Loss mich dir ebbes saage. Der Gleffel iss darrich gange. Gell, sell iss ebbes Neies zu dir.

"Wie weesscht du sell?"

"Well, er waar net in der Karrich heit, un er verfehlt net. Er iss en Vorschteher in der Karrich un sell macht's glor genunk."

"Ach Paepp, wann sell all is ass du weescht, deetscht besser dei Maul zubhalte," hot die Betzy gsaagt.

"Bhalt du dei Maul aus dem. Der Schrief muss die Sache wisse, un ich kann em mit helfe."

"Paepp," hot sie gebeddelt, "du grickscht dich in Druwwel."

"Loss du en geh. Ich glaab ass du meh weesscht, ass du mer gsaagt hoscht," waar em Schrief sei Adders.

Die Betzy hot net zu viel Schtreit mache welle mit ihrm Daadi, awwer es waar ihre Glaawe, ass er sich in ebbes nei grickt. Doch hot sie nix meh gsaagt. Sie iss awwer datt gebliwwe.

Der Solly hot sei ganse Glawwe gewwe, yuscht ass wie wann's die freilich Waahret waer. Wu er faddich waar hot der Schrief gsaagt, "Ich denk ich muss der Gleffel uffsuche. Maag sei, er iss deheem bei die Zeit. Wu wuhnt er?"

"Du gehscht niwwer an der Greizweg un drehscht recht. No gehscht iwwer die Brick un der Riggelweg un halt aa geh bis du an der, viert Blatz kummscht un datt iss sei Heemet," hot der Solly bericht.

Der Schrief iss fatt.

Die Betzy un ihre Daadi waare ruhich fer en Vattel Schtund, no hot die Betzy gschwetzt. "Paepp, ich glaab ass du der Billy hascht."

"Ya, kumm mer net mit sellem faule, halwer gebacke, roder Herring. Un no noch en Madderer!"

Die Betzy iss uff geschtumpt vun ihrm Schtuhl. "Es kummt mer vor es hot dich lang genumme des auszufinne. Er iss net faul, er iss schmart un vergess net, er maag rot sei, awwer er iss ken Fisch. Un noch eens, du musscht mer sell brufe, ass er en Madderer iss," hot die Betzy gsaagt mit Feier in de Aagge. Sie iss ins Haus gange un hot die Dier zuschlagge.

Der Schrief Sucht Der Gleffel

Der Schrief iss an der Gleffel Blatz un hot gfrogt eb der Billy deheem iss.

Der alt Uny Gleffel iss ans Dierli kumme. "Nee, er waar net do zidder geschter Owed."

"Wu iss er?"

"Zapper Michel, ich weess net. Mer wisse niemols wann er geht, wann er kummt, wu er waar, odder wu er annegeht wann er verlosst."

"Bischt du gewiss ass er net do iss?"

"Ya, verdollt sei."

No iss die Mandy, em Uny sei Frau raus kumme.

"Was will der Mann?"

Der Schrief gebt ihre Andwatt. "ich will der Billy sehne. Wu iss er?"

"Ya, Gott, ich weess net."

"Dihr deet gaar net wisse wu er sei kennt?"

"Nee," hen sie alle zwee gsaagt. "Hot er sei Gleeder mit?"

"Yusht was er aahot."

"Wer bischt du," hot die Mandy gfrogt.

"Wann ich ihn net finn, dann kumm ich zerick," iss all ass er ihne gsaagt hot un iss fattgange.

"Ei, so en Hanswarscht," hot die Mandy gsaagt.

Der Billy Kummt Heem

Der Billy iss net heem kumme bis Mundaag Marye. Sei Leit waare am Marye Esse wu er nei kumme iss.

"Wu waarscht du widder rumgschprunge?" hot die Mendy gfrogt.

"Ich waar uns Gleedinschte, drauss an Jefferson."

"Dreimool geschter waar en Mann do fer dich sehne; en grosser, dicker Karl. Er hot uns net gsaagt wer er waar un aa net was er hot welle mit dir."

"Ach, ich denk es waar yuscht en Greemer," hot der Billy gsaagt.

"Geschter Owed," hot der Uny aafange, "iss der Neet Bullinger do verbei un hot bissel abgschtoppt. Er hot uns gsaagt ass der Zach Beindler waer gmaddert Owed devor letscht. Hoscht du gewisst vun dem?"

"Der Zach gemaddert! Ich. . . ich hab nix g'wisst vun sellem. Des kann ich net glaawe! Warum hot ebber so ebbes geduh?" hot der Billy gsaagt un sei Gsicht waar all weiss.

Der Billy waar arrick uff gschafft; er hot ken Esse welle, un iss owwenuff fer sei Schaffgleeder aaduh, Er iss graad ab an die Arrewet.

Der Schrief Holt Der Billy

Es waar schier Middaagzeit wu der Schrief un der Kunschtaawler uffgeloffe sin zum Billy im Feld. Der Billy hot der Kunschtaawler gekennt un hot gsaagt, "Was der Schinner witt du do?"

"Billy, des iss der Schrief. Er will dich."

"Was will er mit mir?"

"Du weesscht ferwas," hot der Schrief gsaagt, "du brauchscht dich net dumm aaschicke."

Der Billy hot vun eem zum annere geguckt mit eiferich Arnscht.

Der Schrief iss var ihn geloffe mit seine Handschloss un eb der Billy sich umsehne hot, waare sei Hend zammeschlosse.

"Du kummscht mit uns," hot der Schrief, gsaagt un hot ihn abgmartscht geggich em Weg.

"Was fer Deiwelschtreech iss des?" hot der Billy gfrogt.

"Du settscht net froge; du weesscht gut genunk," hot der Kunschtaawler gschproche.

Der Billy hot schtoppt un hot sich schteibert. "Nau, wann ihr mer net saage worum dihr des duhne, dann geh ich beim Dunner net mit."

Der Schrief hot sei Gnie am Billy sei Hossesitz gerennt, "Du lannscht wann du well in de Bressent bischt. Mach dich fatt."

Sie hen der Billy zum Schqweier Scheefelter gnumme un vun datt in die Bressent. Er hot ihne gsaagt er iss umschuldich, awwer sell hot nix gemeent zu de Amtsleit, sie hen ihn yuscht eigschteckt.

Die Betzy Glaabt's Net

Die gans Nochberschaft hot die Schdori gheert. Deel hen's geglaabt; annere hen gsaagt ass ihre Glaawe waar, ass der Billy frei waar vun so me farrichderlich Ding.

De Betzy ihre Harz waar verbroche, aawer es hett niemand sie es glaawe kenne mache, ass der Billy gildi waar.

Der Solly hot schier gaar die gans Zeit gschwetzt devun. Sei Roi wu er gemacht hot, waar de Betsy umleidich, awwer sie hot nix gsaagt zu ihm.

Die case iss uffkumme in de court, un es hot die court schier gaar en gansi Woch genumme fer die Tschuri zammegriegge. Deel hen zu viel gwisst vun de case un annere hen gsaagt es iss net grishtlich ebber schuldich finne, so dass sie lecktrikyute warre.

Die Betzy waar gsamment fer en Zeigge. Der Solly hot aa geh misse. Awwer sie sin alle Owed heem gange.

Die Betzy hot sich gedruwwelt, Sie hot der Billy wunderbaar gedauert un hot die gans Zeit net geglaabt ass er der Zach gsehne hot nooch de Zeit ass der Solly sie abgeyaagt hot seller Samschdaag Owed. Fer sell hot sie alle Owed ihre Reitgaul aus de Scheier grickt un iss abgeridde.

Die Betzy Sucht En Weisser Gaul

Sie hot niemand gsaagt wu sie annegeht. Sie hot ihre Gedanke bei sich ghalte.

Der aerscht Owed iss sie naus an Jefferson gridde zu es Gleedinschte un hot ausgfunne ass der Billy zu ihne kumme waar an de zehe Uhr seller Samschdaag Owet un waar datt selli Nacht un der gans Daag Sunndaags un Sunndaag Nacht. Sie hen de Betzy verzehlt es hett en Mann mit me weisse Gaul ihn uffgelaade vanne am Schtor un hett ihn bis an der Schkweer in Jefferson gfaahre.

Uff em Heemweg hot sie iwwer alle Ding gschtudiert; sie hot gwisst ass es Vaddel nooch de Neine waar wu der Solly sie ins Haus geyaagt hot un wu er die Buwe abgschickt hot.

Wer hot der weiss Gaul gfaahre? Es Gleedinschte hen net gwisst wer en weisser Gaul eegent hot.

Em Billy sei Kees hot aagfange. Der Solly waar eens vun de aerschte Zeigge gerufe. Er hot de court gsaagt wie er geglaabt hot, ass die Buwe hette es graad datt ausgfochte wann er net in Zeit heemkumme waer. Er hot bissel zu viel vun seim Glaawe neigrickt un iss paar Mool gschtoppt warre.

Wu der Aaron Peifer, em Billy sei lawyer, ihn iwwergnumme hot, iss er wunderbaar iwwer ihn her. Er hot de court gsaagt, ass der Solly waer nix as en Babbelmaul. Der Solly waar zimmlich gschwitzt bis der lawyer Peifer faddich waar mit em.

To Be Continued

A SONG OF THE PERKIOMEN

Written by the late Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman (1838-1914), Reading newspaper man, orator, writer of graceful English verse, able translator of English classics into our dialect, and read by him at the Reunion of the Montgomery County Historical Society at Schwenksville, Pa., on Wednesday, September 16, 1896.

I sing of th' Perkiomen,
Its sky-reflected hue,
Its wooden banks, its tranquil flow,
Its stone-fringed shallows, too.
'Tis a song of pleasant waters,
In the days of long ago,
When dusky sons and daughters
Its banks roamed to and fro.

I love its lisping music,
Its liquid lullaby:
A soothing song that lolls along
Like lovers' peaceful sigh.
'Tis a song of lips grown speechless,
Of a warring, savage race,
Whose watch-fire's gleam,
Near the c'assic stream,
Oft shimmered upon its face.

Like dreams, well-night forgotten,
These shadows come and go
From out the gloom of Time's dark womb
Like spectral shapes of snow.
'Tis a song of limpid waters
More bright than Tiber's stream
A song of spray—a silv'ry lay—
That came from blades agleam.

O bright pure stream, still flowing,
We bless thy waters fair,
As warriors bold, in times grown old,
Attuned their voice in pray'r.
'Tis a song of purling waters,
Whose wavelets kiss the shore,
Where meet our sons and daughters
As once those did of yore.

THE MORNING CALL

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

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $15.35; Six Months, $7.68; Three Months, $3.84; One Week, 30c. Sunday Only, One Year, $5.20; Six Months, $2.60; Three Months, $1.30; One Week, 10c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $20.55; Six Months, $10.28; Three Months, $5.14; One Week, 40c.

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NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
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Editorials

Arms for Aggression

It does not speak well for such a pious lover of peace and quiet as Russia protests herself to be that, during the current year, according to announcement of her budget, she is going to spend a larger portion of her national income than in any year of peace, in fact an amount which by some calculations appears to be more than half again as much as expenditures three years ago.

The precise figures announced for the military budget are 114 billion rubles or approximately a quarter of the entire budget. But it has been pointed out that raw materials for military production have been reduced in cost by the arbitrary power of the totalitarian government. Accordingly the military program will get far greater value for each ruble than is derived from rubles devoted to other purposes. The military program thereby takes on even larger proportions.

It has not been indicated at any time by Russia that any portion of her preparations have been in the interest of supporting the United Nations, of which she is a member, in the event of aggression anywhere. In fact her arms have done the opposite—they have supported aggressors in Korea without any question of a doubt and with little attempt at evasion. They are almost certainly supporting prospective aggressors in southeast and central Asia as well as in Eastern Europe. If they were not directly behind the guerrillas in Greece they were not very far behind.

There is enough information leaking out of Russia in addition to these bare figures to show that, in addition to preparing vast armies of foot soldiers, development of air power is being pursued feverishly. Stalin's only son reputedly is building up the air arm to tremendous proportions, to a size even greater already than anything that Hermann Goergin ever had achieved in his celebrated bid for German world domination via air power.

There appears to be some reflection of this growth in air power in Russia's ability to divide it with those who are fighting her battles in Korea. Reports out of that area in recent days estimate that in the course of the past eight months, during which the war has been at a virtual standstill in Korea, enemy air power has been built up to more than 1200 planes of top quality. The United Nations has nothing comparable in size to meet this challenge. General Ridgway's recent hint that bombing of Chinese coastal cities will be undertaken if truce fails to be negotiated may be an empty threat.

The temporary lull in fighting in Korea appears to have helped both sides in exactly the way that they desired. The United Nations has saved thousands of men. But Russia, which does not care how many North Koreans and Chinese are lost, has gained invaluable time — almost a year — first, to equip the Reds in Korea with superior planes in overwhelming numbers and to train new armies and, second, to add to the storehouse of planes and fighting men back home.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish

A specific case may serve to put the entire local program for elimination of foxes into perfect focus and permit more thoro public opinion to form concerning it.

Yesterday George Yundt, forest warden in the South Mountain area, returned home after a business trip to find that his prize dog was dead. Examination by a veterinarian determined for him that poison was the cause of the animal's death.

Immediate suspicion attached to the current program of setting poisoned bait to kill off foxes which are presumed to be carrying rabies. Mr. Yundt, who lives upon some 300 acres of forest land or almost half of a square mile, made immediate effort to learn whether or not his land, which is in Upper Saucon Township, had been posted by the game wardens. They have been setting poisoned crows as bait. He reports that he could find no such notices. Furthermore in a visit to all his immediate neighbors, some six families, he was informed that none knew of any posters nor had any of them been informed that poison was about to be placed in that area; that dogs and cats therefore should be put upon leash.

Then he sought to learn where the authority lies for the placing of the baits and his report is that he could find no one nor any agency that was ready to assume the responsibility.

This is a pretty kettle of fish, said Mr. Yundt to himself. I leave home and feel confidence in my tried and true watchdogs to act as ears for my wife and family and to stand as their protectors in the event of trouble. I come home to find that my sentinel has been poisoned and that no warning had been given in order that he might have been saved.

Mr. Yundt's position for the most part is the same as that of thousands of people in this county and in other areas. Rural folks rely upon their dogs to be on the alert for strangers. They depend upon them and they enjoy comfort and confidence thru faith in them.

If they be warned in advance, they will put their animals upon leash. But they do not want such confinement to be indefinite. And when reasonable time has elapsed they want to be assured that the menace from poisons has been positively removed from the entire area in which their animals wander.

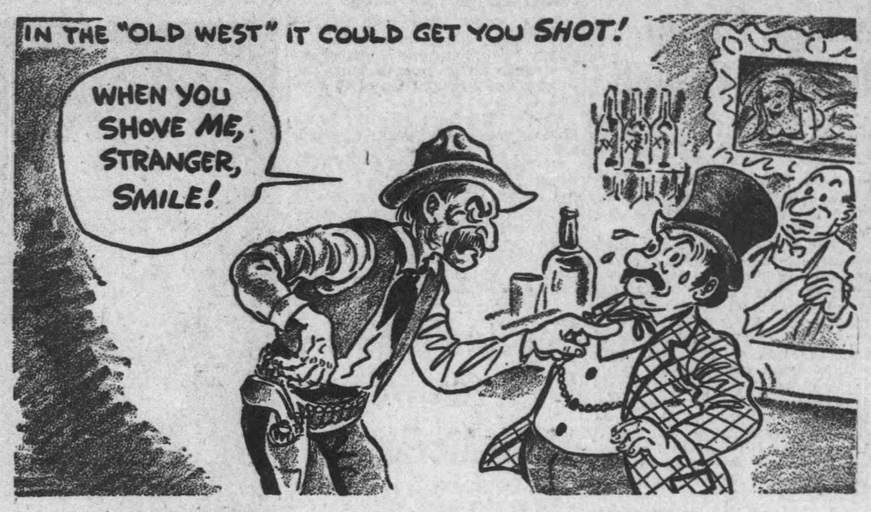
Sound Clerical Training

A very good idea for the training of clergymen along social lines that they should well know is provided by Rt. Rev. Austin Pardue, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Pittsburgh, who has arranged that all the young seminarians in his see shall work in a steel mill or a coal mine during their first year at school.

All these students henceforth will learn their way around the blast furnaces of Pittsburgh and vicinity and thru the coal mines of Southwest Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Then during their second summer in the theological seminaries they will be put into work in hospitals, prisons and settlement houses. During the third summer they will take over an industrial mission.

In this way, the good bishop expects to prepare men who are sympathetic and understanding in the life of the people whom they will be sent to serve. He hopes thereby to keep pastorates, hitherto chronically vacant, occupied by men who are close to the people whom they will serve.

Rudeness Always Has Been Dangerous



Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I had a very interesting experience last night.

We went to a party. It was a nice party. It was given for a couple who are moving away from the neighborhood.

There were twelve people present.

There was a certified public accountant and his wife. There was a drug store proprietor and his spouse. There was a hotel manager and his mate. There was a hotel manager and his mate. There was a cartoonist, a designer, and I — with our wives.

I should say it was a typical cross-section of American life.

We were the kind who take a second helping of the delicious buffet supper — roast beef, broccoli, roast potatoes, a tossed salad, a melt-in-your-mouth chocolate cake, and coffee.

After dinner we all sat around the fireplace and each did his little tricks. One sang, another told stories, a third did a little picking on the piano—and so on and so forth.

I am telling you this only so that you may know what kind of people we were — nice people, average people, you-and-I people.

Then, when the entertainment was exhausted and the refreshments had made us all sort of sedentary and just the least bit tongue-loose, we started to talk politics.

Now please, all you folks who object to "refreshments," don't think for a minute that any of us were intoxicated.

We were just what nine people out of ten are at a certain point of any party—let us call it we were ourselves.

So, being a newspaperman and naturally curious, I started a little game.

I asked that each of the guests tell us for whom he or she was going to vote for President and why.

And was I surprised!

Not one of the twelve seemed to have definite idea for whom he would cast his vote.

Not one of the candidates seemed to have made himself clear to any of the men or the women as to his policy, what he stands for, or why they should vote for him.

In all fairness I must report one fact:

Not one of the twelve was going to vote for Truman.

There were several Democrats among those present.

One of the Democrats said that if a REAL Democrat ran for President she'd vote for HIM.

So I asked "How about Kefauver?"

"Oh that fellow with the coonskin cap?" was the answer. "I should say not."

Taft seemed to be somewhat of a favorite. Although the women said he didn't have enough personality. He should keep away from television, seemed to be their general opinion.

I would say offhand that Eisenhower had a bit the best of the deal — although the majority thought that they wanted to know more about him.

One of the men — an elderly man—thought MacArthur should be our next President. A woman favored Governor Warren, because "he had such lovely daughters." Stassen was not mentioned at all.

Then somebody started to sing "Shrimp Boats Are Coming," and we turned away from politics.

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Horoscope

If you give full effort to your work you should have a good year, much depending on yourself for success and happiness. Born today a child should be industrious and capable.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WAR SUCH'D, DER FIN'D:

Sis shun g'sawt werra 's wear ken shlechter blawn won 'n law wear os yader familia im lond ae mohl 's yohr tziega mist, un dale tzwae mohls yohr-yusht fer gadrash lose werra. Now so weit os der John Cook fon Topton aw gait sin m'r shure os er shun long tzurick froh gawest wear tzu howwa wos er fergessa hut kot uf 'm garret-un socha os der "Boob" Lesher da onner dawg glei g'funna hut wie der John 'n owwa nous g'shick'd hut fer uf rawma.

Der John wie ol die Barricks kounty leit wissa, wor fer yohrra shrief fom kounty, un is yusht doh on da Nei Yohr ous da regishter fon willa offis gadraida, fer blotz mocha fer sei nagshd shteddle nochber-der Clair Price fon Long Swamp. Wel aenicha waig, der John hut doh net long tzurick sei altie hamet in Topton ferkauft fer 'n Ludderish Porra house — wie in da welt os 'n Porra sich dahame mocha kon woh der John fer yohrra rum g'shpuck'd is wase Gott un die kuh. Aenicha waig, er hut sich 'n neiie hamet gabout, un is iwwer dem ready fer tziega.

Der aintsich'd druvel is, won 'n familia so long on aim blotz wohn'd wies Johns' shun hen, gebts 'n wunnerborie lot so gagrawm waisa tzomma. Allas os tzu shlecht is fer yusa is tzu gute fer weck shmeissa, uns wert uf der garret gadrawga. Dadarrich sin die garret oft tzeita so g'shtopta fol 'os 'n mensch shier net wase sich rum tzu draya — un wie aw der fol wor beim John. Noh wos hut er gaduh os wie der "Boob" gading'd fer sich ferweila uf 'm garret — fermuthlich fer dale socha tzum garret fenshter nous shmeissa, un die onnerra pocka fer tziega.

'S Johns' hens fer 'n weil gahairicha hoerra robbla uf 'm garret — 'n baweiss os der "Boob" on da arwet wor. Ow'r noh uf ae mohl wor allas ruich, ebbes os der John net fershtae hut kenna. Endlich hut die wunnerfitz 'n gabloak'd, un is mohl die shtake nuf g'shlicha sehna wos om aw gae wear, un weiss der tzushtond won der "Boob" net longs g'shtrack'd drowwa uf 'm garret uf 'm buckle galaiga hut, dote ummechdich. Navich 'm "Boob" hut 'n buddle galaiga woh libehoftich garucha hut wie won mohl bei da tzeit ebbel hecka drin gawest weara-un aw guta ebbel hecka on sel 'm.

Aina waig odder da onner, mus der John die buddle shun yohrra tzurick fershteck'ld kot howwa woh der "Boob" g'funna hut. Het der John uf kours gawist os sie wear woh sie wor, wear der "Boob" sella dawg net fon sich kumma iwwer 'm garret uf rawma. Ow'r darta hut er galaiga un ebbes hut gaduh sei missa — un des gore wunnerbore shnell. Der John hut noh hilf grick'd fer der "Boob" hame nemma, un woh sonderbore unnich 'm wedder wor. Der John is wol ken docktor, ow'r er hut grawd gawist os doh may letz is wie fer yusht ummechdich sei — der "Boob" hut aw rotta im mawga kot, os ruf kumma sin fer luft. Die barichda sin, sie hetta 'n grossordichie seierrei kotta, un der John kent alla weil noch net fershtae wos die uhrsoch gawest wear. Ebbes is er shure dafon — os es guta ebbeles is ow'r shure, os der "Boob" 'n wunnerborie hilf wear won er 'n chob het fer mit denna rum gae os gucka fer so bletz os net hoffa fer grawd ous k'hova tzu sei. So shnell os der "Boob" sellie buddle g'funna hut kot, is der John shure os es 'n aw net long nemma dade fer reecha wos om aw gae wear drous in da hivla un dailer fon Barricks un Lechaw kounties won er bei da rechda fegel wear. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der John un der "Boob" 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

Niemond brouch wunnerra woh die kelt bei kumt os m'r doh hen — dada shier aenich ebbes wetta os die feila leit woh yusht fon Florida tzurick kumma sin, sie fon dart drunna ruf g'shlaift hen so wie leit aw der shnubba rum shlaifa.

'S Irvie Frantza fon Scheidys, uns Leslie Remaleys' fon Rising Sun, woh heit 'n woch tzurick ferlossa hen fer Florida hen die winder tires un ketta dahame galust — un wohrhoft won der Irvie net ketta kaufa hut missa in Sid Carolina, so os sie folshter noch Florida gae hen kenna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 68

If there is one Psalm which requires the help of a good commentary, and we may say, of many commentaries, this Psalm is that one. Delitzsch is helpful, and so is Kirkpatrick in the "Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges" series. It is a magnificent composition, but there are many difficulties in the original text as well as in the matter of interpretation, as at verse 13, to mention only one of many passages. The theme is "The March of God to Victory," from the time when He brought His people out of Egypt to His final apocalyptic triumph, when all the kingdoms of the world shall acknowledge Him, not only as the God of Israel, but as their sovereign Lord, to Whom they gladly pay homage. It was the battle-cry of the Crusaders; it expressed the convictions of Savonarola, the martyr of Florence; of the Huguenots, a persecuted group of magnificent Christians; and the inspiration of Cromwell. The Jews use it in their synagogues on their day of Pentecost, probably because of the reference in v. 8 to Mt. Sinai, where, according to their tradition, God gave the Law to them through Moses.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of March 8, 1927, a Tuesday

Organization of a Little Theatre group was tentatively planned at the Morning Call offices. The club expects to present a series of one-act plays in various auditoriums.

The Musical Club held an unique program entitled "Music of the Hindoos" at its weekly meeting. Final plans were made for a concert in St. John's Lutheran Church, where the group will sing "River of Stars" from Alfred Noyes' poem, "Niagara."

The High School Athletic Council decided to submit to the School Board plans for a new high school stadium capable of seating 7,000 persons.

Public Opinion

HUMANE AGENT'S POSITION ON RABIES CHALLENGED

Editor, Morning Call —

After reading the article on the views expressed by Humane Agent Bachman on the so called hysterical fears and Mad Dog Hoax, I would like to call to public attention that I and a half-dozen other persons were victims of the so called Hoax. I do resent the fact that Mr. Bachman in the position in which he is entrusted takes a possible epidemic of rabies so lightly.

The specific case that Mr. Bachman has forgotten or wants to forget is one that happened in Allentown a few years ago. I was walking with an eight weeks old puppy in the rear of my home when suddenly he was attacked by an older dog which had crossed the premises. I grabbed this dog and tied him up. Fortunately his attentions were centered on the puppy and not on me. He had bitten the puppy. I reported this matter to Mr. Bachman who came and took the dog back to its owner. Several weeks later the puppy died of convulsions. The late Dr. Edward Wilson was puzzled by the case and made the remark that if this puppy had been older he would have diagnosed the symptons as rabies. I then recalled the incident with the older dog and got in touch with Mr. Bachman who informed me he had had the dog destroyed at the request of the owner. Dr. Wilson lost no time in sending the puppy's head to Harrisburg for analysis and the report came back in 48 hours as positive. This meant rounding up all children and persons who had been playing with the little puppy and who might have been playfully bitten. Hysterical Fears, as Mr. Bachman so lightly put it, are not pleasant when you realize that rabies once developed is fatal and you hope and pray that you have not overlooked anyone who might have been exposed.

There were seven persons who had handled and were bitten or scratched by the puppy. All of us were given injections for rabies by Dr. Robert Schaeffer in a series of from seven to fourteen weeks depending upon the severity of the case. The reactions in my case were very severe and painful.

I cannot understand why Mr. Bachman hints that the development of anti-rabies serum may be back of this excitement. Does he mean to say that we should not inoculate ourselves against contagious diseases? Does he believe that it is foolish ot inoculate small animals against distemper? In this advanced age when we owe so much to scientific discoveries of these vaccines and miracle drugs, we certainly are taking a step backwards if we do not take advantage of these serums and have our pets inoculated against rabies and other, diseases. I do beleive that the inoculations should be compulsory. This would be humane. Humane to the animals and to those people who might become victims.

I am indeed surprised at the statement of a man of Mr. Bachman's reputed intelligence, that he does not give any credence to analyses made by the State at Harrisburg in cases where rabies is suspected. These reports should be taken seriously and not scoffed at. Nothing should be taken lightly when human life is at stake.

Miriam C. Keech
1934 W. Livingston St.

FARMER SUBMITS SOME IDEAS ON A PUBLIC MARKET

Editor, Morning Call —

Since moving into the country near Lanark in 1933, I became interested in farming and gave up the idea of business after having operated an ice cream parlor, a motion picture theater and a real estate broker's office.

When we started to grow vegetables and raised chickens. I did not want to peddle from door to door and since the stores gave me only 25 cents for a dollar's worth of goods, I was forced to stop. Several other farmers did the same thing when they could not find a market for their products and didn't want to spend all day in the city.

Then this farmers' market became a problem I visited City Hall and at the City Engineer's office Mr. Meckley dug out of his files a map of Allentown in 1762 where is shown Judge William's layout of the town from Union to Liberty Sts.

This map shows that 7th St. was to be 80 ft. wide and at the Square there was to be an additional extension of 40 feet on each side, forming Center Square — the heart of the City of Allentown.

Some people say that Judge Allen at that time even was thinking of the farmers' problem. So he laid out this plot especially in order that nearby farmers could come into the city or town to dispose of their products. I understood also that farmers had a market there and were selling their products until automobiles and heavy traffic brought stop to it by the City Fathers.

Some years ago ex-Mayor Fred E. Lewis proposed that the City build a garage under the entire Square and dedicate it to World War II veterans. I believe that idea was good; that a garage would furnish good income for the city and farmers therein could sell their products in all kinds of weather. Allentonians would appreciate this very much because of the central location and accessibility to transportation in all directions .And they could get fresh, nutritious food at cheaper prices.

D. Karpowich
Star Route, Allentown.



ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Continued

Die Betzy Iss Gesamment

Wu die Betzy uff der Zeiggeschtuhl gerufe waar, hot sie die Waahret gsaagt vun alles ass sie gwisst hot, un wie der lawyer sie graad ausgfrogt hot, eb sie glaabt ass der Billy der Zach dotschlagge hot mit me Hewwel, hot sie bletzlich gsaagt, "Nee, er hot's net geduh."

No hot er wisse welle, wer sie glaabt, ass es geduh hot.

Die Betzy hot net gwisst.

Die Zeigge der aerscht Daag waare wedder der Billy gange, un der Betzy ihre Hoffning waar nunnergedrete bis oweds.

Sie iss widder fattgeridde seller Owet, un nix gsaagt zu niemand, wu sie annegeht, awwer sie iss widder naus an Jefferson.

Datt hot sie noochgfrogt wer en weisser Gaul eegent. Awwer niemand ass sie gfrogt hot im Schtedtel hot gewisst wer der Eegner iss vumme weisse Gaul. Sie hot awwer net uffgewwe. Sie iss der Siwwe Daal weg naus.

Wu Iss Der Weiss Gaul?

Sie hot an drei odder vier Baureeie am Weg noch abgschtoppt, awwer sie hen nix gwisst vumme weisse Gaul. Sie iss als widder fattgange, awwer sie hot ken Glick ghatt bis sie schier drunne waar an Siwwe Daal. Es waar schier dunkel wu sie mit me schwere Harz in der Scheierhof geridde iss ans Amos Zaahne Bauerei. Eb sie rufe hot kenne, iss en Mann aus de Scheier kumme.

"Gude Owet," hot er freindlich gsaagt.

Sie hot em freindlich bedankt, no hot sie gfrogt, "Hoscht du en weisser Gaul?"

"Ya, ich hab."

Der Betzy ihre Harb iss schier gaar gschtoppt.

"Waarscht du darrich Porters gfaahre der aerscht Sunndaag im Aagscht?"

"Loss mich emol denke," hot er gsaagt, un in paar Minutte hot er sei Kopp gnuckt, "Ya, ich waar seller Owed im Mauleschtedtel gwest. Fer was frogscht du sell?"

"Hoscht du en yunger Kall uffgelaade neegscht ans Schtumpe Schtor seller Owed un ihr mitgenumme bis an der Schkwer in Jefferson?"

"Ya, ich hab. Loss mich denke. Ich glaab ass er gsaagt hot sei Naame waar Gleffel odder ebbes wie sell."

"Weesscht du was Zeit, ass es waar?"

"Ya, ich hab yuscht geguckt ghatt, wu ich am Schtor verbei bin un no hawwich ihn gsehne die Hand nuffschmeisse un ich hab graad gschtoppt un ihn gfrogt fer neihocke. Er hot gsaagt er will in Jefferson geh. Es waar baut Vaddel noch de nein Uhr wu er neighockt iss."

"Ich bedank mich vielmols," hot die Betzy gsaagt mit me grosse Schmell, un hot ihre Gaul schnell rumgedreht un ab noch heem der Kenter gridde.

Der neegscht Daag iss die Dreil schtarriger gange, un iss als meh geeich der Billy gange. Die Betzy waar bees iwwer em Billy sei lawyer. Wann sie sich net gschemmt hett un gfarricht es deet Schtreit mache in de Kort, hett sie ihm mol ebbes gsaagt. Awwer es waar ihre bang sich in ebbes griegge, ass sie aa verleicht in die Bressent muss. Fer sell waar sie ruhich.

Seller Owed hot sie der Lawyer Peifer heere saage, ass die case waer reddi fer die Tschuri der neegscht Daag.

Was Die Kate Rehrich Gsehne Hot

Die Betzy waar net zufridde. Sie hot net gmeent ass es noch reddi waer fer die Tschuri. Des hot sie meh schtandhaft gmacht zum Billy un wu sie heemkumme iss seller Owed hot sie ken Nachtesse welle. Sie hot ihre Saddelgaul widder griet un iss fatt geridde.

Wu sie niwwer an der Greizweg kumme iss, hot sie gedreht un iss der Hiwwel nuff geeich em Insching Hiwwel Nochberschaft.

Sie hot abgschtoppt an de Kate Rehrich ihre Heemet. Sie un die Kate waare gude Freind. Die Kate iss aus em Haus kumme, wu sie der Gaul gheert hot.

"Hollo, Betz," hot die Kate gegrische, "ich bin froh dich zu sehne."

Die Betzy iss vum Gaul getschumpt un hot en aagebunne.

"Was der Schinner hot dich moll dohaer gebrocht," hot die Kate gfrogt.

"Kate," hot die Betzy aagfange, "hot der Zach en Fecht ghatt mit ebber en Daag odder so eb er umkumme iss?"

"Ach, gewiss. Er waar immer am Fechte."

"Wer hot er gfochte?"

"Es waar der Samschdaag Marye wu er selli Nacht es Hann raus gschlagge hot grickt. Ich hab es gsehne. Er iss do verbei un es waar en Dremp im Schadde ghockt unnich sellem Baam datt newe an de Scheier, un der Dremp hot ihn gfrogt fer en Duwack. Oi Himmel! Awwer der Zach iss bees warre. 'Ich geb der Duwack, ass du net vergesscht, du fauler Dunner,' hot der Zach gsaagt un hot aagfange der aarm Kall gloppe. Der Paepp iss endlich naus un hot en abgschtoppt.

"Betz, ich will dir saage, es waar en dauerlich Ding. Ich waar betriebt der gans Daag. Wu der Zach fatt waar, hen mir es Blut aus em aareme Dremp sei Gleeder gwesche, un es Blut vun seim Gsicht. Der Dremp waar verkollebiert un bees. Er hot gsaagt, 'Ich grick seller grossmeenich Kall fer was er geduh hot zu mir.'"

"Hot er sell gedroht?" hot die Betzy gfrogt. Ihre Haz iss ihre schier gaar der Hals nuff kumme.

"Ya, awwer er waar verkolliebiert un hot's net gmeent," hot die Kate gsaagt.

Die Betzy iss glei heemgange, awwer wu sie im Bett waar, hot sie iwwer die Sache gedenkt so hatt, ass sie net schleeferich waar un hot net schlofe die gans Nacht.

Der neegscht Marye hot die Betzy die Gleedinschte gsehne an der Kort. Daags devor hot die Kort der Schrief nausgschickt fer sie in die Kort addere. Die Betzy hot rumgeguckt in die Kortschtubb fer sehne eb der Amos Zahn aa datt waar. Er waar net.

Der Dischtrick Lawyer Reisst Der Billy Uff

Wu die Gleedinschte faddich waare uff em Zeiggeschtend, hot die Betzy sehne kenne, ass die Tschuri net gwisst hot was zu denke. No hot der Dischtrickt loiyer der Tschuri es ausgelegt. Er iss wunderbaar aagange. Er hot der Billy uffgrisse, ass die Betzy gmeent hot, es waar en Schand. "Der Billy Gleffel hett schunn lang eigschparrt selle sei un ihn net los rumschpringe losse mit gude grischdliche Mensche," hot er gsaagt. Endlich hot er sei Gschwetz zu me Glinsch gebrocht mit en Wanning, ass sie selle net browiere der Billy freischpreche. "Henkt ihn," waare sei letschte Watte.

Es waar farrichterlich zu de Betzy. Sie hot der Billy aageguckt. Sei Gsicht waar gans weiss. Sie hot ihn wunderbaar gedauert. Ferwas waar der Amos Zahn net do, hot sie gewunnert zu such selwert. Sie hot erinnert, ass der Billy saagt hot, ass es hett en Mann ihn in Jefferson gfaahre mit me weisse Gaul eigschpannt, awwer sie hot aa gwisst ass die Kortleit sich all aagschickt hen, ass wie all die Amtsleit schunn lang bsunne waare fer der Billy henke.

Der loiyer Peifer waar am Schwetze zu em Billy. Die Betzy hot gsehne ass es ihm halwer bang waar un eenichebber hot sehne kenne, ass der Billy gedruwwelt waar. Endlich iss der Peifer vanne an die Tschuri gange un hot sei plea aagfange.

Die Betzy hot gmeent er hot recht gud geduh, awwer sie hot sehne kenne, ass er die Tschurileit net arrig kanwinst hot. Sie iss uff ihrm Schtuhl rumgrutscht bis sie es nimmi ausschteh hot kenne.

Die Betzy Kann's Nimmi Ausschteh

All uff eemol iss sie uff un an die Dier fer naus, awwer wu sie an die Dier kumme iss, hot sie der Mann, wu die Dier getend hot am Aarm grickt un gepischpert, "Kumm auswennich."

Er iss naus mit ihre un hot die Dier zughowe.

"Gott im Himmel! Schtopp sell datt drin. Sie hen's net geglaabt baut em weisse Gaul, un ich weess, wer er iss un wu er deheem iss?"

"Ferwas hoscht du es net ver dem gschwetzt? Es iss yuscht baut iwwer," hot er gsaagt.

"Du musscht es schtoppe. Heerscht du mich? Ich weess noch viel meh, ass sie wisse misse. Schteh net datt wie en Glotzkopp. Schtopp's graadeswegs," un de Betzy ihre Aagge waare voll Wasser.

Er hot sie noch bissel aageguckt, no hot er sie am Aarm gnumme un zu der Dier nei. "Setz dich," hot er gsaagt un iss nuffzum Tschotsch un hot in sei. Ohr gepischpert. Der Tschotsch hot ihn schtaar aageguckt un hot sei Hand uff sei Gewwel. All uff eemool hot er sei Gewwel gnumme un schlaggt uff die Bank as es gegnellt hot.

"Lawyer Peifer, schtopp dei Blie," hot der Tschotsch gsaagt, "ich verschteh es sin noch meh Zeigge ass gheert sei misse."

"Hol des Meedel do her," hot er gsaagt.

Der Dieremann iss graad nunner un hot die Betzy nuffgnumme. Sie iss schier ummechtich warre. Die Leit hen sie all aageguckt. Awwer sie hot sich schpankich gmacht un iss em Mann nooch.

"Was iss dei Naame?" hot der Tschotsch sie freindlich gfrogt.

"Betzy Hansmoyer."

"Was fer Neiichkeete hoscht du ass die Kort net hot?"

"Etliche Sache ass net gsaagt waare."

"Ferwas hoscht du es net gsaagt uff em Zeiggeschtend?"

"Ich hab's net gewisst, awwer ich hab's zidder ausgfunne."

Der alt Tschotsch hot sei Gewwel widder uff die Bank gschlagge, "Die Kort iss aus bis marye am zehe Uhr. Lawyer Peifer, du bringscht die Betsy Hansmoyer bietzlich zu meinre Offis," hot er gsaat un iss in sei Offis gange.

Die Leit in de Kortschtubb waare vergelschtert. Sie hen net verschteh kenne, ferwas die Kort abgschtoppt waar. Sie hen schier net waarte kenne bis der naegscht Daag. Sie sin awwer langsam nausgange.

Neie Zeigge Warre Gheert

Der naegscht Marye wu die Kort aaguruufe waar, hot die Betsy der Amos Zaahn, die Kate Rehrich un ihre Daadi gsehne in der Kort.

Der Schrief hot der Billy widder neigebrocht un wu der Billy gsitzt waar, hot er iwwer die Schtubb geglanst bis er die Betsy gsehne hot. Sie hot sehne kenne in seine Aagge ass er dankbaar waar fer was sie geduh hot fer ihn, un wu der Lawyer Peifer neikumme iss, hot er ihre die Zeit gebodde un hot gschmunselt. Es waar bleen zu de Betzy, ass er reddi waar fer sei case fechte mit alle Aernscht.

Es waar der Betsy awwer alsnoch bang. Niemand hot g'wist was es Aakummes iss bis die Lawyer un die Amtsleit zufridde sin. Sie hot awwer en schtarrigger Glawwe ghatt an der alt Tschotsch zidder geschter. In seinre Offis waar er freindlich un gemietlich, net bees geguckt un katz gschwetzt wie er in der Kort hot.

Der Amos Zaahn waar es aerscht gerufe un er hot de Kort gsaagt, was er de Betsy gsaagt hot ghatt.

No hot der Dischtrickt Lawyer ihn iwwergnumme un hot browiert ihn verhuddle, awwer der Amos hot zu sei Schtori gschtocke.

"Iss der Mann wu du noch Jefferson gfaahre hoscht der aerscht Samschdaag Owet im Aagscht heit do in der Kort"

"Der Amos hot der Bill aageguckt. "Ya, datt hockt er," hot er gsaat un hot gwisse mit seim Finger.

"Bischt du gewiss? Waar es net dunkel, wu du en Mann uffgelaade hoscht?"

"Es waar schier gaar dunkel, awwer ich hab seller Mann sehne kenne."

"Hot er blooe Aagge? Halt! Ich wann dich. Es iss dir verbodde zu gucke."

Der Amos hot der Loiyer aageguckt, no hot er gfroogt, "Dutt sell ebbes ausmache?"

"Ruhich," hot der Loiyer gegrische, "Ich duh die Gwestions froogge do. Du gebscht Andwart."

"Hoscht du net emoll en Gaul gschtohle?" waar die naegscht Gwestion.

"Ich abstcheckt," hot der Peifer rausgegrische. "Sell hot nix zu duh mit der case."

"Abtscheckschon schteht," hot der Tschudge Schwarzwald gsaagt un hot widder uff die Bank schlagge. "Nemm sell aus em Rekord," hot er gsaagt zu em Glarrick.

Der Amos waar verzannt. Er hot der Dischtrickt Loiyer bees aageguckt un hot gsaagt, "Sell brufscht duh, wann des iwwer iss, fer sell iss en dunnersi Lieg."

"Hoscht du blendi gut sehne kenne fer ausrecht saagge, ass sell der Mann waar, wu duh mitgenumme hoscht?"

"Ya, sell iss der Mann."

"Hoscht du des Ding gsehne devor?" hot er gfroogt un hot em Amos der Hewwel gwisse wu sie gemeent hen, waer gyused fer der Zach Beindler dod mache.

"Nee, ich hab net."

"Sell iss all," hot der Loiyer gsaagt un der Amos iss vum Zeiggeschtend kumme.

To Be Continued

THE PROPHECY

The following verses have reference to the Moravian Church founded in Bohemia in 1457. John Amos Comenius (properly Komenski), a Bohemian, was one of its greatest men. Bishop, scholar, educational reformer, his memory continues to this day to be revered throughout the world.

On the Bohemian mountains
Comenius stood, the seer.
Behind him lay the pleasant land
which he still held so dear.
Before him lay the wide world,
An exile he had trod,
But to his country always true,
His brethren and his God.

The church he loved was scattered
In cave and forest lone.
Man had more confidence in beasts
Than kindred of their own.
Gone up in smoke and ashes
The work of hand and brain,
While happy home and prosperous town
The wanderer sought in vain.

But with unwavering courage
And faith undaunted yet,
Though by a legion doubts assailed
And trials hard beset,
He uttered the prediction
The centuries have proved true:
That Bohemia's crushed and outlawed church
Should blossom forth anew.

Count Zinzendorf, the noble,
Furnished the garden fair.
On German soil the "Hidden Seed"
Sprang up with proper care.
'Twas there Bohemia's exiles
Founded a home once more
Beyond the reach of cruel foes
And persecution sore.

The bones of old Komenski
Two hundred years have lain
Far from the land he loved so well
But never saw again;
And the church he served and honored
Has compassed sea and land,
And works unceasing to this day
To keep her Lord's command.

Written by the Moravian poetess Louise A. Weitzel (1862-1934), whose Pennsylvania German poems have frequently appeared in the ECK in past years. The above verses first appeared in The Little Missionary for Feb., 1905 and later in her collected poems **A QUIVER OF ARROWS**, Lititz, Pa., 1908. — ED.

EN SCHLIMMI SACH

Ich kann ball nimmi schlofe,
Un esse maagg ich net;
Ich hab kee Luscht fer schaffe,
Wu ich doch schaffe sett.

Kee Dokder kann mer saagge,
Was eegentlich mir fehlt;
Un kenner kann verschteh,
Was 's iss die Ruh mir schtehlt.

Eens saagt, es sin die Narfe,
Der anner, 's iss am Harz;
Der dritt, es iss die Lewwer,
Die macht mir Mieh un Schmarz.

Eens saagt ich sett meh laafe,
Der anner, "Halt dich schtill,"
Der dritt, ich sett meh esse,
Der viert, "ess net so viel."

Kee Fleesch soll ich meh esse,
Es macht mei Blut zu dick;
Un aa kee fette Sache,
Dass ich en Schlag net grick.

Kee Brot, kee Zucker, Kuche,
Kee custards un kee pie;
Grumbiere sin verderblich,
Un sin yuscht fer die Sei.

Kee acids darf ich hawwe,
Kee Peffer un kee Sals;
Yuscht ungekochte Sache,
Kee Budder un kee Schmals.

Doch rohe Sache meide
En schwacher Maagge muss;
So saagt en annerer Dokder
Zu meim ewiche Verdruss.

Ich seh es plain un deitlich,
Dass mir nix iwwrich bleibt,
Ass noch un noch verhungere,
Wann ich duh was yeds verschreibt.

Doch e wennich kann ich fechte,
So leicht geh ich net ab;
Ich diseid, " 's watt fatt gefresse!"
Ich kumm ennihau ins Graab.

Louise A. Weitzel
1862-1934

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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Editorials

'Canary' Is 'Tops' Again

Congratulations go out to the staff of Allentown High School's newspaper, the Canary, for winning a medalist rating from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association now holding its annual convention in New York.

This is the highest award within the gift of the organization that judges the merits of school papers. It is to be noted that Allentown's Canary is grouped by reason of the size of its high school population with school papers in the largest cities of the United States. This is further indicated by the other medal winners, namely the high schools in Detroit, Tuscon and Phoenix.

It should be noted in addition that the current award is not a so-called flash in the pan. Allentown's Canary quite consistently has ranked with the best school papers in the country during the past six years of competition. Once the paper received a first place award, on three occasions it received other citations while last year and this, it has been a medal winner, the tops. Inasmuch as the staff of a school paper changes every year to some extent and in three or four years has had complete turnover it is a tribute to the school's English department that it consistently provides capable young people for the staff and is able in addition to supply the advisory aid that not only guides but also encourages and stimulates the young people who "go in for" this extra-curricular activity.

Allentown can be very proud of this organization of young people almost thirty in number who have attained national recognition. It is a satisfaction to know that all of them, in addition to their editorial and technical advisers, are attending the inspirational sessions of the convention of budding young journalists assembled from all parts of the United States. It is no surprise either from the record which the young people and their advisers have amassed that they have been accorded prominent place in the organization and the conduct of its sessions.

Perkiomenites Aroused

Citizens of the Upper Perkiomen Valley very naturally are aroused by the now much-publicized plans of the Philadelphia Suburban Water Co. to move into that area, build a large dam and impound water in a vast lake that will cover much of that beautiful, picturesque country.

Certainly this area is one of the prettiest parts of Pennsylvania. It has not required threats to its peace and security to arouse appreciation for its splendid values to the people of that entire section. Long since, development of the beautiful park and its artificial lake has not only attracted almost unbelievable numbers to this highly utile public park but it has served to make people by the many thousands appreciative of the value of its natural resources. The Upper Perkiomen Valley has been developed as a vast recreation spot. It is a disturbing thought for the people that something may be done to harm that recreation program or to prevent its expansion in years to come.

To fill in a great deal of the area with water, to cover the valley and its streams and wooded hillsides irretrievably, is alarming for the residents of that entire area. They now are banding together to resist the legal proceedings under which land may be taken for the exclusive benefit of people living miles and miles from the Valley. They are determined to remove the threat.

While the seven boros in the valley are united in their sentiment against the project and their officials have taken cooperative steps to that end, it still remains important for public sentiment to support the boro officials and to express itself in no uncertain terms. If officials know that the people are unqualifiedly and unequivocally behind them, they will go the limit to carry out the public will.

A Pioneer in Humanities

The death yesterday of Mary Margaret Sykes removes one of the earliest and one of the most consistent advocates locally of the principles originally pronounced and put into decisive action by Henry Bergh in his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York City late in the 19th Century.

In this city, just before the turn of the century, such prominent citizens as the late Mr. and Mrs. William L. Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Dorney, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Beekman and their daughter, Lillie Beekman Mason, Edwin Trexler and others promoted the idea through the Lehigh County Humane Society with which Miss Sykes earnestly associated herself full fifty years ago.

To this movement she gave her heart throughout her lifetime. There was no question that for many years she was the heart and soul as well as the breadwinner for the local organization. Not until she had seen the organization established upon firm foundations and equipped for the great work that she had envisioned for it over the years was she ready to lay down some of her duties in the society. Her interest however, never flagged nor failed.

Just about every Allentonian, 40 years of age and over, will remember her as the first supervisor of music in the public schools inasmuch as she served in that capacity up to 1918. The older people in that group of citizens will recall the controversy over the introduction of "frills" into public education. A course in music was so defined and even ridiculed. That controversy brought Miss Sykes more prominently into public notice than otherwise would have been her lot. But her work justified the course and answered the criticism of the educational innovation. It is a commentary upon her earliest work that music has remained in the schools and that the scope of training for it and its standards consistently have been raised.

She was a frail little woman. But she was strong in character. Two very conspicuous monuments of her work remain in the community — music in the public schools and general appreciation throughout the community of the importance of practicing kindness to animals and children.

Not All Outgo

In these troubled times of mounting and burdensome taxes, it is mighty pleasant to read of a department of our commonwealth to which is returned a considerable amount of the funds it expends, funds provided from your taxes and utilized in the state's public assistance program.

During 1951, the Department of Public Assistance reported this week, a total of $3,346,000 was recovered, and even in these days of astronomical sums bandied about so blithely in Washington, that total represents a lot of tax dollars.

No doubt you read about the way it works, with the department attaching a lien to all real property owned by each person granted public assistance, and receiving the amount of the assistance grants when the property is sold.

So as our taxpayers learn that some quarter of a million dollars is being recovered each month by the department, it is a bright spot in the overall picture which at times has been a gloomy one indeed.

That but 20 per cent of all persons receiving public assistance own real property closes the door to recovery from the majority of those on the rolls, but the Pennsylvania taxpayer is thankful for any blessings he may receive through this recovery and is not inclined to complain too bitterly about the other, non-property-owning persons.

All in all, the story is one that must be received generally with appreciative regard, and if the department can find a way to recover even greater sums from those whose period of want has been aided by the state it will be even better news. — Harrisburg Patriot.



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Gen. Eisenhower might have done a number of different things after the New Hampshire primary — among them, to remain silent altogether — and if he had been a practiced politician, he might have confined his message of congradulations to a word of gratitude to the voters.

But being a frank and outspoken sort of individual with a habit of doing the natural rather than the devious thing, the General gave full credit to Gov. Gov. Sherman Adams of New Hampshire and the leaders of the organization who had backed him.

The language of the message is interesting to examine. For it comes after the very first time the General has actually been voted on by the people in his whole career, and it doubtless was a thrill to him to win. But he disclaimed modestly the primary credit when Eisenhower said to Gov. Adams:

"My congratulations to you and your associates. Through you, could I express to the Republican voters of New Hampshire my profound appreciation of the extraordinary compliment they have paid me. This I should like to do even though I fully realize that the astonishing result was due primarily to the distinguished reputations of the list of delegates and the efforts of your organization."

Private Citizen

It will be noted that the message was signed simply "Dwight D. Eisenhower" and didn't carry the title "General," and thus was a communication sent in his capacity as a private citizen. He could, of course, have omitted any reference to the distinguished list of citizens who ran as delegates pledged to him, and many a political adviser might have told him to do so. For the claim has been made by opponents that the result was due largely to the activity of the regular Republican organization and less therefore to the popularity of the Eisenhower name. So, in a sense, the General confirms that phase of it, but nevertheless he must have weighed on balance the value of being frank and realistic. The message, moreover, suggests that the General is being modest, which may impress many voters far more than if he had omitted any mention of what the list of delegates with a state-wide reputation meant in the balloting.

It will be said by some of the more fastidious that maybe the General should not have sent any message at all, for he has promised not to engage in preconvention activities. But he would have been remiss in ordinary courtesy if he had not sent a personal word of appreciation to the people who, as he sees it, complimented him by their votes.

One thing the message, as well as the primary result, emphasizes and that's the irrevocable affiliation of Gen. Eisenhower with the Republican Party. No longer is there heard any suggestion that he is not a party man and that he might warm up to the Democratic Party, especially if Mr. Truman decides not to accept a nomination.

Prestige Mounts

The General's prestige with the Republican voters has received a decided boost and, though the nominating convention is four months away, it may be taken for granted now that he will not violate the pledge he gave against preconvention campaigning by coming back to America to make speeches. Since he has won the New Hampshire primary without stumping, his failure to carry other states will not be due to a lack of personal campaigning but to the vigorous efforts made by organization leaders in other states in behalf of rival candidates.

Sooner or later that part of the public which is unfamiliar with the ways of convention politics will discover that, no matter what the primaries may say, the final decision is made by the delegates themselves on the basis of practical politics. That means the delegates will be governed by one major factor—can the candidate who appears to be in the lead really win and, if he can't, who can? As the poor showing made by the President in New Hampshire is studied, the idea that any Republican can win will grow stronger, but here, too, the Democratic primaries in other states with better Democratic organizations may cancel out the New Hampshire result and send the Truman stock higher.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of ..March 15, 1927, a Tuesday.

Nearly 7,500 persons attended the opening exhibition of the second annual Food Show in Manhatton Auditorium. The crowds swarmed through the colorful booths as the Jubenile Band furnished several hours of music.

Music lovers of Allentown thoroughly enjoyed the local Music Club's presentation of Bawden's "River of Stars" under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Shumberger.

Washington Camp 511, POS of A, Coopersburg, celebrated its 37th anniversary with an old-time minstrel show. Charles Erney furnished music with his radio set.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

OLD MAN WINTER

Old Man Winter's back is aching;
Signs are plain it's almost breaking.
Whimpers now instead of chuckles.
There are swellings on his knuckles;
Cheeks are furrowed; eyes are baggy;
Footsteps just a little draggy,
But with pitiful endeavor
Tries to prove he's young as ever.

Winter at the crabby age is.
Now and then he storms and rages.
Pained by all old folks are hurt with,
Still Miss Spring he stays to flirt with,
Though she does her best to shake him.
Grumpy, grouchy, almost ghoulish,
Old Man Winter's getting foolish.

Let him linger! Loiter let him!
Nothing will his nonsense get him.
From her door Miss Spring will shoo him.
She will grant no favors to him.
To his feeble style of wooing
She will answer: "Nothing doing!"
Soon his waning strength will play out.
Old Man Winter's on his way out.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

My eyes have been bothering me recently, so I went to an eye doctor who made me read a chart in the next room.

After I had read "n" for "u," "p" for "q" and "C" for "O," he told me I needed bifocals.

I went to an optician and had the oculist's prescription filled.

After paying $26 for the glasses and the frame, I went home to start my new optical life.

Incidentally, while I was at it, I also found out that there is a great difference between oculist, optometrist and optician.

Never call an oculist an optician.

Never confuse an optician with an optometrist.

To do so you are sure to hurt the other's pride.

I haven't quite discovered yet whose pride is hurt by being called what. But I do know that the oculist has all kinds of diplomas, each signed by about twenty people, and written in Latin.

The optometrist has fewer diplomas and they are usually done in English.

The optician has advertising posters with beautiful girls, wearing glasses, all over his shop.

He is considered more of a craftsman than the other two.

Well, I got home with my new glasses and started to look.

It was lunch time, so I put on the new specs.

Heretofore I had always eaten without glasses.

Since my wife is a pretty darn good cook I had liked her food very much, and consequently had put on weight.

The doctor (not the eye doctor, but our other, the $5 doctor) had told me to take off some weight.

I put on my glasses.

"What's this?" I said to my wife. "Look at this bread. It's awfully coarse, isn't it?"

"It's the same kind of bread you have eaten for years," she said.

I took off my glasses. By golly, it WAS the same bread!

I put them on again. The potatoes looked — well, sort of vulgar, I should say. The butter had lost its former delicate appearance. I imagined I could count every gristle in the steak. Yet, it was the same steak we had the night before for dinner. (My wife will forgive me for saying that she warms things over occasionally.)

So then a great light came over me.

Perhaps it is a good idea NOT to see too well.

Perhaps Bernard Baruch is is right when he turns off that hearing device of his every time somebody starts to blabber a lot of foolishness into his ears.

And I wondered about another thing.

When people get old their eyes and ears get old, too. They don't see and hear so well.

Maybe God — or call it Nature if you will — has INTENDED it that way.

Maybe it is just God's — or Nature's — kind way of getting them ready for the big trip we all of us have to take some day.

I, said "maybe." I don't know yet. But I'll surely let you know when I get there.

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 75

This Psalm may be thought of as the answer to the prayer for help in the preceding Psalm. God's righteous judgments are about to be put into operation, as He Himself declares that He is coming to set up the pillars upon which His righteous government is to rest when He establishes His kingdom after the present order has been dissolved by man's folly. In the margin of v. 2 we read of "the set time" instead of 'the congregation', for in the fulness of His time He will put an end to Satan and all his destructive activity. There are those who think that his activity will culminate in an invasion of Israel from the north, without any adequate help from the east, west, or south (see v 6) But God will defend His people against the boasting and arrogance of His people's enemy, vs. 4, 5, 7. At v. 8 follows a description of God's wrath and fury, when the haughtiness of the wicked shall be brought low, and the Lord shall be exalted before the eyes of the nations. Universal praises will then arise to the God of all the earth, as His enemies lie prostrate.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOODLA IM IWWERFLUSS:

In ol seim lebdawg secht der Dewey Metzger Germansville, het er net so fiel noodle dake g'sehna os er da onner dawg wie er hame kumma is fom marrick. Ow'r 's wor 'n uhrsoch dafor. 'M Dewey sei fraw die Florence dade net denka fer aenich ebbes nitzliches tzu grund gae lossa—net ae bitz'l gait ferhous'd won sie 's helfa kon.

In dem fol hut die Florence uf kours 'n arrick axident kotta wenich free'r im dawg—is g'falla mit tzwae grossa karrab fol oyer, un des kon ich eich sawga wor 'n oyer mishmosh. Die Florence uf kours hut gute gawollt, hut 'm Dewey helfa wolla der huckshter truck lawda, un allas is gute gonga bis sie der walk nous is mit 28 dudsend oyer, un die foos halt is ra g'shlipt. Sie hut ihra beshdes gabroviert fer die oyer shawna, ow'r aina waig odder da onner hen ihra elboga grawd in die oyer karrab gaboss'd, uns worra yusht may 4 oyer gons, ous da 28 dudsend.

Leit in da shtadt hen gawiss gamaint 's wear 'n oyer mongel weil der Dewey sella dawg wenich kartz wor, ow'r die kartzichkate wor yusht uf 'm truck, dahame hut die Florence iwwer kup un ohra in ferbrochna oyer g'shtonna — hut waricklich net gawist wie aw tzu gae. Ow'r wie shun g'sawt, die Florence dade net denka fer aenich ebbes tzu grund gae lossa—un grawd so wors mit denna ferbrochna oyer. Wie der Dewey owets hame kumma is wor sie om noodla dake mocha os 'n shpeckdawgle wor. Ol iwwer woh er onna gaguck'd hut. hut noodla dake k'honka fer drickla, un sie wor ols noch eiferich om ei riehrra un ous rolla—golda gailer noodla dake bei da hilly un filly.

Wie der Dewey gawunnert hut won die Florence tzaila dade der dake ol tzu essa, hut sie yusht galocht bei all'm aeland un g'sawt, "Dewey, ich hob gawiss os allas net gawist wos tzu duh mit ol denna ferbrochna oyer, noh howwich mohl shtarta noodla dake mocha." Un sie hut aw noddla dake gamocht, yusht der Dewey is alla weil noch net shure war 'n ol grick'd. Nadierlich lava sie mohl fer 'n gutie lang uf wenich shunshd wie noodla, ow'r noh sin ols noch ganunk iwwerich fer 's ohrma hous feedra, un fermuthlich wert die Fire kumpany un die Central Grange aw net kartz kumma.

Wons miglich wear fer da Florence ihra gadonka in druck duh, wolla m'r wetta os es ebbes gucka dade wie des: "Um da lieva willa weibsleit won n'r oyer drawga, halta die auga uf da fees, sis 'n lot g'shwinder gaduh, os wie fer 27 dudsend un ocht oyer uf shoffa in noodla dake."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Da 20d Obril won m'r noch Nei Yarrick gaina, bei train, g'shpucka m'r rum im unner dale fon da shtadt, un shtoppa ob so os ol woh wolla darrich Chinatown lawfa kenna — un die woh net wolla, kenna uf da bus bleiva bis die onnerra tzurick kumma.

'S sin 'n lot socha tzu sehna im unner dale fon da shtadt — bletz os m'r lais'd dafon in da tzeiting so wie Wall shtross, die Bowery, die Battery un so 's gleichas, bletz os m'r so gore net tzu sehna graich'd, eb m'r noch 'm Musick Hall gaina fers Oshter Show sehna.

Horoscope

Exercise care in business matters and the year should be a good one. Today's child may have difficulties, but will be able to solve them with a bright, cheerful disposition.



ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Continued

Die Kate Uffem Zeiggeschtuhl

Die Kate Rehrich iss no grufe warre un sie hot der Kort alles gesaagt, ass sie der Betzy gesaagt hot devor.

Wu sie ihre Schtori gewwe hot ghatt, hot der Peifer sie gfroogt, "Deedscht du seller Dremp kenne, wu du ihn widder sehnscht?"

"Ya, ich deet. Er hot en Marrick ghatt owwe am linke Aag. Es waar halb so gross ass en Kupper Cent."

"Sell iss all," hot der Loiyer Peifer gsaagt un hot der Dischtrickt Loiyer aageguckt. "Die Zeigge."

Der Dischtrickt Loiyer iss hochordich uffgschtanne, hot sei Hals paarmol gebutzt un hot aagfange mit der Kate.

"Hoscht du net gsaagt der Dremp hot der Zach Beindler gfroogt fer en Duwack?"

"Ya."

"Bischt du gewiss vun sellem? Hot der Dremp net der Zach en wieschter Naame gheesse? Ferwas hot er ihn schlagge yusht weil er ihn gfroogt hot fer en Duwack? Wann ebber dich froogge deet fer en Duwack, deetscht du ebber wie sell schlagge? Saag mer sell."

"Es deet niemand mich froogge, sie hette Verschtand genunk zu wisse, ass ich ken Duwack tschaae duh."

"Wie weit vun der Heemet iss es, wu der Zach Beindler umkumme iss?"

"Es iss baut en Meil vun unser Blatz."

"Wu waarscht du seller Samschdaag Owed?"

"Ich waar deheem."

"Hoscht du eenichebber gsehne verbei geh?"

"Yuscht der Zach Beindler."

"Weller Weg iss er gange?"

"Er hot mer gsaagt er hot noch Porters welle, sei Meedel sehne."

"Iss sell all, ass er gsaagt hot?"

"Er hot gsaagt, er iss schpot un iss schtarrick der weg naus geloffe."

"Was Zeit waar's?

"Baut siwwe Uhr."

"Awwer du bischt sell net gewiss?"

"Was meensecht bei sellem? Musscht du es recht uff die Minutt wisse?" Hot die Kate ihn gfroogt mit Feier in ihre schwarze Aagge.

"Was Zeit waar des Gfecht mit em Dremp?"

"Baut halwer zehe vormiddaags."

"Wu es iwwer waar, was hot der Dremp gsaagt? Waar er arrig weh geduh?"

"Ya, es waar en Schand ebber so uffgloppe weegge en Tschaa Duwack."

"Ich froog dich widder, was hot der Dremp gsaagt?"

"Er hot gsaagt, 'Ich grick seller grossmeenich Kall fer was er geduh hot zu mir'. Awwer der aarm Dremp waar verkollebiert. Ich glaab net, ass er gwisst hot, was er gschwetzt hot."

"Dann glaabscht du net, ass er sei Verschpreches ghalte hot?"

"Nee, ich duh net."

"Sell iss all."

Die Kate iss vum Zeiggeschtend un ihre Daadi waar es naegscht uffgrufe.

Der Eli Rehrich uffem Zeiggeschtend

Sei hen ihn schwore, wie die annere aa.

"Duscht du, Eli Rehrich, verschpreche, ass du die Waahret saagscht un nix ass die Waahret, so helf dir Gott?" hot der Glarrick abgelese.

"Ya," hot der Eli gnuckt.

Der Loiyer Peifer hot der Eli viel Sache gfroogt un endlich hot er gsaagt zum Dischtrickt Loiyer, "Die Zeigge."

Alle ebber hot eckschpeckt, er geht aa wie en Narr mit em Eli, awwer er hot yuscht ee gwestion gfroogt.

"Ich verschteh der Dremp hot gsaagt, ass er grickt seller grossmeenich Kall fer was er geduh hot zu ihm. Glaabscht du, ass der Dremp der Zach Beindler dod gschlagge hot"

"Ich weess net," der Eli hot sei Kopp gschiddelt.

"Sell iss all."

Die Tschuri heert die Blies

No iss es widder abgange; die Blies zu de Tschurileit.

Dessemol iss der Dischtrickt Loiyer recht eiferich warre. Er hot meh Schpank abgwisse, ass er ferhafdich ghatt hot. Er hot awwer sei Blie arrig schtarrick gmacht, un hot iwwer en Schtund gschwetzt. Endlich hot er gsaagt, "Ihr sin all voll gwachse. Deel vun eich hen aa Kinner. Denkt yuscht wie dihr fiehle deede, wann es eier Bu waer, ass es Hann rausgschlagge hett grickt. Losst eich net fiehre, un vergesst net, ass ee Zeigge gsaagt hot, ass sie net glaabt, ass der Dremp gwisst hot, was er gsaagt hot. Der Zeigge hot aa gsaagt, ass sie net glaabt, ass der Dremp der Madderer waar. Es iss mei Glaawe, ass niemand hot des farrichderlich Ding geduh ass der Gleffel."

Er hot sich anne ghockt.

Der Loiyer Peifer iss uffgschtanne, awwer dessemol hot die Betsy gsehne, ass er en feschter Glaawe hot ghatt, ass er sei case gwinne kann.

"Tschurileit," hot er aagfange, "der Weg wie die case nau schteht, misse mer all helfe des ausfiggere. Es iss net uff zu ee Mensch zu saagge, ass en Mann schtroft muss sei. Mir sette net en kalti Schulter drehe zu en Mann, ass umschuldich iss. Mir welle net duh was Gottes Arrewet sei sett. Mir sette net vergesse, ass nix gbruft iss uff daer aarm yung Mann.

"Viel Sache wu ihm vorgschmisse waar, iss net en grischtlicher Weg fer ebber kanwickte, un selli Sache misse mir wegschmeisse. Mer misse yuscht die Waahret nemme vun de Sache wu do gsaagt waare.

"Mir hen biendi Bruf, ass der Billy Gleffel der Zach Beindler nimmi gsehne hot nooch der Zeit, ass sie fatt sin vun es Hansmoyers.

"Es iss gebruft, wu er waar all die Zeit bis Mondaag Marye, un er hett net an de zwee Bletz sei kenne uff eemol. Vergesst aa net ass der Beindler en Dremp geledert hot, yuscht ferdass er hot ihn gfroogt fer en Duwack. Denkt an sell! So ebbes iss en Sind un en Schand. Denkt draa, en yunger Kall sich so nidder zu mache un en alder Dremp leddere. Denkt emoll, was daer alt Mann ausgschtanne hot. Mir darrefe aa net vergesse ass der Dremp gedroht hot, der Beindler zu griegge. Eb er es geduh hot odder net, sell muss noch ausgfunne warre."

Der Loiyer Peifer hot en wunnerbaar bedauerlich Blie gemacht. Die Leit in de Kortschtubb waare ruhich, un deel hen es Wasser aus de Aagge gebutzt.

Wu er faddich waar, hot er noch hinne druff gsaagt, "Christus will yuscht hawwe, ass mir recht duhne un wann dihr Ihm follye, weess ich ass Er eich auslegt in eiere Gedanke, was Gott hawwe will."

Die Blies waare iwwer.

Der alt Tschotsch Schwarzwald hot die Tschurileit eigscharreft. Er hot ihne gsaagt was die Laa waar, was sie duh misse, wann ihre Gedanke ihne saagt, ass er gildi iss, dann muss er kawwickt sei. Awwer wann ihre Gedanke ihne saagt, ass er net gildi iss, dann misse sie ihn frei gewwe.

Die Tschuri iss no in die Tschurischtubb gange am drei Uhr un der Tschotsch hot ihne gsaagt, ass sie drin bleiwe misse, bis sie en Barye mache mit alle eens es seem bsunne. Sie misse all sei fer gildi odder all fer ihn frei gewwe.

Der Billy Watt Freigschproche

Die Betzy hot nimmi hocke kenne. Ihre Narrefe waare wie nodelschpitze. Sie iss uff un naus gange fer Luft un rumlaafe.

Sie iss in der Schtadt rumgeloffe fer schier gaar en Schtund un wu sie widder ans Korthaus kumme iss, waare die Leit am Rauskumme. Sie iss dabber neigange un es aersch ass sie gekennt hot, waar der Loiyer Peifer.

Die Betzy iss graad eweck zu ihm gange.

"Was iss es Auskummes?" hot sie gfroogt.

"Der Billy iss freigschproche," hot er gsaagt mit me Schmunsel.

"Ich dank dir. Du hoscht en wunnerbaari Blie gmacht. Ich bin schtols mit dihr, un ich glaab ass der Billy dich liebt fer des. Ich kennt schier gaar selwert," hot die Betzy gsaagt mit Lieb in ihrm Gsicht.

"Iss der Billy dei beau?" hot der Loiyer Peifer sie gretzt.

"Er kummt mich als sehne," hot sie widder gschmunselt.

"Wann ich net gheiert waer, deet ich browiere ihn ausschneide," hot er glacht. "Awwer kumm mit mir. Ich nemm dich nei zum Billy. Sei Freind hen ihn umringt, awwer ich grick dich darrich," hot er gsaagt un hot ihre Aarm genumme.

Sie waar glei beim Billy. "Oi, Billy! Du glaabscht net wie froh ich bin," hot die Betzy gsaagt.

"Ya, Betzy, ich bin aa froh, awwer ich hab dir zu danke fer alles ass du geduh hoscht fer mich. Ich weess net wie's zu saagge, awwer bis ich weess, will ich mich bedanke vielmools."

Der Peifer hot sei Aarm um em Billy sei Schulter un hot gsaagt, "Billy, wann du net weesscht was odder wie zu saagge, ich kann dei Schulmeeschter sei un dir rechte Watte gewwe, ass du saagge settscht zu de Betzy.

Die Betzy hot geloscht, der Peifer hot glacht un der Billy hot gsaagt, "Ich kumm niwwer zu de Offis, eb ich heemgeh. Ich will verdolltsei wisse was zu saagge."

Der Billy Losst Nix Vun Sich Heere

Der Billy waar bleed nochderhand. Er iss net in Porters kumme bis schier gaar en Munet noch seinre Freiheit. Die Betzy hot nix gheert vun ihm. Sie hot net verschteh kenne, fer was er nix heere hot glosst vun sich.

Es waar sex Woche nooch der case, wu die Betzy gsaagt hot am Disch, "Ich wunner ferwas der Billy net kummt uns sehne?"

"Ruhich baut sellem Kall," hot der Solly gsaagt.

"Was hoscht du gee-ich ihn?" hot die Betzy gfroogt.

"Ich hab blendi Ursach, un ich will ihn net do rum henke hawwe. Ich yaag ihn fatt, wann ich ihn do rum verwisch."

"Gell, du schemmscht dich ihn zu feesse fer der Weg, ass du wedder ihn gange bischt an der Kort," hot die Betzy gretzt.

"Nau will ich beim Dunner nix meh heere vun sellem," un hot uff der Disch geglobbt mit sei Fauscht.

Die Betzy un ihre Mutter hen nanner aageguckt un bissel gschmunselt.

Sex Woche Schpeeter

Paar Woche denooch iss der Billy darrich Porters mit der Zwee-Geils-Fuhr un hot abgschtoppt ans Hansmoyers. Er iss an die Dier un hot geglobbt. Die Betzy hot die Dier uffg'macht un wu sie der Billy gsehne hot, waar sie froh.

"Kumm rei," hot die Betzy eigelaade.

"Nee, ich muss an die Miehl geh fer Fuder un ich bin nau schunn schpot."

"Ach, du kannscht dich doch bissel hocke."

"Nee, gewiss, ich muss geh. Es hot mich yusht g'wunnert eb du ebbes degeegge hoscht, wann ich kumm dich schpatziere am Samschdaag Owed."

"Nee, ich hab nix degeegge. Ich deet sell gleiche."

"Dann kumm ich mit em Gaul un unser nei Weggli un nemm dich faarhre."

"Sell bliest mich," hot die Betzy glacht.

"Dann farriwell bis em Samschdaag Owed," hot der Bill ygsaagt un iss fatt.

Uffem Weggli

Samschdaag Owed iss der Solly frieh an der Schtor gange un glei denooch iss der Billy kumme un er un die Betzy sin abgfaahre.

Es waar aafangs November. Die Luft waar recht kiehl un die Betzy hot sich naegscht zum Billy ghockt.

Der Billy hot net gschwetzt un die Betzy hot net gwisst was letz waar. Sie sin yuscht drauss im Land rum faahre, aawer wu sie nuff uff der Buchs Hiwwel kumme sin, hot die Betzy der Mond gsehne uffkumme hinne de Banz Hiwwele.

Sie hot an der Billy geguckt awwer er hot graad fatt geguckt. Endlich hot sie die Ruhichkeit nimmi schtende kenne.

"Billy, ferwas bischt du so ruhich?"

"Ich farricht, die Leit glaawe es net, ass ich unschuldich bin, un es dutt mir leed," hot der Billy gsaagt.

"Ach, Billy, denk net draa. Die Kort hot dich en freier Mann gheesse un sell iss was ich hab welle,' 'hot sie gsaagt un iss bissel neecher zu ihm grutscht.

Er hot sie aageguckt. "Hoscht du, ehrlich?"

"Ya, ich hab."

"Betzy! Des hawwich awwer net gedenkt," hot er gsaagt un hot sei Aarm um sie rum un hot sie wedder sich gedrickt.

Der Gaul iss der Schritt gange. Kens hot gschwetzt. Die Betzy hot der Mond gwatscht. Sie hot annere Gedanke ghatt. Es waar ihre himmlisch, ass der Billy ihre Hand ghowe hot.

Der Mond waar gross un bei selle Zeit waar der Mond gans owwe de Beem.

"Billy?"

"Huh?"

"Sehnscht der Mond?"

"Uh huh!"

"Es iss schier so hell ass im Daag."

"Uh huh!"

Sie hot ihn so seitwegs aageguckt un gwunnert zu sich selwert, eb er nimmi meh saagge will, ass yuscht grexe.

Der Billy waar geduldich un gebliest fer yuscht so fatt faahre bis in die Ewichkeit. Die Betzy waar awwer net. Endlich hot sie aagfange, "Ich sehn der Mond, un der Mond sehnt mich. Ich lieb der Mond, awwer niemand liebt mich."

"Oi, Betzy! Schwetz net so. Gott liebt uns all. Wann Er net deet, hett Er mich net aus sellem farrichderlich Ding grickt."

Die Betzy hot sich widder weck gmuft un hot gsaagt, es waer Zeit fer rum drehe un heemgeh.

Es waar halwer elf, wu sie an der Betzy ihre Haus kumme sin. Sie hot ihn net eigelaade fer mit nei. Er iss awwer mit ihre an die Dier.

"Danke fer die buggy Reit."

"Du bischt willkumm," hot er gsaagt, awwer iss yuscht schteh gebliwwe un nix meh gsaagt. Die Betzy iss kiehl warre un hot nei welle, awwer er iss net gmuft.

"Well, Billy, es iss Zeit fer dich heem geh."

"Uh huh! Ich weess."

Die Betzy hot g'wunnert. Iwwer ewennich hot sie g'froogt," Billy, eb du fatt waarscht hoscht als meh saagge kenne as 'uh huh' un "huh uh!"

"Ich kann noch. Ich deet gleiche froogge fer ebbes, awwer ich schemm mich."

"Du siesser, bleeder Ding," hot die Betzy glacht, "Ich weess fer was du mich froogge witt. Du brauchscht net," hot sie gsaagt un hot ihm en Boss uff der Backe gewwe.

"Oi, zapperlot!" hot er gsaagt un iss schier vun der Bortsch gfalle. Die Betzy iss graad ab nei, un der Billy hot en Schprung gmacht un iss iwwer die Hoffens getschumpt, ins Weggli, nei un abgfaahre noch heem.

(To Be Continued)

HAUSBUTZE

Im Friehyaahr un im Haerbscht
Gebt es en iwwli Zeit,
Wu all die Weibsleit acte
Als waere sie net g'scheit.

Sie raase un sie dowe,
Sie renne hie un her;
Es gebt en mechtich Butze,
En Schrubble un Gekehr.

Sie gucke wie die Hexe,
Sie schmeise alles naus;
Die Menner un die Kinner,
Die hen kee Blatz im Haus.

Es iss en arriges Wese,
Doch iss es ball ferbei;
Noh gebt es widder Friede
Un alles guckt wie nei.

Louise A. Weitzel

DIE BLUT-FAHNE

(The Bloody Flag)

"Die Blut-Fahne" or "Bloody Flag" was the title of one of the early political treaties published in Reading, Pa., in 1797, in the German language. Its publisher was Gottlob Jungman, printer and postmaster of Reading during the early days of our republic. Its author was "Peter Porcupine," a penname for William Corbett, an Irish pamphleteer renowned for his vituperative pen, hiding under the pseudonym "Peter Porcupine" in order to avoid the strict laws against libel.

Americans had taken sides in the quarrel commonly known as the French Revolution. Our two political parties in 1797 were known as the Federalists and anti-Federalists. The Federalists were in power and John Adams was President at the time "Die Blutige Fahne" appeared. Gottlob Jungmann held his position as postmaster of Reading by virtue of a Federalist appointment and naturally he was willing to use his presses to publish the Hamiltonian point of view. The Federalists condemned the excesses of the French radicals, who were known as the Jacobins. The anti-Federalists, under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson, were inclined to take a sympathetic view of the revolutionary French party. The followers of Jefferson saw in the French struggle a replica of our own American achievement of freedom from oppression.

"Die Blut-Fahne" or "Bloody Banner" expressed the Federalist view of the civil strife in France. Its title-page is as follows:

DIE BLUT-FAHNE
AUSGESTECKT ZUR WARNUNG
POLITISCHER WEGWEISER IN AMERICA
ODER
EINE GETREUE ERZAEHLUNG

(Translation: "The Bloody Banner raised as a warning to Political leaders in America")

By Courtesy of
Dr. Arthur D. Graeff

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

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Editorials

Shakesperean Scholar Stirred by Sea Gulls

Edmund Collins Jr., a past president of Allentown Rotary, long has been known favorably as the community's outstanding Shakesperean scholar and lecturer on some of the humorous phases of the Bard's immortal writings.

The current issue of The Rotary Smile reveals Mr. Collins as a poet whose Muse was stirred during the recent visit to Lake Muhlenberg by eight sea gulls and where they were admired by Mr. Collins, a daily stroller in those parts. Here are his quaint verses:

Some years ago, a nature lover, I
Wondered to see a graceful Seagull fly,
'Cross Muhlenberg's serene and rural Lake.
This Trav'ler must have made a grave mistake.
Took a wrong turn along some airy path,
A short cut to avoid a stormy swath,
And so he landed here. It pleased him too,
For he told others of his rendezvous.
This, so I mused, is quite a parallel.
I crossed the seas—enjoy the **Lake** as well.
I'm glad it has achieved such wide renown,
No doubt, like me, the gulls **like** Allentown.
Perhaps they come to view the Park? I find
It very nice myself. Maybe they pined
All summer for a glimpse of that small isle
Against the western sun. It's quite worth-while!
Alas, my dreamy reasoning is shocked.
The fact is that the **Lake** with trout is stocked.
And so—I really hate to point this out—
The Seagulls come because they like—**The Trout.**

Detectives' Fine Work

Congratulations must go out to the police department for the persistence of its detectives in seeking, and finding, what appears to be the weapon with which the murder of Robert B. Clauss was committed and which, according to the confession of John C. Ruff, Jr., was thrown by him into the Little Lehigh River near the L. F. Grammes plant.

Immediately after Ruff gave himself up and made a confession, the detectives diligently checked every point in his story. The police were surprised not alone by the confession, which came from a man who never had been under suspicion, but by the minuteness of detail about the crime and the murderer's escape which was provided in the confession. At every point in the check there was complete corroboration with the terms of the confession.

The only snag that was encountered was that concerning the all-important weapon. Officers of the law who have had experience with murder trials knew how important it is to produce a weapon when a crime has been committed. They know how the reasonable doubts of a jury can be magnified by a persistent lawyer if no weapon can be produced to the prosecution.

Ruff had made things difficult. He had done a quite natural thing in the course of panic over his crime. He had determined to rid himself of the most telling evidence that might be found against him. According to his confession, he "broke" his gun and tossed it into the flood waters of the stream. That made a difficult job for the detectives.

With dredges and then with magnets vast areas of the stream's silt-covered bottom were traversed by police in rowboats. Up came the greatest variety of metal junk. Just about everything except parts of a .32 calibre. In fact a fish was caught, but only because it had swallowed a hook with a cast-iron sinker on the line.

For weeks the men have worked in weather fair and foul. They believed Ruff's story because in all other details it had checked perfectly. If they could find a .32 calibre revolver, the last detail of Ruff's story would be substantiated.

That occurred yesterday. Revolver parts answering the description of Ruff's death weapon were found because a magnet of extraordinary size had been put at the disposal of the police. More thoro search was made possible than had been the case when smaller and weaker magnets had been employed heretofore.

Now the weapon will be subjected to the tests of ballistic experts in the State Police department in Harrisburg where the death bullets taken from Clauss' body will be compared with the newly found weapon. Whether the gun, which had been under water for almost half a year, remains unaffected in the characteristics which mark a bullet discharged from it, remains to be seen. But the fact will remain that the weapon's parts were found exactly as described in the confession and that its calibre corresponds with the confession and with the size of the death dealing slugs.

The detectives have completed a job that required infinite patience and persistence. They deserve the highest praise for their doggedness in the face of some of the greatest difficulties that ever have faced our detectives in seeking to solve a crime.

An Ill-Starred Venture

It was welcome news when farmers in our rural areas were informed that distribution of poison baits for foxes has been ended, that remaining baits have been collected and that these phases in a reign of terror for many people in the rural areas have come to a halt.

But the authorities responsible for this program by no means have heard the last notes of this drive against foxes, presumed to be carriers of rabies and therefore dangerous to man and beast.

While unconsumed baits reportedly have been collected, the rabies placards will continue to hang in conspicuous places for another month. But owners of animals, especially dogs and cats, are asking the difficult question: How can any one know that all baits are accounted for either by the deaths of foxes, or other animals, or by collection of untouched baits?

If a bait has disappeared from the spot where it was placed, what guarantee is there that it has not been dragged to some spot where ultimately it will be turned up and eaten by an innocent animal?

The entire venture, which has brought about the destruction of considerable number of innocent animals, was ill-starred. We suspect it will be a long, long time before a similar enterprise will be initiated. It gained no popularity for the State Game Commission nor for its innocent agents, the game protectors, who have had to bear the brunt of public indignation.

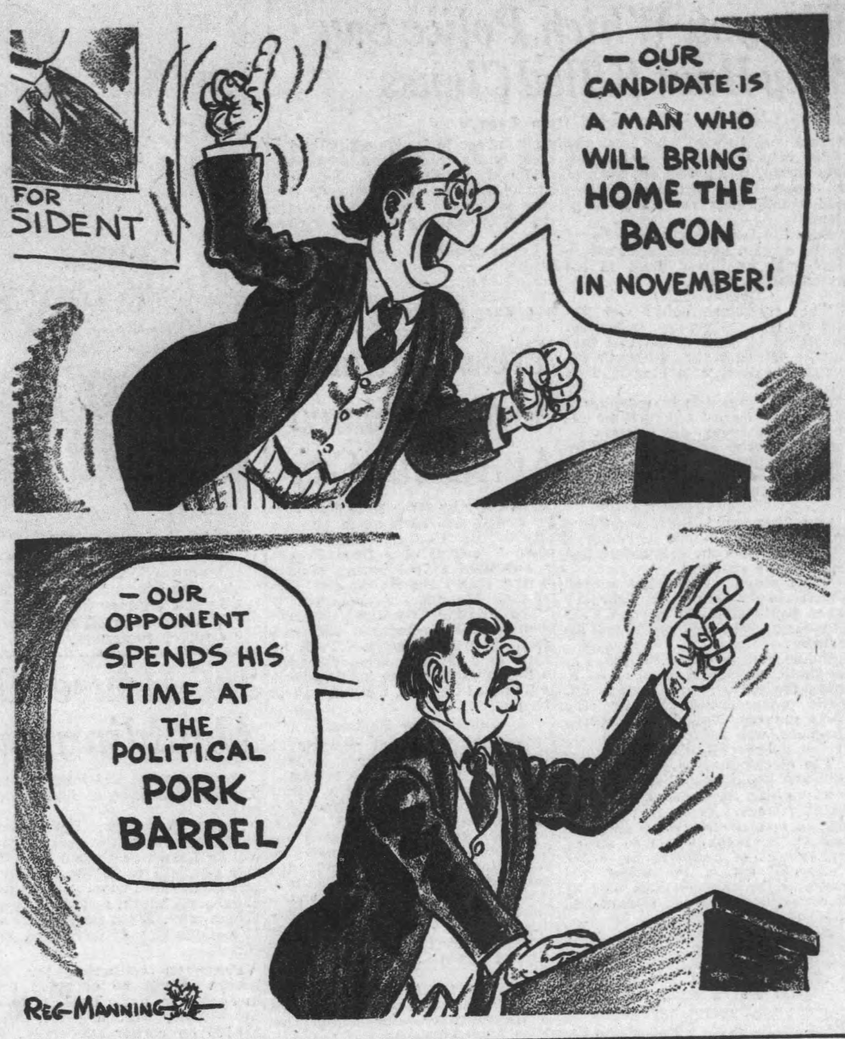
Championship in Sight

Indicative of the quality of local athletes and of the training which they receive in their schools is the feat of the basketball team of Central Catholic High School which attained the Eastern Pennsylvania championship and tonight, in this city, meets Pittsburgh Central Catholic High for the State championship.

The local Vikings, as they are called, have distinguished themselves throughout the season and it has been a matter of no accident that they attained the right to compete in the finals. It will be a matter for no surprise if they keep on going right to the top of the basketball ladder and achieve the fame that came to predecessor teams when State championships were won by Central Catholic High of Allentown in the 1935-36, the 1944-45 and the 1947-48 seasons.

We do not know what it may signify, but let it be noted that the three championship teams were coached by as many different coaches, namely Coaches Kelly, Crowe and Krajsa and that the contenders tonight for the championship have been trained by a fourth man, Coach Petro. It would appear that no matter who the coach may be, local athletic talent and material are so good that championships almost automatically are achieved.

You Takes Your Choice



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman, master craftsman at political strategy, is handling exactly right the ticklish question of what to do about letting Gen. Eisenhower give up his command and come home. He says the General may come whenever he — the supreme commander in Europe — thinks it is safe or proper. This puts no obstacle in his path, nor does it tell him what to do.

The General, however, has been put in an embarrassing position by what has happened in New Hampshire and Minnesota. The moment those results became known, he appeared to the whole world as an active candidate no matter how hard he might try to erase that impression or call attention to his previous utterances stating that he would not seek the nomination. He can still refrain from making an active campaign but he has reached a point where the embarrassment overflows into his post as supreme allied commander.

The General, therefore, has been giving thought to the obvious answer to the problem. It is to resign his post by asking to be relieved of his command sometime between May 15 and June 1. Anyone who stops to think about it will have to concede that it would be incongruous for the General to be carrying on military policies in an atmosphere of partisan politics. He feels now that he can no longer keep the two positions separate either in European or American eyes. The news tickers that tell from day to day about the state primary campaigns and the reporters who continually ask him for comments on developments in the political contests in the United States present a problem that has never developed before. It is natural for Gen. Eisenhower to feel that he must disassociate himself from his post and let someone else take hold who does not have the handicap that he now carries. This he has definitely decided to do.

Method Undetermined

The exact method by which General Eisenhower will submit his request for relief has not been determined—that is, whether it will be in the form of a letter to the President or the Secretary of Defense or by a personal conference in Washington with either of those two men, who are his superiors.

A certain interval would have to elapse before the name of a successor to Gen. Eisenhower could be approved by the member countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. For his successor Gen. Eisenhower has decided to recommend Gen. Gruenther, his present assistant, or Gen. Ridgway, now the Far Eastern commander. But that decision would be up to President Truman to make.

Gen. Eisenhower need not become a seeker of votes when he comes home. He has certain speeches to make at West Point and at the "American Assembly" at Columbia University and at a celebration in his home town, Abilene, Kas. He probably would accept other invitations in the month between the time he comes home late in May or in early June and the opening of the Republican Convention on July 7, but this is not something that would then take on the delicate aspect that it might otherwise have assumed if he had agreed to make the speeches, even of a non-political character, while retaining his post as supreme commander of the European Allied forces.

The 1952 Republican race is far from decided. It could still result in an Eisenhower - Taft deadlock. It is amazing to find a number of political folks saying in private that they believe MacArthur may be the beneficiary of such a deadlock. This appears an improbable outcome, because the Eisenhower faction seems to be reflecting a different concept of foreign policy than is being expressed by Gen. MacArthur in his speeches. If there's a deadlock, it is more likely to result in the nomination of some Republican who is satisfactory to both camps, possibly Sen. Lodge of Massachusetts or Gov. Warren or Harold Stassen.

Leaders Confident

The Eisenhower leaders are, however, quite confident that they are going to win and that there isn't going to be any deadlock.

President Truman may be observing the Republican race with more concern than appears on the surface. His unwillingness to say just when he will announce his intentions may be related to his desire to know how the Republican contest is crystallizing. He might even decide to wait until after the Republican convention has been held. For, if the Republicans get into a death struggle and are torn by dissensions and bitter feelings, Mr. Truman may feel inclined to risk a campaign against a divided party of his opponents. Certainly, if Eisenhower isn't nominated, the President may feel that his foreign-policy position will compel him to go into the Presidential race as against anyone who holds to a position more or less of the isolationist variety. Mr. Truman doesn't know yet what he will do, because he may really be waiting for the Republicans to make up his mind for him.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Hurrah and hallelujah! The Intellectual is vanishing from the American scene.

At a recent conference on world population and birth control held by the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. Robert C. Cook, editor of the "Journal of Heredity," warned the audience that one of the strangest phenomena of our mechanized civilization is the "rapid decrease of the intellectual group that produced it."

Unfortunately, it was brought out at the conference, intellectuals don't seem to have as many children as non-intellectuals—and that's where the trouble comes in.

I am not giving you all this in the scientific language of the conference.

To do that I would have to be an "intellectual."

I certainly am not. The only title to which I lay claim is that of "Ph. D.," which, in my case means "Phoney-Debunker."

In other words, you will have to take any scientific information I give you with a grain of salt.

Personally I am glad the "intellectual" IS vanishing.

He can't vanish fast enough to suit me.

"Intellectuals," in my opinion, have done more harm to our civilization than almost any other trouble-source I know.

Intellectuals are usually pretenders.

They pretend to have an intelligence which they do not possess. They spread false doctrines and teach false lessons under the guise of a superior intelligence.

There is a vast difference between intellectualism and intelligence.

The intellectual RATIONALIZES.

And, in philosophy, that means that REASON is a source of knowledge in itself.

In other words, if the intellectual can find a REASON for his theories, they are TRUE.

INTELLIGENCE on the other hand — and you will pardon me for seeming scientific for a moment — is "the ability to apprehend the interrelationships of presented FACTS in such a way as to guide action towards a desired goal."

Or, to make it very simple, intelligence is NATIVE sagacity; intellectualism ACQUIRED shrewdness.

Never fear, I shall now receive burning letters from many intellectuals who will tell me that I don't know what I am talking about.

These letters will be couched in great big words that I won't be able to understand.

Just like a letter I got today from a fellow in Detroit, who is dissatisfied with things as they are and who has issued a "White Paper."

In the first paragraph this sentence appears:

"This assumption of equality stems from the traditions of the peripheral society he inhabited during his youth and the philosophy taught him in an educational system collectively supported by the very same people he has upon occasion criticized."

That is an example of intellectualism.

Now for one of intelligence. It was said by Brig. General McAuliffe at Bastogne.

He said "NUTS." That's intelligence.

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 81

The opening verses of this Psalm may be thought of as the answer to the petition in vs. 3, 7, and 19 of the preceding Psalm: 'Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts; cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.' Songs of joy and musical instruments resound throughout the Land. The last great festival of Israel is being celebrated, after the trumpet, v. 3, has announced the fulfillment of the promises concerning the redemption of Israel. No longer the sufferings and sorrows of God's people, but a new sound is heard in the Land, as God speaks to them about His help in the past and His promises for the future. 'I am the Lord thy God, Which brought thee out of the land of Egypt,' He says in v. 10 and then asks them to open their mouth wide, and He will fill it—everything they ask for He will grant. In v. 6 He refers to their bondage in Egypt — the word 'pots' should be translated 'baskets,' into which they as slaves put the bricks and then carried them on their shoulders. In vs. 12-16 He reminds His people of their past failures and consequent sufferings, saying that He would have helped them long ago, had they but hearkened to His voice. Read Matthew 23:37-39.



Come to the Window

Nau kumme mol ans Fenschder,
Mei Bobbelche glee!
Wie scheine die Schtaerne
Datt drauss uff der See!

Un guck mol im Wasser,
Wu Fischelcher sin,
Wie schpiele die Schtaerne
So luschdich datt drin!

Die Bullfracke greische
Noch lauder, noch meh;
'S iss Zeit fer mei Bobbelche
Schlofe zu geh.

A Famous Old Woman

Maerrickwaddichi Fraa
waar die alt Mammi Schacht;
Do schloft sie im Daag
un sie schloft in der Nacht;
Ee Schtunn hot sie ghatt
fer zu esse un drinke,
Un yuscht en Minutt
fer e Bisselche denke.

Friday Night's Dream

Am Freidaag Nacht gedraamt,
Un Samschdaags dann verzehlt,
Des watt aa immer waahr,
Un hot noch nie net gfehlt.

There Was An Old Woman

Do warr die alt Mammi,
Un nix hot sie ghatt;
Es heesst sie waer narrisch,
Des hot re nix gschatt.

Sie hot nix zu esse,
Ken Gleeder zu draagge;
Sie hot nix zu farrichte,
Drum brauch sie net glaagge.

Sie hot nix zu gewwe,
Un dutt sie mol schtaerwe,
Iss nix hinnerlosse,
No sin aa ken Aerwe.

Aus em JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

ANECDOTES ABOUT MOSES DISSINGER

The following anecdotes are among the many related about that colorful Pennsylvania German evangelist, the Rev. Moses Dissinger, who frequently startled his audiences with brusque expressions in the dialect. The passing years have made Mose Dissinger somewhat of a legendary character, and many of the stories attributed to him possess flavor but lack truth.

The following anecdotes are selected from a paper which Prof. H. H. Shenk of Annville read before the Lebanon County Historical Society, December 17, 1915.

A bitter foe of the rebellion, during the Civil War, Dissinger lashed out at some of the prominent men of the period:

"Des Rebel Oi iss bei sellem Mischthinkel, Calhoun, gelegt warre; der Jeff Davis hot's ausgebriet and der alt Mischthaahne, der Buchanan, hot es gut gfiedert." (The rebel egg was laid by that dunghill chicken, Calhoun; it was hatched out by Jeff Davis and well fed by Buchanan.)

A woman parishioner had an unsavory reputation as a slattern. Moses undertook to improve her domestic habits. He visited her home and accepted an invitation to take dinner there. He asked the blessing in this fashion:

"Gott segne die dreckich Fraa; Gott segne des dreckich Esse; Gott segne der aarm Mose, wu es esse muss!"

(God bless this dirty woman; God bless this dirty food; God bless poor Mose who must eat it!)

During the presidential election of 1864 Dissinger was an active campaigner for the reelection of Abraham Lincoln. One evening, a few days before the election, he shared the platform at Columbia, Pa., with the distinguished A. J. Herr of Harrisburg. An unsympathetic crowd began to hurl stones at Herr while he spoke.

"In the face of such arguments" announced Herr, "I will retire."

But Moses stood his ground. Turning to the other speakers he said:

"Brethren, can you stand it? I believe I can."

But the stones came too fast. After the speakers had retreated the defiant clergyman remarked:

"Wann ich awwer mei Pischtole bei mir ghatt hett, hett der Deiwel frisch Fleesch ghatt fer's Maryesse."

("Had I had my pistols with me the devil would have had fresh meat for breakfast.")

After an impassioned sermon he described his sensations as follows:

"Die Warde hen net schtarrick genunk rauskumme kenne. Sie hen Bartzelbaam gschlagge iwwer nanner."

(The words would not flow fast enough. They turned somersaults over each other.)

To a man who entered church without removing his hat Moses scolded from the pulpit:

"Un du alter Sinder, du dusscht dei Hut vum Kopp odder ich will dich Maniere laerne, wann du noch kenni hoscht, wie mer sich bedraagt an so me Blatz."

(And you old sinner, take off your hat or I'll teach you manners, if you have none as yet. I'll show you how to behave in a place like this.)

An epigram by Dissinger: "Ich gleich die Waahret frisch vun der Schaufel" (I like the truth fresh from the shovel.)

In commenting upon the sermonizing of a colleague Dissinger said:

"Die Kuh gebt gudi Millich, awwer sie losst's zu langsam runner dropse."

(The cow gives good milk but she let's it down too slowly.)

After serving a pastorate in Philadelphia (1865-1866) he summed up his achievements as follows:

"Der Deiwel iss geleddert, iwwer en hunnert hen sich bekehrt un der Mose hot zwelf hunnert Daaler im Sack."

(The devil is whipped, over a hundred have been converted and Mose has twelve hundred dollars in his pocket.)

ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Continued

En Druwwelmacher

Paar Daag nooch sellem Faahre im Weggli waar die Betzy in der Schtor gange fer Sach griegge un uff em Heemweeg iss die Guzzi Finkelbinder ihre engeegge kumme. Eb sie gans bei re waar, hot sie schunn aagfange:

"Betzy, du settscht meh acht gewwe wu du die Buwe bosscht. Ich hab geglaabt du deetscht die Leit meh eschdemiere ass sell." "Un wu bosscht du deiner?"

"Du brauchscht net schmart warre deweegge. Ich denk wann dei Daadi sell mol ausfindt, schtaabt's in eirem Haus. Er findt's aa aus, waart yuscht."

"Guzzi, du waarscht alsfert en darrich un darrich Druwwelmacher do in Porters. Es hot mich schunn lang gwunnert ass net ebber dich gmosselt hot. Du hoscht immer die Naas in annere Leit ihre Bissness. Du settscht dir mol en Mann griegge ass dir weise kann was en Boss dutt zu dir. Der Druwwel iss, du kennscht dei Maul net lang genunk zu halte fer sell. Vun heit ab — un vergess net. Ich wann dich. Wann du widder retscht iwwer mich, no fang ich emol aa. Ich saag de Leit, wie ich dich sellemol gfange hab unnich em alte Hoischopp glegge mit me gheierter Mann. Ich waar noch glee, awwer ich hab's net vergesse. Ich hab aa net vergesse, ass du mir Kendi gewwe hoscht un mich gwannt, ass ich darreft nix saagge deweegge zu niemand. Hoscht du sell vergesse?" Der Betzy ihre Aagge hen Feier drin ghatt.

Die Guzzi hot paarmol gschluckt. Ihre Zung waar drucke, sie hot browiert awwer es iss nix rauskumme. Dessemol waar sie geleddert. Sie iss schnell abgloffe unne en Watt meh gsaagt.

Es waar ihre bang dass sie sich nau mol in Druwwel grickt. Sie hot ihre Fehler nau gsehne. Sie hot gwisst ass der Solly wunderbaar iwwer die Betzy haergeht, wann sie heemkummt, fer sie hot yuscht em Solly gsaagt ghatt baut de Betzy ihre Boss. Sie hot sich nau gfarricht ass die Betzy de Leit saagt baut ihre Versammling unner em Hoischopp. Sie waar net weit gange eb sie schnell rumgedreht iss un der Betsy nooch.

"Gott im Himmel! Betzy, vergeb mir," hot sie gebeddelt, wu sie uffgfange hot zu de Betzy. "Harrich mol, Betzy. Ich hab deim Daadi gsaagt, ass du der Billy Gleffel gebosst hoscht, awwer yuscht verleggel's. Saag ich hab gelogge," hot sie gsaagt.

"Ich verleggel nix. Wann ich der Billy, odder eenicher annere Mann bosse will boss ich so viel ass mir schmackt."

"Gell, du saagscht awwer nix baut meine Dummheit wu ich gmacht hab eb ich Verschtand hab ghatt? Du weesscht ass ich noch arrig yung waar, un er hot mich nei gschwetzt. Endwedders hett ich in meim Lewe net gedenkt fer mich abgewwe mit eenicher Mann."

"Kumm mir net mit so ebbes. Arrig yung! Ei, du bischt siwwezeh Yaahr elder ass ich, un ich waar dreizeh Yaahr alt, wu du unnich em Hoischopp waarscht. Schwetze vun Dummheit! Du waarscht dreissich Yaahr alt un hoscht der seem Verschtand nau, ass du selli Zeit ghatt hoscht. Ich will dir des eischarrefe. Wann du die Retscherei net schtoppe duscht vun mir, saag ich alle ebber ass ich ken, was aagange iss unner em Hoischopp," hot die Betzy gsaagt un iss abgeloffe.

Nooch der Retscherei

Wu die Betzy heemkumme iss, waar der Solly an der Scheier. Ihre Mudder waar in der Kich am Backe, un die Betzy hot aagfange helfe am Backe. Al' uff eemol hot ihre Mammi aagfange, "Betzy, der Daadi iss schinners aus fix."

"Fer was?"

"Ei, ass du der Billy Gleffel gebosst hoscht uff de Vedderbortsch."

Die Betzy hot laut naus glacht. "Fer was hot sel ihn aux fix gebrocht? Es hot ihm nix geduh, will ich hoffe."

"Lach net, harriyammer! Ei, wu die Guzzi Finkelbinder ihm's gsaagt hot, iss er wunderbaar bees waare. Ei, er hot gflucht wie en Sinder!"

Die Betzy hot widder glacht, "Waare es wieschte Wadde?"

"Ei, ich denk aa es waare. Er hot en Roi gmacht wie des :"Zapperlot, Dunnerwedder, Deihenker, Deiwelsgloowe! Betz, es waar schauderlich zu heere vun me Vorschteher."

"Ya, Memm," hot die Betzy gsaagt, "vergess net ass der Deiwel aa beede kann, un es sin manniche in de Karriche, ass sich verschteckle hinnich em Karricheraad."

Der Solly iss awwer net neikumme, bis es Esse reddi waar, un bei selle Zeit waar er ordlich abgekiehlt. Er hot alsfert en lang Gebet gmacht am Disch, awwer desmoll hot er sich ghockt un aagfange, "Gott, mir danke Dir fer des Lewesmiddel Du uns widder gewwe hoscht. Bhalt uns vun Schande un helf uns unser Dochter grischtlich mache. Amen."

Die Betzy hot ihre Mudder en Blick gewwe un hot en gleener Schmunsel gsehne in ihre Aagge.

Der Solly hot kens aageguckt. Er hot yuscht aafange esse, awwer wu er faddich waar, hot er aagfange mit der Betzy.

"Betz, nau will ich dir ebbes saage. Ich will des dunners Mannsleit-Bosse bletzlich gschtoppt hawwe, un no noch uff de Vedderbortsch. Ei, ich muss mich schemme, mei Gsicht zu weise un yuscht darrich dei Aaschleeg. Schemmscht dich net?"

"Nee, ich duh net, un ferwas settscht du dich schemme? Hoscht du die Mammi net gebosst, wu du sie schpaziert hoscht?"

"Fer es aerscht, die Leit denke mir hen dich so greest. Fer es anner, gehts dich nix aa, eb die Mammi un ich so ebbes geduh hen odder net."

"Nee," hot die Betzy gsaagt, "ich glaab net ass du hoscht. Es waar dir bang ass die Mammi Blessier draus grickt. Noch eens, es iss net verbodde in de Biwel. Es lest, sie hen nanner gebosst un Jesus hot nix gsaagt deweegge. Wann es recht waar no, iss es heit noch recht."

"Recht?" hot der Solly gegrische, "Waar es recht wu der Tschudas unser Jesus bedroogge hot mit me Boss?"

"Sell iss annerschter. Es macht viel aus wann en Mannskall en Weibsmensch bosst."

"Nix do. Viel Weibsleit warre bedroogge mit me Boss," hot der Sollay gsaagt, un beim Dunner, es muss gschtoppt sei."

Die Betzy waar ruhich. Sie hot gwisst, wie bees er watt, wann eber ihm wedderbatt gebt,

Der Billy iss iwwel draa

Die Zeit iss rumgange un der Billy hot als noch sei Glaawe ghatt, ass die Leit gemeent hen er waer schuldich.

Do un datt hot die Betzy Pischperes g'heert ass viel Leit ihre Glaawe waer wedder em Billy.

En Yaahr waar verbei gange un die Leit hen's net vergesse ghatt. Sie hen nanner gfroogt ferwas die Amtsleit net der Dremp nunnergsucht hen zidder die Tschuri em Billy frei gewwe hen.

Die Betzy un der Billy sin als zammekumme drei-odder viermol owets alle Woch, wann sie drauss waare mit ihre Reitgell. Sie hen's regler ausgmacht awwer sie hen's schtill ghalte, un hen nanner gmiet im Holsland um Porters rum.

Vielmools, Sunndaagnochmiddaags, sin sie zammekumme un sin rum-gridde bis nooch Dunkel, awwer der Billy hot net zu de Betzy ihre Heemet kumme darrefe. Der Solly het ihn abgeyaagt. Sie waare alle zwee liebgrank, awwer sie hen gwisst was de Leit ihre Gedanke waare. Fer sell iss der Billy nimmi in die Karrich gange, awwer es hot aa niemand sich bekimmert deweegge, ass die Betzy. Der Parre hot nimmi noochgfroogt weegge em Billy un iss aa net gange ihn sehne.

Die Betzy hot net gwisst eb der Parre sich gfarricht hot weegge seine Gemee odder eb er der Billy uff em Verlore-Schof-Lischt hot ghatt, ennihau sie hot sich gedruwwelt deweegge. Sie hot gwisst, ass sie un der Billy ken Barye schlagge kenne mit em Solly, fer ihn zu griegge, ass er erlaawe deet fer sie zu heiere.

'S iss farrichterlich wann zwee yunge Leit mit nanner in Lieb falle un en Vadder halt wedderbatt, Awwer der Solly waar schtarrkepich vun Aafang ab un iss so gebliwwe.

Der Solly Gebt Bissel No

Paar Daag vor de Grischtdaag hot der Solly es Gscharr uff sei Gaul un iss darrich der Schnee gridde noch Jefferson. Er hot net gsaagt was er nooch waar, awwer wu er heemkumme iss hot er en neier Schlidde ghatt fer de Betzy ihre Grischtkindel. Er hot wunderbaar gschmunselt, wu er heemkumme iss un hot gschtoppt vanne am Haus. No hot er gruufe. "Betz, kumm do raus." Die Betzy iss gschwind naus.

"Wie gleichscht dei neier Schlidde?"

"Harriyammer! Paepp, iss er mei?"

"Ya, es iss dei . . . dei Grischtkindel."

"Ei, du siesser alter Ding," hot die Betzy gsaagt un iss uff ihn los imme Schprung un hot ihm en grosser Boss gewwe. "Ich bedank mich, Paepp."

"Halt! Nix vun dem dunnerse Gboss," hot er gsaagt, awwer die Betzy hot ihm aasehne kenne, ass er der Boss gegliche hot. "So ebbes bin ich net gewehnt," hot er hinnedruff gsaagt un iss ab noch de Scheier gfaahre.

Sell waar es aerscht Mool ass die Betzy ihre Daadi gebosst hot in ihrm Lewe, un wu der Solly am Abgscharre waar hot er aagfange peife. Sell waar ebbes, ass er net geduh hot ghatt fer Yaahre. Es hot ihn selwert verschreckt. Er hot gschtoppt. Er hot net verschteh kenne ass er am Peife waar. Er hot gwunnert zu sich selwert, eb en Boss so ebbes me Mann aahole deet.

Der Weeg wie er gfiehlt hot waar's unbekannt zu ihm. Er hot net ausmache kenne eb's waar, ferdas er der Betzy en Grischtkindel kaaft hot odder eb's ihre Boss waar. Er hot gedenkt, wann es ihre Boss waar, will er nimmi wunnere ferwas der Billy Gleffel iwwer die Hoffens getschumpt iss un no in Lieb gfalle mit der Betzy.

Awwer fer sell hot er net kenne schteh. Er hot in seim Haz geglaabt ass der Billy gildi waar un hett kanwickt sette sei.

(To be Continued)

NOTE:

Moses Dissinger was born in Schaefferstown, Lebanon County, on March 17, 1824. Converted at eighteen he became a preacher in the Evangelical Church in 1854. After a long and colorful career he died in Douglas County, Kansas, January 25, 1883. A short account of his life was written in German by Heinrich Stetzel and published in Allentown, Pa. in 1892. It is now a rare little Allentown imprint.

It is related that Moses Dissinger also preached in Allentown for some time. One Sunday he made the curious announcement that he would upon the following Sunday do something that even the devil could not do. Many gathered, curious to know what he was going to do. At the end of his sermon he only announced that he was now leaving Allentown! — ED.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GREE IS AW 'N FARAB:

Soicha os maina gree wear ken farab, hetta numma mohl 'm Mondawg in Nei Yarrick sei solla—St. Patricks dawg. Wohrhoft 's wor allas gree os m'r aw gaguck'd hut — evens die shwartza sin rum galoffa un hen wenich ebbes greenas on sich kotta. Wil wetta won der Myles Werley fons Peters Motor Co. driwwa gawest wear os er aw ni lieb g'falla wear mit gree, ferol os er maint gree wear ken farab. Soicha uf kours os der Myles shun fer yohrra sehna hen fohrra mit seim weedicha Studabaker, hen immer gamaint gree wear 'm Myles sei liebshtie farab —un doch hut er gree aryer uf 'm shtrich wie siva dawg raya wedder.

Shun tzwae mohl huts gadroffa os der Myles 'n greenie mashine kotta hut—ols bicher halter in da Peters offis hut er net onnerra im waig shtae wolla, un hut ols ganumma wos iwwerich wor—alla mohl 'n greenie mashine. Des yohr wie er 's fever grick'd hut fer widder mashina wexla, hut er da boova tzu fershtae gewwa os er ken greenie wot. Bis es ow'r recht druf un draw krumma is, wohrhoft won net widder 'n greenie mashine iwwerich wor, un woh widder in aim hoar om Myles hanka gabliva wear. Uf die ledshd minute hut er sich ow'r uf die hinnerra g'shteld un g'sawt, 's sot 'n glaenie shwartzie gluck 'n picka won er widder 'n greenie mashine nemma dade—dessa mohl wot er 'n shwartzie howwa.

Fer 'n longie shtory kartz mohca hen sie noh 'n arder nei fer 'n shwartzie mashine, un grawd druf hut der John Yarrick 'm Myles sei greenie mashine ferkauft. Sel nadierlich hut gamaint os der Myles 'n gayusdie mashine nemma hut missa bis sei shwartzie rei kumt shpaiter nous. Wel aenicha waig, wie sie 'm sie gayusde mashine gabrocht hen fer yusa, wos farab dada n'r denka os sie 'm gewwa hen? Yar, sel is recht, die aller shansd gree mashine os die Peters Motor Co. in fermaiga kotta hut. Die barichda sin, der Myles het 'n gahairich g'sicht gamocht, ow'r die weil os er shun fer die ledshda yohra nix g'fohrra hut wie greena mashina, hut er abissel gablins'ld, paar mohl g'shluck'd, un sie ganumma mit ous weiters fiel sawga.

Ow'r wie g'sawt, won der Myles 'm Mondawg in Nei Yarrick gawest wear wie die Irisha om parada worra, het er net heifa kenna os wie in lieb falla mit gree. Fiel fon da druppa worra aw gaduh in grawsa—greener glaider, hen greena fahna gadrawga, un dale woh onnerra farva glaider gawora hen, hen heet uf kotta mit greena fedderra. Evens fon da shwartza—un woh mohl so shure os allas net Irish sin, hen gree on sich kotta, ferol os m'r wase fer freeda halta mit da Irisha woh ol iwwer druppa weiss tzu sehna worra. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 'n mensch het 's hartz net howwa darfa fer ae wert sawga gaeich die Irisha—war het, wear mohl shure net lavenich weck kumma.

Gree wor drump, 's same wies aw shun fer yohrra wor beim Myles Werley mit seina mashina. Der Myles uf kours hut gree 's yohr rum fer da auga kotta, woh sie in Nei Yarrick yusht ae dawg im yohr hen woh gree drump is. Aenicha waig, 's wor shae 'm Mondawg fer ol die paraderrei sehna woh sie kotta hen, 's same wie m'r aw shure sin os der Myles wunnerbore hipsch guck'd, won er mohl rum fohrt mit ra shwartza mashine.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'N ad im owets Chronicle, un Call-Chronicle morya, gebt die folla barichda fon da train exkursion da 20d Obril, fers Oshter Show sehna in Nei Yarrick.

Horoscope

Excellent aspects are operating at this time and probably some unexpected good fortune and happiness are ahead. Today's child is likely to be possessed of much charm.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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Editorials

Police Memory Is Long

There is so much detail for the police in keeping track of motorists who park illegally and whose cars are tagged for the offenses that some drivers apparently believe immunity can be achieved thru ignoring the summonses which have been applied to their cars. But the long arm of the police department now is reaching out for them to prove that police memory is long and ultimately it gets around to the offenders.

In recent days the traffic department has announced that some offenders have ignored as many as half a dozen summonses and that they are being brought to time. Even at this high figure the Allentown police department still is very much ahead of the New York department where recently it was announced that some violators had as many as 25 to 30 outstanding, unanswered summonses and were finally being pulled up short and compelled to pay customary fines and extraordinary costs.

Our local police have lost patience with the persistent offenders who either think they have charmed lives or that the police do not keep records and follow up on them. These offenders are learning the costliness of their indifference or forgetfulness or whatever emotion it was that prompted disregard for the summonses. In their learning this lesson example is afforded to all other motorists that the police are determined to enforce traffic regulations and that they will go thru to the finish with each and every case.

Windup Red Cross Job

As had been expected from previous experience, the recent Red Cross campaign in Lehigh County went over the top even tho at the scheduled hour for the end of the campaign the goal had not been attained by something short of $9,000. Belated receipts from distant areas have served to put the figures well over the $110,000 mark which was the campaign quota.

One more job remains however for the campaigners: Raising $8,100 for the tornado victims in the Mid-West. Some of that money already is in hand thru immediate, unsolicited contributions. These came from citizens who were touched by the distress of many thousands of Americans, knew that a national appeal was being made and that Allentown and Lehigh County would be expected to provide a fair share of the relief. But the principal part of the required local sum remains to be raised. This will be accomplished, without any doubt, when the campaigners in one superb house-to-house, doorbell-ringing campaign on Monday night will give everybody in this community the opportunity to help in this immediate, American crisis.

Smiles Amid the Tears

Even tho the splendid basketball team of Catasauqua High School lost out to Coatesville's five at Hershey in the State semi-finals, the team captured and holds the hearts of the people thruout this Valley for having carried the school's colors to higher point in Pennsylvania schoolboy competition than any Iron Boro team in history.

There is therefore a mixture of sadness and regret with high admiration in the hearts of Lehigh Valley basketball fans. They did heartily wish that Catasauqua would gain another rung on the climb up the ladder of basketball fame. They are disappointed and sorry that the boys failed but they are nevertheless happy and proud of the team's ability, its strong fighting spirit and its record, even if it fell just a little short of reaching the top.

Reds' Ranks Thinning

When World War II broke out and Germany, following Japan's example, had declared war upon the United States, the FBI closed in upon the members of the German American Bund and a host of German agents in the United States. Almost over night it had locked up the trained saboteurs whose job it was to destroy and create confusion in this country, especially in industry and transportation, when "Der Tag" had arrived.

It was indicated then that the FBI had had confidential agents inside the Bund and that the FBI knew just about as much concerning the Bund's members as the German embassy and the espionage heads in Berlin.

In like manner there is every reason to believe that the FBI today is quite well informed about the activities of Communist cells in the United States. Some of these inside agents who are engaged in the game of counter espionage have to be revealed at important court trials. Their usefulness from that point on must of course be impaired seriously.

When J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, speaks of the Communists in the United States, it can be believed that he speaks from inside information on their doings. We can believe it to be true when he says that the party ranks now number only about 31,600, a figure that he gave to a Congressional committee recently.

Indications are that the Reds have purged their own party membership quite sharply. In addition there have been thousands of defections by members who have had their eyes opened and realize that it is not so smart to be a Red as they used to think. A lot also have quit because it has become too dangerous to be exposed to public opinion and where their jobs are affected by loyalty to the nation they have found it practical to sneak out of the Red ranks.

While the party membership has been sharply reduced those who remain, and those who maintain loyalty without card-carrying membership, continue to be a menace. Undoubtedly the boldest and the reddest of the gang remain in the ranks. They can be the most dangerous in the event of a crisis. We do not have to become hysterical about them, but we may as well bear in mind that they continue in circulation and that they are bounden to become bad actors when the command is given.

Spring on the Highway

Now that spring is here officially, with some guarantee that the weather will be getting warmer, we can look for more use of the nation's highways. More cars will be taken out of storage as the weeks go by and readied for a long driving season that will extend into the summer and fall. Plans will be laid for week-end and longer trips that will take the tourists to beaches, state and national parks and historic spots throughout the nation.

Commuters from the suburbs who have had the roads pretty much to themselves during the winter will find that traffic will be heavier now. Safe driving methods will have to be revised to take into consideration the returned good-weather driver. The signs seem to point to a safer-driving year, but one cannot be too sure until the season is well on its way and the accident statistics point to a continued low in the motor-vehicle column.

No one can blame the driver who has been off the road for a few months for flexing his muscles and getting ready for a fine driving year. The feeling of power that a return to the wheel of a car gives is a heady one. However, one must hope for a display of responsibility as well as of enthusiasm. Accidents are avoidable. The driver can do his part this spring by seeing that his car is in good condition and by resolving to share the road in safety with his fellows instead of trying to compete for position, which often leads to disaster. — New York Times.

Spring Tryouts



Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 84:1-9

Emotion is a legitimate part of real religion. The emotions of the Psalmist are deeply stirred in this Psalm as he contemplates the delight of the time spent in the amiable (lovely) dwelling places of God — the Church of our dispensation. He feels a real longing for the courts of God's house; his heart, his whole being, singing for joy as he contemplates the privilege of being in God's presence in His sanctuary. Think of the large number of people who can make no response to this exclamation of the poet, having no love for God, no desire to worship Him. How much more reasonable is the sparrow, or the swallow, seeking a spot in the Temple area as a shelter for its young, v. 3, as though even a bird could realize a sense of safety and security under the shadow of God's wings! 'Blessed indeed are they that dwell in God's house,' v. 4. Verses 5-8 seem to refer to a group of pilgrims on their way to God's house — and their way is in their hearts, v. 5, not minding the difficulties of the journey until finally they find themselves in the very presence of God in Zion.

Public Opinion

OUR MUNICIPAL TAX PROBLEMS AND THE JOHN H. ALLEN FOUNDATION

Editor, The Morning Call:
Sir:

The John H. Allen Foundation, associated with Lafayette College, is performing a valuable service for citizens and public officials by bringing experts to our city to discuss various phases of our public revenue problems at a time when taxation is recognized as a major public concern.

The Foundation has conducted some highly interesting and informative conferences dealing especially with local government problems, and the latest conference on March 4th was attended by a number of representative citizens and officials. Similar conferences are planned for the future and your active interest and cooperation are invited. Throughout his lifetime, John H. Allen strove earnestly to interest people in a more just and scientific system of taxation.

THE GRADED TAX LEAGUE

The Graded Tax League of Pennsylvania, which has active members in many cities including Easton, is also interested in a more just and scientific tax system for Pennsylvania cities. The League is now directing attention to the fact that the Pennsylvania Legislature, through Act. No. 299, approved by Governor Fine on Aug. 17, 1951, has opened the way for the 47 Pennsylvania cities of the third class to modernize their tax structure so as to be able to raise adequate revenue with less burden on the average citizen.

At the invitation of the Mayor and Council of Easton, the merits of this plan were explained and discussed at a conference at City Hall on March 4th. The City of Easton already has a separate assessment of land and buildings, which is the first essential step for the introduction of the new tax plan.

Fourth Class Counties are also moving the direction of a better zssessment system. On May 21, 1942, the Legislature enacted the Fourth Class County law requiring the separate assessment of the value of land and the value of improvements (P.L. 517, Art. VI, 603.)

If you are interested in lower taxes on homes and other improved properties, write for the folder "A Practical Program for Reducing Taxes on Improved Real Estate.

For further information address Graded Tax League of Penn., 710 Bakewell Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

George F. Hellick
An Allentown Property Owner
Member, Graded Tax League of Pa.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 29, 1927, a Tuesday

"If we will face issues and ignore sentiment in politics, the so-called machine will be just as good as we allow it to be," declared Mrs. Mary B. Herbert, vice chairman of the State Democratic committee at the Quota Club's March dinner meeting at Hotel Allen.

Members of the Lehigh Valley Purchasing Agents Assn., representing more than a score of business houses in this section, met at the Elks Club to discuss matters pertaining to their professions and enjoy a four-reel motion picture describing logging and lumbering in the northwest.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

After General Benedict Arnold had turned traitor in the Revolutionary War, and was fighting with Lord Dunmore in Virginia, a tight-lipped Colonial prisoner was led before him. General Arnold was anxious to learn from this prisoner what was the public attitude toward him, and promised not only immunity but an early release for an absolutely honest answer.

The prisoner thought for a moment, then declared, "Sir, we would bury with full military honors the noble leg that bears the honorable scars of Saratoga, but what we would do to the rest of your treasonable carcass I leave to your imagination."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SEI WINSCH IS WOHR WERRA: Won sei lebdawg ebber grick'd hut ferwos er gawinsch'd hut dafor, don is es der Ray Ritter fon nagshd on Albrights. Der Ray hut sich 'm Mondawg gayair'd, un etlicha oweta dafor on ra korta party on da Weibsleit Klub uf da Walnis shtross, ebbes g'sawt wie won ebber sich yusht erbarma maich'd fer 'm 'n surprise party mocha.

Ains waig odder da onner, hut 'm Earl Schradin sei fraw die Sadie, un 'm Frank Forgan sei fraw die Sallie, die socha iwwer hoert—un ol woh sellie tzwae kenna, wissa ous erfohring os der Ray nix may weiter sawga hut breicha. Der Ray hut die socha uf kours g'sawt mit ra maining sie gangda tzu aim ohr nei, un tzum onnerra nous, ow'r sel wor woh er badroga wor.

'S wor ow'r net bis 'm Mondawg farmie dawg os die Sadie un die Sallie uf der chob sin, un hen so shtarrick shoffa missa fer dale tzomma griega fer owets gae der Ray susprisa, os sie fiel iwwer hupt hen os saw ei galawda weara werra fer kumma, won may tzeit gawest wear. Yusht wons eicht paar mainer gawest weara, hetta sie aintwedders 'n tzelt uf shloga missa drous im hofe, odder die party noch ma Fire Hall nemma missa.

Wel aenicha waig, der Ray shoft fer die Express kumpany doh in da shtadt, un sei fraw die Margurite "Molly," koch'd on da Parkland hoch shule. Der Ray hut shun long tzurick galarnt os die bensa net woxa uf bame, un shtaid moryets om drei uhr uf, un woh ols die Molly aw uf shtaid fer 'm breakfasht mocha. Wie der Ray ow'r fert noch da arwet is, gait sie widder tzurick ins bed bis so uhra siva, un shtaid free Mondawgs uf fer wesha.

'M Mondawg hut sie widder gawesha wie gawainlich, un 'm Ray g'sawt fer die wesh nommy dawgs nei nemma won er hame kaimt. Die wesh wor shae drucka wie er hame kumma is, ow'r hut sich noh hee galaig'd shlofa, un ferhoftich sei wons net nommy dawgs garayer'd hut, un die wesh is frish nei noss werra. Onnerra tzeita big'ld die Molly Mondawg owets, ebbes os sie 'm Mondawg owet net duh hut kenna.

Wel aenicha waig, die party leit hen alla hond alter gadrash ei gawick'ld in shae bobier, uns tzu gabumma mit bond shlip fer 'm Ray gewwa ols gabutzdawg presents. Er hut alla hond alta socha grick'd so wie ei gabrochna bocka bicher, ous gaworna heet, g'flickda shtrimp, un der shinner wase wos shunshd. Dabei wor uf kours aw 'n arrick shae hem un shlipchie, un aw dale onnerra brouchborra socha.

Der Frank Forgan hut owets g'sawt wie er hame kumma is fon da arwet, won die Molly om bigla wear, un der Ray dade rum hucka mit ma wertdawgs hem, hetta sie nix gawist fon da party. Wel, wie sie onna kumma sin hut der Ray grawd sella waig k'huck'd luft bilder watcha, yusht die Molly wor net om bigla weil die wesh net drucka wor. Da Molly ihra shweshter Mabel —des is 'm Paul Wieand sei Mabel hut owets uf garufa wunnerra ebs Rays' dahame weara, noh kaimt sie mit nei bis der Paul tzurick kaimt fon da hoch shule, woh er owets shule hut.

Der Ray sol ol auga gawest sei wit die party leit nei ins hous kumma sin, uns airsht os die Molly gaden'k hut tzu sawga wor, "Oy duh Gott, un ich hob nix im hous tzu essa." Yusht 's hut net g'fail'd on da esserrei—die party leit hen allas gabrocht os sie gabreich'd hen, un 'n lot mainer. Ol hen 'n gutie tzeit kot os wies Rays' boo Dale net, un woh nix ous g'funna hut fon da party bis er hame kumma is fon ra Scout fersommling. Der Dale hut gore mechdich gatzong'd bei seinra Mom da Molly, ow'r sie hut 'm noh glei tzu fershtae gewwa os sie aw nix gawist het fon da socha—'s wear allas hinna rum gaduh werra.

Der Ray klaimt, ol sei lava dade er die party net fergessa, uns wor net bis darrich die nocht os es 'm bei g'falla is os er yoh gons un gore fergessa het die leit tzu tzaila os darta worra, un hut noh ken aug fol may g'shlofa bis es moryets om drei uhr widder tzeit wor fer uf shtae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Da 20d Obril won m'r 'n train exkursion noch Nei Yarrick nemma sin 'n lot may onnerra socha ei tzu nemma wie yusht unser bus trip darrich unner Nei Yarrick, un 's Oshter Show—'s Ringling Show is om gae in Madison Square Garden, uns sin tzwae grossa balla game in da shtadt.

Die Giants shpiela in Brooklyn, un die Fildelfy A's die Yankees —sis fer sellie uhrsoch os m'r die trip tickets hen, fer yusht die train ride, so os yaders sehna kon wos es wil.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Have you occasional headaches?

You may think they are caused by an upset stomach or by a hangover or by any one of a hundred other reasons.

Maybe that isn't it at all.

Your headaches may be caused by PERFECTIONISM.

At least that is what Dr. Harold G. Wolff, professor at Cornell University Medical College, thinks.

Dr. Wolff has made experiments with hundreds of headache sufferers.

This is the way a "perfectionist headache" shows itself: There is a violent swelling of the blood vessels in the head. Your head throbs like mad and all the aspirin in the world won't do it any good.

First you have to change your "psychological behavior."

Like all psychologists, Dr. Wolff has an explanation for this perfection complex.

"A childhood background such as parental competition for the child's affection," he calls it.

I give this to you only for what it may be worth to you.

In my opinion psychologists still have a whole lot to learn.

Too many people who have an extra couch that they don't know what to do with, have turned to psychology as a means of making a living and paying for the couch.

Incidentally, speaking about psychology, one of my readers, F. A. Turner of Fairhope, Ala., seems to have a pretty good idea about the subject.

He gives me two examples.

One is about some boys in Louisiana, where he spent his childhood.

One of the boys was considered the dumbest in town, another one the smartest.

The smartest boy wanted to show off before the others.

So he asked the dumbest boy, "Where is New York?" "I don't know," was the answer.

He asked him about San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans.

The other didn't know where any of them were.

"Gee, you are dumb," said the smart boy. "You don't even know where New Orleans is, when it is right here in our own state."

The dumb boy looked ashamed of himself. Then he asked the smart boy:

"Where is Cedar Creek?" The smart boy didn't know.

"Well, by gosh, it's right over here the other side of your own parish and you don't know where it is! What's the use knowing all those far away places when you don't even know your own parish?"

The other example happened in Memphis, Tenn.

The fellows were sitting around the stove in the local lodge hall, talking about this and that.

Fritz, an old German, said "Vell, boys, I see by der efening paper where Mayor Crump has issued orders for eferbody to haf der howses schreened by April Foist.

"I tink dot's too early for schreens.

"It's all right to swat der flies about dot time of der year but schreening — you don't do dot till May der Foist."

Mr. Turner ends his letter by wondering why it is that the dumbest man in a crowd is always the first to speak up.

Horoscope

Refuse to take unnecessary risks and your year should be a good and progessive one. Today's child may be an optimist to whom difficulties are only met to be overcome.

Success Secrets

By ELMER WHEELER

If success has escaped you up until now, give yourself a second "look" and try to bring forth an untried personal asset that will bear fruit.

Down in the little town of Halifax, Va., there's a charming and busy woman who can tell you that it pays to take a second look at the cupboard. Her name is Mary Watkins McLaughlin.

She suddenly found herself faced with the responsibility of raising her two children. She was confronted with the inescapable fact that she must make her living and do it at home.

As she looked through her cupboard she found that it was indeed rather barren of assets. Her second look revealed a recipe for curing and cooking country hams, a treasured formula that had been in existence prior to the Revolutionary War.

She set to work with this single asset. She purchased hams from lean, peanut-fed hogs. She cured them in the traditional, unhurried manner. It meant waiting two years before the hams were properly aged and ready to market.

Finally, food experts tasted the finished product and were convinced. They wrote about it. And orders started to flow into Halifax.

Last year Mary Watkins McLaughlin went to New York. She left with an order for 300 of her famous hams.

Most of her troubles are now over — thanks to that second look in the cupboard.



ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Continued

Uff der Demegraadisch Versammling

Uff de Nei Yaahr hen die Demegraade en Versammling in Yarrick ghatt un der Tscheek Holtzbinger, der Tschuri Kommischner hot in Heidelbarrig Taunschip gwuhnt, un hot net lee geh welle.

Der Solly waar en Republigaaner, awwer er un der Tscheek waare Leweszeit Freind, un darrich sell hot der Tscheek der Solly eigelaade fer mit geh. Der Solly waar net so hatt gedaaft in die Republigaaner Pardi, ass es ihm viel ausgmacht hot, un er iss mit em Tscheek gange.

Nooch em grosse Esse hen sie Schwetzer ghatt. Deel hen die Republigaaner Bschisser, Ketzer, Geilsdieb un schier gaar alles es ihne ins Maul kumme iss, gheesse.

Nooch sellem waar en Schoo. En yung Meedel iss uff die Blaettform gange un hot gedanst. Der Solly waar net viel indressiert drin, bis sie en Schtrippretzer Dans geduh hot. Sell waar meh waut ass es Esse un de Schwetzer ihre Gebabbel zum Solly.

Uff em Heemweeg hot der Tscheek gfroogt, "Well, Solly, wie hoscht du seli gegliche?"

"Well," hot der Solly aagfange, "es Esse waar zimmlich gut, die Schwetzer waare Blosheiser. Awwer sell Meedel, wu seller Schtrippretzer Dans geduh hot! Ich will dir saage, sie kennt arrig gschwind en Demegraad aus mir mache," un der Solly hot gschmunselt.

"Hoscht du die Schwetzer net gegliche?"

"Nee, die Demegraade hen yuscht so viel Ketzer un Bschisser, ass die annere aa."

"Awwer gell, du hoscht es Meedel gegliche?"

"Ya, un sie waar aa verdammt gut gebaut."

"Ei, Solly! Ich hab net gedenkt ass so ebbes dich aapacke deet," hot der Tscheek glacht un hot em Solly uff die Gnie gschlagge. Sie hen gschwetzt vun ball eenich ebbes, Bolitix, Kaerrich, Bauerei, Bauersleit un endlich hot der Tscheek gfroogt, "Iss es waar, ass du der Betzy en neier Schlidde kaaft hoscht fer en Grischkindel?"

"Ya, ich hab's geduh, ass sie ihre Gedanke vum Billy Gleffel grickt. Er kummt net sie sehne, awwer es iss mir bang, er kennt."

"Ferwas witt net hawwe, ass der Billy kummt die Betzy sehne? Er iss nunnergezaamt zidder er in der Bressent waar. Wann er aa wennich wild waar paar Yaahr zerick, ich hab's gaar net geglaabt, ass er maddere deet. Ich dauer der aarm Bukker."

"Ich dauer ihn net. Sie hen ihn frei gewwe, awwer sie hen net ausgfunne, wer es geduh hot, un bis sell ausgfunne iss, glaab ich was ich will weegge seinre Unschuldichkeit."

"Solly, du bischt letz. Mir sette allebber wie sell mithelfe fer en frischer Schtart mache. De Leit ihre Glaawe macht of en schlechter Ketzer aus me gude Mann."

"Es macht mer nix aus. Ich will net hawwe, ass unser eensichscht Kind sich abgebt mit ihm. Ich bin aa froh ass sie nix meh hot zu duh mit ihm."

Der Solly Bleibt Schtowwerich

Der Tscheek hot gwisst ass der Solly alsfert schtowwerich waar. Er hot aa gwisst, ass der Billy un die Betzy nanner gliebt hen un ass sie regler zammekumme. Der Tscheek hot gwisst ass sell ihre eensichscht Blessier waar, un er hett net, fer ken Geld, geretscht zum Solly.

Der Tscheek hot net vergesse, ass er aa mool yung waar un fer zerick denke an die Blessier, wu er ghatt hot in seine Schpatzierdaage, hot ihm gut geduh. Newich sellem, er waar alsnoch in Lieb mit der Becky, seinre Fraa. Sei Glaawe waar immer gwest, ass die Welt en besserer Blatz waer, wann die Leit meh Lieb hedde fer nanner.

"Hot die Betzy ken Bufreind?" hot der Tscheek gfroogt.

"Nee, sie baddert sich net weege Buwe. Sie hot alles, ass sie will odder brauch. Sie grickt 's ihre Leweszeit net besser. Sie schafft, wann sie will, geht fatt wann sie will un kummt heem wann sie reddi iss."

"Hoscht du ihre verbodde, Buwe zu hawwe?"

"Nee, ich hab net, awwer zidder ich em Billy Gleffel der Hof verbodde hab, kumme ken Buwe meh rum."

Der Tscheek hot sei Kopp gedreht un hot zu sich selwert gschmunselt, awwer nix gsaagt zu sellem.

Wu der Solly heemkumme iss, hot er gfroogt, wu die Betzy iss, un sei Fraa hot gsaagt, ass sie iss niwwer zu ihre Endi gange zu en Neiyaahr Pardi.

"Iss sie niwwer in ihrm neie Schlidde?"

"Ya."

"Ich denk sie will en abweise," hot der Solly glacht.

"Ei, ich denk aa. Wannich sie waer, mit so me scheene Schlidde, deet ich mei Naas zimmlich hochdraage. Ei, Solly, es iss der schennscht Schlidde im gans Heidelbarrig Taunschip. Ich wett, du hoscht so viel, ass en hunnert Daaler gewwe fer en."

Der Solly hot yuscht bissel gschmunselt, "es geht niemand nix aa, was die Koschte waare. Es iss kaesch bezaahlt un es hot kens vun anner Leit ihre Geld gnumme."

"Awwer Paepp, was saage die Leit, wann sie ausfinne, was fer en Gelddarrichyaager du bischt?"

"Zum Deiwel mit was die Leit saage."

"Geb acht," hot sei Fraa gewannt, "du weesscht wie du schwetscht iwwer der aarm Billy. Er hot gheert, wie die Leit ihn verscholde hen, un denk draa, wie leed ass es ihm dutt."

"Schwetz mer nix vun sellem Rocker," hot der Solly gegrische, un all uff eemool hot er gfroogt, "Saag, iss seller halwer gebacke Faulketzer aa an die Pardi?"

"Ich weess net."

"Ich geh bi Gott niwwer un guck. Wann er datt iss, bei Dunner, verbrech ich ihm der Hals." Der Solly iss uffgetschumpt.

Der Solly Watt Ins Bett Geyaagt

"Du verpeifscht dich. Du gehscht net datt niwwer un machscht en Narr aus dir selwert. Ich will mol sehne. Du hoscht dich nau lang genunk aagschickt, wie ebber ass en Windel aahawwe sett. Du gehscht ins Bett un loss mich nix meh heere devun," hot sei Fraa gsaagt un der Solly hot gwisst vun Ausfaahring, ass sei Fraa langsam waar am bees warre, awwer wann sie emol en Zann grickt hot, waar nix zu duh ass folliye.

Sie waar greesser ass der Solly un viel schwerer. Sie waar schtarrick un er hot gwisst ass sie ihn rumschtelle kann.

Der Solly hot nix meh gsaagt un iss ab ins Bett.

De Betzy ihre Endi waar em Solly sei leddichi Schweschder. Sie hot am Yarrick Weeg wuhnt im me grosse Haus. Sie waar reich un hot en Maad un en Gnecht ghatt fer ihre Arrewet duh.

Die Endi Em hot alsfert gegliche yunge Leit um sich rum hawwe. Fer sell hot sie drei un vier pardis alle Yaahr ghatt. Die yunge Leit hen sie all gegliche.

Uff der Neiyaahrspardi

Es waar halbnacht wu die Pardi iwwer waar. Der Billy waar riwwer gloffe, graad zu iwwer die Felder, un wu er zu der pardi kumme iss, hot die Endi Em gwunnert fer was er gloffe iss, un er hot gsaagt, ass sei Daadi hot der Schlidde welle fer noch Jefferson. "Es iss net weit iwwer die Felder," hot er gsaagt.

"Fer was hoscht du die Betzy es net wisse glosst?" hot die Endi Em gfroogt.

"Ich hab sie es net wisse kenne losse."

"Ei, ferwas bischt du net nuff an ihre Heemet un mit ihre kumme?"

"Sackerment! Sell deet mache! Der Solly losst mich net anne kumme. Er hasst mich wie der Deiwel."

"Was fehlt em alte Ketzer? Ferwas hasst er dich?" Iwwer sellem iss die Betzy dezu kumme. "Loss mich dir saage, End Em," hot die Betzy gsaagt," er hot ken Ursach der Billy zu hasse. Awwer wann er eemool sei Kopp gsetzt hot, dann iss er recht un die gans Welt iss letz."

"Ei, der alt Ketzer! Ich denk ich weess ferwas," hot die Endi Em gsaagt un iss in die anner Schtubb gange.

Sie Nemme Der Billy Heem

Der Billy hot heem laafe welle, awwer die Betzy hot die Endi Em gfroogt, eb ihre Gnecht ihre Gaul in ihre Schlidde eischpanne maag. Die Endi hot's graad erlaabt, un wu die Fuhr reddi waar, hot die Betzy un der Billy sie gebeddelt fer mitgeh fer die Reit. Die Endi Em hot gemeent es waer zu kalt, awwer endlich iss sie mit. Sie hot geglaabt die Betzy geht heem, nochdem ass die Betzy der Billy un sie heemgenumme hot, un sie hot hawwe welle, ass die Betzy bei ihre iwwer Nacht bleibt.

Wu die Betzy gschtoppt hot fer der Billy ablosse, hot die Endi Em gsaagt, "Dihr braucht net bleed sei wegge mir. Ich deet denke en Meedel, ass en Bu heemfaahrt im Schlidde, sett doch bezaahlt sei mit me Boss."

Der Billy hot dann un datt gschtoppt. Er hett gegliche der Betzy en Gut-Nacht-Boss gewwe, awwer er hot sich gschemmt weegge der Endi Em.

Die Betzy waar am Waarte, awwer er hot sich net verreegge kenne.

"Billy," hot die Endi Em gsaagt, "Es wunnert mich net, ass der Solly dich net gleicht. Ei, du hoscht yo gaar ken Schpaak. Geb der Betzy dabber en Boss. Mir kenne net die gans Nacht waarte. Ich guck der anner Weeg naus, no kaach 's gschwind."

Sie hen nanner so ruhich gebosst, ass die Endi Em net gwisst hot, ass es verbei waar un der Gaul iss abgschtart.

Es waar nix gschwetzt, bis sie deheem waare in der End Em ihre veddersche Schtubb. No hot die End Em alles wisse welle. Ferwas der Billy un sie net heiere. Ferwas der Solly der Billy net gleicht, un en hunnert meh Sache hot sie wisse welle. Die Betzy hot ihre alles verzehlt vum Aafanges.

Ebber an der Dier

Es waar wunderbaar kalt drauss un bis die End Em alles gheert hot ghatt waar's schier drei Uhr. Der Gnecht un die Maad waare schunn lang am Schlofe, wu die End Em un die Betzy reddi gmacht hen fer aa ins Bett. Sie waare uff em Weeg zu der Schpeicherdier, wu die Betzy die End Em am Aarm grickt hot. "Harrich," hot die Betzy gepischpert.

"Was hoscht du gheert?"

"Es iss ebber an der Dier."

"Ach, es iss der Wind," hot die End Em gsaagt.

"Datt waar's widder. Hoscht du es net g'heert?"

"Ya, es globbt leicht, wie en Kind. Harriyammer! Wann en Kind drauss iss in re Nacht wie des, verfriert's gewiss," hot die End Em gsaagt un iss an die Dier.

"Mach net uff," hot die Betzy g'wannt, "grick der Danyel aus em Bett un loss ihn uffmache fer sehne, wer drauss iss."

Iwwer sellem ho's gebumpt uff de Bortsch ass wie en grosser Block umgfalle waer.

Sie hen nanner aageguckt. Die Em hot es Licht uff der Dsich gschtellt un hot's ausgeblose. No sin sie alle zwee ans Fenschter un hen nausgeguckt.

"Ei, du Harriyammer! End Em! es leit en Man nuff de Bortsch!"

Die Em hot ihre Gsicht wedder 's Glaas fer meh sehne vum Mann.

"Harrich! Er yeemert!" hot die Betzy gsaagt.

"Ich denk es iss en gsoffner Dremp," hot die Em gsaagt, "loss ihn geh. Mir gehne ins Bett."

Die Betzy hot awwer net geh welle. Sie waar net zufridde. Es kennt ebbes annischt.r letz sei.

"End Em, der aarm Mann kennt grank sei. Mir welle em Danyel rufe."

"Well," hot die Em langsam gsaagt, "verleicht deete mer besser."

Sie iss an die Schpeicherdier un hot em Danyel grufe, un in paar Minutte waar er hunne.

"Danyel," hot die Em gsaagt, "es leit en Mann uff der hinner Bortsch. Ich weess net, eb er grank iss odder gsoffe. Mer misse gucke. Mach mol die Dier uff. Ich heb's Licht."

Der Danyel hot die Dier en Riss uffgmacht un hot nausgebiebst. Der Mann hot sich net verregt. Er hot yuscht geyeemert. Der Danyel hot die Dier widder uffgmacht. No iss er aus un hot der Mann bissel gschiddelt. "Wass is' letz?" hot er gfroogt.

"Ich — bin — so — grank," hot der Mann raus grickt.

"Guck yuscht," hot die Betzy gsaagt, "er schnappt fer Odem."

"Kumm, Betzy, mer misse dabber en Bett mache uff der Launsch in der newe Schtubb fer ihn druff duh."

Die Betzy iss owwe nuff un hot glei Bettsach runnergebrocht un hot's Bett reddi ghatt.

Sie hen der Mann nei uff die Launsch gelegt un die Em hot der Danyel graad abgschickt fer der Dokder Schtock. No hot sie dem Mann bissel waarmer Dramm gewwe un sie hot gmeent, es hett seim Schnaufe gholfe.

Der Dokder Schtock iss kumme un hot der Mann unnersucht, no hot er gsaagt, "Des iss en schlimmi case Bruschtfiewer. Ich farricht, er kummt net driwwer."

"Mer sette ihn nuff in en Bett duh, gell, Dokder," hot die Em gsaagt.

"Nee, losst ihn datt. Halt ihn zugedeckt un geb ihm des Medizien wie es ausgiegt iss uff de Boddele. Ich kumm den Nochmiddaag widder ihn sehne."

Wu der Dokder fatt iss, waar die Daaghelling am weise in der Oscht. Die Betzy un die Em waare gaar net ins Bett Kumme.

To be Concluded

DER PARRE KUMMT

'S iss alles unnerscht ewwerscht,
Du weesscht net was iss los!
Der Parre kummt zum Esse,
Un's freet sich Glee un Grooss.

Der Daadi schlacht die Hinkel,
Die Mammi, die butzt 's Haus;
Die Gremmem backt die Kuche,
Un ich schleck die Schissel aus.

Der Disch iss voll gelaade,
Wann der Parre hockt debei;
'S iss wunnerbaar wie blendi
Sin pickles, Niss un Pei.

Sie blaudert mit em Parre,
Un ich grick en extra Schtick
Vun Hinkel un vun Kuche,
Wann die Mammi dreht der Rick.

Wann der Parre kummt zum Esse,
Iss alles gut un schee,
Un der Disch iss voll gelaade,
Ich wott er keemt als meh!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

OF GOATS AND COATS

(A True Story)

Levi Kalbach of North Heidelberg Township in Berks retired from farming early in the present century. He became a town-dweller in nearby Bernville, and, for the most part he took life easy. But the love of the soil was in his blood, calling him back to the acres which he had tilled for so many years. The tenant who operated the Kalbach farm was glad to have Levi lend a hand now and then to lighten the chores.

It was September. An early frost had put a nip into the morning air when Levi set out from his Bernville home one morning to lend a hand in the task of cleaning seed wheat. Yes, the morning was chilly. It called for a coat and a vest to be worn.

The brisk walk of two miles to Bernville, combined with the effects of increasing power from the sun's rays brought too much warmth to Levi, so that when he reached the thrashing floor where the seed cleaning was to be done he removed both coat and vest and hung them on a peg of one of the barn-floor partitions. True, he had a large wad of money in paper bills tucked away in the pocket of his coat, but everyone was honest and Levi need fear no thief.

Now the tenant farmer owned a pet goat, Nan. Nan had the run of the premises. The whirring sound of the fanning wheel and the rustle of the sliding grain brought Nan to the barn in search of adventure — and adventure which proved to be her undoing.

The turning of the fanning mill did not hold the she-goat's attention very long. But, ah! there was something else, more to her liking. A coat and a vest suspended, and within easy reach. Nan went to work, munching, crunching, devouring the woolen fabrics. This was so much fun!

Levi and the farmer paused for a brief rest. A grinding noise attracted their attention. There stood Nan, grinning as goats can grin after perpetrating their crimes.

"Dunnerwetter!" We don't know which of the men said it. Both made a dash for the scene of destruction. The vest was in shreds, one sleeve of the coat was gone, and the pocket, yea, even the pocket in which the money was, or had been, was no more to be seen. It was inside Nan!

It was a moment for decision. Levi Kalbach thought fast.

"Hol's Butscher Messer" he commanded his farmer. Without delay Jim Brossman hurried to the house and brought with him a huge butcher's knife, as commanded. Nan's days had come to an end. The incision was swift and sure. By probing all of the goat's entrails every bill was retrieved, wet, and shredded.

With no obsequies for the goat Levi Kalbach hurried to the bank in Womelsdorf, where he piled the crumpled mess of bills on the cashier's window. Mr. Charles P. Schaeffer, cashier of the bank, reconstructed the pattern of each piece of money; identified each serial number; and credited Levi Kalbach's account with the full amount. Later the federal treasury redeemed each bill and tragedy was averted — that is, for all except for mischievous Nan, the goat, and Levi's outer vestments.

By courtesy of Arthur D. Graeff

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Eisenhower Coming Home

It now appears certain that General Eisenhower is going to wind up his military business in Europe and by mid-May will be back in the United States to take up big political business, a bid for the Republican nomination for President.

Senator Lodge, who is heading the general's campaign, now is in Paris and it is understood was called to that city by Eisenhower himself. Within six weeks it is almost certain the dynamic candidate will have returned home and will have begun the campaign to gather votes for the Republican national convention in Chicago on July 7.

For General Eisenhower's chances, his return cannot come too speedily. It can be said that results in Nebraska and Wisconsin did a lot to shake the confidence of the Eisenhower boomers. They forced the conclusion that Republican sentiment is very much mixed and divided. General Eisenhower's friends have been driven to demand an active and vigorous campaign by a man who will be on the ground and not five thousand miles removed from close contact with the American people.

While it can be believed that there has been a fair understanding for some weeks between General Eisenhower and the leaders of his campaign about his return to the United States to answer the call of millions of voters, the results in the Mid-West very easily may have prompted haste in decision to return almost at once.

With primaries coming up in a number of States and with Senator Taft in a highly aggressive and confident mood, the general's strategists probably decided that any more delay on General Eisenhower's part could prove fatal at the convention.

After all, the political parties operate according to long-established rules. One of them is that the party selects its nominees by the vote of delegates. These may have been chosen by the vote of the people or they may have been chosen by their State party organizations. The man who arrives at a convention with the largest number of delegates' votes pledged to him and safely tucked away in his vest pocket has inestimable advantage over the individual and the group who may have achieved sudden popularity and are shouting very loudly, but have few or no votes pledged to their cause. In conventions it is votes that count, not noise.

National Welfare at Stake

Danger of a strike in the steel industry next week has not been ended by any means but there is a ray of hope in the fact that Government has persuaded representatives of the "Big Six" steel companies and the leaders of the CIO United Steelworkers union to get together around a conference table before it will be too late. Reports out of New York yesterday were to the effect that Dr. John R. Steelman, the President's mouthpiece and deputy, had brought the warring elements together.

Certain it is that the gravity of the situation must be understood by the protagonists. Industry wants to keep on producing. Labor wants to hold jobs and retain the flow of paychecks. The Government of the United States, which stands in a position of umpire and friendly arbitrator, wants to maintain the nation's entire economy. Better than anybody else, Government knows that a strike of nearly a million men in steel would have a spiralling effect upon all industries and business in the United States. Chop down a business that is producing in itself more than $20 billions of income a year and indirectly is responsible for many times that sum and calamity can be produced in the nation.

No group of sane - minded Americans must seriously wish to do this. Even tho they may have the sense of strength like that of Samson, they cannot as patriotic and civic-minded Americans wish to topple the temple of our economic system upon the heads of all the American people.

Better Spellers Already

Already it is indicated that the campaign of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers to improve the general quality of spelling in our grade schools by the promotion of an annual Spelling Bee is bearing fruit.

On Thursday night tests were held for the semi-finalists who came from all parts of Eastern Pennsylvania. It required more than twice as many words to dispose of the contestants as were required in 1951.

In a way this was not a surprise since it has been reported by principals and teachers in many schools that the stimulus to correct spelling has been observed thruout the year in classroom oral and paper work.

Alexander DeLucia, of Cementon, and Marlene Schwindenhammer, of Catasauqua, both students of Central Catholic High School in this city, won in the exceedingly sharp competition to become champion and reserve champion respectively.

The crowns which they wear are all the more glorious because the winners were so severely pressed by their fellow-finalists. They had the hardest kind of competition right down to the end and won in a splendid battle where intelligence, memory and splendid training proved the winning weapons.

Check the Free Mail

Congressman Curtis of Nebraska has introduced a bill to abolish the franking privilege. This would put a stop to the "free" transmission of official government mail; and it is something that should have been done long ago.

Under the franking system, members of Congress, other federal officials and departments, and agencies are not required to put postage stamps on their mail. It is merely stamped "official business" and away it goes. How much this costs American taxpayers is something nobody knows. Curtis says $80 million a year. He argues that doing away with the franking privilege will save at least $30 million annually without curtailing official mail.

There are two sound reasons for abolishing the franking privilege. First, it unquestionably has been abused grossly. And second, taxpayers have a right to know how much the delivery of government mail costs them.

There is no doubt that considerable mail now sent out under a government frank really is official only in the sense that it is sent out by a government official or agency. During campaigns, there is no telling how much propaganda is put through the mails postage free. The frank privilege is worked overtime.

Under the Curtis bill, all government mail would carry postage stamps the same as private mail. Appropriations for postal expense would be made for each department and agency. In this way, Congress, which is supposed to hold the federal purse strings, would be able to control the volume of mail now delivered at the expense of the taxpayers. It has no control over this while the franking privilege exists. — Denver Post

The Great American Sloth



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Howard McGrath was right and President Truman was wrong on the basic issue which caused the resignation of the attorney general. That issue concerned the right of a government employe to be secure against "unreasonable search and seizure" — a right guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitution of the United States.

The Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that even a subpoena by a Congressional committee cannot force a citizen's papers out of his possession by a blanket request, and that there is no authority for Congress or the executive to engage in a "fishing expedition" to get information seeking to incriminate an individual.

The questionnaire which Newbold Morris asked government employes to fill out violates Constitutional principle. It invades the right of privacy. It asks the employe to furnish information on which an inquisition can be based without the slightest evidence that there has been any wrongdoing. It is like trying a citizen for a crime without presenting an indictment.

Can Question

It is true that the federal government as an employer can request any questionnaire to be filled out and that the penalty can be a refusal to let the employe keep his job. But no questionnaire invading privacy is justified unless the security of the state itself is at stake — if it is a matter of loyalty or treason.

If anyone in the executive departments has committed a wrong, has abused the authority of his office, or has accepted bribe money for doing anything in the name of the governmental post he occupies, the evidence should be assembled by the investigation units of the government — the Federal Bureau of Investigation or a special intelligence unit set up for that task.

When evidence has been gathered indicating wrongdoing, then a searching questionnaire with specific relationship to a particular course of action should be submitted and, if not filled out, the facts should be placed before a grand jury.

But to ask employes without regard to their known repute to tell the number of bank accounts they have, the places where they have safety deposit boxes, and the financial affairs of all members of their families is going too far toward an implication of guilt to which inocent persons should never be subjected.

Truman Aspect?

Presumably President Truman refused to repudiate the Newbold Morris questionnaire and presumably he was glad in a way that matters turned out as they did — for Mr. Truman got rid of the troublesome questionnaire and President Truman. For Mr. Morris never should have been appointed at all if Mr. Truman had had absolute confidence in his attorney general.

But, whatever may be the facts developed now with respect to any of the persons in the Dept. of Justice who in the future may be called to book for specific transactions, Howard McGrath was eternally right when he said:

"I have done my duty as I saw it. I have stood up for what I believe to be great principles of personal liberty and the fundamental rights of employes of the Federal Government. I gladly accept the penalty which in this instance attaches to the performance of duty."

The question arises as to why the President did not repudiate the questionnaire on the basis of true Constitutionalism. For while it must be conceded that Constitutional rights can be disregarded by the government as an employer, the protection of the innocent individual against invasion of privacy is of far greater importance than political expediency. The Republicans have cried out that there has been corruption in the executive departments.

The Congressional committees, headed by Democrats, have exposed many of these scandals. If a special prosecutor was to be appointed to clean up the government, it was necessary for such a prosecutor to report to the President or else that Mr. Truman get a new attorney general. But such a special prosecutor doesn't begin by asking all persons to stand up and accuse themselves or by requesting all persons to subject themselves to investigation of their private affairs and the finances of all their relatives. This would hardly be an effective way to track down any official guilty of accepting rewards for favors done.

How Many Involved?

It is inconceivable that as many as 500 persons in the Dept. of Justice to whom the questionnaire was to have been submitted could have been involved in wrongdoing such as would be disclosed by answering the questions. Any person who had accepted a bribe would not hesitate to lie about the fact in answering the questionnaire. The Congressional committees usually have "leads" concerning the persons who might have been engaged in questionable transactions, and the Dept. of Justice would have access to the same information if there were cooperation with the Congressional committees.

Corruption can be and should be ferreted out, but not by first depriving all government employes of Constitutional rights for any reason — least of all for political expediency. True Liberalism seems to have lost many of its champions in present-day Washington.

(Copyright, 1952)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Hadn't we better stop laughing at the monkeys until we find what the monkeys think about us?

I wonder whether what we think of ourselves matters as much as what other species and races think of us.

Take the case of the eighteen pigmy bushmen who came to Capetown in South Africa to have their first look at the white man's civilization.

After looking around for a while, they shrugged their shoulders and said "We'll go back to the bush, thank you."

And Capetown is a city just as highly civilized as any in our own country. It has saloons, night clubs, speeding automobiles, burglars and all the other modern conveniences.

The dispatch said that these pygmies enjoyed a few good "belly laughs," bought some funny hats and had themselves photographed.

But they were emphatic that loin cloths were much more practical than pants; that the drink they made from melons was far superior to the white man's fire water, and that snake meat with some dried berries and roots on the side was infinitely more tasty than steak and asparagus.

So, after a short sojourn in Capetown, they went back to their camp at the South African Tercentenary where they were being exhibited as "curiosities" and took up their usual occupation — the manufacture of poisoned arrows.

Incidentally — just as a report and not at all referring to our civilization — in Germany more than sixty men applied for the position of night watchman in a nudist camp. German authorities said most of the applicants were from fifty to seventy years of age.

But now, speaking of civilization, let us get serious for a moment.

No decent person in the whole world — and I least of all — condones thievery in government.

Nor can we possibly approve of policemen, firemen, tax collectors or any other government employes accepting bribes or stealing money.

But one of the remarkable things is that so many of these thieves are so terribly underpaid, and thus so definitely exposed to temptation.

House investigators recently looked into the affairs of an Internal Revenue Bureau clerk who last year spent $18,200 on a house, bought expensive furnishings, a television set and a new car.

"How could he do it on a salary of $3,500 a year?" he was asked.

How could the government pay such a man only $3,500 a year — less than $60 a week take-home-pay?

I noticed that almost every one of the exposed crooks in government was in a position to meet and deal with people who had or made a lot of money.

It takes a crook to catch a crook, is an old saying. While exaggerated, there is some measure of truth in it.

In the case of bribery I think the briber is every bit as guilty as the man who accepts a bribe.

The tempter is just as much to blame as he who lets himslf be temmmmmd.

And I don't think we can call ourselves civilized until we pay those who handle money — or have power over others — sufficient wages to place them beyond temptation.

(Copyright 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 90

The 89th Psalm closed with this doxology: 'Blessed be the Lord for evermore,' followed by the double 'Amen.' This marked the end of 'Book Three,' our Psalm for today opening 'Book Four,' ending with Psalm 106, corresponding to the fourth book of the Bible, Numbers, the book of the wilderness journey of Israel under Moses, whose name appears at the head of our Psalm. He saw the generation which left Egypt perish in that wilderness, and may well have been impressed with the brevity of human life. Three score years and ten, a familiar phrase, as the length of human life, or possibly 80 years, full of labor and sorrow, Moses mentions in v.10. A thousand years in God's sight are but as a watch in the night, v.4 and man's brief existence on earth is in comparison ephemeral, 'lasting for a day,' v.6. How important that we make the best use of our short time here as a preparation for the life to come! Commit v.12 to memory: 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,' and it is well to learn that when young, so that we may remember our Creator in the days of our youth, even unto old age.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

STEIN KORNER BARICHDA:

Der shnae is so tzimlich nagshd weck on Steins Korner, uns nembt nimmy arrick long kon der Eli Wiesner tzwivla blonsa. Bis doh har wors ow'r gahairich kalt dart drowwa, der Vernon Mantz lawft ols noch rum mit da feld shtivel aw, un der Ed Kunkle un Russell Bittner dada net denka fer nous gae mit ous ohra koppa un fousht handshing. S' worra shun bloe fegel un omshla rum, ow'r hen sich net long uf k'halta — sin ol nunner ins Kistlers Dahl tzum Elmer un Willie Kistler woh die sun immer warm sheind om summer barrick.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzu Steins Korner, m'r hen da onner dawg yusht tzu rechdie tzeit darta ob g'shtopt wie der Bill Hartman doh fon da shtadt darta wor alta barichda un g'shpichta iwwer shwetza mit 'm Eli, un der Dr. Keener fon da Shtaina Run hut ob g'shtopt fer etlicha kessel dar kaufa fer sei hous doch flicka. Der Dr. Keener secht, er het nee ken druvel os es doch rinna dade bei shae wedder, yusht wons rayerra dade kaimts rei, un er wears laedich fer 'n gonsie nocht im bed leia mit ra uf g'shponta ombarel fer der raya ob halta.

'S hut der Eli wenich kunsiderra mocha woh er der dar shtecka het fer decher flicka, ow'r 's hut ken tzeit ganumma bis er onna waig gadenk'd hut fer 'm Dr. Brunner ous seim aeland helfa. Liever wie gae un allas sunersht saversht mocha sucha fer der dar woh er shure is os er noch rum hut, hut er 'm dochtermon Russell Bittner g'sawt, er sot frisher dar mit bringa won er da nagshda dawg noch da shtadt gang'd — wos sie hetta wear nimmy gons frish. Der Eli is 'n aryer kerl sella waig, allas os er ferkauft mus frish sei, evens der dar fer uf 'm hous doch shmeara.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum Bill Hartman, 's wor shure 'n blessier der Bill sehna, un ol die alta g'shpichta hoerra woh fertzailt sin werra. Der Bill hut ols g'shoft fer die Mauser's meal — wor denk ich 'n salesmon, un is fiel drou im lond rum har un hut wunnerbora erfohringa kotta. Whee, won m'r numma tzeit un der blotz hetta fer allas fertzaila os fertzailt is werra fon da tzeita wie leit noch nix gawist hen fon mashina, un gatrav'ld sin mit geil un wegga.

Ow'r der Bill un der Eli worra net die aintsichda os socha tzu fertzaila hen kotta — der Eddie Kunkle hut sich aw net dahinner finna lossa. Der Eddie wear gore net om wertshous gawest ow'r hut aw net in der gorda gakent fer gardla. Sei tzwivla lond hut er gaduh wear ol noch unnich paar foos shnae, un dade net glawwa os es ice ol fershleffla dade fer 'm 4'd July. Sei'm g'shwetz noh glawwa m'r net os der Ed fiel danoh froga dade won er net in der gorda kent fer gardla bis Baydawg, un bei selra tzeit dades noh glei ei winderra, uns wear nimmy dawert fer bodderra fer aenich ebbes nous mocha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'N ad aryads im heits Call gebt die folla barichda fon da exkursion trip da 20d Obril noch Nei Yarrick fers Oshter show sehna, odder duh wos ever os ebber duh wil in da grossa shtadt.

Public Opinion

INTEREST ON PUBLIC FUNDS IN BANKS

Editor, Morning Call:

I note that there is considerable comment on the subject of an income tax to supply funds for the Allentown School District.

Any tax like an income, or sales tax, is most unfair to the person of small income. First it would be an ungraded tax; second it would be easily collected only from the wage earner.

Before applying any more forms of taxation, the City School and County governments should require the banks to pay interest on public funds at a rate of 3 per cent on a monthly balance basis.

At present the three governments have $7 million on deposit in the banks of the County. At the reasonable rate of 3 per cent on a monthly balance basis, this would bring in a revenue of at least $210,000.

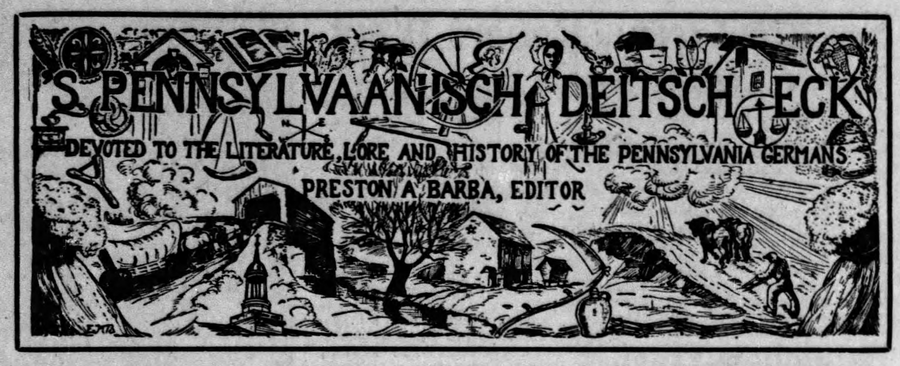
Formerly, between the years of 1914 and 1933, the banks paid interest on City funds at the rate of 3 three per cent on a monthly balance basis. This practice, carried on for 19 years, must have brought in revenue above $500,000, calculated on a monthly balance of $1 million.

Today, with a monthly balance of $7 million or more, the three governments should receive a very considerable revenue from this source.

R. J. Wheeler
429 Robin Road

Horoscope

Work that you have faithfully performed in the past may be recognized now. Today's child should evince exceptional mental qualities.



ES RECHT KUMMT AN DER DAAG

vum

ROY D. STAUFFER

Conclusion

Waer Iss Der Grank Alt Mann?

Die Maad hot es Marye-esse frieh reddi ghatt, un wu sie gesse hen ghatt, hot die End Em gsaagt, "Betzy, geh du niwwer un saag de Eldre, ass ich brauch dich fer helfe achtgewwe uff der Mann. Die Maad hot blendi zu duh mit Koche un Backe. Vergess net un saag ihne ass sie aa kumme kenne un raushelfe, wann sie welle."

"Die Betzy waar glei widder zrick un hot awwer niemand mitgbrocht. Sie iss ins Bett un hot schlofe bis es Middaagesse reddi waar. Wu sie gesse hot ghatt hot sie achtgewwe uff der alt Mann un die End Em iss ins Bett schlofe.

Wu der Dokder kumme iss hot er g'saagt, ass der Mann iss net besser, un hot noch meh Medizien gloss'.

Schpot seller Noochmiddaag hot's widder aagfange schnee-e, und bis Dunkel waare paar zoll meh Schnee gelegge. Der Danyel iss ins Haus kumme un hot gsaagt es guckt wie wann's en alt-satt Schneeschtarm gewwer kennt.

Die Betzy un die End Em hen em granke Mann gut abg'waart, un allemool ass die Betzy ihm sei Schtoft gewwe hot, hot er sie in die Aagge nei aageguckt, ass wie er ihre ebbes saage wett, awwer er hot nix g'saagt.

Der naegscht Marye wu sie uffgschtanne sin, waar's en rechter Blissert. Der Schnee waar arrig dief un die Weegge waare zugeblose. Es hot geguckt ass wie die gans Welt eig'schneet waer.

Es waar waarm im Haus, sie hen blendi zu esse g'hatt, un niemand hot sich viel bekimmert weegge em Schnee. Sie hen all eckschpeckt, ass der Dokder darrich kann bis nooch Middaag.

Nooch em Marye-esse iss die Betzy in die Schtupp mit Wasser un Lumbe fer em granke Mann sei Gsicht wesche. Wu sie am Wesc'e waar iss ihre Haz schier schteh gebliwwe. Der Mann hot en Marrick im Gsicht ghatt. Sie hot erinnert ass ebbes g'saagt waar in der Kort baut en Marrick im Gsicht, awwer sie hot nimmi erinnere kenne waer es g'saagt hot.

Die End Em hot ihm bissel Arrensch Brieh gewwe un no hen sie sei Bett uffgelockt so ass er besser ruhe hot kenne.

Seller Marrick im Gsicht

Drauss in de Kich hot die Betzy g'froogt, "End Em, hoscht du seller Marrick g'sehne in seim Gsicht?"

"Nee, ich hab net achtgewwe. Ferwas froogscht du sell?"

"Ei, es waar ebbes g'saagt in de Kort ass der Dremp hot en Marrick im Gsicht g'hatt.

"Was fer en Dremp?"

"Ei, seller wu der Zach Beindler geleddert hot."

"Ya, der Weeg wie ich g'heert hab, hot er ihm viel Marricker gewwe g'hatt."

"Nee, des waar en alder Marrick, awwer ich weess nimmi wu in seim Gsicht."

"Ya well, ich kann dir net raushelfe. Ich waar net in der Kort."

Die Betzy iss ans Fenschter un hot nausgeguckt. Es waar alsnoch am Schnee-e awwer sie hot sell net g'sehne. Sie waar am Denke.

Sie iss widder nei zu em granke Mann. Sie hot g'schwetzt zu ihm, awwer er hot die Aagge net uffg-macht un hot aa ken Andwart gewwe. Der Marrick waar bleen zu sehne, un sie hot aa sehne kenne, ass er am hinnerschich geh waar.

Am Middaagdisch iss es ihre eikumme.

"End Em," hot sie schnell g'saagt, "nau weess ich waer sell g'saagt hot. Es waar die Keet Rehrich. Ich geh graadesweegs un hol sie do haer. Ich will wisse eb des der Mann iss."

"Du gehscht awwer net in so me Schtarrem."

"Ya, ich geh awwer."

"Ei, du kannscht net darrich. Es iss alles zugeblose," hot die End Em g'saagt.

"Sell macht mir nix aus. Ich geh iwwer die Felder."

"Himmel! Ich will awwer net denke, ass du Schlidde faahre kannscht iwwer Fense un alles naus."

"Ich reit."

Die Em hot der Danyel aageguckt. "Danyel, ich denk du musscht mit de Betzy geh."

"Oi, Dunner! Was fehlt eich. Ei, es iss drei Meil niwwer ans Rehrichs. Die Geil schpiele aus."

"Ihr braucht net mit, wann er sich farricht," hot sie g'saagt.

Wer farricht sich? Ich duh net. Awwer die Geil kenne es net mache," hot der Danyel dischbedient.

"Mei Gaul kann's mache," hot die Betzy gebraeggt. "Danyel, du saddelscht der Betzy ihre Gaul un du saddelscht der Schimmel un gehscht mit ihre."

"All recht," hot er g'saagt, "awwer wann mir net heemkumme, dann bleiwe mir yuscht driwwe ans Rehrichs."

Die Betzy reit darrich der Schneeschtarm

Die Betzy un der Danyel sin graad nooch em Esse g'schtart.

Es waar yuscht bissel iwwer en Meil graad zu iwwer die Felder.

Der Danyel iss vannehaer gange. Der Schimmel waar der greesscht Gaul un hot besser Baahn breche kenne.

Es waar wunderbaar umblessierlich. Der Wind hot der Schnee in ihre G'sichter geblose ass sie schier gaar net die Aagge uffhalte hen kenne.

Der Daniel hot browiert en Weeg mache wu der Schnee net so dief waar, un sell hot sie ebmools arrig weit rumgebrocht.

Die End Em hot sie g'watscht vun ihrm Fenschter. Es waar ihre arnscht sie kennte net darrich, awwer sie sin endlich iwwer der Hiwwel gange un sie hot sie nimmi g'sehne. Die Em hot g'wisst ass es noch en ordlich Schtick waar vum Hiwwel zu 's Rehrichs Blatz.

Der Danyel un die Betzy hen die Geil als ruhe g'lost un es hot sie lang iwwer en Schtund g'numme fer annekumme.

Sie sin ins Haus un die Betzy hot graad g'saagt ferwas sie kumme sin. Die Keet waar glei reddi fer mit geh un weil der alt Rehrich en Gaul reddi g'macht hot, hen sie all sich gut uffg'warremt am Offe.

Sie sin g'schtart fer zrick geh. Der Danyel iss aerscht, no die Betzy un die Keet iss hinnenooch kumme.

An viel Bletz waar ihre Baahn wu sie g'macht hen g'hatt uff em Riwwerweeg widder zugeblose, un der Wind waar yuscht so schtarrick, awwer es iss besser gange un hot sie net gans en Schtund g'numme fer heem.

"Des iss der Mann"

Wu sie all uffg'warremt waare iss die Betzy un die Keet nei zum granke Mann. Er hot sei Aagge zu g'hatt un die Keet iss an sei Bett g'schliche un hot ihn aageguckt Sie hot sich rumgedreht un hot gepischpert zu de Betzy, "Des iss der Mann."

Sie sin no widder in die Kich. "Bischt du gewiss?" hot die Betzy g'froogt.

"Ya, ich deet ihn kenne eenicher Blatz."

"Ich dank dir, Keet, ass du kumme bischt. Verleicht kenne mir dieUuglaawer noch glaawe mache, ass der Billy net g'maddert hot."

Der Betzy ihra Aagge waare voll Wasser. Es waar schier Zeit fer Nachtesse eb der Dokder kumme iss. Die Betzy hot ihn in die vedderscht Schtubb g'numme un hot ihm g'saagt was ihre Glaawe waer

"Hot die Keet g'saagt ass es der Mann iss?" hot der Dokder g'froogt.

"Ya, sie saagt sie deet ihn kenne eenicher Blatz."

Der Dokder hot sei Baart g'riwwe. Die Betzy hot ihn g'watscht. Sie hot net g'wisst was sei Gedanke sin. Endlich hot er g'saagt, "Betzy, der Mann schtarrebt. Ich un ken annerer Dokder kann sei Lewe seefe. Grick en Fedder, Dinde un Babier. Mer misse ihn ans Schwetze griegge."

Der Alt iss am Schtarrewe

Der Dokder hot em granke Mann sei Bols un sei Hitz g'numme un hot der Kopp g'schiddelt, No hot er sich uff en Schtuhl g'hockt vanne ans Bett.

Der grank Mann hot sei Aagge uff em Dokder g'halte. Endlich hot er aag'fange. "Dokder—ich denk —es iss verbei — ich — denk — ich warr — nimmi — g'sund."

"Wann es Gott will, dann warrscht du widder gut," hot der Dokder g'saagt.

"Ich hab gebet — awwer er — er heert — mich net."

"Witt du en Parre hawwe fer bede fer dich?"

"Nee — es is — net dewaut — Deet nix — badde. Ich — bin en —verlorner — Sinder."

Der Dokder hot de Betzy en Sein gewwe un sie hot ihm Babier un Fedder gewwe.

"Was macht dich sell saage? Wann unser Sinde schwaz ass Dinde sin, un mer bede Ihm uns zu vergewwe, hot Er uns all verschproche, ass Er uns all vergebt. Duh yuscht bede un drau ihm. Er vergebt uns alles."

"Denkscht — Er — deet mir — vergewwe?"

"Gewiss dutt Er, wann de Ihn recht frogscht."

Er waar paar Minutte ruhich. "Nee," er hot sei Kopp gschiddelt, "Nee — Gott vergebt — mer net fer was — ich — geduh hab. Er—kann — net. Es — waar — zu schrecklich."

"Du musscht an Gott glaawe un Ihm glaawe ass Er all die Sinde vergebt."

"Nee, Dokder, ich — hab — en—Mann — g'maddert — un —sell kann net — vergewwe — warre."

"Do iss der Aafang," hot der Dokder g'saagt, und wann du dei Sinde bekennscht, watt, s dir leichter mit Gott."

"Ich Will Bekenne"

Der alt Mann waar widder ruhich. Der Dokder hot aafange schreiwe. Die annere hen nanner aageguckt, awwer kens hot g'schwetzt. Sie hen gemeent der alt Mann deet nimmi schwetze, awwer endlich hot er doch aag'fange mit re schtarrye Schproch:

"Dockder — ich will bekenne — schreib nunner wie ich saag. Ich—der Manuel — von Buschner — hab der Zach — Beindler — dod —g'macht — mit me — Holsbrigel — der Bill — Gleffel — iss umschuldich — g'west.' '

Der Manuel von Buschner hot der Dokder Schtock g'watscht un wu er faddich waar hot er g'saagt, "Les es fer mich — no schreib ich mei Naame drunner."

Der Dokder hot es g'lese un der Manuel von Buschner hot sei Naame unnedraa g'schriwwe.

"Jesus, helf mer!" waare sei letchte Wadde.

Sie hen alle heile misse.

Der naegscht Marye waar es glaar, awwer der Schnee waar zu dief fer die Betzy heem geh.

Der Weegmeeschter un die Bauersleit sin an die zu-ne Weegge mit Arnscht un bis Middaag hen sie uffg'macht g'hatt, so ass die Betzy darrich hot kenne nooch Porters.

Sie iss yuscht langsam g'faahre un wu sie an der Greizweeg kumme iss, hot sie g'sehne ass seller Weeg noch em Siesschwamm uff war. Sie iss gedreht un iss nunner zum Billy.

Er waar am Schneescheppe. "Billy," hot sie g'ruufe, "kumm do haer." Der Billy iss naus uff der Weeg. "Betzy, was duscht du in dem Schnee?"

"Ich bin yuscht heemkumme vun der End Em. Un ich will hawwe ass du nuff kummscht zu uns den Owet."

"Dei Daadi losst mich net nei."

"Kumm yuscht. Ich tend zu ihm. Ei, Billy! Ich hab dir es net saage welle bis du nuff kummscht, awwer ich kann's net lenger halte."

Es Recht Kummt an Der Daag

Sie hot em Billy alles g'saagt un er hot sie aageuckt wie wann er es net glaawe kennt.

Uff eemool hot er die Schneeschaufel niwwer an die Scheier g'schmisse un hot g'saagt, "Ich geh bei 'Tschudes graadesweegs mit," un iss in der Schlidde un hot sich newich die Betzy g'hockt.

Die Betzy iss langasam g'faahre uff em Heemweeg, un sie waar net weit vun em Billy seinre Heemet kumme, do hot er sie uff der Backe gebosst.

"Betzy, ich bin awwer froh, ass die Leit des nau ausfinne."

"Ya, ich bin aa froh. Ich wunner yuscht was der Paepp denkt wann er des heert."

"Betzy," hot er langsam aag'fange, "denkscht du er losst uns nau heiere?"

"Ich wees net. Er iss arrig schtarrkeppich un er halt wedderbatt yuscht fer weisse ass er degeegge iss. Druwwel dich awwer net. Ich kann ihn mennitsche."

Der Billy hot sei Aarm um sie rum un hot sie gedrickt un widder gebosst. "Ich verloss mich uff dich."

Die Betzy iss graad an die Scheier g'faahre un der Bill hot ausgschpannt un der Gaul in der Schtall.

Sie sin darrich die Scheier gange fer nei ans Haus, un wu sie geegge die Dier kumme sin, hen sie der Solly g'sehne im Eck. Sie hen net g'wisst was er am Schaffe waar.

"Paepp," hot die Betzy aag'fange "der Billy iss nau awwer fer schur frei. Es iss nau gepruuft ass er es net geduh hot. Ich hab dir die gans Zeit g'saat—,"

"Ich weess alles devun. Brauchscht mer nix vorschmeisse. Bei dies Zeit weess alle ebber schunn. Der Dokder Schtock waar im Schtor geschter Owet un hot alles verzehlt," hot der Solly g'saat.

"Solly," hot der Billy bleed aag'fange, "die Betzy un ich welle heiere. Hoscht du ebbes degeegge?

"Heiert, wann dihr heiere wett; wann dihr nausgehne, macht sell Dierli zu. Ich geh hinnenaus."

Aarm in Aarm sin zwee harrliche yunge Leit minanner noch em Haus gange.

Die Betzy hot em Billy die Hand gedrickt. "Billy, ich hab die gans Zeit g'wisst ass die Gerechtichkeet kumme muss."

"Ya," hot der Billy g'saat, "die Gerechtichkeet iss kumme, awwer yuscht darrich 's bescht Meedel in Heidelbarrig."

'S END

TO THE READER

With today's issue of the ECK the serial "Es Recht Kummt an der Daag," begun on Feb. 23, comes to an end. In this novelette, which we believe to be the first Whodunit story in our dialect, both murderer and justice are brought to the light of day.

...Mr. Roy D. Stauffer, the author of the story, has spent most of his life in Hanover, York County, Pa. Although the editor has allowed himself a revision of the author's typescript with respect to the orthography, the vocabulary, idioms and constructions peculiar to the York County area will be of some interest to the students of our dialect.—ED.

INDIAN TRADER
1862

From the diary of Nathan Dundore (1834-1899) we learn an interesting account of his activities as a government - licensed trader, among the Indian tribes of Kansas during the period of the Civil War.

Nathan Dundore, great-grandson of the immigrant Jacob Dundore (1742) was born in Penn Township, Berks County. His early years were spent on the farm. His education was acquired in a number of private schools in Reading; at the Mount Pleasant Seminary, Boyertown, and at Freeland Seminary which later became Ursinus College.

For a number of years he taught school at the Meeting House School in Berks County. His diary records his troubles and successes with the "big bad boys," a problem which always perplexed the teachers of the old one - room schools. Later, 1852-1853, he taught in Pleasant Valley and in Reber's School, also in Berne Township.

In 1859 Dundore went to Iowa. When Kansas territory was thrown open to settlers he traveled overland to a place called Quindaro, in that territory. There he made his home with Francis Kessler, "a fellow Berks Countian." This was the period of "Bleeding Kansas" when both North and South were pouring settlers into the new territory in order to establish a majority when the time would come to decide the question of slavery on the principle of "squatter sovereignty." There, in those hectic days, he taught in a frontier school, "my scholars being whites, Indians and a few Negroes." Quindaro and the surrounding country was then property of the Wyandotte Indians.

Later, in 1861, Dundore moved to Topeka, Kansas, and entered the service of J. M. Hamilton Company, merchants. While serving this firm he was "offered and accepted the position of Indian trader in the Delaware nation." The commission to sell to the Delawares was issued to Dundore by the Secretary of the Interior.

He served in this position through most of the Civil War and then, in 1865, he was given a similar post in dealing with the Sac and Fox tribes.

His company expanded its activities to include sheep-herding and cattle-raising. His diary contains interesting facts revealing how the business affairs of these cattlemen were conducted. The ramified activities with which he was concerned proved too much for his energy and patience. In 1865 he resigned his post to enter the grocery business in Manhattan, Kansas, "in connection with Albert Briner, a returned veteran from Reading, Pa."

In 1867 he returned to Pennsylvania, accepting a position as book-keeper for the firm of F. Dundore and Company, stock brokers. In 1894 he accepted a similar position in Lebanon. In 1899 he reached life's journey's end in the same community in which it had begun. He died in Bernville and was buried there.

By courtesy of Arthur D. Graeff

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Revolution in Bolivia

Bolivia, land of tin, has just gone thru a revolution and in the space of little more than an hour and with little loss of life transition of power to Paz Estenssoro, a past master of military coups, apparently was accomplished.

It is of course too early to regard the new government as a stable one for Estenssoro less than ten years ago took over the government by force and put a puppet in the presidential palace. He had to flee the country a few years later when his man was hung by a mob. But even while in exile Estenssoro maintained a large measure of popularity and confidence so that when elections were held last year he was chosen president. The government in power however nullified the elections.

Early in the week he returned to take over and to answer the will of the people. While the contest for power, (and of course the rich pickings that government officials in a tin mining country can find), is not entirely ended it does appear that the revolutionists are strong enough to hold on to what they already have gained.

Perhaps Estenssoro has learned lessons during six years in exile. He has been able to view Bolivia with the advantage of perspective. He may be coming home with desire and plans to improve the condition of a nation that is predominantly agricultural in character but has the disturbing factors of a vast and rich mining industry that is geared to world markets but back home reacts disadvantageously upon agriculture and the majority of the nation which lives upon the soil.

As in so many countries of the world there is ferment in the lower strata of society. There is absolute hunger for the necessities of life. There is added desire for the better things in life. The situation is all the more difficult in countries where there are but two classes of people, economically speaking, the very rich and the very poor. Bolivia is such a country. While the current revolution may be little more than an effort by the plunderers who were on the outside to get into the seat of power and effort by those in power to hold on to a good thing, the elections last year seemed to indicate nationwide interest in a change in government — the change which has just come about.

Some time in some of the Latin American countries where officeholding has been synonymous with looting of the public treasury there may come honest, forward-looking and able men to lead and improve the general condition of their nations. Hitherto very few revolutions have been based upon real desire to help the common people. There have been struggles between rival groups of robbers with the people their helpless victims.

It's Official; Ike's Coming

For some days there have been persistent rumors that General Eisenhower is about to end his military work in Europe, return home and assume "inactive" military status, and engage actively in the campaign that will precede the Republican National Convention in Chicago on July 7.

Now it is official. Now it is known that on April 2, a year exactly after General Eisenhower took over SHAPE, a letter asking his release was received by Secretary of Defense Lovett. It was answered and the release was accorded. In addition an exchange of notes by President Truman and the general is reported altho the contents have not been revealed because they are strictly personal.

So General Eisenhower can be expected back in the United States by the first week in June or about a month before the convention. Already his leading promoters are announcing an active campaign of speechmaking.

Thus a lot of the suspense which has characterized the campaign for the general on the part of his admirers is lifted. He is going to be an active candidate. He is going to wage a fight for delegates wherever choice will be made from this time on and he will conduct a campaign designed to influence all the delegates already chosen or about to be chosen. Most of all there is certain to be appeal to public opinion.

While many delegates will go to the convention under pledges and many will go unpledged, public opinion still is the strongest force in the United States. Delegates want to express public opinion. They want to know how their people back home feel and believe. They want the people to tell them how to vote. Certainly at this time, so close in time to the Illinois primaries, delegates cannot know absolutely what the rank and file of the Republican party or what the people of the nation as a whole desire. Almost three months remain in which the answer may be supplied indisputably to the American people.

Colorful "Lily Parade"

Thruout the United States this day before Easter will be observed with a "Lily Parade," the fund-raising device which the societies for providing help to crippled children have conducted for a number of years on the last day of Lent.

In Allentown and the larger neighboring communities the institution will be carried out today altho, as will be remembered, the parade had been planned for the day before Palm Sunday but was postponed because of impossible weather.

So today the colorful event is to be held as in other years. Opportunity is to be given to all to aid the great local work which presently is caring for nearly 500 little unfortunates and is reaching out to help any and all who may be benefitted by modern techniques.

This year it is unusually important that the Parade be liberally treated. This year response to the sale of Easter Seals, the only other source of income for the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society, has fallen short of other years. The modest amount sought thru the sale of seals is far from attained. It is not too late to send checks or cash for the blocks of seals that were mailed weeks ago and undoubtedly were laid aside and forgotten.

Help the sale of seals and in addition be glad to greet and gladden the host of beautiful girls who during today will be in the annual Lily Parade.

Mr. Malik Dodges

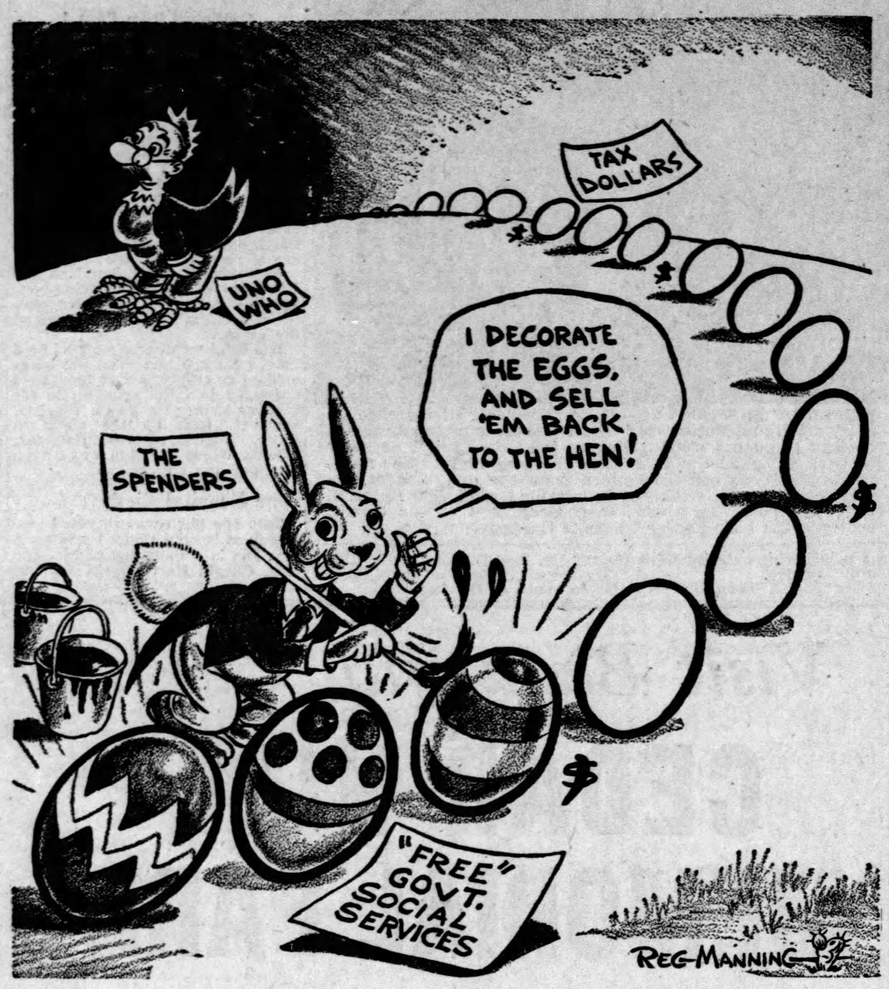
The fraudulent nature of the Soviet "disarmament plan" was demonstrated again before the United Nations Disarmament Commission on Wednesday when Mr. Malik dodged all questions regarding the precise meaning of its several provisions and in effect called upon the world to accept the plan on faith, subject to the Soviet's own interpretation.

The principal aim of the Soviet proposal is still to deprive the Western Powers of atomic weapons while leaving the door open for secret manufacture of such weapons behind the Iron Curtain. For this reason the Soviets continue to reject the Baruch control plan, which calls for the ownership and operation of all atomic facilities by an international authority. To the world at large this plan offers the only fool-proof control system yet devised for averting atomic warfare; to the Soviets, which cannot conceive of a society of free nations, it means merely the creation of a super-trust in the interest of the United States.

Instead, the Soviets propose an immediate treaty prohibiting atomic weapons and providing for "strict international control" of atomic facilities. In this connection they propose, as a "great concession," that prohibition and control should take place simultaneously. But when questioned on this point Mr. Malik refused to specify whether the effectiveness of the prohibition would depend merely on an agreement for "strict international control" to be set up afterward, or on a detailed and effective inspection system to be put into operation at the same time. He refused also to specify how the "strict international control" is to operate, when, under the Soviet plan, it is forbidden to "interfere" in a nation's domestic affairs. Finally, while he held out a promise for "official" information on atomic facilities, he made no promises regarding verification, going beyond and behind such "official" information to a first-hand search for secret atomic activities, except in cases of direct "suspicion" — on which the Soviets could stall indefinitely.

In short, the Soviet plan is a disarmament plan only for the West. Moscow will have to do better than that to interest the world in its proposals. N. Y. Times.

It's Not the Bunny Who's Dumb



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Without regard to politics, economics, strikes, public relations or the glamor of the important, the rhythm of the universe moves its way unerring. The years pass and new ones come without the slightest regard to whether it is an election year or a solar year or a lunar year, or who is President of the United States. The rhythm asserts itself through good or troubled times. The rhythm is eternal.

And so comes the Holy Week. Often it is sacred to Jew and Christian alike when their holy days overlap; but even when the decisions of men separate them, they are close together in time and spirit. For the Passover of the Jews and the Easter of the Christians have come regularly during all these thousands of years. They are of the rhythm of life in our western civilization. Some institutions never die no matter what else happens upon the earth.

The religions of God have often been assailed but they survive. Curiously, their survival is hard to explain because so often their very promises seem to be bankrupted by the events of the times. But they do survive. They have existed as far back as we can go in the history of man — in one form or another, but always seeming the same in spite of obvious differences.

Passover is the holiday of liberty; Easter is the holiday of Resurrection. Ignoring for the moment the differences between the religious expressions of Jew and Christian, in the reawakening of the life-rhythm of spring is the witnessing of the permanence of the Divine Intelligence which never fails, which moves unerringly in the same direction, controlling the same orces, producing the same phenomena.

Evidences of Resurrection

There is an economy in nature; nothing is lost; nothing is long dead; perhaps nothing dies. For all the evidence about us tells of the Resurrection. Everything is renewed; everything reexists.

Think of this single phenomenon: tons of silt and waste pour into the ocean, to be drowned in its saline waters, lost to man forever. But nothing is lost forever. It is only lost as long as man disbelieves in the Divine Intelligence. For when man believes that nothing really dies, he puts pumps to work and soon from the ocean are rescued minerals and chemicals and great wealth. Magnesium is but one evidence that in God's world nothing can truly be lost.

And so, we turn from the concept of Easter to the great lesson of Passover — that slavery is evil; that liberty is good; that liberty is for the individual. From Joseph to Moses is a tale of the slow obliteration of human liberty by government. So, here too the pendulum swings in a rhythm — an historic rhythm.

Man is free. He is free because his Creator endowed him with inalienable rights and among those rights is the liberty to form the pattern of his own life. But soon troubled times beset him — some of his own making; some produced by the forces of nature or man's inability to understand nature. Wars and politics, economic fallacies, droughts and floods, the mighty deceits of statesmen and the perversion of human intelligence lead to troubled times.

It is then that man seeks a master, a ruler, a king, a dictator, a new way of life. And in his cry for protection, he forsakes liberty and enters upon a period of physical and spiritual suffering. Soon most men become slaves and those who master man live upon him and eat him out of house and home. Then, the descendants of those who moved into slavery rebel against their masters and reassert human liberty. For this can be said: liberty, the yearning for liberty, the belief in liberty never dies; it was given to man by God at birth in the qualities of will and personality and reason.

Nothing Good Can Die

And as nothing that is good can die, so liberty cannot die. After every troubled time, comes a struggle for liberty and then a marvelous upsurge of the human genius. It is a resurrection in a sense; it is the movement of a guided rhythm within the Divine Intelligence.

And so when Passover and Easter are upon us, we come closer to God, each in his own way. And in these troubled times, it is good to feel, like a zepher on a blistering summer's day, that the spirit of God is close to us and that we are praying to be remembered and loved.

(Copyright, 1952)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is "Odds and Ends Day."

It's the day when I clean out my file of clippings that I intended to use for my column, but which on second look couldn't quite make the grade.

Here, for instance, is a beautiful love story. It is the advertisement of a New York orange drink manufacturer.

The heading: "Is Bronx Couple Happiest in Town?"

It shows the picture of two newlyweds. He holds her hand and she leans coyly against him. Complete happiness!

No wonder. "When they were married," says the ad, "they promised to love, honor, and have breakfast in the Orange Room. It's so convenient. It's right at the corner of the subway station near their business. And for breakfast they get—'s healthy new Orange Drink, a delicious doughnut, and a jumbo cup of the tastiest coffee in town, with pure dairy cream, all for 15 cents, with no tipping. No wonder they claim to be the happiest couple in town."

I'd like to see them when they are married a few years. Will they still be the "happiest couple in town"? Will he still be satisfied to eat his breakfast out every morning?

There is a terrific rumpus in Belgium.

Shall Belgium's new stamps show King Baudoin's picture with or without horn - rimmed spectacles?

One faction of court officials claims he is always seen in public WITH his horn-rimmed spectacles. Another faction claims that spectacles would spoil the harmony of the stamp.

Until the thing is settled the stamps will continue to show the picture of King Leopold, who abdicated ten months ago.

The whole business in its unimportance, reminds me a little of our own Congressional rumpuses.

A dice game was raided in a baby buggy factory, and another in the chapel of an undertaker's establishment.

I had intended to write something about gambling being with us from cradle to grave.

But, on second thought—perhaps, I'd better not.

Blonde Marian Lee Burnett, 17, won the "1952 Iced Tea Queen" contest.

That is the caption under the picture of a most delectable bunch of femininity.

In the picture her mouth is open. Maybe she is rehearsing to sing on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program.

Harold C. Urey, the famous astronomer, has bad news for moonstruck lovers. The moon ain't what it's supposed to be!

He disputes a theory that the moon is a torn-off fragment of the earth, lost ages ago when the earth was molten.

In his new book "The Planets: Their Origin and Development," he says that the moon is nothing but a cloud of cosmic dust.

So, instead of looking at the moon, lovers hereafter need only park on a dusty road and get the same effect.

An electric wrist watch, hailed as keeping almost perfect time, has just been announced.

It contains an electric motor and a tiny battery a half inch long and smaller around than a pencil.

You will notice that it is "hailed as keeping ALMOST perfect time."

Just something else to get out of order.

One more love story—and then I am through for the day.

A male rhinoceros on the way to New York from Bombay, India, died after a seizure of hiccups.

A few days later his mate died of a broken heart.

The pair was valued at $18,000. But who speaks of money when love's at stake?

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 97

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.' There is a great deal of prophecy in these Messianic Psalms. We notice that the thought of Psalm 96 is projected into this one. Gabriel's promise to Mary in Luke 1:32 is now fulfilled: 'the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David,' implying that Jerusalem is to be the center of Messianic government upon the establishment of His kingdom, to the joy of the whole earth. Then truly will the inhabitants of earth be able to sing: 'Joy to the world, the Lord has come,' not in humiliation to die, but in power and glory to reign, having consumed His enemies, v. 3, who in the latter days will make their last determined effort to prevent God's purposes from being consummated. This spiritual conflict is even now working toward a crescendo of military activity and fear, with Palestine (Israel) in the center of the restless nations. This fear will one day be turned into great rejoicing and thanksgiving under the benign scepter of our Lord.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SELLIE AIRSHDA OSHTERRA: Ich wunner wie fiel fon unserra laiser os sich noch erinnerra kenna on ihra airshda Oshterra. Wie sie fer wocha long farna nous alla gabut 'n Oshter oy g'funna hen im hofe-un alsa mohl im gorda. M'r kenna uns noch gute erinnerra on ae glainer weiss kup nagshd on Rising Sun wissa m'r noch os sellie socha nee net fershtae hut kenna, un kenna uns noch gute erinnerra fon da socha os m'r galarnt hen in da Grammam Stahley ihr'm kaller eck.

Der glae weiss kup wor noch glae, un sei tzwet odder dritter kousin Mahlon Newhart ordlich elter. Der Mahlon hut der weiss kup noh net yusht ins kaller eck ganumma fer 'n milich hoffa weiss halver fol tzwivla shawla un bree, ow'r aw 'n karrab fol oyer, ready fer 'n dawg odder so in glaina boova ihra heet duh os noch glawwa dada in der haws. Sis 'm weiss kup uf kours ei g'sharaf'd werra fer sei moul halta-un wie er aw hut fer etlicha yohr. Tzu glawwa, hut m'r gamaint dade em alla orta Oshter socha bringa-net yusht g'farbda oyer, ow'r aw chocolate kandy un sella fon a shaina farvicha jelly bohna woh m'r immer 's airsht galong'd hut fer die shwartza.

Owets fer Oshterra wor immer die tzeit woh die fenshterra bardich in ocht ganumma sei hen missa. Die dierra gawainlich sin g'shlossa werra, ow'r die fenshterra in da kich sin owwa runner galust werra ungfare 6 odder ocht tzol eb m'r ins bed is, so os der haws rei kent won er kaimt mit seim karrab. Sarrickfeldich wie der haws wor, hut er immer g'sehna datzu os ers fenshter shae tzu gamocht hut wie er nous is-aenicha waig 's wor moryets immer tzu won m'r uf g'shtonna is, un wie onnishder hets sei kenna.

Fon Oshter korta hut m'r wenich gawist, ow'r oyer worra darta im iwwer fluss. Oshter feshter on da Sundawg shula worra der gabrouch, un niemond het gadenk'd fer shoffa uf Oshter Mondawg. Noch da Oshterra is die g'shpass kumma in da shule, oyer picka, odder ewwa sie nonner uf die shtarn shloga fer ferbracha. War gawins'ld hut, hut sei oy ferlord, un der waig fer sie winsla mocha, wor na die oyer uf die shtarn shloga mit 'm shpitzicha end.

Yar, die Oshterra worra ols da kinner ihra dawga, ow'r now huts may wenich kinner os glawwa on der haws won sie mohl lawfa un shwetza kenna-un bis sie in die shule gaina, whee, so dumhata.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

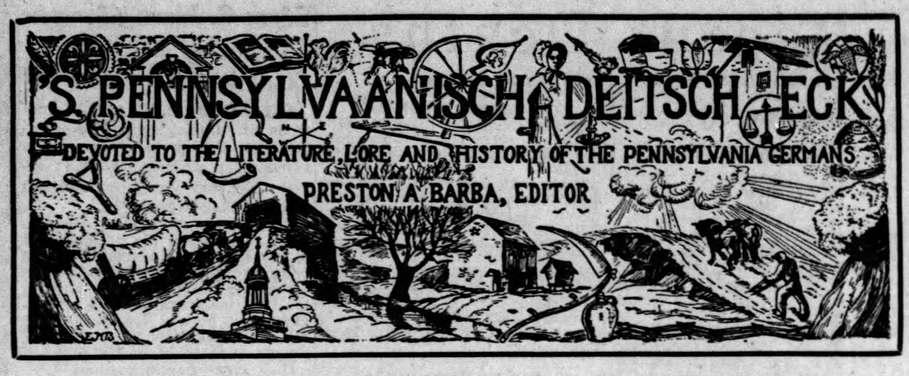
Soicha os shun driwwa in Nei Yarrick worra 's Oshter Show sehna im Music Hall, kenna net sawga wie shae os es des yohr widder wear, un woh m'r onna gaina da 20d Obril mit unserra train exkursion uf 'm Lehigh Valley rigelwaig.

25 Years Ago

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court decided that the recent merger of the United Evangelical Assn. was legal, reversing the Lebanon County court which had decided the merger invalid. The case before the court involved the control of Albright College, Myerstown.

Horoscope

Your year doubtless will be successful. An artistic and dependable character should be manifested in today's child.



ES LEER GRAAB

Wie's im Sankt Matthaeus gschriwwe schteht

Wie der siwwet Daag verbei waar, sin Maria Magdalena un die anner Maria kumme in der Helling vum aerschte Daag fer 's Graab zu sehne. Un sehnt, die Aerd hot aagfange ze wackle, far en Engel vum Haerr is vum Himmel runnerkumme, iss ans Graab gedrede, hot der Schtee weckgerollt von der Dier un hot sich druff gsetzt. Se: Gschtalt waar so hell wie der Blitz un sei Gleeder waare schneeweiss. Die Wechder waare so verschrocke, ass sie wie dod datt geieegge hen. Awwer der Engel hot de Weiwer gsaat: Faerricht eich net. Ich weess yo, ass ihr Yesus sucht, wu sie gegreizicht hen. Er is net do, er is vun de Dode uffgschtanne, yuscht wie er gsaat hot. Sehnt, do is der Blatz, wu der Haerr gelegge hot. Nau geht gschwind un verzeehlt seine Yinger, er iss uffgschtanne vun de Dode, un sehnt, er geht eich vannenaus noch Galilea hie. Datt sollt ihr ihn sehne. Nau hawwich 's eich gsaat.

Un sie gehne gschwind vum Graab naus. Sie hen sich gefaerricht, un waare doch arrig froh, un sin gschprunge fer seine Yinger des zu verzehle. Un sehnt, no hot sie der Yesus aagedroffe un gsaat: Seid gegriesst. Un sie kumme zu ihm, fasse sei Fiess aa, un falle var en hie.

No hot Yesus gsaat: Faerricht eich net. Geht zu meine Brieder un saagt ihne, ass sie noch Galilea geh sedde. Datt solle sie mich sehne. Awwer wie sie unnerweegs waare, sin etliche vun de Wechter in die Schtadt kumme, un hen de Hohebrieschter alles verzeehlt, ass geschehne iss. Un die Hohebrieschter sin mit de Eldeschte zammekumme, hen en Rot abghalde, un hen derno de Soldaade reichlich Geld gewwe, un ihne eigscharreft: Saagt des: Sei Yinger sin in der Narcht kumma un hen en gschtole dieweil mir gschlofe hen. Un wann der Governor des verleicht haere daet, schwetze mir mohl mit em, un no seid ihr rseef. Die Soldaade hen 's Geld genumme, un hen sich derno aagschickt. Un selli Schtori geht noch heit unner de Yudde rum.

Awwer die elf Yinger sin noch Galilea gange un uff en Barrig gange, wu Yesus sie hiegschickt hot ghadde. Un wie sie en gsehne hen, sin sie var em hiegfalle, awwer deel hen noch draa gezweiwelt. No iss Yesus zu ne kumme, hot mit ne gschwetzt un gsaat: Mir is all die Gewalt im Himmel un uff der Aerd gewwe. Fer sell, geht hie un lehrt alle Velker, un daaft sie im Naame vum Vadder un vum Soh un vum Heiliche Geischt. Un lehrt sie, sie solle alles halde, was ich eich befohle hab. Un sehnt, ich bin bei eich alle Daag bis die Welt zu End geht.

—Iwwersetzt vum RALPH CHARLES WOOD.

NINETY-ONE WAYS TO SPELL A WORD

ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON
The Pennsylvania State College

According to the system of spelling used by Dr. Barba in the ECK and also by Buffington and Barba in their new **Pennsylvania German Grammar** (now in press and being published by Schlechter's of Allentown) the radio name of the Pennsylvania German broadcaster who presents a broadcast every Sunday over WKOK, Sunbury, should be spelled N-i-x-n-u-t-z. A recent survey of the "Nixnutz's" fan mail, however, has revealed that there are ninety other ways to spell this Pennsylvania German word.

"Nixnutz" is a word which these Pennsylvania German people had used and heard many times. If they were born and brought up in a Pennsylvania German family, they had probably at some time or other been called "du gleener(ri) Nixnutz." But apparently, most of them had never seen the word in print; nor had they ever attempted to spell it.

Obviously one of the first problems confronting many of the ninety-one people who wrote these "fan" letters was whether "Nixnutz" should be written as one or two words. Thus we find some making two words out of "Nixnutz" and others writing it as one word, e.g. **Nix Noots and Nixnoots, Nix Nutz and Nixnutz, Nicks Nooks and Nicksnooks, Nicks Noots and Nicksnoots, Nicks-Nuts and Nicksnuts, Nicks Nutz and Nicksnutz, Nits Noots and Nitsnoots, Nicks Nucks and Nixnucks, Nix-Nuds and Nixnuds, Nix Nuts and Nixnuts, Nix Snoots and Nixsnoots, Nix Snuts and Nixsnuts, Nix Noods and Nixnoods, Nix Nooks and Nixnooks, etc.**

Apparently another problem which many had to ponder was how to spell the first half of this word. The majority spelled it "Nix," but many wrote "Nicks," e.g. **Nicksnutz, Nicksnoots, Nicks-Nuts, Nicks Nouts, Nicksnooks, etc.** To some, probably to those who were not too familiar with the dialect, this initial syllable sounded like "Mix," and thus, on some of the letters "Nixnutz" was written **Mix mud, Mix Nus, Mix mutz, Mixnoots, Mixnuts, Mix nutz, Mixnux, and Mix Nux.** Others thought this first syylable ought to be spelled "Snicks," e.g. **"Snicks Snoks, Snicks Snooks, Snicks Snuks, etc.** Other spellings of the initial syllable occuring less frequently were "Snick," Nicht," "Nichts," "Nick," "Knix," "Nex," "Nits," "Nitz," "Niz," and "Nux."

In the spelling of the second half of "Nixnutz" there were even greater variation, as the following list will reveal:

Nix moots	Nix Nutses	Nuxnoots
Nix Newits	Snick Snoks	Nixnucks
Nix Nods	Snick Snoots	Nix Nucks
Nixnoods	Snicks Snooks	Nixnuds
Nix Noods	Snick-Snots	Nix-Nuds
Nix Nook	Snicks Snuks	Nixnus
Nixnooks	Nichtnoots	Nix Nut
Nix Nocks	Nicht-Nutz	Nix Nutch
Nixnoot	Nichtsnoots	Nixnuts
Nix Nootks	Nichts-Nutz	Nix Nuts
Nix Noot's	Nicknoots	Nixnutz
Nixnoots	Nick Notz	Nix Nutz
Nix Noots	Nicknuts	Nixnux
Nixnots	Nicksmuts	Nix-Nux
Nix Nots	Nicks Neuick's	Nix Nux
Nixnotts	Nicksnooks	Nix Nuz
Nix Notts	Nicks Nooks	Nix Snooks
Nixoots	Nicksnoots	Nixsnoots
Nixnootz	Nicks Noots	Nix Snoots
Nix-nootz	Nicks Nouts	Nix Snuts
Nix Nootz	Nicksnuts	Nixnutz
Nixnotz	Nicks-Nuts	Mix mud
Nix Notz	Nicksnutz	Mix Nus
Nix Noux	Nicks nutz	Mix mutz
Nix Newites	Nexnoots	Mixnotts
Nicksnootes	Knix Knut's	Mixnuts
Nix Noutze	Nitsnoots	Mix nutz
Nixnuse	Nits Noots	Mixnux
Nixnutes	Nitz nuetz	Mix Nux
Nix Nutes	Niznoots	
Nixnutse	Nuxnits	

These ninety-one different spellings of the same word illustrate what happens when a bilingual person who knows how to write in one language attempts to use that alphabet for his other language. It also illustrates the defects of our English system of orthography.

Presumably, all of the ninety-one people who addressed these "fan" letters to the Nixnutz were bilingual, speaking both English and Pennsylvania German. A few of them may also have been familiar with Standard German. These people had learned to write English in school but had never been taught how to write Pennsylvania German.

Thus, in attempting to write "der Nixnutz" most of the above "fans" tried to use the nonphonetic English alphabet in transcribing the sounds of the dialect. In so doing, they retained the defects of our English system of orthography.

In conclusion, I should like to emphasize once again, as I have done in previous articles, the fact that Pennsylvania German is a German dialect and that, therefore, the spelling of Pennsylvania German should be based upon German rather than on English orthography. We see in the above spellings of "Nixnutz" what happens when one tries to represent the Pennsylvania German sounds by using English equivalents.

ALLE SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, soviel Sadde!
Deel vun do un deel vun dadde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht;
Graade, grumme, gscheide, dumme,
Nemmt sie ewwe wie sie kumme;
Ach! was hot's doch so viel Sadde
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

The Editor will be grateful to readers of the ECK for proper definitions of the following six unusual dialect words. Do you know anyone who still uses them? Or are they still a part of your vocabulary? Illustrate their usage in Pennsylvania German sentences. Please send your replies to: Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

der Offeschlupper	**eeletzich**
es Hecksel	**der Dascher (Daschter)**
der Schwob	**der Summerbaerrig**

Who will send us the Pennsylvania German name for **wrist** and for **midwife?**

Do you call pigs'-feet jelly **Zitterli** or by some other name?

Have you ever heard a Fensemeisel called Grundhicki, or by some other name in the dialect? If so, in what locality? Kindly inform the Editor of the ECK.

DIE ZEIDING

Ya, ich bezaahl die Zeiding,
Awwer grick sie net zu seh,
Biss alles hot sie glese,
Un will sie niemand meh.

Mei Fraa guckt iwwtr die fashions
Die comics mei gleener Bu;
Biss sie wees was di eDokder saage,
Hot die Gremmemm nie ken Ruh.

Der Tommy will alles wisse
Vun Schports vun aller Satt;
Mei Dochder lest die beauty page
Un aa der letschde Matt.

Der Markt dut intressiere
Allee der Onkel Bill;
Der grandad reisst en Schtickli ab
Un butzt demit sei Brill!

Un ebmols braucht die Mammi
Fer uff en shelf en Schtick;
Datt geht's Letscht vun der Zeiding,
Die ich no gaar net grick.

No schwetze sie vun Sache,
Vun denne ich gaar nix weess;
Un wann ich froog, iss die Andwart;
Dott iss die Zeiding—les!

Es dutt mich verhaschdich verzanne,
Ich hab des Ding baut satt!
Ich bezaahl vun nau kee Zeiding,
Die mich doch gaar nix batt!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

A SUNSHINEY SHOWER

Wann's reggert bei re helle Sunn,
Dann reggert's yuscht en halwi Schtunn,

My Pussy Cat Has The Gout

Die Bussi hot die Rummadis,
So losst sie alles geh wie's iss;
Die Ratte schpiele, un die Meis,
Un sell iss warricklich aus der Weis.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

ABOUT FISHING AND HUNTING

Few of our readers today are fortunate in possessing that valuable little book "Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale" a collection of sketches and reports first published in the "Friedens-Bote" and later published by Trexler and Hartzell in Allentown, Pa. (1880-1886).

In Chapter 40, entitled "Dieses und Jenes" (This and That) are a few historical notes on fishing and hunting, which the editor of the ECK has translated as follows:

In 1735, when many squatters had already settled in the valley of the Lehigh, the proprietaries of Pennsylvania devised a plan for disposing by lottery of a hundred thousand acres looked upon as the wilderness portion of Bucks County. A great many lottery tickets were sold, but for some reason or other the lots were never drawn. However, the owners of such lottery tickets were offered the lands they had selected for themselves at cheap prices.

Among the first settlers of Upper Milford (then also comprising the present Lower Milford) we find such names as Dillinger, Musselman, Hoch, Kirster, Scheimer, Lauer, Knecht, Henkel, Jost, Benner, Rausch and others. The township had already been founded as early as 1739 by the court of Bucks County. Peter Walbert, whose name headed the list of those petitioning the act, was appointed the first constable.

At that time Judge Allen of Philadelphia owned 5,000 acres of land on both sides of the Lehigh, extending south and west into what is now Salisbury and Whitehall. At that time it was known by the general name of "Magunschy" or Macungie. On ground later occupied by Muhlenberg College Judge Allen had a stone building erected. Known as Trout Hall it furnished shelter for the Judge and his fishing companions from Philadelphia. Here he entertained them as his guests on occasions and here the trout caught in the waters of this vicinity were prepared and served.

Another Philadelphian, Lynford Lardner, Esquire, owned a stretch of land somewhere between the Jordan and Cedar Creek, upon which he erected a building similar to that of Judge Allen, where he and his hunting companions might find shelter. It was called Grouse Hall, because of the many quails they shot in this vicinity and feasted upon. Because this building was white-washed, it later received the name of White Hall, thus giving the new township its name.

In fact this whole region became such a paradise for anglers and hunters that even the governor of Pennsylvania was induced from time to time to leave his capital city of Philadelphia and make excursions into these parts. On one such occasion the Governor had to spend the Sabbath in the home of one of the early settlers not far from the hunting terrain. Since it would have been considered improper for the Governor to go forth with his gun on the Sabbath, he must needs content himself with some other pursuit. He therefore inquired of his local host, whether he had some interesting book wherewith to while away the time.

"Yes indeed," replied his host. "I own the most entertaining book that you have ever read," and thereupon he brought to his distinguished guest his well-worn copy of the Bible. The Governor felt the implied sting he had received and quietly immersed himself in the reading of the Holy Writ, to his eternal benefit—let us hope!

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THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Spare the Wild Flowers

The earliest wild flowers of the season now are in bloom and as our people in great numbers wander through the meadows and forests under the urge of what we call Spring Fever there is almost irresistible impulse to pick large numbers of these early blooms.

Almost without exception these early flowers are among the most delicate that can be found in any season. Their root systems are delicate and are easily destroyed. For example, the trailing arbutus that used to be abundant throughout the Eastern United States has been obliterated from many areas and greatly reduced in quantity wherever population is fairly large and hikes into the forests are taken by many people. Other delicate wild flowers almost have been exterminated. Botanists with experience in any area over a considerable period of years can tell how many species have been reduced seriously and apparently are on the road to extermination.

Therefore the appeal of the lovers of nature and scientists goes forth to woodland visitors at this season: Admire, but do not pick the wild flowers. They will tell you these early flowers have no keeping powers. They will not long adorn a home and satisfy the human urge for the enjoyment of their frail beauty. The best place for them is their native habitat where everybody can enjoy them for a maximum period.

Pennsylvania's law forbids the picking of wild flowers without the permission of the owners of property whereon the flowers grow. It will be a nicer state of affairs if our people will adopt a sensible attitude. Not because of the laws but because of our common desire to keep Pennsylvania beautiful let's spare the flowers. In that desire, the wild flowers will be encouraged to increase in numbers. Then we shall not have the picture of a vanishing native flora which has brought beauty and charm to every season during all the years that man has lived in Pennsylvania.

A Century of High Service

The Lehigh County Medical Society is a century old today and this community is justly proud of an organization which during this period has made such eminent contribution to the people's welfare both by reason of the individual activities of its members and the group's interest in public health and the measures by which higher standards were attained in this important field of government.

Lehigh County has been favored by the character of the women and men who have established themselves here during the century. Out of our own native families splended young people arose to follow the noble profession. From other communities came excellent young people to serve and help their fellowman, Lehigh County can look back over its past and survey its present as well and conclude that an extraordinarily fine representation of the profession has resided and served here during the past century.

Since any organization is the sum total of its membership it can be known from the character of the medical profession in Lehigh County during a century that their organization, the Lehigh County Medical Society, has been outstanding in its work. It is a matter of no accident that other local institutions, which are the outgrowth of the medical profession directly or indirectly, have attained eminence.

In no fields of human endeavor are there wider and more promising frontiers than in medicine and surgery. Whatever work has been done individually and collectively by our medical men during the past century can be looked upon largely as pioneering.

The advances which medicine and surgery are making in our own day are so rapid and startling that the individual and collective work of our medical scientists during the next century promises to defy our weak imaginations. By the same token the Lehigh County Medical Society can expect to enjoy a marvelous second century of organization and activity in one of the greatest fields of endeavor—the prevention of disease and the cure or amelioration of the ills of the human race.

An Outstanding 'Co-Op'

There never has been any doubt in this community that cooperation among agricultural groups, under intelligent management and imaginative leadership really pays off for farmer members.

The Rural New Yorker, in a recent editorial, cites the Lehigh Valley Cooperative Farmers in this city as an outstanding example of the value of bona fide cooperation, and goes on to say:

"Starting in August, 1934, with 320 members and handling 3½ million pounds of milk during the first year, Lehigh Valley now boasts a membership of 2,168 who delivered 110 million pounds in the past year. Dollar sales in 1935 totalled $100,500. For the year ended January 31, 1952, gross sales were $9,200,000.

"In addition, the cooperative has one of the most modern milk plants in the country, with improvements constantly being added. It also maintains a breeding farm with 31 outstanding bulls.

"More than 700 members with their families attended the annual meeting and dinner last month. It was a real farmers' get-together because these men and women know that their cooperative is their business and that they have had an active hand in building it to its great success.

"Lehigh Valley is truly The Diary That Farmers Built. A testimonial to real grass roots in action, we take this opportunity to say Happy Anniversary to LVCF."

Don't Be Amateur Mechanic

April, which Congress in an unprecedented action decreed as "Cancer Control Month," is more than half spent and it is conceivable that in all the hurly burly of a hectic business and holiday season, plus a succession of other appeals, the local campaign for $20,000 to be devoted to the national program may have been overlooked.

Up to this time specifics for the disease that is taking such heavy annual toll of American life have not been discovered. But this is known: Early discovery of and attention by surgery and X-rays to certain unnatural physical condidtions can prevent cancer.

Until specific cures be discovered the best course is the preventive program which is outlined in the following editorial from the American Cancer Society entitled: "Don't Be an Amateur Mechanic."

We never cease to wonder at the man who will rush the family car to the repair shop at the first sound of an engine sputter and call in the heating expert when the oil burner acts up, and yet when something goes wrong in his own, infinitely more complicated system, indulges in self-diagnosis and home remedy. A small sore on his lip . . . and he applies salve from the family medicine chest. When the sore refuses to heal, he blames it on the salve and buys another brand. Or maybe a mole that he's had since childhood starts changing in color or size. He studies it in his mirror while shaving, and decides it's "nothing to worry about. They say those things change as you get older."

His wife, who has the same respect for engines and machines and mechanical devices as her husband, sends the vacuum cleaner out for repairs when it begins to heat up. She pauses in her household chores to remember that she noticed a small lump in her breast while dressing, and reminds herself that she'd better look into it one of these days . . . that is, if it doesn't go away "soon."

Familiar? Alarmingly so . . . because these are symptoms that might mean cancer. They do mean an immediate visit to the doctor for prompt diagnosis and, if cancer is indicated, prompt treatment. The appalling loss of life to this, the nation's second chief killer, could be cut one-third today if men and women came to their physicians in time. The American Cancer Society lists the seven danger signals of cancer that call for prompt action on your part.

1. Any sore that does not heal.

2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.

3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.

4. Any change in a wart or mole.

5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.

6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.

7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

An early visit to your doctor, when any one of these conditions is evident, might make the difference to you or your family or to relatives and friends between "cured" and "condemned." It's your job to know and act upon these danger signals. If you can't remember them, cut them out and paste them on the inside of your medicine cabinet.

At the first sign of any of these symptoms, take yourself down to the man who knows what to do about it — your doctor. Give yourself the same break you're giving your car or toaster or lawn - mower. And give to the 1952 Cancer Crusade of the American Cancer Society.

Edgar A. Guest

OLD ADAM; YOUNG EVE

"The woman tempted," Adam said,
"And I did eat."
And that excuse till all are dead
Men will repeat.

A smiling Eve, just seven years old
And fair to see,
Led me where ice cream cones are sold
And tempted me.

I knew her mother had denied
The sweet she sought.
But I am weak. I stepped inside.
The cone I bought.

Then when her mother shook her head
At such a treat,
"The woman tempted me," I said,
"And she did eat."

(Copyright, 1952)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Most people, at one time or another, have fallen asleep in a railroad car, and awakened somewhere in the yards. An unfortunate in South Africa went them one better recently, however. He curled up for a nap in an empty day coach. During the night the coach was moved to the repairs depot. When dawn broke, the sleeper yawned luxuriously, took one glance out of the window, and let out a yelp of horror. His car, suspended from a big crane, was dangling two hundred feet above the track.

(Copyright, 1952)

Designed for Big Game





David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

American business and industry—small as well as large enterprises—are becoming aroused over the administration's decision to confiscate private property without process of law.

Political and party lines are likely to be upset by the latest turn of events. For the American people are going to be asked at the next election to decide between the confiscationists and the anti-confiscationists.

The issue of confiscation has been the root of the New Deal as well as of Fair Deal policies for nearly 20 years but the late President Roosevelt never ventured as far as his successor, President Truman, has today.

Many people are asking how a man of Mr. Truman's instinctive respect for private property ever allowed himself to be persuaded to adopt a policy of confiscation and to do so under the guise of a national emergency.

Truman Misled?

The facts are that the President has been pushed into a corner by his radical advisers and has been persistently misled as to the legal phases of the steel dispute.

The question of confiscation has been in the background of administration policies here for many years. A clique of radicals in and around the White House has steadily and consistently pressed for legislation that would take away by taxes from one group of citizens a larger and larger share of their earnings and disburse the same in huge grants of public money to other groups of citizens. But the transfer of private property to employees of industrial companies in the form of wages to which those companies never agreed is the first outright example of confiscation in American history. The government simply seizes the earnings of companies which have raised their money by borrowing the savings of American investors. If the government hesitates, the CIO Union threatens a strike.

Any order from the President, executed by the Secretary of Commerce, to put into effect the wage increases "recommended" by the Wage Stabilization Board is an act of confiscation. Such a step is unmoral because the word of the President of the United States was given to both unions and employers that the "recommendations" of the board were not to be considered binding on either party. To make them binding by seizing the treasuries of the companies and taking their money and paying it out to employes is to break a solemn promise. It signifies that the pledge of the government has been torn into scraps of paper. With such an order, the whole stabilization machinery becomes a totalitarian process hardly unlike that prevailing under Communism or Fascism.

What is most unfortunate is that the President had available another course of action outlined to him by Congress, and he never followed it. Congress expected the President to exact a "no strike" and "no lockout" pledge from the unions and industry and since both sides were to lose their economic leverage, controls could be imposed on wages and prices. But there was no provision for seizure or for the squelching of collective bargaining. In fact, the existing Defense Production Act, under which the Wage Stabilization Board functions, specifically says:

"The national policy shall be to place primary reliance upon the parties to any labor dispute to make every effort through negotiation and collective bargaining and the full use of mediation and conciliation facilities to effect a settlement in the national interest. To this end, the President is authorized.1) To initiate voluntary conferences between management labor and such persons as the President may designate to represent the government and the public, and (2) Subject to the provisions of Section 503, to take such action as may be agreed upon in any such conference and appropriate to carry out the provisions of this title."

Section 503

The "Section 503" referred to specifically said that "no action" was to be taken "inconsistent with" the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, and "other applicable laws." There are no laws authorizing seizure of property in industrial disputes. Certainly the President was expected to call a labor-management conference such as was held during World War II, when industry and labor-union leaders agreed to a "no strike" and "no lockout" pledge and then agreed to submit disputes to the War Labor Board. He never did.

So the administration has not followed the guidance of Congress and has not obtained for the government and the national interest the benefit of a pledge that would ban strikes and lockouts.

Yet today, without even asking for such an agreement, the administration has come to the conclusion that it will go to the extreme of confiscating the money of several American companies and hand it over to the unions.

Government by confiscation makes a very concrete issue for the American people to ponder. It would not be surprising if the Democratic nominee who fails to repudiate this brand of Trumanism is overwhelmingly defeated at the polls. He will be if the people generally understand the lengths to which confiscation can go in disrupting the business of the nation and the savings of investors. If the President has power to confiscate steel-company earnings without law, he can confiscate bank deposits, cut the value of government bonds in half, and destroy all confidence in the stability of the dollar.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from the Morning Call Of April 19, 1927, a Tuesday

Following the lead already taken by local banks, industries and business houses, the Allentown School Board endorsed the matter of Daylight Saving Time and paved the way for it to go into effect in Allentown schools.

Members of the Allentown section, Lehigh Consistory, and their ladies enjoyed the program of entertainment and education provided by the Bangor Male Chorus, the Philadelphia Orchestra Sextet, the Saint Cecile Quartet, Miss Ruth Pearcy, New York contralto and Herbert Leon Cope, celebrated humorist.

Four hundred music enthusiasts enjoyed a recital given in Trinity UE Church, 10th and Chestnut Sts. by George Snyder, organist and Knox Dunlop, baritone, both students at Ithaca Conservatory.

Horoscope

Aspects are good for enjoying mentally stimulating activities, and financial success in your next year. A successful life is foretold for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON SUMMER WERSHT UN BALONEY: Tzu hoerra wies da onner dawg har gonga is in Police headquarters doh in da shtadt, het m'r wariсklich denka kenna der Joe Stalin un paar kongressleit wear om kalta griek settla mit da meilen. Noh het m'r aw widder denka maiga 's weara paar kondidawdt fer President hinnich nonner, un wotta nonner allas riddla os sie wista. Owwa druf huts hesslich galoud, ow'r unna drunner wor 'n gons onnerrie oussicht-der ambulance fuhrmon Arthur Sell, un der policemon Norman Fulmer hen net aenich werra kenna so weit os summer wersht un Lebanon baloney aw gain.

Der Arthur shtaid druf summer wersht wear summer wersht un het gore nix tzu duh mit Lebanon baloney, un der Norman hut druf g'shtonna, Lebanon baloney wear summer wersht noh maich'd der Arthur sawga wos er wot. Baloney is gawainlich drump won sellie tzwae hinnich nonner kumma, ow'r sis net oft os sie fon recht shoffender baloney shwetza won sie ains fon ihra baloney moul feshter hen. Die barichda sin, die Miss Liberty uf 'm monument on Centre Shquare het der kup so sheb k'hova fer hoerra wos om aw gae wear.

So arrick os die boova ow'r hinnich nonner worra, wissa sie now grawd bout so fiel os sie dafor aw gawist hen. Der Arthur is shure os summer wersht ebbes gons arbadiches is in da wersht line, un os die alt frankisha summer wersht woh die bauer 'n gonser summer im shmoke hous hanka hen kotta, odder die wersht in die frucht bagrawwa hen kotta-os sellie wersht kem Lebanon baloney ins g'sicht gucka dada. Wos noch mainer is, der Arthur shtaid druf ken recht shoffender summer wersht wot uf da shtong hanka woh 'n Lebanon baloney druf wear.

Ow'r grawd so shtondhoft os der Arthur wor in seim glawwa, so hut der Norman 'm Lebanon baloney sei bart ganumma, uns net uf kumma lossa os Lebanon baloney ken summer wersht wear. "Wos is 'n summer wersht," hut der Norman der Arthur g'frok'd, un 'm der finger unnich die naus garent wie won er 'n bakenna wot mocha os er sei lebdawg noch ken summef wersht g'sehna het.

Der Arthur wor ow'r grawd so shponkich, un hut 'm Norman tzimlich shnell tzu fershtae gewwa, os recht shoffenda summer wersht gadart weara, un 'n gonser summer rum g'shlaift kenta werra unna shtinkich werra wie die dada wos heit tzu dawg ferkauft dade werra ols Lebanon baloney. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hen so arrick gablaudert fon summer wersht un baloney, os der William Benneville Christman, der Bill Kreis, un der Dixie Howells woh dabei k'huck'd hen die socha ob lauerra, net helfa hen kenna os wie os ihra meiler gawessert hen, os es wosser uf 'm budda rum galoffa is. Yaderer fon sella drei hut sich aw noch erinnerra kenna on die alt alt frankisha summer wersht woh der Arthur im sinn kotta hut, un woh der Norman all'm noh nix dafon wase.

Wie die summer wersht un baloney bisnis endlich ous tarn'd is ous tzu finna. Fermuthlich werra sie wol mohl ains fon da dawga 'n Fildelfy lawyer bei griega missa fer na ous ihr'm druvel helfa. Sis net dawert os sie lawyers fon dahame nemma, sella draut der Norman net — is bong die wista noch fon da summer wersht os ihra gross elterra ols gamocht hetta un dade ferlierra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya is der dawg woh m'r widder 'n drup noch Nei Yarrick nemma uf ra special train uf 'm Valley, un woh m'r shure sin os 'n yaders os mit gait, widder 'n gutie tzeit hut.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 104

This Psalm opens as did the 103rd and closes with the same injunction: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' followed by Hallelujah translated, Praise ye the Lord). It is a 'nature Psalm,' celebrating the wisdom of God as the writer takes us into every corner of the earth, pointing out the wonder of His works. 'O Lord' he exclaims in v. 24 'how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.' Then he says: 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise unto my God while I have any being; my meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord,' vs. 33, 34. Read my favorite section of this Psalm: 'Thou makest darkness and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat (food) from God. The sun ariseth; they gather themselves together, and lay themselves down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening,' vs. 20-23. How interestingly is the 24 hour cycle of activity in nature described, and that 3000 years ago.



COLUMNIST–ADVERTISER EARLY RADIO AUTHOR

being

The Dialect Record of George W. Kunsman

by Heinz Kloss

George W. Kunsman was born in Reading, Pa., Dec. 7, 1874. He started as a traveling salesman in the tobacco business but later on became a journalist. In 1908 he was employed on the "Reading Telegram." From 1909 until 1919 he lived in York, Pa. Thereafter he worked for several Reading papers, mostly the "Times." In 1928 he retired from business because of ill health. When I met him in 1931 he was living near Reading.

Like James C. Lins, about whom I wrote in an earlier issue of the ECK (Aug. 25, 1951) Kunsman was a returnee from English to "Pennsylvaanisch." His parents spoke only English to him, but from their own conversation he learned to understand Pennsylvania German. His ability to speak it was acquired later on his business trips. And it was only in his later life that he began to use it in writing. During the early twenties (about 1923) he contributed articles signed "MOSE OMPSHEL fon Duwockschteddel" to the Reading "Times." Still later he wrote the column signed "Der Fred Sagt" for the advertising section of various newspapers, but up to 1929 chiefly for the Reading "Eagle."

He seems to have been among the first, if not the very first, to see the possibilities of "Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch" as a radio tongue. As early as 1926 he wrote a series of radio dialogues entitled "Jakob und Mose Nussbickel"—country store dialogues which in 1931 were still in manuscript and which together with some of his other writings he hoped to see in print some day. He was among the many folk authors I met who dreamt of bringout a book of their dialect writings.

As a columnist Kunsman may be grouped with those fellow columnists who aimed at nothing but entertainment without referring to the burning issues of the day. His specialty was well-rounded anecdotes of which he seems to have had at his command an inexhaustible supply. Here is a fair specimen culled from the Reading Times for June 14, 1923:

GOOTA MORRYA! Der Russ Schtoober sawgt: "En monn os sein maul tzu holdta konn iss rohr—un glicklich. Droowel koomt net oft tze ainer won ehr tzu wenning schwetzt, aber dausendta sin in ailendt kooma weil sie tzu fiel gschwetzt hen."

"En ligner set en goote erinnerung howwa. Woh ehr net hot, don dadt ehr besser die wohret schwetza.

"Fershteckel dei licht net unnich 'm bushel—eggsept won's 'moonshine' iss. Don sawgt mir woo ich der bushel finna konn."—

Der Sam Olsweider hot gemaindt os mir en Duwockshteddel Kounty Klub shtarta setta.

"Gai mir doch weck" hob ich gsawgt, "so socha sin net fer leidt os im bush wohna. Wos mir du setta, iss en City Klub shtarta."

Now wais ich woo der Eb Bluck sei shtuft grickt. Die Sus hot's die Polly Ann fertsaihlt ai ovet und ich bin im onner shtoob kuckt un hob's awkorricht. Ehr hot's yo im keller. Ehr hot en gonsa foss foll boshgnawda wei gemocht fer an exshperiment, und die Sus sawgt os es en ferdeihenkert kick hot.

Der Eb iss widder los gebrucha Dienshdawg and ehr hot en modderlich wiesht kisht kotta. Endlich iss ehr so weedich worra os der Bill Wolmer ihn g'aresht hot, und hot ihn tzum Shquire Shtuffelmoyer genomma.

"Wos iss letz mit der Eb?" froagt der Shquire. "Wos hot ehr widder gedoo?"

"Ehr war hinnich 'm shoolhaus, om fechta mitt en groasse shlong wie ich ihn g'nabbed hob," sawgt der Bill.

"Mitt en shlong?" maindt der Shquire. "Du ferflommter aisel. Tsidder wonn hot en monn ken recht sich tzu defenda won en shlong ihn noach koomt? Du settst besser wissa os wie sel."

"Ya," sawgt der Bill, "yoosht es war ken shlong dotta."

Wonn die Polly Ann mich gai losst will ich en holwer ocker mit boshgnawda blontza des yawr. Ich hob net gewisst os mir sie usa kenna fer ainich eppes os wie fer essa.

Yawra tszurick, wie die ortermobeels airsht rous komma sin, hen mir unser orrawet g'shtoppt wie ainer ferbei komma iss, und hen's noach gegoockt so weit os mir's saihna hen kenna. Abowdt seller tzeit iss ainer dorrich unser shteddel un die Polly Ann hot's g'saihna fon unser fenshter im feddersсht shtoob. Grawdt nochder-hondt koomt en motorseikel aw ferbei.

"Du lieber tsu-shtondt, Mose," greisht sie, ich hob net gewisst os die fershinnert deiwwel wogga yoonga hen."

MOSE OMPSHEL
Fon Duwockshteddel

Wouldn't this man have graced any Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Liegner Match had he lived to see one? But perhaps he did. Will informed readers kindly tell us?

But listen now to Mose giving a new twist to the age-old story of the husband who at a belated hour sneaks home to his wife. You have no doubt often heard the like, but did you ever learn of one who had to lick his wifekin's (that is Carlylese for wifie) hand in order to remain unidentified? Well, Mose had to, and here is how it happened (according to the Reading Times for Feb. 6, 1923:

Under the caption Goota Morrya we read:

Tsidder die picnic iss die Polly Ann so ferdeiwwelt unleidlich os ich gewiss net wais wos ich do soll. Won sie mich yuscht net ferwisht khotta het wie ich die Betsy Shlinker gebusst hob onn die picnic. Sel war die awfonga fon mei droowel. Un noh, fer's shlimmer tzu mocha, hot die Betsy in die Times gelaisa wos ich g'shriwa hob waich sie.

"Wonn ich dir nimmy obbadittlich genoog bin," hot sie g'sawgt, "konnsht dei glaider nemma un dich fort mocha. Du husht mich g'shemmt for'm gonse shteddel mit dei awgonges. Der naixt picnic os mir dertzu gaihna, bleiwa mir derhaim, konnsht dich droof ferlussa."

"In Himmel's nawme, weibsmensch," hob ich g'sawgt, "hold dei moul. Wie denksht os ich die neiichkaida fer die Times shreiwa kon won du der gontz tseit om shelda bischt?"

"Won du mein shelldes laidich bisht browwier mich yusht amole tzu shtoppa," ontwort die Polly, und no hot sie der baisom gegrabbt. Wonn die Polly der baisom grickt don iss es mei tseit fer aus'm waig, un ich bin bletzlich gonga.

Ich will dir sawga os ich die blues morrigwording khotta hob. Ich het en reit genomma mit der fliwwer, yusht der gas war ausgeshpielt un ich hob ken gelt khotta fer mai tzu kawfa.

Bei-un-bei hob ich der Eb Bluck awgedruffa und ehr hot grawd saihna kenna os eppes net recht war mit mir.

"Wos is don letz, Mose?" froagt ehr. "Du gooksht os wie won du dei beshter friend ferlohra husht."

Ich hob ihn mei droowel fertzaihlt un no hot ehr mich eigelawdt mit ihm tzu gai un sei boshgnawda wei fersoocha. Well, ich bin mit und, bei crackey, seller wei war die rail shtuft.

Der airsht glaws hob ich g'shpiert drooner in die fees. Der tswet hot mich reich feela mocha und noach der dritt hob ich nix droom gewwa fer die Polly odder niemondt shunsht.

Ich bin dot gebliwwa bis tswelf uhr und noh iss der Eb shloafa gonga im shuckel-shtool. Ich hob gebrowwiert ihn wockka tzu mocha aber ehr war geparalized. Noh hob ich ai gootes aaus'm krook genomma un hob fort g'shtart.

Uf der haimwaig hen fiel gedonka dorrich meim kop gonga un endlich hob ich g'saihna os ich net recht bei der Polly gedoo hob. Mei schlechtichkeit hot mich so geblowgt os ich heila hob missa un ich hob mei mind ufgemocht os ich sie nimmy ken uhrsoch gewwa daidt tzu ferklawga iwwer der Mose Ompshel. Un noh hob ich besser g'fieldt.

Well, wie ich haim kooma bin, war olles doonkel un die Polly war im bett. Ich hob sie net wocka mocha wella un ich hob mei shoo obgenooma un bin der shpeicher noof uf die hendt un fees. Wie ich in unser shtoob kooma bin iss die Polly Ann so 'bout holwer wocka un hot mich khairt. Aber sie hot gemaindt os es der hoondt war.

"Koom Rover," hot sie gemummelt, "laight dich unnich es bett." Un noh hot sie ihre hondt iwwer der seit gedoo.

Mei hertz waar mir sheer im moul, aber ich bin grawd uf die gnee un hoob ihre hondt geshleckt mit meinra tzoong. Die Polly war g'satisfied un glei bol iss sie widder om awfonga tzu shnorrixa. Noh bin ich nei g'shlippt un aw in die ruh.

Aber sel war gewiss en narrow eshkape!

MOSE OMPSHEL
Fon Duwockshteddel

Finally, let us listen to Kunsman the advertiser. The following is a rather typical piece of Pennsylvania German as a vehicle in the advertising business. It was written for Fred H. Robitzer and Company, "Reading's Largest Exclusive Clothers." It reads:

DER FRED SAGT: "Horrich amole, boowa! Mir hen beinonner kuckt om wertshaus der onner ovet und hen fon eddlicher socht geblaudert. By und by fongt der Pete Brunnergress aw und sawgt uns waich seller gross kannon os die Deitsche g'used hen im weld krieg.

"Ei" sawgt der Bill Boonagreidel, "des moos en morickwordig ding sei gewesst fer di schweira kannon bolla siwwazig meil zu schiesa.

"Huh?" sawgt der Ike Schlongerwotzel, "sell iss yo gawr nix. Wie ich fer der Uncle Sam g'shofft hob, hen mir en graissera kannon os wie seller gemocht. Usht mir hen ihn net usa darrfa."

"Fer wos net?" froagt der Bill.

"Well die bolla war tzu gross. So gewiss os ich laib boowa, oller mohl os mir seller kannon opg'shossa hen, is der bolla grawd dot hee gebliwwe, aber der kannon is fing-und-tswonsig meil tzurick gefloaga."

"Ike," sawgt der Bill, "net os du denksht os ich dir en ligner haiss, aber ich will fershtonna howwa os ich convinced bin os du die warhet wonnerbawrisch shtreksht ollsomohl."

Mir breicha die warhet net shtreckka waich unser Glaidter, and won du en wolfele Suit howwa wit, kauf en onn unser Final Clearance.

(In all of the above original selections Kunsman's own spelling has been retained.—ED.)

Am I mistaken or does Kunsman's style occasionally betray his English upbringing?

I am sorry I cannot submit a piece of his radio script, conceivably one of the earliest of its kind in the dialect. The 1926 script antedates by almost a decade Paul Wieand's WCBA and WSAN program as of 1935 following. Here is a topic for a MA Thesis: When Did PG Radio Programs Start? As a skilful and entertaining columnist, as a pioneer of PG wireless speaking and as a returnee to the vernacular of his forebears George W. Kunsman deserves a modest place in the annals of Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

DIE HAUSBUTZEREI

Im Friehyaahr un im Schpotyaahr, ya,
So reglar ass die Uhr,
Packt Butzgichtre die Weibsleit aa,
Des schteckt in ihr Nadur.

Was machen sie en Uwening do,
Drehn alles inside aus;
Geht alles unnerscht 's ewwerscht no
Iwwers ganse Haus.

So wie die Zeit kummt rum gerollt,
Bischt du en schmarter Kaerl,
Verschteckelscht Sach du halte witt,
Schunscht geht dir's naus ins Baerl.

Doch wu verschteckle, sell's es Ding,
Scharf sin sie wie die Hund;
Musscht sie, denk ich, zammepacke
Un graawe in der Grund.

Babier muss abgerisse sei
Un neies an die Wand;
Die Farb basst net zum neie Gschaerr—
'S iss Elend un en Schand.

Die Schpinne missen ausgsucht sei,
Schaawe un die Wanse;
Ich saag dir Eel un gasoline
Macht sie heftich danse.

Sie rennen rum den ganse Daag,
Bis sie sin ball darmlich;
Der hesslich Dreck alliwwer rum
Macht sie schier gaar warmlich.

Sie schpringen sich grummbeenich ball
In ihrm grosse Eifer;
Was gebt's dock Kopp—un Buckelweh
Bis der Dreck in Heifer.

Woche zwee odder datte rum
Gebt 's Esse aus em Schank;
Wann's iwwer iss un all verbei
No iss dei Maagge krank.

Lichter aus de Schteck genumme
Sin net aazudrehe;
Was batt's zu grummle iwwer des—
Kannscht nix duh deweegge.

Musscht du uffschteh darch die Nacht,
Gebscht dei Bee en Kratz;
Un rennscht en Fuss vleicht wedder 'n Schtuhl,
Der iss net in seim Platz.

Der Gang schteht voll vun des un sell,
Du kannscht ball net verbei;
Un denk net nooch der Baadschtubb geh,
Datt is ken Platz for nei.

Du rennscht dei Kopp in Schpiggel nei,
Die meenscht waer'n an der Wand;
Laafscht wedder'n Dier die uff sei sett,
Verliersсht ball dei Verschtand.

Fallscht vun de Leeder runner, vleicht
Iwwer'm Pickter henke;
Bischt hesselbaarisch rum geyaagt,
Hoscht ken Zeit fer denke.

Fallt der Uffwesch Eemer zamme,
Dann schtolperscht iwwer'n Reef;
Du nemmscht en Reit uffs Hinnerdeel
Vun dreete uff die Seef.

Kaerpet dresche, awning uffduh,
Keller muss gebutzt sei;
Deel Sach geht naus un bleibt aa drauss,
Un anner Sach muss bei.

Warrscht ungeduldich mit dem Gschefft,
Gebt's Krieg—meind was du saagscht—
Es geht nix recht in denne Zeit,
Browiere wie du maagscht.

Ferwas es iss un was es meent,
Kannscht vleicht verschteh soglei;
Sie sie kaum faddich, meiner Seel,
Muss naegscht Woch gebutzt sei.

Un des iss weil sin Drecksei rum,
Was zu duh deweegge?
Ennihau, so sin mir gheesse,
Wann mir Buckel drehe.

Ya well, so geht's der Welt heit zu—
'S hot yeders Eegenheit;
Die Weibsleit denken des vun uns
Un mir vun de Weibsleit.

27.Moi 1933 RALPH S. FUNK

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

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CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 705

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Out to the Ballpark

The miserable weather which has darkened and dampened human activities with regularity during week - ends for many months may abate today and Allentonians hope it will in order that there can be auspicious opening of the professional baseball season for this community and welcome can be extended to the interesting group of young athletes who have arrived from Albany, Ga., and for the next half year at least will call Allentown their home.

Official opening of the season had been scheduled for last night. There could be no doubt at almost any time of the day that postponement would be made. So effort will be made to night by the Allentown Cardinals to give their admirers a first and satisfactory taste of the national pastime.

If this community did not have a professional team there would be wide desire for it. Earnest appeals would go forth to any and all who might be capable of providing a franchise, a team and a ballpark for the honor and fame of the city.

Thanks to the St. Louis Cardinals, Allentown has all these. There must be gratefulness for the sporting spirit of men who live in distant parts of the United States but have put so much risk capital into an enterprise here.

Support for the home team, enthusiasm for it whether it win, lose or tie will be the most tangible expression of the community's satisfaction and gratitude. We possess a club that ties the community to the great and grand old game of baseball as played by the young men of the country who have worked their way to topnotch place in the organized field of this sport.

Tonight, and on other nights, go out to the ball game.

Cedar Crest College 85

Students and faculty members of Cedar Crest College, together with alumnae everywhere in the country that they now call home are rejoicing together thruout this week and celebrating two notable anniversaries — the 85th of the founding of the College and the tenth in the career of Dr. Dale Moore as president.

There must have been extra ordinary stir and stimulus for ambitious efforts in this community back in 1867, just two years after the ending of the Civil War. It is to be noted that in that year Allentown "became of age," as it were, and became an incorporated city on March 12, 1867.

And along about that time the "Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and Adjacent States," the oldest Lutheran Synod in the United States, was establishing Muhlenberg College in buildings that were used for 19 years by the Allentown Seminary and was raising that educational institution to college status.

Only three blocks away the stir for higher education was being manifested in the establishment of the institution that was to become Cedar Crest College, then known as Allentown Female College (Fem Sem, in the local vernacular) and in 1893 became known as Allentown College for Women.

The more than four score years of Cedar Crest College's life have been notable. Advancement in the work of the college has paralleled the general advancement of American woman and her emancipation from many chains, figuratively speaking, that had hampered her from time immemorial. Those chains still fetter women in many parts of the world and are as restrictive as the traditional shoes of foot - bound Chinese girls and women that happily have also gone into history's discard.

Cedar Crest College has contributed thru every student and graduate to this advancement of American woman and thereby to advancement of women worldwide. It has sent out into the world splendid persons who have proved themselves great and noble whether their spheres have called in the busy marts of men, the schools or the church or in the so-called "little duties" and "the narrow cares that cluster round the hearth."

Schools' Tax Woes

The people, especially those who are property owners and taxpayers of this type, always have been interested in what the various municipal governments levy for their financial operations.

That interest is running unusually high in this city at this time for the very simple reason that assessments have been increased, largely for the purposes of equalization, and because the harassed Allentown School Board must somewhere and somehow find larger revenues than ever to carry on the public educational system. From what pockets the large sums must come is the question.

There is no doubt that the situation is critical for the Allentown School Board. Not only must it raise money for the coming fiscal year but it will have to make up in some way for the $227,000 that was collected thru a mercantile tax, held in escrow and now must be returned under a Supreme Court decision.

There cannot be a taxpayer in Allentown who is unsympathetic with the plight of the School Board. Just about everybody much desire that a way out of the difficulties will be found and that it will be with minimum distress for people already overburdened by public obligations.

This sympathetic public interest has been exhibited in the constitution of a public relations committee and a tax study by a subcommittee thereof. Sincere effort is being made to view the problem from all angles and to find the best answer and pass that answer on to the School Board.

Further, public interest is being shown by attendance of many people at the sessions of the School Board and promise that there will be continued exhibition of interest during the Board's preparation of a budget.

It is to be hoped that "light" and not "heat" will characterize the spirit of these meetings. The School Board has its serious problem. If any one has better answers for it than have yet appeared, the Board will certainly welcome them.

Jungle Drum



Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What would you have done in a case like this?

Frankly I cannot make up my mind what I would have done—but, then, maybe, I have a criminal streak in my makeup.

So perhaps, I am no criterion.

For fifty-two years Miss Stella Kahn, a manicurist, has lived in New York City, and in all those years she never found anything except a couple of odd pennies and nickels.

Then, last week, things began to happen.

When she was crossing Fifth Avenue at 33d Street she almost tripped over something.

She looked down and saw a bundle of green stuff.

She picked it up and almost fainted—

Two hundred dollars in $10 and $20 bills, rolled up tight, with a rubber band around it!

"Hundred of people must have walked right over it," she said. "I guess people just don't watch where they are going these days."

She took the money home to her brother, and asked him what they should do about it. He suggested that they watch the newspaper ads. The owner might advertise his loss.

But nothing happened.

On Friday Stella Kahn took a walk up Broadway. At 72nd St. she got tired and hailed a taxi.

On the back seat there was an envelope with nothing in it—except $655 in five, ten and twenty dollar bills.

Again she took her find home to her brother, and again they looked through all the newspapers.

No dice.

So, on Sunday, they took the money to the police, and unless the owners claim it within ninety days, Miss Stella Kahn will be $855 richer.

And what do you think of this?

When she went shopping the following Monday she made her THIRD find in a department store.

A bright, shining quarter somebody had dropped on the floor.

"I am going to keep that," said Miss Kahn. "After all, people ought to take better care of their things."

As I said in the beginning, what would you have done with all that money?

Mind you—no identification of any kind, no sign of the owners. Just good, plain green Aermican money.

I don't want to make another "How old is Ann?" puzzle out of this.

(And, by the way, I have had more than 1,000 letters in response to that puzzle. It is impossible for me to answer them all. So here is the solution: ANN IS 18 YEARS OLD.)

But it is a puzzle, isn't it?

We are all—or at least most of us—inherently honest.

But oh, what a temptation!

There's a lot one can do with $855 these days—and I guess this particular $855 would be tax-free.

Would I have kept the money?

"Get thee behind me, Satan."

(Copyright, 1952)

Edgar A. Guest

QUATRAINS

DURABLE TIME

Immortal time moves on and on
And has no fear of any one.
It has outlived and always will
The man who had an hour to kill.

SAME DISAPPOINTMENT

The golfer is out on the tee once more
With the same old hopes of the years before;
The same old swing which he can't control
And the same old seven on a par four hole.

TO A BOASTER

Braggart. The laurel slips from many a brow.
Tomorrow's rising sun
May see what you're so very proud of now
Being better done.

OLD SAYING

I still can hear my father say
From that far distant shore:
"Just do your best from day to day.
Angels can do no more."

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of April 26, 1927, a Tuesday

The pressing need for an auditorium in the Herbst School Building, 5th and Chew Sts., was forcibly stressed at a meeting of the Herbst Parent-Teachers Assn. With the unanimous consent of the members and others present, a resolution was adopted calling on the Board of education to provide an auditorium with gymnasium in the basement of the school.

The stage was set for the production of "Broadway Jones" by the senior class of the Allentown Prep School in the High School auditorium.

Public Opinion

MINISTER'S LEAGUE COMMENDS CALL-CHRONICLE RELIGIOUS FEATURES

Mr. David A. Miller,
Pres., Call-Chronicle Newspapers
Dear Mr. Miller—

I have been directed by the action taken at the April meeting of the Minister's League of Allentown and Vicinity, to convey the following information, namely:

That the Call-Chronicle Newspapers are to be commended for

1. The fine Biblical editorials.
2. The generally high and constructive level of editorials on national and community interest.
3. The Lenten Guidepost articles.
4. The excellent coverage of the recent Lenten Noon-day services.
5. We especially commend the aricles entitled "We Need Resurrection.'
6. The policy of playing down the appeal of the sordid in crime articles, that might tend to be a stimulus to criminal instinct, and the stress given to that which is creative and constructive.

We assure you of our sincere appreciation of this stand on the part of these papers, and trust that this policy will continue.

Sincerely yours,
Robert S. Bower
Secretary

COMMENDATION FOR HESS' PROPOSALS ON NEW SOURCES OF PUBLIC REVENUE

Editor, Morning Call —
Sir:

The following is an open letter to Max Hess, Jr.:

My dear Mr. Hess—

Thousands of citizens in the Lehigh Valley read your "editorial" in the Morning Call, Tuesday morning, with very great interest.

It is a hopeful sign of better thinking on public affairs when a businessman of your importance, takes the position that large corporations should pay taxes on the local level. The tax money paid to local government brings immediate and visible returns; tax money collected by state and national governments bring only limited and too often invisible returns.

Certainly all public utilities should pay taxes on the local level. So also should churches and other semi-privately owned property pay taxes; and for the same reason. The cost of providing local conveniences and facilities for "tax exempt" property rises yearly and the time is right at hand when all property, except that owned by government, will have to pay taxes.

The Call-Chronicle, by printing the lists of "tax exempt" property, has opened the eyes of citizens to the very dangerous increase in this form of property, a considerable portion of which is used to earn profit; yet is tax exempt on some pretext or other.

I note also that you do not favor an ungraded personal income tax. Forms of taxation such as ungraded income, wage or sales taxes, are vicious in that they place unfair burdens upon the lowest income class. Unfair taxes on the lowest income class strikes immediately at the merchant, since the low income class must spend all income for living expenses. These taxes really take money out of the till of every merchant and I am glad to see that the greatest merchant in the community opposes them.

There are "good corporations" and "bad corporations," as Teddy Roosevelt used to say. Yet, good and bad alike receive great and costly services from the community and should pay taxes in the community.

There is another source of tax revenue that has been neglected: Interest from banks on public funds.

The banks of Allentown formerly paid 3 per cent on a monthly balance basis on all City funds. For the 19 years between 1914 and 1933, the banks paid more than $500,000 to the City of Allentown, calculated on a monthly balance of $1 million. At present, the City, School Board and County has over $7 million on deposit in the banks of the City and County. At the rate of 3 per cent, which the banks can well afford to pay, this would amount to $210,000.

Certainly all citizens and all business or other institutions should pay their fair share of the taxes.

R. J. Wheeler
111 N. 6th St.,
Allentown, Pa.

SUGGESTS NAMES FOR PARTIES IN A NEW ALIGNMENT OF VOTERS

Editor, Morning Call
Sir:

The Political enigma that is presented to the average voter today, confuses the mind and causes many people to support that which they wouldn't support; if the issues were presented in a clear cut; precise maner.

Names of parties are meaningless. Within the ranks of both major parties are leaders who believe in the same principles and philosophy. The fact is, that the names of the major parties should be changed to that of the Internationalist Party, which would follow the leadership of Truman, Dewey, Duff, Saltenstall, Warren, Lodge, Eisenhower, Harriman, Humphfrey, et.al. Who believe that it is shameful to be known as an American only. That the people must work and strive for One World Government in which we would eventually lose our sovereignity, and identity as Americans. That in my opinion is why these men are openly, and secretly backing Eisenhower . . They know what IKE stands for. I'll Keep Europe in the future as you have done in the past. On the shoulders of the American taxpayer, at the eventual expense of their freedom.

The other party should be called the Nationalists. This group is led by Taft, and others who believe that States rights is necessary to preserve our form of government. In this group you will find most Southern Democrats, midwest Republicans, and a few from the industrial East from both parties. They all believe that to save this nation from eventual bankruptcy, we must place this nation paramount in all things.

If our people keep these things in mind as they listen to the propaganda between now and November; they may be able to vote with some degre of intelligence. Furthermore, as an example. Kefauver, will quietly fade from the picture, because the internationalists have found their man in Harriman to be placed on the Democrats ticket to fool the people. Second, you see the international propagandists, Lippman, Pearson and others praising Eisenhower to the sky. They are afraid the American people will nominate and elect any man that has the welfare of this nation uppermost in his mind . . . They will, if successful in having Eisenhower nominated, turn against him and favor the candidate of the Democrat Party because they know that to be elected and continue to sell American into the sea of Internationalism; they must keep their setup intact.

We have much at stake in this next election. This is the last opportunity for the American people to think . . . Lose this one, and they will lose all.

Harry M. Hetrick
1874 Lincoln St.
Bethlehem

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 105:24-28

When the children of Israel, who had been living in Egypt for many years, became very numerous in spite of oppression, the Pharaoh of Egypt became afraid of so large a number of 'aliens' in his territory. He subjected them to forced labor (Exodus 1), and ordered the midwives to put to death every male child born to Hebrew mothers. It was at this time that Moses (v. 26) was born, and by a very strange providence indeed, he was brought up in the very palace of the Pharaoh who sought the death of the new-born children. Moses lived in Egypt for forty years, when he fled to Midian, where he married and had two sons. At 80 years of age he was ordered by the Lord to return to Egypt, when, with Aaron (v. 26) his brother, he brought Israel out from their bondage. God had to help with mighty judgments upon Pharaoh and his people. The first of the so-called plagues mentioned here, v. 28, although the ninth in Exodus 10:21, was that of darkness, as though the God of Israel were destroying Ra, the sun-god of the Egyptians.

Horoscope

Helpful actions for others is likely to aid you all during your next year when some financial success is probable. A modicum of success is suggested for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE FRISH BARRICK LUFT:

Wos in da welt is shanner os wie fer alsa mohl 's lond owwa nous gae woh die luft noch frish un gloare is — net wie doh in da shtadt un shteddelcher rum woh immer alla orta shmoke un shtawb rum is. Evens drowwa in Neffs hen sie alla gabut shtawb un shmoke rum, uns sis leicht tzu fershtae ferwos der Lawson Feinour, ainer fon da J. M. Snyder bauerra g'shar kumpany ihra salessleit, net long tzurick g'fiel'd hut wie 'n fogel wie er hinnich der barrick is mit repair shticker fer 'n gawissner bauer dart hinna.

'S hut yust gadroffa is es net om rayerra wor wie der Lawson iwwer der barrick is, un der bauer wor drous im feld wie er onna kumma is mit da socha os der bauer arrick notewenich gabreich'd hut. Grawd on da tzeit hut der bauer ow'r net gons ganunk gelt im sock kotta fer allas batzawla os der Lawson gabrocht hut, un hut 'm g'sawt er sot shtoppa om hous un die fraw gaibt 's iwwerich un sot aw die socha darta ob lawda.

So wie m'r fershtaina, is der Lawson noch 'm hous, un die fraw hut 'n batzawlt, ow'r wie g'sawt, die luft wor so frish un glore, allas shunshd is 'm Lawson ous g'falla os wie wunnershae os es free yohr wear, un wie leicht os 'n mensch shnoufa kent. Allas shunshd is 'm ous g'fassa os wie die frish luft net, un wos hut er gaduh os wie ols 's socha os der bauer batzawlt hut, un woh er ob lawda hut solla om hous, widder mit tzurick hame gabrocht. Der Lawson wil die socha ow'r net rum gablaurer'd kowwa will net howwa os der Ray Bachman un der Bill Hacker ous finna dawaiga, un wolla fer sellie uhrsoch nix may weiter fertzaila darta dafon.

Der Lawson un sei Mildred hen doh weil tzurick uf kours aw 'n aryie erfohring kotta wies tzeit wor fer die nei mashina blot on die mashine hanka. Sie hen die blot fer wocha long kotta, un allas wear all'm noh ol recht gawest, won der Lawson net die gute frish Bloe Baryer luft im kup kotta het. Aenicha waig, sie hen ous gamocht fer hous butza, un hen 'n gonsie truck load bobier un onner so alt dreck waisa nuf noch 'm barrick g'fohrra.

Now grawd wie der Lawson datzu g'sehna hut mit da repair socha os er tzum tzweta mohl hinnich der barrick gae kent, is es 'm doh gonga mit ihr'm dreck waisa. Wies tzeit wor fer die nei blot on die mashine hanka, wohrhoft won sie tzu finna wor, — bis es aim odder 'm onnerra ei kumma is sie hetta sie ferleicht in der gadrash grick'd wos sie noch 'm barrick ganumma hetta. Aenicha waig, sie sin ains gongs tzurick nuf noch 'm barrick, un shure ganunk won ihra neiie mashina blot net gons unnich 'm haufa drin galaiga hut, un hut net bohna g'sawt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Hinnershich backa mawg aw g'fohrra sei, ow'r die Eva Yohe fon East Texas klaimt, 's het alsa mohl nausa fer backa — bardich won onnerra mashina grawd nagshd hinna draw weara.

Witchcraft Trials in Pennsylvania

We know that in Massachuscetts, colonial province of enlightenment, women found guilty of witchcraft were curtailed in their nefarious doing by being hanged until dead. Why in Pennsylvania, land of witches and of all sorts of **Hexereien**, similar measures were not taken, we do not know, unless it be that here, where there was the greatest freedom of religious expression, there was also an air of greater tolerance. Perhaps too a certain unconscious, tongue-in-cheek sense of humor prevented the Pennsylvanians from taking their witches too seriously.

In the Yearbook of The Pennsylvania Society of New York for 1910 (cited by The Pennsylvania German Magazine, July, 1910) the following appeared:

"Pennsylvania has had but one trial for witchcraft. It took place as early as December 27, 1683, before the Council. Only one of two old women, both of them Swedes, seems to have been tried. She was Margaret Mattson, who lived near Crum Creek, in Ridley township and who long survived in local legend as "The Witch of Ridley Creek." Tradition has it, says Mrs. Gummere, that William Penn, who presided at the trial, said to her: "Art thou a witch? Has thou ridden through the air on a broomstick?" When the poor, confused creature answered "Yes," he said she had a perfect right to ride upon a broomstick, that he knew no law whatever against it, and promptly ordered her discharged. And this was the first and last trial for witchcraft before a Pennsylvania court."

The above came to the notice of the late Rev. H. B. Ritter, who wrote a letter from Hellertown, Pa., under date of July 15, 1910, to the Editor of The Pennsylvania German Magazine (see issue for September 1910) containing the following interesting information:

"As soon as I had read the article I recalled reading of another trial in "Folk Medicine of the Pennsylvania Germans" by W. J. Hoffman, M. D. (a monograph read before the American Philosophical Society on May 3, 1889). Dr. Hoffman quotes the following trial from The Historical Magazine, N. Y., 1863, p. 283; reprinted from The Lutheran under the title of 'Gleanings of an Antiquarian in German Pennsylvania:'

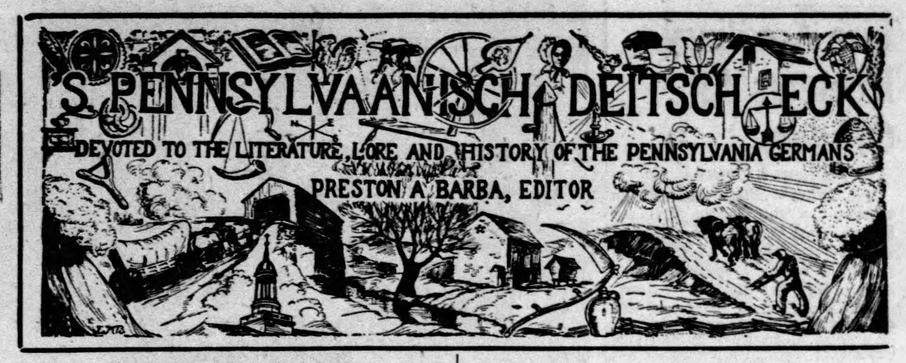
"In the southern part of Williams township, Northampton county, there is a hill, to which the witches have left their evil name and fame. It is known as "Der Hexenkopf", or the Witches Head, because it was there that their ladyships were supposed to hold nightly revels. On these occasions they bewitched their neighbors' cattle, and made themselves generally hateful to all good, orderloving citizens. They did not, however, always escape with impunity, as is proved by the following indictment, which is carefully transcribed from the Session Docket, omitting only names and date. The case was 'for bewitching a horse whereby he became wasted and became worse.'

" 'The Jurors do upon their oaths, present,—That S——B—— of Williams township, in the county of Northampton, widow on the——day of——in the year——at the said county of Northampton aforesaid, did commit certain most wicked acts (called enchantments and charms), at the county aforesaid, maliciously and diabolically against a certain white horse of the value of 4 pounds, of the goods and chattels of a certain Justice W——of Williams township aforesaid on the day aforesaid, and county aforesaid, then being, did exercise and practice, by means of which the said horse of the said Justice W—, on the day aforesaid at the township of Williams aforesaid, greatly WORSTENED (pejoratus est) and wasted away, against the peace of our said Commonwealth, and against the laws in this case made and provided.' "

" 'Judgment: a year's imprisonment, and every quarter to stand six hours in the pillory.' "

"The poor woman at first resolutely denied the charge; but the learned judges at last convinced her of her guilt, and she always confessed herself a witch, though she was unable to say in what manner her enchantments had been performed."

The late Rev. H. B. Ritter, in concluding his letter, adds: "In visiting my parishioners belonging to the Old Williams Church, I have frequently passed "Der Hexenkopf'. I can vouch most truthfully, as yet I have not had the pleasure of meeting a witch or a spook; but am exceedingly sorry that some of my parishoners, more than I know perhaps, are to this day firm believers in witches, spooks, powwowing and kindred superstitions and beliefs."



ALL SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, soviel Sadde!
Deel vun do un deel vun dadde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht;
Graade, grumme, gscheide, dumme,
Nemmt sie ewwe wie sie kumme;
Ach! was hot's doch so viel Sadde
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

In the above lines the poet has well defined the character of our dialect, its wide range and extensive sources, as well as the many abuses and distortions it has suffered. There are some who like to think that it is a mongrel, half German, half English. The fact is that our best writers use only a very small percentage of English words. Many words, once in common usage, have faded from our vocabulary. Words are like tender plants, or like friendship, needing constant care and cultivation if they would thrive. And that is one of the purposes of this column. At the same time words are among the most tenacious and enduring of man's possessions. Without them there could be no expression of thoughts and feelings, no records, indeed no civilization. Words in themselves are most fragile and evanescent—a slight stirring of the vocal chords and muscles of mouth and throat, a breath of air, a vanishing sound. And yet they are more enduring than empires. Where is now the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome? But Latin and Greek continue to live and stimulate and animate the speech of man. And so it is with our humble dialect, ancient when Julius Caesar's armies stood on the banks of the Rhine and the Roman historian Tacitus wrote his Germania; once as important or as insignificant as the other Germanic dialects, such as those of the Angles and the Saxons. It too, but for the vagaries of political and economic history, might have become a world language.

The Editor of the ECK offers to his readers the following unusual or perplexing words with the request for definitions and send them addressed to: Editor of Eck, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

der Weegschteier	**der Waerwel**
schnibse (verb)	**beluchse (verb)**
die Reggeblumm	**der Blosbalgdreder**

We are very grateful for the prompt responses on the part of readers to our request for definitions of the words which appeared in the ECK for April 12, many of which were illuminating and instructive. We shall share them with our readers:

DER OFFESCHLUPPER (literally, some one or thing that slips or sneaks into the oven) received inadequate analysis. Mr. Amon Lichty, Emmaus, thinks of it as a poker or scraper used in the outdoor bake-ovens, apparently confusing it with the **Offekitsch**.—Mr. Charles E. Rethoret, of Tranquillity Farm, Kunkletown, writes: "**Der Offeschlupper** was spelled **Offeschlupfer** in Alsace, and meant a person that always felt cold and hugged the stove." On the surface this would seem to be a correct interpretation.—A very unusual use of the word, and a lovely bit of fancy, is for a delicious dessert, a fruit pudding. See Mrs. Harry Hess Reichard's recipe in the Hark-Barba cookbook, Pennsylvina German Cookery.

ES HECKSEL—Dr. D. Geo. Knecht, Allentown, writes that it is "hay or straw cut into small pieces and mixed with chop (Schrot, coarsely ground grain) and water to make fodder for horses and cattle. Der Paepp dutt Hecksel schneide."—Walter T. Handwerk, Slatington, defines it as "cut hay, corn fodder leaves and sometimes straw of oats, used to make **'Fuder'** for horses. It was cut about two inches long and placed in a trough. On it was sprinkled a little salt and some rye or wheat chops and enough water to soften, then mixed with a short fork. When ready it was put in the 'Fuder box of the horse's trough.' —Ralph S. Funk, Allentown, informs us it is "straw cut fine for feed, as 'Heckselfuder' ". Elmer E. Kleintop, Emmaus, offers a similar definition.—Compare the verb **hacke**, to hack or chop, **Hecksel** being the diminutive substantive for something chopped into bits. Related words are **Heckselkammer** (bin), **Heckselbank** (bench) and **Heckselhack** (chopper).

DER SCHWOB—Dr. Knecht correctly points out two meanings: 1, it is a cockroach; 2, an inhabitant of Swabia, a German duchy of medieval times. Seller Mann is en Schwob; er kummt vum Schwoweland. (The Editor remembers hearing Swabians referred to as "geelfiessiche Schwowe." Can anyone inform us why "geelfiessich"?—Ralph S. Funk, Amon Lichty and Margaret M. Roberts, Catasauqua, all agree that this is the name for cockroaches.—Charles E. Rethoret brings this interesting information: "Der Schwob in Alsace was always used to mean the German police, especially the Prussian. There used to be a little song the kids sang—'Gib dem Schwob sin Saewele, schick ne iwer de Rin un loss ne nimi rin (give the Prussian policeman his sword, send him across the Rhine and don't let him return, which probably had a derisive political implications ED).—Mrs. Barbara E. Smith, Allentown, thinks the word has to do with a trade. This is interesting in view of a note brought to the Editor some years ago by the late John Birmelin, who had a passion for words. He wrote in part: "I heard a new word yesterday. Mr. Elam Benfield of Bally, a foreman in the building trade, tells me of 'Schwob', a wooden wedge. When a carpentry joint fitted poorly, this 'Schwob' was driven in to close the gap. Mr. B. tells me that this term was quite common years ago and tells the story of a Swabian carpenter who was working for a German contractor (a rather odd distinction). The Swabian told the contractor, 'Des basst net". The contractor: "Des geht schunn, do duhne mir en Schwob neischlagge'. The Swabian: 'Nee, ken Schwob, awwer en dunnerwetterser Deitscher!"

EELETZICH—our informants seem to agree in general with the definition in Lambert's dictionary: **eeletzich**, single or sporadic.—Margaret M. Roberts writes that the "word is much used, meaning odd—es waar en eeletzicher Schtrump in der Wesch, there was an odd stocking in the wash; also, it means alone—es waar en eeletzichi Fraa an der Paerdi, there was one lone woman at the party (all the rest being married couples)."—Amon Lichty thinks the word means "one by one or single file." Dr. Knecht agrees and illustrates in the sentence "Die Leit sin so eeletzich kumme." Likewise Mrs. Barbara E. Smith who says it means "separate."—Ralph S. Funk writes: "We used to apply the word to animals or plants, with stunted growth, or perhaps anything with a sickly look or condition, as 'En eeletzicher Blummeschtock' or 'En eeletzich Seichel. Walter T. Handwerk illustrates the word as follows: "When one of a pair is lost or worn out, as in a pair of gloves or stockings, the one remaining being an 'eeletzicher Hensching odder Schtrump'."—

Ida V. Hollenbach, Saegersville, reports that this word meaning singly is still in use in her vicinity, as, for example, "when folks are slow in arriving at some common meeting-place—sie kumme yuscht so eeletzich bei." She also adds that it is "descriptive of such berries, cherries or small vegetables that have produced poorly or sparingly."

DER DASCHER (Daschter)—Curiously Mrs. Barbara E. Smith, Dr. Knecht, Amon Lichty and Walter T. Handwerk and Ida V. Hollenbach all defined the word as that part of a carriage or vehicle placed in front to protect the occupants against stones, flying mud, etc.—It is to be noted that the vowel **a** in this word has the value of **o** in the Eng. **lot** and not the value of a in the Eng. word **dash**. They have mistaken the word **dasher**, which is the English word dasher or washboard or splash-board.—The honors go to Mrs. Arthur Harpel, Red Hill, who writes "Der Dasher is the core in a cabbage. Der Krautdascher iss gut. As a young girl I like to eat the Krautdascher, when mom or granny would cut a head of cabbage."—The origin of this word is not altogether clear. The editor is sure he has heard the word pronounced with a t.

DER SUMMERBAERRIG — it was commonly agreed that this word signifies a hillside with a southern exposure. Mr. Funk added that he has heard the opposing expression "Die Winterseit vum Hiwwel."—Only Mrs. Smith thought it "a slanting elevation of land facing the East. Mir suche bidderer Selaat am Summerbaerrig."

Elmer E. Kleintop, Emmaus, writes that it is "the side of a hill with southern exposure getting the sun and naturally the first to become green. The opposite side of the same being the winterbaerrig."

Concerning our dialect word FENSEMAUS for chipmunk, Dr. Knecht informs us that "deel Leit saagge Grundmaus." Mr. Lichty gives us two words **Fensemeisel** (the diminutive) and **Grundhickel**. He is the only one who has furnished us with the latter word. We should like further information as to where this word is used. It is a word that has escaped Marcus Lambert, our best lexicographer.

The word for wrist is as elusive as that for undertaker. Mrs. Barbara E. Smith calls it a **Handgewarreb**.—Mrs. Harpel finds it given in Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual as **Fedderaarm** (front arm).—Similarly Mr. Handwerk defines wrist as "es vedderscht Gewarreb im Aarm".—Mr. Lichty calls a wrist a **Handuncle** no doubt meaning **Handenkel**, the German word **Enkel** being in origin the same as the English **ankle**.

Another elusive word in our dialect is that for **midwife**.—Mr. Lichty is quite in error when he offers **Kebsfraa**, which means **concubine**.—Mrs. Smith knows her as "granny" which is of course only colloquial usage.—Mrs. Harpel found "Waartfraa" in Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual, a word that at least approaches the significance of the word. Compare the verb **abwaarte**, to wait on, still rather far removed from the full purport of the German **Hebamme** (heben, to lift).

As a synonym for **Zitterli** several informants have offered **Gallerei**. Mrs. Smith also adds **Gallerwackel** for the verb **Wackle**, related to the last component, like **zittere** (in Zitterli) also means to shake or tremble, both words referring no doubt to the trembly nature of gelatinous or jelly-like souse.—The most valuable information came from our staunch contributor of many years, Raymond E. Hollenbach, who writes: "Regarding another word for **zitterli**, in my own youth I never heard any other word for pigs' feet jelly but **gallerei**. I notice Lambert omitted this word in his dictionary. However, Lins gave the word in his spelling as **golarich** and Hoffman as **galarich**. Hoffman lived in Lowhill and Lins in Lynn and Albany, both of which are adjacent to Heidelberg. You will probably have noted that the German Fluegel-Schmidt-Tanger dictionary renders it **Gallert** (or **die Gallerte**, that which gelatinizes) and marks it as a foreign word. However that may be, **gallerei** seems to be a word of perfectly good German origin. My old friends, Hieronymous Bock, in writing about the **Teutsche Speiszkammer** in 1550, said "Etwan stellet man Fleisch un Fisch Galreien zusammen oder kalte gesottene Rinder un Kalbs fuesz in Essig darbey".—Dr. Arthur D. Graeff informs us that pigs'-feet jelly is also known as **Schnatterli** in Berks County. This is most interesting, since the verb **schnattere** also means to shake and tremble.

From Dr. D. George Knecht we have received the following inquiry: "Can you give the English name for "Brames"? When a horse was to be shod and was too unruly, they put the "Brames" on him to control him. That was a piece of wood about 18 inches long with a loop at the one end made with rope. This loop was slipped over the upper lip of the horse and then twisted tight to keep the horse under control. It worked well". Perhaps we need to know the exact pronunciation of the word "Brames". If it is a disguised form of the German **bremse**, it means a brake.

Please send all replies to the above to: The Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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PERCY B. RUHE, EDITOR

ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Happy Ending to Strike

Just as the steel strike came suddenly and rather unexpectedly so it was ended yesterday by the same fiat which had brought it about. Answering the appeal of President Truman to President Philip Murray to resume production, the men have begun to return to work. The movement will continue until full production has been attained. Naturally the process must be gradual. A steel plant cannot be opened and closed as simply as a door. One turn of the key in the lock is not sufficient to close it nor to reopen it.

The happy fact is that the strike has been ended and that not too many days have been lost to production and employment. Remembering similar disagreements, followed by strikes, it was not a happy prospect that confronted this community early in the week. The bitterness, suffering and loss of those other days could not be forgotten and there were dire forebodings here during recent days.

The situation in steel is back where it was last week as to production and the relations of the men to their jobs. The issue of government seizure will be decided by the U. S. Supreme Court. It must decide whether Judge Pine's decision in a lower court was the correct one to make under the Constitution and statute law. That decision had roundly condemned the seizure as an excessive employment of executive power by President Truman.

While the Government lawyers and those employed by the Steel industry are arguing the various points it will be good that the men are back at work. That the strike call well might have been postponed is now an academic matter that will gain no value from being pressed. It is difficult to see that anything was gained even in the strategy which is so shrewdly employed in struggles between organized labor and the management group in industry.

While the men are back at work and the Supreme Court justices are considering the arguments about the seizure President Truman will be meeting today in the new White House with the presidents of the leading steel companies, including President A. B. Homer of Bethlehem Steel Co. From this conference peace and a contract are expected to emerge. Certainly it is a group which can effect such result.

School Budget Cut to Bone

Not in decades has an Allentown School Board wielded the economy axe so vigorously and cut so deeply into estimated expenditures for a budget year as the present board has been doing in recent weeks. In every school building in the city principals are telling their teachers about the cuts that have been made in the building budgets and preparing them all for a lean year and for unusual sacrifices in many directions.

Even after all the pruning of the big tree—the School District and its educational business—there remains the basic trunk and its vast main branches. It is a business which will require $4½ millions and not one cent less.

What the public is concerned about is how this $4½ million dollar budget is going to be paid. It is known that the mercantile tax has been declared illegal. It also should be widely known that a tax upon realty transfers of real estate, which had been estimated would yield $100,000, cannot be levied because the State of Pennsylvania now has availed itself of this source of revenue. The School Board thus finds itself doubly hamstrung. It must continue to rely upon the good old workhouse that always has pulled most of the heavy load of public liabilities. This is real estate. Tentatively the Board has set a 14 mill rate of taxation or $1.40 per $100 of the assessed value of a property. In addition it is likely that the per capita tax will be increased to $10.

Almost four weeks remain in which the budget and tax rate can be discussed and changes made. After weeks of patient work the Board appears to have arrived at irreducible figures. The Board in effect is saying: We have gone to the extreme limit in effecting economies. We can go no farther.

Bus, Trolley Fare to Rise

In part the petition of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. for increase in fares on buses and trolley cars has been granted by the Public Utility Commission. If the company decides to accept, the new and higher rates can be put into effect by the middle of the month. Until then current rates will continue.

We can be certain of one thing: Rates will be higher. It is merely a matter of when any new schedule will go into effect. The current order indicates the conviction of PUC that the company cannot do business except at loss under the present schedule. PUC has recognized a loss in operations by the company last year of $49,000.

If the company accept the new PUC order, basic fare rate will be 13 cents. Tokens will be purchaseable at 4 for 45 cents and there will be no transfer charge. Student tickets will be increased to $1.05 for 20 fares as against the present $1 rate. Furthermore they will be recognized at times other than school days.

Your Bill for Accidents

We are not possessed of highway accident statistics for Pennsylvania and Maryland and therefore cannot make exact comparisons. But it is very likely that the cost of accidents in the two states is very nearly proportional to population. Therefore a study of the figures of Maryland's losses due to highway accidents will apply very closely to Pennsylvania's experience in the same direction. We can safely assume that what is true there is true in Pennsylvania.

A recent study made for Maryland by Paul H. Blaidsdell, public safety director of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, shows that the invisible tax bill of an average family of four in Maryland amounts to $88.36 per year.

While the individual driver or citizen seldom thinks of the economic cost of accidents as a drain upon his own purse, it will be a good thing when people realize that everybody is helping to pay the great losses that come from traffic accidents.

Mr. Blaisdell notes that people would be tremendously disturbed if they were to receive a bill for $88.36 for highway accidents. They might say: "There is no warrant for issuing such a bill. And you can't collect it." But, replies Mr. Blaisdell: "Ladies and gentlemen, you've already paid it — in wage loss, medical expense, hospital expense, overhead cost of insurance and property damage due to traffic accidents. And when we put the 'paid' stamp on the invoice, we have not allowed one penny for the incalculable suffering of those who were injured, those who died or those who were left to grieve."

Mr. Blaisdell told the safety conference delegates that although the normal tendency in dealing with matters detrimental to the public good is to act boldly and decisively, "in problems relating to the proper use of the highways we are spineless, too tolerant and much too forgiving."

He said these qualities are displayed by the jury which refuses to convict on clear evidence of driving while under the influence of liquor, and "in the calm with which we overlook violations of traffic laws while we would not condone petty larceny."

Whatever has been accomplished in highway safety, he declared, is the result of specific action. "If we still need injections of more action," he added, "it must follow that the past dosage has not been sufficient to cope with the disease. Until we shout our message from the housetops our zeal will not match our need. Until we use every medium of public information — until the home, the pulpit, the school, the fraternal order, the public official are all working for the same end, we have not expanded our maximum effort to rid ourselves of one of our worst, and certainly our most needless killers."

Flight from Persecution



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Throughout the history of our country, the Constitution has stood as a bulwark against tyranny, anarchy and confusion. In war or peace, in good times and bad, the Constitution has established the immutable fact that this is a government of law, not of men.

This remarkable fact of our history explains the continuity of government for 163 years, with only one rebellion to challenge the existence of an indivisible nation. As Federal District Judge David A. Pine has so clearly stated in the Steel Seizure Case, the United States of America came into existence upon the adoption of the Constitution, which is a contract among the states; in effect, it is a contract among the peoples of the states.

The Constitution can be amended by legal means; it may not be violated by whim or by obiter dicta. And the essence of the Constitution is that powers are derived from it and from no other source. The decision of Judge Pine in the Steel Seizure Case, like the decision of the Supreme Court in the Sick Chicken Case abolishing the NRA, makes it clear beyond cavil that neither the Congress nor the President nor the judiciary are free to go their merry way, to bend the functions of government to their will or to the necessities of a particular occasion. They, like the rest of us, must obey the law, and the law is the Constitution.

Precedent Setting

One of the most significant paragraphs in Judge Pine's decision is his denunciation of the doctrine that a wrong act, once permitted to stand, becomes a precedent for a continuation and perpetuation of wrong acts. To hold otherwise would be to condone murder because some murderers go unpunished.

Ours is a system of a written Constitution, of laws passed by Congress, approved by the President and upheld as to their constitutionality by the courts. No provision is made in the Constitution for government by precedent. Of all this, Judge Pine wrote in the Steel Seizure Case decision:

"He (the lawyer for the government) next refers to seizures by former Presidents, some during war and several shortly preceding a war, without the authority of statute, but it is difficult to follow his argument that several prior acts apparently unauthorized by law, but never questioned in the courts, by repetition clothe a later unauthorized act with the cloak of legality. Apparently, according to his theory, several repetitive, unchallenged, illegal acts sanctify those committed thereafter. I disagree."

What is unauthorized by law cannot therefore become law by Presidential fiat and by precedent. The law must be established by due process, and violation of the law does not justify itself because the violation is unchallenged.

Expanded Powers

For 20 years now, the President, using economic distress and war as explanations, has expanded the powers and authorities of office beyond the clear intent of the Constitution. Three concepts entered into this:

1. That the Preamble to the Constitution is part of that document and not an introductory paragraph thereto. Out of this concept arose the use of the single word, welfare, to expand Presidential powers beyond the clear meaning of Article II of the Constitution. This interpretation of the Preamble violated Amendment 10 of the Constitution and the decisions relating to it; yet, because challenges were not always made, the "welfare state" developed under this assumption;

2. That the President possesses "inherent powers," not specified in the Constitution but arising from the nature of the office. This concept is alien to the United States, because it recognizes the "leadership principle" upon which Hitler founded the Nazi state in Germany. In the United States, the "leadership principle" has never been recognized by law and therefore cannot exist. Judge Pine made the American view on this subject clear when he said:

"That is defendant's only support for his position and for his 'stewardship' theory of the office of President, but with all due deference and respect for that great President of the United States, I am obliged to say that his statements do not comport with our recognized theory of government, but with a theory with which our government of laws and not of men is constantly at war";

3. That the President possesses "unlimited powers," which is utterly fantastic in the nature of checks and balances in our system of government designed to avert tyranny.

It is doubtful that any court could hold differently without invalidating the Constitution.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

More than 140,000 people were married in New York last year.

Almost 12,000 were divorced.

But that isn't what I want to tell you.

I have just discovered that in New York a marriage license is good for sixty days.

The waiting period between license and marriage is 24 hours.

I'd like to make you a bet that if a marriage license instead of being usable with sixty days, could not be used until the sixty days are over, divorces would be reduced considerably.

I think that during the waiting time between the issurance of the license and the actual marriage, both the bridegroom and the bride develop a temperature.

Sixty days would be just about enough to bring that temperature back to 98.6.

According to Murray Stand, City Clerk and head of New York's Marriage License Bureau, 1,358 of all the licenses issued last year were never used.

It is possible, of course, that the temperature of quite a few applicants went back to normal within the legal twenty-four hour waiting period.

Like the fellow who returned his license to Stand with this remark: "I found out the girl and her mother weren't what they appeared to be."

Or like the girl who sent back her license torn into small pieces.

Another girl sent back half of her license. The next week her former fiance sent back the other half.

Stand never found out what that one was all about.

The New York License Bureau sends letters to all licensees who did not marry within the sixty days and asks them why they didn't use it and please to return it.

Out of the many letters sent, only 150 replied.

From the replies, said Stand, it is difficult to learn what happened to the planned marriage.

But I don't think one needs any official or scientific explanation for it.

Most people get married in the spring of their lives.

And you know what a crazy season spring is.

Sunshine one minute, rain the next. One can never tell from one moment to the other.

It is a well-known fact that "in spring the young man's fancy (And the girl's as well) LIGHTLY turn to thoughts of love."

Under the bright spring moon the boy proposes.

She says "yes." Both are in seventh heaven.

The next day it rains.

The alarm clock rings. The fellow has to get up and go out in the rain, when he is dead tired after last night's proposal.

"Oh, the heck with it," he says.

And another marriage license remains unused.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of May 3, 1927, a Tuesday.

The school building that is destined to supply the need for educational facilities in the rapidly growing northwest section of Allentown will in all likelihood be built in the College View portion of College Heights Section on land donated to the city for public purposes by Kaeppel and Kester, realtors, and the developers of the College Heights Section. Resolutions to this effect were passed at a meeting of the city planning commission.

A large brown trout, weighing 3 pounds and measuring 20 inches in length, and 10 inches in circumference was caught in the Little Lehigh River by Addie Miller, 237 Hill St., an employe of the Hill Metal and Roofing Company. The catch will likely place Miller in line for a prize offered by the Lehigh County Fish and Game Assn.

With an air of splendor that is seldom seen anywhere and a lavish display that set a new mark for events in the Lehigh Valley, Allentown's fourth annual Better Homes and Buildings Show opened in Manhattan auditorium, opposite Central Park.

Horoscope

Do not let arguments mar your birthday or retard your progress in life. Vocational success is indicated for the child born under these aspects.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE GRUNDSOW LODGE NUMMER SIVA SHPRECH

ORDNING: 'S worra 'm Midwoch owet wenich tzeita fer hucka watcha woh die grobba bei kaimta, die weil os die shprech ordning om gae wor on da Grundsow Lodge fersommling in East Greenville. 'S wor net 'n ferlaidmeedichie minute da gonsa owet, un war net sei fol wert in g'shpass mit hame ganumma hut, wase net wos g'shpass is. Un so'n singas wie darta wor mit 'm Henry Detweiler fon Quakertown ols fohr singer, un der Warren "Barney" Wetzel om glofier, fer die noda rous glubba. Ich sawg eich, m'r hut ols waricklich shier gamaint 's doch fom firehous gang'd in die hae won ols "Susannah." "Duh, Duh, Liegsht Mir Im Hertzen," "Dahame uf da Bauerrei," un onnerra gute bakonta lieder g'sunga sin werra.

Mit 'm Porra Bill Rupp fon Walberts, un woh bis doh gons kartzlich in Shpinnersville dahame wor ols Fohrmaishder, koh ich eich aw nochweiter fertzaila, os ken tzeit wor fer drauerich rum hucka. Der Porra Bill is es beshd bakon darta g'shwishich da Barioma un da Magowi gricka ols der "Busch Knibble" fon Town un Country, un woh seina wochlicha guta brief noh, wenich hinnich 'm bush rous fon hame kumt. Ow'r on ra Grundsow Lodge fersommling, darta is er dahame, un wor 'n grossie hild tzum Habtmon Kenneth Hallman woh all'm noh fers airsht mohl on so ra fersommling wor.

'S airsht noch 'm fesht essa, wor fer die Breeder Grundsi wissa lossa wos 'n "Grundsow Lodge" is. Der Porra Tom Brendle woh sellie gagend 26 yohr tzurick ferlossa hut ols Porra in Green Lane fer die Egypt gamae iwwer nemma, hut g'shwetzt uf, "Die Heit-tzu Dawg Brofata," un 'n lot harlichkate un g'shpass gabrocht mit erfohringa fertzaila fon fergongna yohrra. un 'n fergleichness gewwa mit heit tzu dawgs welt socha un da Grundsow drous im feld, woh heit noch laibt wie sie hut 200 un noch may yohr tzurick.

'S wor uns gewwa fer shwetza fon "'N Grundsow Lodge — Wos," un hen unser altie Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw grundsow bei uns kotta, fer die bakont mocha tzu ihra neia breeder — 's same wie m'r sie aw bakont gamocht hen tzu ol da onnerra Grundsow Lodges. Sellie grundsow hut shun 'n lot g'sehna, un gait ihra wie aw uns — wot numma 'n wear miglich os sie alles fertzaila kent os sie shun g'sehna un k'hoert hut tzitter os sie awfonga hut da Grundsow Lodges noh gae.

Der Henry Detweiler hut der gruss gabrocht fon Lodge nummer fierra, un der Irvie Frantz fon Lodge nummer ains. Die Schwillie Willies fon Lodge nummer fierra mit 'm Henry ols fohrganger hen etlicha lieder g'sunga, un kon eich sawga os sie gute worra. Die onnerra beim Henry wor der Dr. Mark Gerhart, der Ed Barndt, un der Jake Shtaebuckle.

Der ledshd shwetzer wor der Porra Frank Ruth fon Bernville, un woh widder shier ken end wor tzu da shtories os er tzu fertzaila hut kot. Er hut aw dale wichdicha socha nei g'shpunna un woh er "Drawg Dei Aiga Eck," kahisa hut. Bei sel'm nadierlich hut er gamaint os 'n yaders os wies darrich 's lava gang'd, sei g'flich doh sot in alla heesichda, un hut sei gonsie rade fol Pit Sella un onnerra g'shpassicha erfohringa ferhank'd kotta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

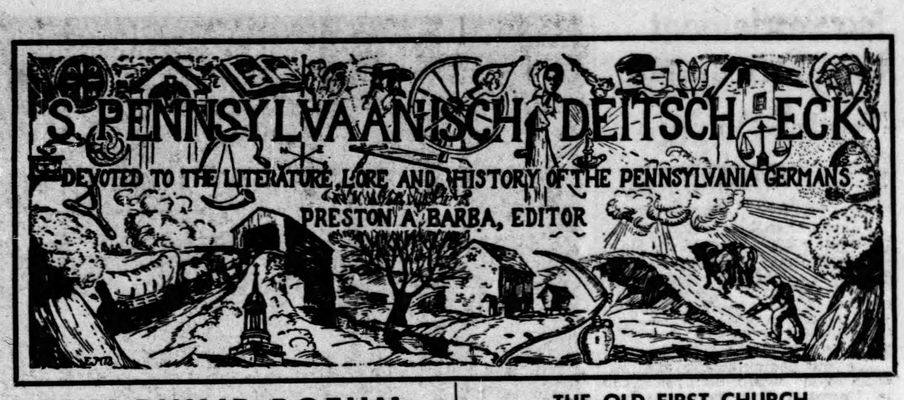
Die Lodge is tzu ma shluss kumma wenich noch da tzaea, un sin shure os ol 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit kotta hen, un mit shmartza fohrraw gucka, tzu da nagshda fersommling 'n yohr shpaiter.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 106:24-33

Unbelief, murmuring, and disobedience (vs. 24-25) aroused the displeasure of God toward His people, so much so that He threatened to overthrow them in the wilderness, v. 26, or to scatter them among the nations, v. 27. Verse 28 is explained in Numbers 25:1-5, and the plague of verse 29 refers to verse 9 of Numbers 25. The story of Phinehas, v. 30, is a part of the passage just cited, Numbers 25:6-13; a man who, because of his punishment of evil in the camp, is said to have turned away God's wrath from the children of Israel, so that He did not consume them in His anger for Phinehas was zealous (or, jealous) for His sake among them, v. II. His personal reward is described in vs. 12 and 13 of the passage in Numbers, referred to in verse 31 of our Psalm. The incident concerning Moses in verses 32 and 33 is described in Numbers 20:7-12. The second time that the problem of a water-supply arose, God told Moses to speak to the rock, but in a fit of temper 'he lifted up his hand and with his rod he smote the rock twice,' having spoken 'unadvisedly' in these words: 'Hear now, ye rebels: must we fetch you water out of this rock?' Because of this he was not permitted to bring Israel into the land.



JOHN PHILIP BOEHM

PIONEER REFORMED PREACHER IN PENNSYLVANIA

The labors of John Philip Boehm extended over a period of nearly thirty years. His parish was Pennsylvania. When he began in 1720, the Indians were still numerous, having been little disturbed by the sprinkling of white settlers in these parts. To these children of the forest this man of God going about his work was a familiar figure. He was do- his work here in Pennsylvania seven years before Conrad Weiser came down from Schoharie to Tulpehocken; thirteen years before John Caspar Stoever organized the Lutheran churches of Philadelphia, Trappe and New Hanover; fourteen years before the Schwenkfelders came and twenty-two years before the arrival of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg.

JOHN PHILIP BOEHM came to Pennsylvania not later than 1720, bearing testimonials that he had been a faithful master of the parish-school and precentor of the Reformed church at Worms, Germany, for seven years and had been driven thence by the persecutions of the Catholics. Soon after his arrival some of the Reformed people who since 1710 had been coming from Germany and other parts of Europe, as well as from neighboring settlements in New York and New Jersey, desired him to lead them in their religious meetings by reading sermons and the Bible. As no minister of the gospel was at hand, he complied and for five years ministered to them acceptably in things spiritual, without compensation, supporting his family by the labor of his hands.

An Unordained Minister by Request

In 1725 the Reformed people of Pennsylvania, who had now formed three congregations, entreated Reader Boehm to assume and exercise among them all the functions of a minister of the Word. They regarded him as a man of more than ordinary doctrinal knowledge, of praiseworthy life and of exemplary zeal in resisting error and guarding the ignorant against it. He explained to them that, according to the order of the Reformed church, he could not be their minister without being ordained to this office. They continued their appeals, however, protesting that he could not justify before God his refusal of so necessary a work, and considered their unanimous request "as lawful a call as was ever made upon any one." They were settled on the frontier, scattered over a wide range of wilderness; their white neighbors held all sorts of religious views, and the treacherous savages in the forests beyond still walked in heathen darkness; they were far removed from any Reformed church-authority that could confer ordination.

The pious reader was at length persuaded to take the yoke upon himself and became the pastor of the three congregations, numbering fifty heads of families and located at Falkner's Swamp, Skippack and Whitemarsh, all within the present limits of Montgomery county. His salary was to consist of such voluntary contributions as the poor pioneers could make.

Boehm now drew up a system of government, which was approved by the consistories, read before the congregations and subscribed by the individual members. From 1725 to 1728 he diligently maintained services in the three congregations. During this period he baptized more than two hundred children, also various adults who came over from sects that did not believe in baptism.

Opposition Silenced by Holland Classis

But now murmurings arose. September 21, 1727, George Michael Weiss, a regularly ordained clergyman, arrived from Germany and was chosen pastor of the Reformed church in Philadelphia. Before the end of the year some of the congregation at Skippack began to oppose Pastor Boehm because of his lack of ordination. They organized a new congregation, choosing Weiss as their pastor.

The irregular assumption of the sacred offices by Boehm now claimed thoughtful consideration, and pastor and people joined in efforts to remedy the defect. Boehm and William DeWees were sent to confer with the Reformed authorities in neighboring provinces and on May 16, 1728, laid the case before the ministers of New York City, who recommended that the matter be referred to the classis at Amsterdam, Holland. Accordingly in July the consistories of the three congregations addressed a lengthy letter to the Amsterdam classis, setting forth the exigency that induced Boehm to assume the office of minister irregularly and praying that he might now be ordained and his past ministerial acts be made valid. June 20, 1729, the classis replied that "all transactions of the said Boehm, even his administrations of baptism and the Lord's Supper and the members received, must be deemed lawful." The minister of the Low Dutch congregation at New York was authorized to ordain Boehm, which was done on Sunday afternoon, November 23, 1729. Thus the three congregations before named were identified with and subordinated to the Reformed Church of Holland.

Agreement Between Boehm and Weiss

The day following Boehm's ordination a reconciliation was effected at New York between him and Weiss, by means of a document signed by them and three commissioners, the two dominies promising to forgive and forget their past differences. Boehm was to be pastor of the three congregations that had first called him, and Weiss of the congregations at Philadelphia and Germantown. One article of their agreement reads thus:

"That Do. Weiss recognizes Do. Boehm for the lawful, ordained, regular minister of the three aforesaid congregations; that Do. Weiss will stay away from Schipback, and will declare to the congregations that he leaves that and the other two congregations entirely to Do. Boehm as their lawful minister that he may pursue his work in peace among the three."

The commissioners present at these proceedings were Fred Antes of Falkner Swamp, Gabriel Schuler of Skippack, and William De Wees of Whitemarsh.

Growing Labors—Ministerial Help

The next decade of our subject was without conspicuous events. His field was large, laborious and constantly widening, as immigrants flowed in from Europe. From occasional glimpses into the history of that primitive period we know that he was always at his post, zealously performing his duties to his flocks and sharing the hardships of the early settlers.

Boehm needed help in caring for the people of the Reformed confession. In 1730 John Peter Miller, a finely educated student of theology at Heidelberg, came and took charge of a congregation formed at Tulpehocken. In 1731 Rev. John Rieger came from Germany and took the Reformed congregation at Lancaster. He organized several congregations in the neighborhood, but his labors were not very successful.

In 1740 a small stone church was erected on the spot where Boehm's church now stands.

During the period of 1730 to 1740, while tranquility reigned in the Reformed communion, an intense agitation was going on among the various denominations of the province. The principle of religious toleration which Penn had incorporated in his government, brought hither people of all kinds of faith, and strange to say, doctrinal dissensions became violent. "Pennsylvania is a complete Babel," said one. Fanaticism, proselytism, confusion and schism were abroad in the land. An ominous cloud hung over the church of Christ.

Zinzendorf's Scheme of Church Union

Pastor Boehm went quietly on with his work. Suddenly in 1741 a bolt from the overarching gloom descended upon the Reformed church, threatening it with destruction. November 24 of that year Count Zinzendorf came from Germany to Philadelphia and soon became the head of a scheme to bring about a union of the various religious denominations in Pennsylvania.

Zinzendorf had entered the Lutheran ministry in 1734 and been consecrated as a Moravian bishop in 1737. He came as a Lutheran minister, But the times were not ripe for the union he advocated. Even in the fuller light of our own day we sigh in vain for a melting into one of the many branches of the Christian church, on the basis of the simple doctrines essential to salvation, as taught by the lips of Jesus.

Pastor Boehm at once took measures to protect his church. He came into collision at the very start and under peculiar circumstances.

To be Concluded

THE OLD FIRST CHURCH

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society will be held on May 9 and 10 in conjunction with the 225th anniversary celebrations of The Old First Reformed Church of Philadelphia. This congregation was organized by the Rev. George M. Weiss soon after his arrival in America in 1727. He was the second ordained Reformed minister to arrive in Pennsylvania. The first organized German Reformed congregations were those of Falkner Swamp, Skippack and Whitemarsh. The first of these dates back to 1720 and is the oldest Reformed congregation in Pennsylvania with a continuous history. These outlying congregations were ministered to by that heroic patriarch John Philip Boehm, whose remarkable record is recounted elsewhere in this issue of the ECK. In the year 1744 Pastor Boehm reported that the Reformed people in Philadelphia had up to that time been worshipping in an old house. Tradition says that the building was originally a barn. It was located on Arch Street near Fifth. But in 1741 the



THE OLD FIRST CHURCH—1745

congregation purchased lots at Fourth and Sassafrass Streets as a site for a church building. The building was begun in 1745, the Rev. John Philip Boehm laying the cornerstone. It was dedicated on Dec. 6, 1747. The Rev. Michael Schlatter, sent by the Dutch Reformed synods of Holland to organize the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, became the pastor. When he preached the first sermon in the new edifice it was not yet plastered and it was without the gallery and windows. It was a small six-cornered building with a small steeple or cupola, surmounted by a weather-vane in the form of a rooster, such as customarily graced the steeples of Reformed churches in Holland. For a long time it was the custom to stretch a chain across the street before the church during the time of service so that the worshippers might not be disturbed by the passing vehicles.

In 1765 the proprietary John Penn granted the congregation a charter under which it operates to this day.

In 1774 a new church was dedicated on the same site. This was one of the few more spacious edifices in the Philadelphia area of that day. Here on Feb. 19, 1776, the Honorable Dr. W. Smith delivered a eulogy on General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec. The number of hearers on that occasion was estimated to have been 4000. In 1777 this church was used by the British as a hospital for their troops. The then Reformed pastor, Dr. Caspar D. Weyberg, was imprisoned by the British for his courageous preaching in favor of the Americans, which was said to have had a bad effect upon the mercenary Hessians of the British army. After the British had withdrawn from Philadelphia and the church edifice was once more accessible to the congregation the pastor preached his first sermon on the text: "O God! the heathen have come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled."

Here in Old First Church on May 4, 1786, the Hallelujah Chorus from Haendel's Messiah was sung for the first time in America.

Here on April 14, 1806, the first Sunday School in Philadelphia, and the first in the German Reformed Church in America, was organized.

In 1837 the third church building was dedicated on the same site, but in 1882 the congregation removed to Tenth and Wallace Streets, where the fourth building was dedicated. In 1915 the congregation removed to its present location at 50th and Locust Streets.

The members of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society deem it an honor to have this congregation with its venerable and illustrious history as host for their annual meeting in 1952.—ED.

DIE DAAF

In the ECK for March 22 we published a few of the many anecdotes, some true and some apocryphal, told about that eccentric but colorful early evangelist, Moses Dissinger (1824-1883). One of these was put into verse by one of our constant contributors, the Lebanon columnist, Kaschpar Hufnagel.—Mose did not believe in publishing or exploiting one's religion. His reply to the lady of Allentown at the conclusion of the following verses was somewhat stronger than the newspaper will allow.—ED.

Wie er gebreddicht hot in Allentown,
Schwetzt en Fraa zum Mose;
Wie sie enanner aagedrofte hen
Uff der Hamilton Schtross.

"Mei liewer Parre Dissinger,"
Hot sie zu ihm gsaat,
"Ich deet dich gaern en Gfalle froogge
Unne Dischbudaad."

"Nau Parre, dess iss was ich gaern hett,
Unne dich zu bloogge;
Mit Neegschdem waer ich gaern gedaaft,
Sell duhn ich nau froogge."

"Ei gewiss, mei liewes Kind", saagt der Mose,
Fer dich duhn ich des gaern;
Des kann ich eeniche Zeit gut duh,
Zwische nau un der Aern."—

Die Zeit hen sie no glei ausgemacht,
Wann des geduh sei sett;
Der Mose secht, "Des iss mir ken Druwwel,
Nee,—gaar net!"—

"Ich will awwer gaern im Jordan gedaaft sei,"
Saagt dernoh die Fraa;
Der Mose secht, "Des iss mir ken Greiz,
Des duhn mir aa."—

"Du duscht's awwer no in die Zeiding?
Ass die Leit sehn wie ich laaf?"—
Der Mose guckt bees un saagt dann laut,
"Ich peif dir uff dei Daaf."

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Oatis Case Up to UN

Up to this time the matter of the arrest of William Oatis, an American newspaperman who now is languishing in a prison in Czechoslovakia, has been one between the authorities of the United States and the Red satellite government. Despite much talk and a considerable number of threats Bill Oatis still is in jail after more than year of punishment for alleged espionage.

Now Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, of Massachusetts, proposes that the United Nations be given a chance to do something about it. She has endorsed a legal move under which Luis Kutner, a Chicago lawyer who specializes in habeas corpus, would make an effort to bring the matter to the attention of the International Court of Justice.

Mrs. Rogers believes that this high court, after hearing the appeal would order the Czechs to bring Oatis before them under the writ of habeas corpus and would be given opportunity to show that Oatis is being held legally.

If Czechoslovakia can show that Oatis is held legally, he would have to return to jail for completion of his five to ten year sentence. If this could not be shown, Czechoslovakia as a member of the United Nations, would be obliged to obey the court's ruling, presumably release for Oatis.

This is action which should be pressed immediately upon the United Nations. It might just as well be established here and now whether that body is anything more than a debating society which reaches no conclusions and adopts no action.

If the International Court of Justice is respected and if the members of the United Nations are sincere in desire to carry out the principles for which the organization was established, the United Nations should act and the Czechs should have no hesitancy in producing Oatis.

It is pretty safe to guess however, that no such thing is going to be done. Neither the Czechs, nor any other Stalin - controlled group behind the Iron Curtain, will submit any matter to world public opinion. They determine all questions. They write the final word. Theirs are the infallible pronouncements from which there is no appeal.

Red Prisoners Revolt

Perhaps the Communist prisoners on the island of Koje received copies of American newspapers telling how easy it was for rebellious prisoners in jails in Michigan and New Jersey to cow their jailers and even high public officials by seizing their keepers, holding them as hostages and by setting fire to the jails and doing other damage.

Perhaps the Communists needed no such lessons inasmuch as their primary training for the establishment and maintenance of peace thruout the world is training in violence and destruction. Whatever the motiviation and the encouragement, a group of these Red prisoners on Thursday seized Brig. Gen. Francis T. Dodd when he made the error of venturing inside one of the stockades. Now they are holding him as a hostage and are demanding extravagant concessions for his release.

The incident comes at a time when the negotiators for a truce in Korea are perhaps farther apart than ever before. It may be an incident that will prevent success of the negotiations, altho that is unlikely because the Chinese truce officers have never indicated any real desire to arrive at a successful conclusion to the parleys. This may be an excuse. If it had not developed, another excuse would have been found, or one would have been created. In fact, the seizure of Dodd may have been upon the orders of the Communist bosses in China and North Korea.

It is pretty certain that any misbehavior in a camp of prisoners taken by the Reds would have been met with mass slaughter. The machine-gun boys would not have been restrained very long. There would have been a lot of shooting and an elaborate story cooked up to explain and justify it, if the facts of mass murder were impossible of concealment, like the murder of the 10,000 Polish officers in the Katyn forest.

General Van Fleet is reported to be considering force in order to release General Dodd. Certainly Dodd must not be permitted to bargain with the men for his own safety, and yield a lot of concessions that it never was his privilege to have accorded.

Certainly the prisoners cannot be temporized with, altho it would perhaps be a good thing to ship them all back to North Korea. They will get there eventually, anyhow. They are said to represent the most pronounced and the most fanatic Communists in the prison camps. For that reason, after screening, they were imprisoned on an island from which there was no escape —a kind of Korean Alcatraz.

Mother's Day

Tomorrow is Mother's Day, that beautiful annual institution which is perhaps the most widely observed of all the many days on which the American people are asked throughout the year to unite in single thought and action.

The day has immediate appeal to every person since the emotion which it emphasizes is one of the deepest and most sincere in the heart of mankind.

It isn't necessary to preach and urge intimate, personal observance of the day. Every mother's son and daughter holds the spark, no matter how far removed in time from the flame. All that is necessary is a bit of breath to fan it into greater warmth and to the outward expression that is the symbol of the inner feeling.

There have been many who have decried lapses in American family life; the breakdown in many of its finest relationships. But Mother's Day comes along each year to do a great repair job, if only for one highly satisfactory day. It is a day on which ties with home and the queen therein again are bound tightly.

Mother's Day is a beautiful thought. It is a more beautiful deed. It is a day that transforms America and not merely for a day but for all the days of the year.

Ambassadors Abroad

There is no more perceptive and effective ambassador of Anglo-American understanding today than Alistair Cooke. Millions of Britons have received their clearest idea of the United States from his "Letter from America" —a weekly broadcast to England marked by wit, insight, affection, and informativeness.

Americans now have a chance to become acquainted with themselves as they appear to this discriminating outsider who is very much on the inside, since the best of Mr. Cooke's broadcasts have just been published as "One Man's America." They could also profit from the author's friendly advice offered recently that since "no leading nation has ever been adored" they should concentrate on creating "respect" for the United States.

Many Americans find it hard to believe that they are not loved and trusted by everyone everywhere yet as inheritors of Britain's world leadership they are learning, as the British long ago learned, that even respect must be worked for—hard. Mr. Cooke urges that each American must learn a new attitude of regarding himself as an ambassador when he is abroad.

The American abroad today needs only to remember that he will best win respect for himself by showing respect for others. That is the essence of ambassadorship.—Christian Science Monitor.

Is Mom Important?



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Sooner or later, it will have to come out that in spite of the expenditure of billions of dollars, our policy in Western Europe has failed in its essential objective, which is the ultimate defeat of Soviet Russia by diplomacy, psychology or war. Further, that although the American taxpayer has spent tens of billions of dollars on defense since 1945, our Army and Air Force are inferior to those of Soviet Russia. Secretary of Defense Lovett confirms that, but only to frighten Congress into giving him more money.

Thus far, NATO has not produced anything like the army which Gen. Eisenhower envisaged when he asked Congress to give him four divisions. At Lisbon, NATO was reorganized, with an Englishman, Lord Ismay, at its head. The explanation that it is not Eisenhower's plan that we meet Russia man for man, plane for plane, as Gen. Alfred Gruenther has been saying in his speeches in this country, can only be accepted as a recession toward the position of Herbert Hoover, who has opposed the widespread use of American ground troops in Europe.

NATO's initial task is to produce a European army. That has not been accomplished. Those who speak of NATO's success have little point to make, except that a European war did not happen in 1951 nor is there immediate prospect of war in 1952.

For this, NATO cannot take credit, as Russia could today take the initiative in a fighting war, if Stalin wanted to do that, with little fear of effective resistance on the continent of Europe. The reason that war has not come is that the Russians are convinced that they are successful in Asia, which is important to them, and that they are damaging the economy of the United States without firing a shot or losing a man.

Basis of Campaign

The so-called Russian "peace" campaign is based on the assumption that if the United States is forced to spend huge sums on rearming itself and all the non-Soviet countries, the burden will be too great to carry and the American economy will collapse.

Meanwhile, they are building an East-West trade designed not only to supply them but to embarrass us. A phase of this embarrassment is the conflict between the United States and Great Britain over the economic future of Japan, a conflict which can force Japan into the arms of Soviet Russia.

Trade will flow wherever it can without regard to political issues. Even in time of war, trade tries to move where it has no business to go, often through neutral countries. It is like the matter of Polish hams, which have found their way into the American market in spite of the fact that the sale of Polish commodities provides Poland with American dollars, which, in Europe, are of political as well as economic value.

A reader sent me a letter on this subject, written two years ago by Martha Deane, the radio commentator, in which Miss Deane quotes the Atlanta Products Corporation:

". . . And we certainly cannot expect to retain or win the favor of friendly peoples in satellite nations under Russian domination, if we insist on treating them all as lepers, incapable of producing even a canned ham without Communist contamination . . ."

Who are these friendly people? Poland is today as much a part of the Soviet empire as Russia or China or Czechoslovakia. That empire seeks our destruction and the flow of dollars in its direction is a peril to our stability. Belatedly, the State Dept. has reduced the trade between the United States and Soviet countries and now has cut off travel, all of which is correct because it reduces the flow of dollars.

Reds' Program

It is a definite phase of the Russian program to encourage the East - West trade, which supplies them with commodities they require and increases the flow of American dollars into Soviet countries. The economy of the Soviet empire is dominated by the Kremlin without regard to national barriers and is used to achieve political as well as economic ends. It is the very same method that the Kremlin employed to encourage British trade in Soviet China in order to separate great Britain from the United States politically.

NATO is too limited in scope and places too great a burden upon one country, the United States. Our policy must be related to our own economy, if we are to survive this war of attrition.

(Copyright 1952)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Poor Dragoljub Ivosevic really has nothing to do with this column.

But his story is so touching that I thought I'd tell it to you, anyway.

Dragoljub, who is a student of theology, and a poet whose works have never been published, wanted to come to America from his native Yugoslavia.

So he crawled into one of the long metal boxes under the railroad cars that are used for carrying batteries, and started on his way.

But, in Trieste, he was discovered and pulled out.

He was taken before the Circuit Court, together with some others who had tried to work the same stunt.

The Judge asked him why he wanted to go to America.

Wasn't Yugoslavia good enough for him — or for anybody?

Dragoljub replied that he wanted to see the world and particularly America.

"What's to see in America?" the Judge asked.

"Well, there is the Statue of Liberty. And then there is the flea circus in New York."

"Fleas?" queried the judge. "We have them here."

"Yes," replied Dragoljub, "but the American fleas are TRAINED."

The judge gave him eighteen months in the hoosegow where he would have plenty of opportunity to train his own fleas.

You must have read about Paolo Crescenzo, the 68-year-old former railroad laborer from the West Coast, who was recently found camping in New York's Grand Central Terminal with his life savings of $23,350 in some paper bags.

When questioned by the police he told them that he was on his way back home to Italy.

Some thirty-nine years ago he left his wife and came to this country to make his fortune, he said.

Now it was time to go back.

His wife would be waiting for him. He was getting old and it was time to settle down.

They took the money away from him, deposited it in a bank and arranged for its transfer to a bank in Naples.

Well, he got back to Italy all right.

The homecoming was touching.

His wife, now an elderly woman, waited for him.

"Hello, Angela, how are you?" said Paolo.

"All right," said Angela.

The two shook hands and got on a bus which took them to their farm near Vinchiaturo, in the Province of Campobasso, near Naples.

But before embarking on the bus Paolo was heard to ask:

"Where's my money?"

America is just what you make it yourself.

To some it is trained fleas. To others it's money.

But to most of those who came to hese shores not only to see the Statute of Liberty but to enjoy everything for which she stands, it is an IDEA.

Look at any telephone book or city directory. In them you will find names of every origin.

They have found everything here that they or their ancestors came for.

But here is one piece of advice to all prospective immigrants — and all young Americans as well: If you want trained fleas you have to train them yourself!

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 110:1

Read now the first verse as a prophetic pronouncement in the form of a command by Jehovah to His Son: "Sit Thou at My right hand, UNTIL I make Thine enemies the footstool of Thy feet." The pronoun "I" refers to the Father (Jehovah); "Thou" refers to the Son. In the Apostles' Creed we have this statement: "He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father, Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead," the time of the latter clause represnted by the adverb "until" in the first verse of our Psalm. It is interesting to note that, after Jesus' ascension, Stephen saw the heavens opened, and the Son of man "standing" on the right hand of God (Acts 7:55-56), as though Jesus had arisen from a chair to receive the spirit of dying Stephen, the first Christian martyr. When Benjamin was born near Bethlehem (Gen. 35:16-20), Rachel, his mother, as she was dying in childbirth, named her son Ben-oni, "son of my sorrow." Jacob, his father, named him Ben-jamin, "son of my right hand." Both names are applicable to Jesus at His first and second comings, respectively.

Edgar A. Guest

THE PERFECT HUSBAND

Get home early when you're told;
Notice when her gown's a new one.
If together you'd grow old,
Praise her bonnet, red or blue one.

Would she see a picture show?
Spend the evening as a dancer?
Never snap at her with: "No."
"Yes, my dear's" the perfect answer.

If she'd change the room about,
Says the parlor needs improving,
Lug the sofa in or out,
Strain your back piano moving.

Should she lend you five or ten,
Pay it back or you'll regret it.
If from you she borrows, then
Smile and tell her to forget it.

If these simple tips you heed,
And forget the least one never,
As her husband you'll succeed
And live happily forever.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Take from The Morning Call of May 10, 1927, a Tuesday.

The annual concert of the Stemton band of Northampton was given in the Allentown High School auditorium. Harry R. Newhard directed the 50-piece band. An added attraction was the Royal Trumpeteers from Philadelphia.

Sixty ladies of the DAR attended the last meeting of the season of Liberty Bell Chapter at the Elks Club. Feature of the program was the presentation of reports on the National Congress held in Washington, D. C.

Horoscope

Some good fortune may be expected in the coming months to improve your financial position. Financial success is indicated for the child born on this date.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT 'S BESHD FOM WERT GRICK'D: 'M Somshdawg on da Wm Koch 'n ihra fendu nagshd on Steinsbarrick, hen m'r 'n gutie altie g'shicht k'hoert, ow'r kenna uns so wohr os allas nimmy erinnerra war sie fertzailt hut. Sis ow'r 'n g'shicht fon long tzurick—noch die tzeit wies lawmaesich wor fer wert shnops ferkaufa bei da gol, odder aenicha waig os sie gakent hen.

'S wor 'n wert doh 's lond unna drous os net yusht abissel gnobs wor, ow'r hut aw niemond gabarrick'd—'s wor kash uf 'm bar, odder ken bisnis. Mohl ae kalter owet is 'n fremmer kerl mit ma longa kittle ruck nei kumma un hut 'n golla gruck uf der bar g'shtell'd, un g'sawt er wot 'n gol fom beshda shnops howwa os er uf 'm blotz het.

Der wert het etlicha fesser shnops in ra glaina shtub leia kot grawd hinnich 'm bar. 'S ner net long ganumma fer der gruck filla, un woh der frem kerl bletzlich ganumma het wie der wert 'n uf der bar g'shteld het kot, un wear gonga fer die dier.

"Hey, duh darta mit deim longa kittle, on dem blotz batzawla m'r wie m'r gaina," het der wert g'sawt.

"Yar ow'r ich hob ken gelt," het der frem kerl g'sawt, un wear shtae gabliva shier on da dier.

"Won duh ken gelt hosh'd, har mit 'm gruck," het der wert g'sawt, un het on da sama tzeit galong'd fer 'n longer brigel huls woh er immer uf 'm hinnerra bar leia het kotta fer arder halta won die note 's erfodderta het.

Der frem kerl het abissel g'shtutzt, un wear noh farna on der bar galoffa un her der gruck druf g'shteld. Der wert unna 'n wert may sawga het der gruck ganumma un sei "brondawei" tzurick ins foss galairt woh er 'n yusht rous gatzopt het kotta.

Der mon mit 'm longa kittle ruck wear noh tzu da dier nous, un het awfonga blauderra mit paar freund os gawort hetta uf 'n uf da porch.

"Wel, wie hosh'd ous gamocht," het ainer g'frok'd

"Ol recht, gons gute. Selar wert is net nagshd so shlau os er maint os er wear," het der kittlemon g'sawt, un 'n golla gruck unnich seim ruck rous gatzoga.

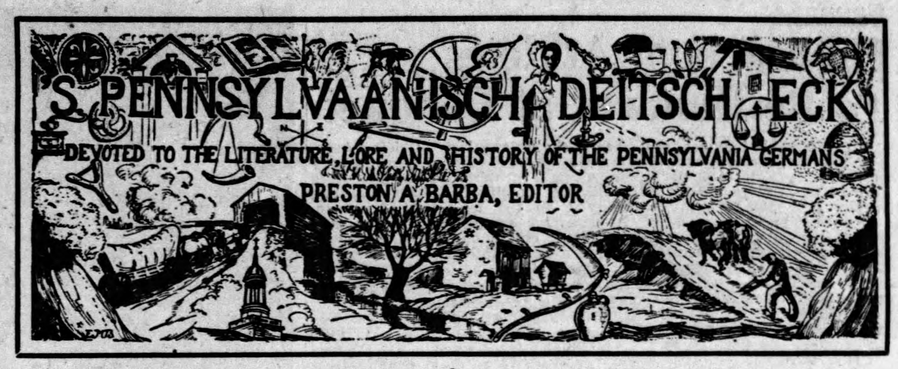
Wos g'shaina wor, er hut tzwae gleicha golla grick mit nei ganumma kot unnich seim ruck—'n larer, un ainer g'fill'd mit wosser. Der wert hut der lare g'fill'd mit brondawei, un wie der kerl 's 'm tzurick gewwa hut, hut er 'm selar gewwa mit 'm wosser drin.

Wie sei ol rum gadrunka hen kot, hut der kittlemon g'sawt, "Sel is ae mohl woh m'r ebbes grick'd hen fer nix, un der wert is aw net 'n bens ous 'm sock.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der watchamocher un shtoremon Hennie German fon Andreas hut des free yohr noch wenich tzeit kot seinra Ida helfa hous butza.

Der Hennie hut 'n neier power lawn mower grick'd, un wor des gons free yohr so bisy wie 'n gluck mit aim yunga, die rosa shteck un onnerra blumma rum blonsa, so os er besser im hofe rum kon fers graws maya.



JOHN PHILIP BOEHM

PIONEER REFORMED PREACHER IN PENNSYLVANIA

CONCLUSION

Troubles in the Philadelphia Church

Then and until the end of 1741 the Lutheran and Reformed congregations in Philadelphia worshipped in a frame building on Mulberry (Arch) street, above Fifth, adjoining the Friends' Burying-ground. They used the building on alternate Sundays. On Christmas, 1741, Friday, the Reformed people held their usual services there, and as they were entitled to the use of the church on the following Sunday, Pastor Boehm did not go to his home in Whitpain, but remained in town. A responsible member of the Lutheran church fixed upon Saturday for a Lutheran service, and at his request Mr. Boehm consented to read a sermon and conduct these Lutheran services. When Boehm and some of his elders came to the church next day, they were surprised to see a crowd, containing many members of both congregations, in the street. Upon inquiry they learned that the commotion was due to an announcement that Zinzendorf was going to preach there. As the matter did not concern the Reformed people, Boehm and his elders remained silent until several of the Lutherans asked him what he had to say to this. He replied: "I think I have more information in regard to these things than you all, and hence will protest against any one saying that consent was given by the Reformed side to let Count Zinzendorf preach at this time or place. If you do anything against yourselves, we will have no part in what may grow out of it." The Count, however, remained away and preached that evening and on Sunday in his own house.

Boehm was unjustly charged with being the cause of this disturbance. He suspected that the Count's coming as a Lutheran preacher was a false pretense, that at heart he was a Moravian. The Lutherans in Philadelphia were without a pastor and anxious to have one; but Boehm felt that Zinzendorf was not the person they would choose, if they were fully informed of his antecedents. This he intimated to them as plainly as the circumstances permitted.

The incident just related caused a considerable stir. It was the beginning of a series of misunderstandings. The worshipers in the joint-church building were divided into three parties—Zinzendorf Lutherans, anti-Zinzendorf Lutherans and Reformed.

May 19, 1742, a considerable portion of the Lutheran congregation accepted Count Zinzendorf as their pastor, and as the Count proposed to devote much of his time to developing the union-movement in the interior and to missionary work among the Indians, John Christopher Pyrlaeus was chosen assistant pastor.

January 1, 1742, an agreement had been made by which the Lutherans were to have the use of the church three fourths, the Reformed people one fourth of the time. Sunday, January 10, being the Lutheran day, the Count preached for them. Before doing so, he addressed a letter to Boehm—for what reason is not clear—asking whether he had any objection. Boehm replied in the same words that he had used December 26 in speaking to the Lutherans on the subject.

Pastor Ejected—Polemical Pamphlets

A number of incidents followed in Philadelphia and in the country which increased the friction between Boehm and Zinzendorf. The most serious encounter between the contending parties in the Philadelphia meeting-house took place on Sunday, July 18, 1742, when assistant pastor Pyrlaeus was ejected from the building by two ruffians. This created great excitement in the community and resulted in one or more lawsuits.

About this time appeared a German pamphlet entitled AUTHENTISCHE RELATION, giving the official proceedings of the several conferences—seven in number—held by Zinzendorf and his friends to further the union-movement. Boehm followed August 23, 1742, with a letter of warning—GETREUER WARNUNGS BRIEF—Addressed to the Reformed congregations of Pennsylvania. He had visited the churches at Falkner Swamp, Skippack, Whitemarsh, Philadelphia, Oley and Tulpehocken, and found their officers standing steadfast by him. The language of his pamphlet was vigorous and incisive. He criticised unsparingly the acts of the conferences, exposed Zinzendorf's past history, denounced Moravianism, mourned the defection of Henry Antes and upbraided Bechtel and other Reformed followers of Zinzendorf.

George Neisser, schoolmaster of Bethlehem, replied to this WARNUNGS BRIEF in terms more passionate than polite. May 19, 1743, Boehm issued a broadside (ABERMAHLIGE TREUE WARNUNG), directed particularly against Jacob Lischy, John Bechtel and Henry Antes, who had been ordained as ministers of Reformed members of the "Church of God in the Spirit."

Boehm's trenchant pamphlet stemmed the tide of secession from the Reformed Church. The congregations took courage, the wavering came back and the members were again knit, firmly together. The unity-movement, being assaulted from many sides, weakened. From the beginning the Moravian influence in it had been strong; gradually it became distinctly Moravian, its individual adherents from other denominations ceasing to claim membership in the churches they had forsaken.

The Coming of Muhlenberg and Schlatter

November 25, 1742, Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, sent by the Lutherans of Germany, arrived at Philadelphia. Before the end of the year he had collected most of the scattered fragments of the Lutheran congregation in that city and gained control over it. December 31, 1742, Zinzendorf delivered his farewell sermon in Philadelphia and immediately took his departure, sailing January 9, 1743, from New York for Europe.

The storm was over. Pastor Boehm again performed his ministerial duties in peace. He was old now and the work was growing, yet he did not complain. When five years more had passed, help came. September 6, 1746, Rev. Michael Schlatter arrived at Philadelphia, having been sent by the Reformed church authorities in Holland to superintend the work in Pennsylvania. The following day he came out to Whitpain to visit the aged servant of the Lord. They conferred earnestly on the state of the church and its pressing needs. Pastor Boehm acquainted the young superintendent with all the details, and soon his tired shoulders were relieved of a part of the burden.

Schlatter himself assumed charge of the Philadelphia and Germantown congregations. In 1746 George Michael Weiss came back from New York state and became pastor at Old Goshenhoppen, New Goshenhoppen and Great Swamp. In 1748 John Philip Leidich came from Holland and at the earnest request of Father Boehm was put in charge of the Falkner Swamp and Providence congregations.

Pastor Boehm continued to preach in the church bearing his name and consented to care for the congregations at Macungie and Egypt. He was secretary at the formation of the Synod of the German Reformed Church in Philadelphia, and its president during the year 1748-'49.

Boehm's Sudden Death—Pioneer Labors

Rev. John Philip Boehm died suddenly during the night of April 29, 1749. The previous day he held services preparatory for Holy Communion at Egypt. Mr. Schlatter at that time was absent on a missionary trip. As no Reformed minister was at hand, Martin Kolb, a worthy neighbor and religious teacher of the Mennonite persuasion, was called in to preach Boehm's funeral sermon. Thus, in the fullness of years, while yet in the harness, passed away this true disciple of Christ.

At that time few public roads had been laid out, and he had to thread his toilsome way on horseback through the deep forest, over hills and across streams, along rough and tortuous paths. At intervals of miles he would come upon the clearing made by some hardy settler, sheltered in a newly made log hut. At these rude firesides the pastor was a welcome guest. Here he comforted the afflicted and the homesick. Here for many years he baptized the children, catechized the youth, married the young and buried the old. The record of his pastoral work, could we read it, would tell a thrilling tale, and throw a flood of light upon the family and general history of primitive Pennsylvania.

His Piety, Courage and Devotion

The prominent traits of Father Boehm's character were sincere piety, unwavering courage and stern devotion to duty. His rugged nature was in tune with his environment. His stalwart services must be judged from the standpoint of his time.

A noble exhibition of practical, self-denying Christianity was his readiness to give religious instruction gratuitously to thousands of German settlers. When besought to become the minister of these poor people, he calmly weighed his duty to God against the demands of ecclesiastic formalities and boldly decided to do the Master's work in this far-away region. The Amsterdam classis gave him a perfect vindication. In their letter, dated June 20, 1729, they wrote:

"The call to the work of the ministry made upon you by the brethren in Pennsylvania is lawful, because the congregation desired you. Wherefore you have done well to fulfill therein their earnest desire. Further, reverend brother, we from our hearts invoke all desirable blessings upon your person and work. The Father of light enlighten you by his Spirit in the knowledge of Him, that you also may enlighten others. The God of strength gird you with all might that, like a hero round about Solomon's bed, you may be armed and expert against a cry in the night. The God of grace endow you with every holy ornament and make you an example to the flock in life and faith, in love and purity."

The time has come for us to realize the magnitude of his work. The Reformed church owes him an unacknowledged debt. John Philip Boehm was the instrument of God that saved our Reformed Zion in America.

The sketch of the Reverend John Philip Boehm concluded in this ECK was read at the Sesquicentennial Anniversary of Boehm's Church in Whitpain, Montgomery County, Pa., Sept. 11, 1890, by the late Henry S. Dotterer of Philadelphia. It was published in The Pennsylvania German for June 9, 1907.

DER WALD

Die Waahret dauf mer saage, gell?
Wie sie aa manchmol laut;
Gott hot gewiss der Busch gemacht,
Der Mensch die Schtadt gebaut.
Geb mir die scheene, groose Beem,
Des Mooses griene Bett;
Die Yacht, der Schtaab, die Backschtee eich,
Wann ihr sie hawwe wett.

Ich finn en Droscht im schtille Wald,
Der iss mir gut un siess;
Datt kummt yo Gott so neegscht zu uns,
Wie z'rick im Paradies.
Im Summer wuhnt die Drosschel do,
Un schpielt ihr piccolo;
Der schlau Chewink, der ruft uns zu,
'S iss alles yung un froh!

Die griene Bledder un des Graas,
Die Blumme hie un dort,
Der Schadde un der Sunnerschein,
Macht em en hibscher Ort.
Der Rotkopp schpielt uff seinrer Drum,
Un greischt un macht un schelt;
Des Rinnli murmelt einsam fort
In dieser grosse Welt.

Im Winter iss dann alles schtill,
Bedeckt mit Eis un Schnee,
Un schwer watt em die Einsamkeit,
Sie dutt em warricklich weh.
Doch kummt en Schtimm aus Fels un Hols,
Die in des Haerz nei dringt;
Sie rauschelt in dem darre Laab,
Un wie en Engel singt:

"Allein un doch aa nicht allein
Bischt du, mei liewe Seel!
Ich bin yo do, erweehle mich,
Ich bin yo dei Arrebdeel.
Do iss kee Hass, do iss kee Pein,
Do kreent die Liebe dich;
Mit ihrem sanfte, waarme Geischt
Dreescht sie yo ewichlich!"

Ich harrich zu—die sieeschte Freed
Fliesst mir ins schwere Haerz;
In heilicher, sanfter Himmelsruh
Vergeht mir aller Schmaerz.
So geh ich oft vun Sarye weck
Un mach mich zu de Beem,
Verloss die Welt mit ihrem Zweck
Un bin im Wald deheem!

THE REV. ADAM STUMP

BEI DER DODE WACHE

The death wake, or sitting up during the night with a dead body, is common in Ireland and other parts of Europe. How widely this practice was spread among our early Pennsylvania Germans we do not know. Very few traces of the death watch have come to the attention of the Editor of the ECK. If there are any among our readers who have knowledge of such practice, kindly inform the Editor.

Under the title "Pennsylvanisch Deutsche Gebraeuche" Daniel Miller relates the following (see his Pennsylvania German, Vol. 11, p. 153):

"Wie ich yung waar, hen die Leit nachts gwacht bei de Dode. Die Nochbere sin zammekumme un hen die gans Nacht uffghockt beim Dode. Sell hen sie Wachnacht gheesse. Ich hab sell aa emol geduh, wie ich 17 Yaahr alt waar. Ich hab helfe wache bei emme verschtorwene Kind. Es waare selli Nacht yuscht zwee vun uns, un mer hen alle Schtunn abgewexelt. Yedes hot en Schtunn alleenich gewacht. Selli Nacht vergess ich mei Lebdaag net. Es waar en schreckliche Zeit fer mich. Ich waar noch yung un hab mer allerhand Sache vorgschtellt. Ich hab's dod Kind die gans Zeit aageguckt un oft hab ich mer eigebildt, ich deet Geischder un Schpucke un allerhand so Gfrees sehne. So en schauerlichi Zeit hab ich sidder nimmi ghatt. Es waar schrecklich. Ferwas die Leit so en Gebrauch ghatt hen, weess ich net recht. Ich hab mer emol saagge losse, es waer gwest fer die Meis abzuhalde vun Dode.

Mei Schwoogger hot aa emol en Erfahrung ghatt in daere Lein. Er un zwee Nochbere hen gwacht bei emme dode Mann. Es waar en aarmer Mann, un daer hot imme eeschteckiche Haus gewuhnt un es waar ken Keller unner der Schtubb, wu der Dod drin gelegge hot. Es waar summers. Die drei Mann hen do gwacht un die Zeit iss ihne nadierlich lang warre, un es sin ihne aa allerhand Gedanke in die Kepp kumme weegge Schpucks. Noch Halbnacht sehne sie, dass en Eck vum Duch, mit dem der Dod zugedeckt waar, un des schier gaar uff der Bodde gereecht hot, hie un haer geweht iss, obwohl ken Windli um der Weeg waar. Sie hen nanner aageguckt un glei waare sie all so weiss wie der Schnee. Sie hen des Ding en Weil gwatscht, un's Duch hot als mehner geweht. Endlich waare sie so arrig verschrocke. dass sie alle drei zum Haus naus gschprunge sin. Sie hen sich zuerscht gfarricht zerick zu gucke. Endlich hen sie widder en wennich Kuraasche grickt un sin zerick an die Dier gschniegt, hen nei geguckt un alles recht gfunne, yuscht hot's Duch als noch geweht. Sie hen nau ihr Meind uffgemacht, es misst en nadierlichi Uhrsach sei fer sell un sie hen die Sach unnersucht. Sie hen gfunne, dass en paar Sei unner dem Schtubbebodde gschlofe hen. Es waar en Riss im Bodde un datt waar graad die Schnut vun der eene Sau, un ihr Schnaufe hot's Duch hie un haer geweht. Sell waar der Schpuck. Die drei Nachtwechter waare meislischtill weegge der Sach un hen nix rausgelosst bis lang nochderhand. Wann sie awwer zammerkumme sin, dann hen sie haerzlich iwwer die Sach gelacht.

Deel Eirische hen e nannerer Weeg fer Wachnacht zu halde. Sie schtelle en Licht, en Boddel whiskey un en box mit Duwack uff die Dodelaad, un do hen die Wechter ken Zeitlang. Es heesst, sie hedde alsfert blendi Leit, die willich waere bei de Dode zu wache. Die Schpucks schtehne en schlechdi chance bei ihne. Sie warre alsmol arrig laut, wann der whiskey aafangt zu schaffe, awwer sell micht nix aus, der Dod heert's net.—

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Ultima Thule Now Passe

One does not have to be an aged person to be able to remember the excitement that stirred the American people when report was received 43 years ago concerning Admiral Robert E. Peary's arriving at the North Pole. He had actually stood upon the spot where, theoretically, all the meridians of longitude meet and intersect each other and there is but one direction in which you can move, namely south.

That feat was the climax of Arctic explorers' aspirations for several centuries at least. No one knows how far north the earliest adventurers were able to make their way but it is unlikely that any of them, even the intrepid Vikings of Leif Ericson's era, got as near to the Pole as Sir John Franklin, General A. W. Greeley, Henry Grinnell, Elisha Kent Kane to mention only a few of the Britons and Americans of the 19th Century era of striving to get over the ice and snow and thru the storms to the top of the world. And of course the Scandinavian countries furnished their own notables to the field of Arctic exploration from north European bases.

A century ago at this time public interest generally was stirring over the search for some lost Arctic explorer, his crew, his dogs and ships. At almost any time one could think of an Arctic exploration party that was getting just about nowhere, had perhaps eaten all its dogs and were down to munching on old leather boots to keep alive.

Arctic exploration efforts were big news for Americans for almost a century. They continued so while men like Admiral Richard E. Byrd and Floyd Bennett were showing that the Pole could be reached quite easily by airplane and the dirigible was employed by the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile expeditions.

Not to be left out in the cold in this matter, the Soviet Republics in 1937 sent out planes to reach the Pole, one containing Pavel Golovin reaching his goal on May 5 while another plane occupied by Prof. Otto J. Schmidt and 32 passengers arrived there on May 21 of that same year.

No one seemed able to muster up enough interest after the Russians had done their "me too" act.

Fifteen years have elapsed since that last formal and much publicized expedition. The Pole probably has been crossed hundreds of times by aviators but no mention of it gets into the papers. The achievement is so unexceptional that ten days ago when a plane of the Alaska Air Command landed at the Pole and its entire crew disembarked on the top of the earth and scientifically established their location as absolute 90 degrees North Latitude very few newspapers in the country carried even so much as a line about it.

Yesterday's wonder becomes tomorrow's commonplace. Nothing so much as the airplane is working daily to prove the adage.

For centuries men dreamed of attaining ultima Thule, the name that they gave to the most northern land, as they imagined it. Today the Pole is hardly given a second look by aviators as they fly over it and its barren surrounding wastes.

Ships for Peace—And War

National pride can be mightily stirred by a magnificent ship, or a large and fast ship; by any kind of ship that is superior among craft of its type. Likewise large and fast ships have been the index to national prestige and ambitions as the long history of British domination of the seas with passenger craft and the challenges to that position by Germany and Italy in recent years demonstrated. Today the beautiful passenger and mail ships that majestically steamed forth from Hamburg and Bremen, Naples and Genoa only fifteen years ago are flying foreign flags or long since were sunk or converted into scrap metal.

The contest for passenger liner supremacy, especially on the North Atlantic, seems to be in full swing again but with the United States as an entrant. This nation is determined to provide more shipping space for the vast number of American passengers who move around upon the seas.

Since the war two big liners, the Constitution and Independence, have left the ways. During the week at Newport News the S.S. United States was trying to prove itself the world's fastest liner and by July 4th will be in regular service with ability to handle about 2,000 passengers.

But ocean liners today are built with more serious purpose in mind than transporting those engaged in business or seeking recreation. The experience of two wars has demonstrated that large, fast ships are imperative for the handling of troops. The tremendous job of this sort which was performed by "the Queens" during the war when armies were hauled to all parts of the world has inspired ship design to the highly utilitarian side.

Thus the S.S. United States, with comparatively little change, can be converted into a carrier of troops and will haul a division, or about 14,000 men.

Unless there be war the beautiful ship will be devoted to the interesting trans - Atlantic business. If war should come, this $71 million investment in shipping will be of priceless value because a ship of this type and size takes years to build. Wars do not wait.

Santa Claus at Auction

It is going to be interesting to see the results of the offer of a Chicago real estate firm to sell the village, Santa Claus, Indiana, which presumably will go to the highest bidder.

The little town of only 38 population is notable only for its name. Capitalizing upon that fact it has become a display site for toy makers. Somebody may come up with some brighter idea to profit from the official incorporated and postal title of the tiny crossroads settlement.

It may continue to furnish opportunity to parents who welcome the escape from untruth to be able to utter the white lie that certain gifts come from Santa Claus, (omitting "Indiana.") There would seem to be little other advantage from using the community as a trade and distribution center.

Hiking Auto Insurance

The 20 per cent average rise in automobile liability and property damage insurance rates, effective throughout the country within thirty days, is one more sharp reminder of what irresponsibility on the highways can do to the average driver's pocketbook.

There are more cars on the highways than ever before. But while this tends to increase the hazards, it does not essentially change the fact that carelessness and wild driving are at the source of almost all accidents. No matter how many cars are on the road there would be few accidents if everyone observed the fundamental rules and precautions of safe driving.

If accidents decreased sufficiently — inflation or no inflation — the insurance companies would have to lower their rates. But when they multiply faster than additional insurance business may be found and the costs of settlement go up at the same time there is no way to keep rates in line, bitter as this latest pill may be to the individual.

From the standpoint of public interest, the new rise is even more undesirable, for it will certainly add to the numbers of automobiles on the highway with no insurance at all. Real effort by the insurance companies and the rest of us who drive to make this the last upward rate change is highly in order. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Target



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

That man in the coonskin cap, Tennessee's gift to TV, has so successfully reached over the heads of the White House strategists and their labor allies and has developed such fantastic support inside the Democratic Party and the powerful unions that Mr. Truman has decided on a "Draft Stevenson" drive to stop Sen. Kefauver at the nominating convention.

He will have national labor leaders' support!

This I learn from one of the President's most intimate friends.

The draft to chill the crime buster would have been unleashed now if Mr. Truman were not eager to give Averell Harriman a chance to prove himself a good campaigner, capable of arousing strong labor support. But the national labor chiefs are passing on word that while they think Harriman is a "good guy," they want Gov. Stevenson.

And Harry Truman is with them, regardless of what seems like a presidential boom for Harriman. That's positive! Mr. Truman's appearance with Harriman, along with the country's most influential labor chiefs, at the Americans For Democratic Action banquet in Washington is absolutely not to be taken as a pledge of support for his nomination bid.

Trounces Coalition

The White House-labor coalition had been trying to kid Kefauver out of political existence—until recently. Suddenly the combine realized that the Senator had trounced the best the Truman - labor campaigners could throw at him—cabinet members, ex-mayors, public officials, national political labor leaders and prominent attorneys high in the social circles of each city.

These primary election results startled and frightened the most cynical and hard - headed of a particularly unimpressionable stratum of this society of ours, the district machine leaders.

They were hit hard by a sudden grim thought — the people were developing a decided political allergy towards machine candidates. The people were bolting to Kefauver, as they did in the Ohio primaries. There, not only did the Tennessee Senator's "unknown amateurs" waltz through the primaries by defeating the genial Secretary of Commerce Sawyer, nominal manager of the country's steel mills, but also the men who run labor's biggest national political machines.

Kefauver's men trounced Jack Kroll, head of the CIO's Political Action Committee, who has been consulting with Mr. Truman in the past few weeks.

Kefauver's men ran well ahead of AFL Vice President George Harrison, director of organization of the AFL's political group, Labor's League For Political Education.

Beats Hanna

And the coonskinner's men beat the energetic Phil Hanna, the dynamo behind the AFL's Ohio political machine, the man who led the drive against Sen. Taft in 1950. It means that Kroll and Hanna will not be delegates to the national convention. This is unusual for a national chief of the CIO's Political Action Committee, who in past years, if frenetic history is right, influenced the vice-presidential nominations and helped swing Harry Truman onto the 1944 national ticket.

So the Kefauver headquarters, whose prejudice in the matter is understandable, must nevertheless be harkened to when it interprets the Senator's rank-and-file support as stronger than anything the labor leaders or the disturbed city leaders can whip up right now.

The Kefauver crew may be amateurs, but they know that when you work against the old machines, you're bucking the pork barrel boys. But the Tennessean's strategists are winning without benefit of patronage. How?

Women's Support

They don't quite know. Except that they are aware of strong support from the wives of working men in the big centers. They also report that despite "the Administration's labor front" they have "fantastic" lower level labor support pledged secretly to them.

Their headquarters is flooded with messages from the second and third string labor leaders—business agents, local presidents, shop stewards and members of negotiating and grievance committees. This is the group which finds itself harassed by the goons and musclemen trying to make a soft buck out of the loan-shark, bookie and slugging rackets.

Kefauver has caught the little guys' imagination. And the big guys on top will have to move fast if they want to stop that Tennessee waltz and deliver the vote to Mr. Truman's choice, be he Harriman, Stevenson or anyone but himself.

(Copyright, 1952)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is a testimonial to my little State of Connecticut.

It's the third smallest in the nation, but, by golly, if we are angry, we Connecticutians certainly do something about it.

For instance, take that "Thruway" they were going to build here — or rather I should say they "are (?)" going to build.

The Thruway is a projected new road supposed to take some of the traffic off our main highway, the Boston Post Road.

This new thoroughfare will have to go through a large number of populated communities and will involve the destruction of some homes and public institutions.

A well-known firm surveyed the whole business and submitted its report to our Highway Commissioner.

He, in turn, showed it to the various communities affected and told them "This is IT."

Well, you should have seen the hullaballoo he caused!

For months now they have held indignation meetings. They have threatened to sue the Governor, the Commissioner, the people who made the survey and just about everybody else they could think of.

Connecticut is having a good time out of the thing, and in the meantime the Thruway is, of course, not being built — and may never be.

In one way I think it's a good thing.

While those attending the meetings are inside, they can't use their cars — and thus traffic is relieved anyway.

That's the way we do it in Connecticut!

Here is another example of how we do it.

Two brothers are running a mink farm in the town of Shelton at the intersection of two main streets.

If you have read the dispatches out of Washington, you know that minks are very, very malodorous.

But these Shelton minks are particularly smelly.

According to the neighbors, the 650 minks on the farm "would make even a skunk seem mild."

One of the complainants who, in Washington fashion, "investigated" the matter, reported the minks were fed decayed meat and fish, and when excited they emitted a musky odor "which combined with the food they eat, makes even the strongest stomach turn."

In my State of Connecticut they are not as lackadaisical about things as they are in Washington.

There the minks and other animals have long made many stomachs turn, but nothing is done about it.

Not so in Shelton.

The citizens complained to the health officer, Dr. Edward J. Finn, who took the matter up with the state health authorities, who in turn ordered a cleaning up of the farm. But that didn't help much.

So the Sheltonians took the case to the Board of Aldermen, and the Board ordered the Aldermanic Health Committee to get rid of the farm.

I understand the owners are looking for a new location now.

I hear — though I cannot and will not vouch for the rumor—that several sites have been offered to them in the District of Columbia, where there is supposed to be a good market for minks.

However, the owners have declined. The market is altogether too shaky at present, they say. It looks as if there might not be much of a demand for minks after November.

(Copyright 1952)

25 Years Ago

of May 17, 1927, a Tuesday.

Prominent speakers, a cordial spirit of fellowship and renewed devotion marked the 25th anniversary celebration of the Lehigh Valley Dental Society, held at the Lehigh Country Club.

The Rev. Edgar Koehler, Summit Hill, was elected president of Lehigh Classis of the Reformed Church as the 48th annual session of that body opened in Grimville Union Church. The Rev. Koe ehl srueeccetddehR v. Rev. Koehler succeeded the Rev. John L. Guth, pastor of the Jordan Reformed Charge.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A certain prominent Philadelphia clergyman likes to spoof overardent temperance workers with a story about a preacher who hated liquor with a fiery passion, but couldn't recognize it unless bottles were clearly in evidence. Attending a party where some liberally spiked milk punch was being served, the clergyman thought it to be plain milk and downed a whopping beaker before his horrified parishioners could stop him.

They awaited his words of denunciation with sinking hearts. But the preacher simply smacked his lips and exclaimed soulfully, "Glory be to Heaven for a cow like that!"

Horoscope

Your patience and determination may be tried, but make constructive use of any criticisms received, and material good fortune should eventuate. Today's child will doubtless be very clever and original.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER DRIT AUGUSHT IS DER DAWG: In ontwert tzu da fiela woh doh in kartz'm gawunnert hen eb m'r da Summer widder der Hudson nuf gangda—m'r gaina. Des yohr wert gonga der drit Augusht, odder ewwa der airsht Sundawg im mohnet. Die train wie fer ledshda paar yohr, shtart ous in Mauch Chunk, mit Easton ols der ledshd shtopping blotz. M'r hen widder 's same boat, der Peter Stuyvesant, un niemond druf wie unser aigna leit.

Des yohr is gatzailt fer nufgae so weit wie Poughkeepsie, un noh uf 'm tzurick waig ob shtoppa on Bear Mountain park. 'S gebt noh aw widder 'n umgrase im Nei Yarrick waraf rum fers Statue of Liberty sehna, un onnerra socha. M'r hen aw widder die tzwae sama druppa shpiel leit, un sin shure os es 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit gebt.

Die tickets kumma rous hinna fom nagshda mohnet, uns sis ershtounlich wie fiel os shun gaduh hen fer druppa tzomma griega fer gae. 'M ledshd yohr hen m'r 'n gonsie woch fer da hond shtoppa missa tickets ferkaufa, un fermuthlich gaits widder so. Ferol os es boat shier 2800 nemma kent, tzaila m'r net may tzu nemma wie aw farm yohr—2000, wons onnishder tzu helfa is. Sis fer sellie uhrsoch os m'r des yohr net tzaila 'n dawg tzu setza shtoppa tickets ferkaufa — 's wert g'shtopt so g'shwind os die drup gross ganunk is. Sis fer sellie uhrsoch os m'r gleicha dada won oi woh tzaila druppa tzomma tzu griega, uns long ganunk farna har wissa lossa so os sie yoh net danava kumma.

HUT 'N OMBT GRICK'D: Sis gross ordich mit da menschheit tzu dawg wie sie nei gaina fer embter — evens der Tillie Oswald fon Neffs, da J. M. Snyder & Son ihrer wusslicher bauerra g'shar gerkaufer hut no w'm ombit—is ainer fom Porra Willard Weida seina fohr shtair on da Union kerrich. Die barichda sin, 's het 'm Tillie shun long gabobert fer so'n ombit tzu howwa, ow'r hut nee net 's hartz kotta fer sei hute in der ring shmeissa, un sie glick brovierra.

Doh weil tzurick, hut er noh ow'r seinra Thelma g'sawt er dades mohl brovierra, un denk 's wert 'n wol ordlich cigars ungum drops gakosh'd howwa hinna rum, ow'r 's hut gabot. Die barichda sin, er wear gross ordich nei g'shtim'd werra, un lawft now rum mit 'm kup in da hae un die brusht drous, so shtoltz wie 'n poehawna. Wos noch mainer is, er hut aw g'sehna datzu os er 'n funkle neiie suit glaider kotta hut fer weara wie er ei g'shteld is werra. 'S aintisch'd os der Tillie grab's is, os der Paul Klotz rous kumma is ols eldishder, wie er nei kumma is fer fohrshtair. Sie shoffa mit nonner darrich die woch, un der Tillie is shure os sie aw Sundawgs gute mit nonner fert kumma weara won sie bei nonner uf 'm kerricha rawd sei hetta kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDED NET, OW'R Geshter sawga, m'r wist net war 's nagshd ferlossa dade noch 'm Irvie Frantz — ferhoftich sei won net 'm Bill Shoemaker fon Clover Hill sei Maggie Fargeshter morya unna badenk'd noch ihra ruh is—die Maggie woh shun fer yohra koch wor fers essa rishda on unserra Dorney Park Schnitzer on Lodwarick Parties.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 112

Let us remember what we learned yesterday about the structure of Psalms 111 and 112. This Psalm takes up and expands the last verse of the preceding Psalm: 'The fear of the Lord is the begining of wisdom. A good understanding have all they that do His commandments.' 'Happy is the man that fearth the Lord; that delighteth greatly in His commandments,' v. 1. Herein lies the secret of all true happiness and prosperity, for the fear of, and respect for, Jehovah leads to a cheerful obedience of His commandments, delighting in them as in the law of the Lord, as stated in Psalm 1:2. The happiness and blessing descend upon the children and children's children of those who fear the Lord, as many today can testify. 'His righteousness endureth for ever' in v. 3, spoken to the godly man is a reflection of the character of God. So in v. 4, he is gracious, and full of compassion, as God is also in v. 4 of the preceding Psalm. The wicked hate and persecute the godly, envious of their prosperity under God's blessing.



A VOYAGE 242 YEARS AGO

The Reverend Samuel Gulden, the first Reformed minister in Pennsylvania, landed with his wife and four children at Philadelphia on September 23, 1710, after a long and tedious voyage.

Under date of December 1, 1710, he wrote a lengthy report of the voyage of himself and family across the Atlantic. They sailed from London on July 5, 1710, on a ship called the "Maria Hope". He writes:

"The journey was very tedious and toilsome, not only on account of the many dangers, the tempestuous ocean, the hidden cliffs and sandy banks, and by reason of the roving robbers and pirates, but especially on account of the hard, unhealthy food on the ship, intolerable to many, through which the people became easily sick. But the Lord has led us safely through all this, so that none of the passengers died. On July 5, 1710, we sailed from London. Within the first hour after our departure our ship ran into a little boat, by which a boy drowned. Afterward it ran into another ship, and both ships were damaged, the corners being knocked from our ship. In consequence of this our captain was arrested by a warship on July 8, and another captain was given us at Gravesend. We soon after encountered a violent storm, and many people took sick, so that they could no longer eat the salted meat which was cooked in salt water. After that time neither I nor any of my children tasted any meat during the whole journey. During the night of July 21 during a violent storm our ship collided with another vessel, which brought us great danger. On the evening of July 25 we saw seven French warships with white flags, and everybody was in great alarm all night, because there were only four warships with us. But we saw these ships no more. On the evening of July 25 the Russian fleet left us, and we fell in with four ships all bound for America. On July 30 we saw the island Fest land (sic). This was the last land we saw, and we were now on the great ocean. We had a good wind, so that at times we made eight miles an hour. During the early days of August two of the ships left us, one going to Jamaica, the other to Guiana. The third was going to Carolina, and left us afterward. From August 8 to 12 we saw a large number of fishes, called porpoises, which was soon followed by a storm. On August 14 the fourth ship left us, going to New England. On August 17 the storm was so severe that we could have only half a sail hoisted. The rudder had to be tied securely, and during the whole night we had to leave the ship to the mercy of wind and waves. The waves were like mountains, and the ship was sometimes so high that we thought we would be capsized. Then again it went down so deep that it appeared as though we would be hurled into the depths, and yet with all that I and my children had no fear. After this we saw many fishes. On September 9 we saw several large fishes following each other like cows. On September 12 we had the best wind of all, and made nine miles an hour. On September 15 we could touch bottom with our sounding line. The water was 15 fathoms deep, that is, 30 English or 45 German yards.

"On the morning of September 16 we saw land for the first time, and greatly rejoiced that the Lord had helped us so far. On the same day we entered the Delaware river so far that we were safe from all pirates. The water was only six fathoms deep, and we could not proceed during the night. Next day (Sept. 17) we started with the tide of the ocean, but ran upon a sand bank, and we were kept busy all afternoon trying to get off again. However we had to stay there during the night. On September 18 we obtained a pilot to conduct us up the Delaware, and with it came the first-fruits of the new land's apples and peaches. On September 20 we arrived at Newcastle, where some of us went on land for the first time. We were well received by some people, who gave us not only to eat and drink, but also gave us apples and peaches to take back to the ship—as many as we could carry. On September 21, as we continued, others came to us on the ship, who invited the captain and all the people to a dinner. Others brought large sacks of apples on the ship to divide among the people. The same happened to some of us who left the ship on September 22, going some miles on foot until we saw Philadelphia for the first time from a distance, and came into the city early on the 23d of September, where the ship also arrived safely at noon.

"On September 24 my family and others disembarked, and were received by good friends into their houses for several days free and without money, and were shown much love. We remained there until September 27, when a Christian friend of my countrymen and relatives procured a good house for us eight miles from the city, among good friends, which he gave us for the winter, or as long as we should need it.

"Thus the long and tedious journey had come to an end. It took us eleven weeks from London to Philadelphia, but only seven weeks from one side of the ocean to the other. Three weeks we spent with the Russian fleet along the coast of England and Scotland and eight days on the Delaware. Close by the house of my friend I purchased the first plantation I have seen, where we shall begin to live next spring. The place is called Rocksburg (Roxboro), or fortress of rocks, as the whole country lies upon many rocks. Thus our ark has come to rest on a mountain.

"God has wonderfully preserved us. Others who went with the fleet last spring have not only been on board the ship twenty-seven weeks, but many of them have died. Among these the dear and well-known Maurice lost his life at sea. Who would have thought that such a strong young man would not be able to pass through this journey, whilst weak ones were able to endure it. The ship upon which dear Maurice died suffered shipwreck at the end of its journey along the coast of New York. All the people were saved, but the ship was lost, and nearly all the goods were either lost or spoiled, and much of what was brought to the land was stolen during the confusion. From this we can see why the dear Lord permitted us to miss the fleet in the spring. Our coming too late was for our own good.

"We also arrived during the time when apples and peaches were plentiful, and not during a dry and barren season, so that we had at once enough to eat of the fruits of the land, and have already gathered a full harvest before we have labored. Others have planted for us. We have obtained so much fruit that the whole house has been filled, above and below. We dried so much fruit that we have enough not only for this winter, but also for the coming summer. The Lord has amply provided for us on both sides of the great ocean.

"I should now close this big letter, if I would not want to give you a short account of the conditions of the land, as far as they have come to my knowledge. The country in itself is very good, but not everything is true which has been circulated about it. This country has mountains and valleys, good and bad, sandy and clayey. There is good water, lumber and stones enough to build. During the summer, because of the intense heat, it has unusual luxuriousness, causing everything to grow very rapidly, so that within six years the seeds have become trees yielding fruit. But for this reason the land is drained all the more easily. As a result the land which was good before becomes bad, as can be seen in Germantown, where the land is not cultivated. Apples and peaches are very plentiful, which grow up from seeds without being grafted. They are very good and so plenty as I have never seen before. Pigs and horses eat more of these here than people do in many places in Germany. There are many chestnut trees, but they are very small. There are many oak trees, but few beeches, also poplars."

From Daniel Miller's EARLY HISTORY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN PENNSYLVANIA. Reading, Pa., 1906.

BALLAD FRAGMENTS

The following are fragments of ballads once used by our ancestors and introduced into a play "Der Jim Will Parre Warre" by the late Reverend Charles A. Butz. If other versions of these are known to our readers we should be grateful if they will take the trouble to set them down and send them to the Editor of the Eck.—

In der West do wachst des Graas,
Aus der Grick do schwimmt der Fisch.
Luschdich waer noch leddich iss,
Draurich waer verschproche iss;
Hochzeit uff dem Owwerdenn
Un Frallick in der Seiben!

Gehscht weit fatt, hoscht weit heem!
So geht's in der Welt zu;
Eener waert die Schtrimp,
Der anner die Schuh.
So geht's in der Welt,
Eener hot die Erfaahring,
Der anner hot's Geld.

Hans Pitter, nemm mich,
Wacker Meedlein bin ich;
Kann kochen, kann backen,
Kann schtricken, kann neehen,
Kann Haschpel gut drehen,
Kann noch woll was mehr.

Do schteh ich im Eck
Un schneid Schpeck,
Un waer mich liebt,
Der holt mich weck.

Waer hoch fliegt in die Luft,
Kummt graad so weit runner;
Waer weit geht vun heem,
Kummt graad so weit widder zerick;
Hot en Mann zu 'n groosser Kopp,
Vun Koppweh iss er net frei;
Wann der Kopp ihm net verschpringt,
Weess ich net was es gebt.

Schnitz un Gnepp, des gleich ich net,
Riewe sin zu siess;
Die Bauerebuwe gleich ich net,
Sie hen zu groosse Fiess.

Was ich gaerne hett,
Iss so weit eweck;
Was ich gaar net maag,
Sehn ich alle Daag.
Wieschdes will ich net,
Scheenes grieggich net;
Heiere duh ich net,
Un sell is so.

Mannichmol, mannichmol
Waar ich bei de Meed;
Mannichmol, mannichmol
Hawwich mich verschpeet.

Wann ich zu de Meed geh,
Geh ich darrich der Schwamm;
Wann ich nimmi raus kann,
Kreisch ich was ich kann.

Drei Woche fer Oschdere,
Do geht der Schnee weck,
Do heiert mei Schetzel,
Do hock ich im Dreck;
Drei hawwich geliebt,
Was hawwich devun?
Ein Schetzel bedriebt,
Des hawwich zum Lohn.

Do waar ich mol in Deitschland,
Do waar ich net bekannt,
Do kummt en gleener Deitscher
Un nemmt mich bei der Hand;
Er nemmt mich mol die Schtadt nuff
Un kickt mich in die Luft.

Es reggert un es schneet,
Un es iss kalt, schtarmich Wedder;
Rei kummt der Bauer
Un drinkt en Glessel Seider;
Er hatt emoll en Schetzel,
Er kann es nimmi finne;
Ich duh Hawwer reche,
Waer soll en binne?

MER GEHNE FISCHE

Ich un die Betzy Wetzel sin der anner Daag gange fische un mer hen en schtannhaagelsi Zeit ghatt. Wann du in deim Lewe net mit de Weibsleit gange bischt fische, dann weesscht du ewwe gaar nix devun, un wie wennicher ass du devun weesscht, wie besser ass du ab bischt.

Well, mer sin do nunner an die Schwoger Grick, wu sie als gsaat hen die Sucker leie uffem Rick. Mer hen uns en scheener Blacke ausgeguckt am Suckerloch un ich hab der Betzy gsaat, sie solle's Esse seef eweck schtelle aus em Weeg. Dernoh hen mer unser Leine reddi gmacht, dann waar 's der Betzy bang gwest fer en Warrem draa duh un ich hab mei Gatt annegeleegt un ihre eener draaghenkt. Sie hot ihre Lein neigschmisse un ich hab yuscht mei Karrick draabinne welle dann—Wupsch; reisst sie raus un hockt ihre Lein ebaut fufzeh Fuss nuff in en Wasserpitch. Weil yeders yuscht ee Lein un ee Angel hot ghatt, hawwich ewwe nuff uff der Baam graddle misse un ihre Angel los mache. Uff em Runnerweeg hot en Schtatze mei Hosse gfange un glei hawwich die kalt Luft uff meinre blose Haut gschpiert. Runner hawwich net welle die Weil ass sie unne am Baam schteht un drowwebleiwe fangt ken Suckers. Endlich hawwich gebrowiert der baam runner koppsvedderscht, so wie en Gschwarrel un ich waar net weit kumme bis mei hinnere Glowe halt verlore hen un ich bin flatsch vanne an ihre uff der Bodde gfalle. Sie hot madderlich gegrische un ich hab geglaabt, sie deet widder eens vun ihre Katzgichtere griegge. Sie hot awwer net un glei hot sie widder ihre Lein drin ghatt. Iwwer ewennich saagt sie:

"Gottlieb, ich hab en Biss."

"Wu?"

"An meinre Angel. Wu deetscht denke, du Ox?"

"Nau waart e bissel bis es widder zoppt un derno schnarre."

Wupsch, reisst sie un raus kummt en Ool schier wedder ihre Fiess.

"Harriyesses! En Schlang!" saagt sie. "Schpring, Gottlieb!"

Sie hot net gewaart fer mich un iss gschlagge fer die neegscht Fens. Es Loch, wu sie darrich hot welle, waar eider zu glee odder sie zu grooss un sie iss schtecke bliwwe—der Kopp nunner un die Fiess so geegge de zehe Uhr nei. Ich hab ause um en sex Acker Feld rum schpringe misse, bis ich uff der rechde Seit bei hab kenne fer ihre los helfe. Wie ich sie zerickgholt hab ghatt, dann hot die Ool sich losgedreht ghatt un warr widder ins Wasser gschlippt. Die Betzy hot gsaat, sie wott sie nett's Fische net gelannt un hot ihre Gatt uff die Bank gschmisse. Sie hot gsaat, sie wett mir nau helfe mei tackling reddi griegge. Es waar nau schunt neegscht Middaag un ich hab gezeehlt die Lein nei do un derno reddi mache fer esse, dann uff eemol hot ebbes aafange glebbere hinnich uns un wie ich rumgeguckt hab, dann kummt mei Nochber sei alde Loos hinnich em Baam raus mit unserm Esskarreb iwwer der Hals henke. Ich hab sie fange welle yuscht fer der Karreb, weil ich gwisst hab, ass es Esse ennihau fatt iss, awwer wann du in deim Lewe gebrowiert hoscht en aldi Loos fange, dann weesscht, ass der alt Schinner in ere iss. Ich hab sie endlich in en Waggeschopp gedriwwe. Sie iss ins Hinner Eck nei gebaeckt unnich en zwee-geilswagge un wie ich zu ihre graddle hab welle, hot sie "Huh-hu" gmacht un iss raus gschtart. Ich hab sie abhedde welle un bin mit em Kopp wedder die Langwitt gschprunge, ass mei seidener Hut zammegedobbelt iss wie en Kordeon. Ich hab sie net grickt bis nooch de zwee Uhr un dernoh hawwich sie zammegschlagge mit me Schilscheid. Wie ich zerickkumme bin, waar ich bees, verschunne, verrisse un hungerich, un mer hen ausgemacht heemgeh un es iwwermache uff en annerer Daag.

Awwer dir will ich nau yuscht emol graad eweck ebbes nunner verzeehle, un des iss, dass wann ich noch emol gfange waar mit de Weibsleit geh fische, dann maagscht du mich nunner duh, ass en verlumpts alt Kalb, ass net weess, was er will un iss net zefridde bis es ebber finnt fer ihn.

Aus'm BOONASTIEL

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

The Educator

Six years ago Cedar Crest College retired Rev. Charles H. Rominger, Ph. D., after 25 years of service as a member of the faculty.

While at Cedar Crest Dr. Rominger taught religion and philosophy. Retirement was mandatory under the policy in effect at the college.

Two years before his retirement, Dr. Rominger began serving the Moravian congregation at Coopersburg as the pastor. He continued to do so after his retirement from Cedar Crest.

The other day the Coopersburg congregation announced it had renewed its contract with Dr. Rominger.

"We feel that because of the size of our congregation we have no right to the services of a man of Dr. Rominger's calibre," said an officer of the congregation in announcing the unanimous decision to retain his services.

These are times when religious training is all-important. It is heartening to know that men of Dr. Rominger's maturity and rich back ground are willing to continue to serve, rather than to lean on such perquisites as many years of faithful and able service already entitle them to.

Making a Living

State Secretary of Labor and Industry David M. Walker is greatly concerned about people over 45 and how they are going to make a living.

The State Employment office files are full of applications from folks over that age who are seeking a job. The percentage is steadily on the up grade, due in part to the longer span of life now being enjoyed as a result of advances in medicine.

The record also shows that contrary to what appears to be the belief of employers, the average workers in the 45-65 age bracket is just as productive as the younger worker. Also worthy of note is the fact that the older workers are not so prone to become involved in accidents as are the younger people.

Experience, it appears teaches people to be more careful.

Secretary Walker and President Johnson of Temple University have joined forces in trying to solve the problem. The chief hurdle they have to take is to convince employers that what surveys have showed are facts.

As Mr. Walker points out, conditions in relation to the worker who is 45 years old or older, are mild now compared to what they will be ten years and more hence. The unemployment ranks in this age bracket are growing constantly.

The problem directly affects the economy of the people as a whole. It is one that requires our best minds to solve satisfactorily.

The Children

The Allentown conference on dependent and neglected children developed two points: (a) the counties included in the local discussion are doing as well as could be hoped for with the facilities they have and; (b) corrective measures needed to meet the problem are substantially what the State Department of Welfare sought from the 1951 legislature.

The conference, one of 12 being held in different parts of the commonwealth, is sponsored by the Governor's Advisory Committee on Children and Youth and the Department of Welfare.

The Welfare Department asked the 1951 legislature for legislation which it needs to meet the problems. It got a few of the things it asked for, notably stricter control of nursing homes and homes for the aged. It did not do so well in the matter of legislation dealing with dependent and neglected children.

The series of conferences are designed to carry out the program drafted at the mid-Century White House Conference, held in 1950.

State Welfare Secretary William C. Brown, in lending complete cooperation to the Governor's Committee, is using tact. He is confident that out of the conferences will come a demand for the legislation he sought a year ago. At the same time it eliminates chances of charges that dictatorial methods are being employed.

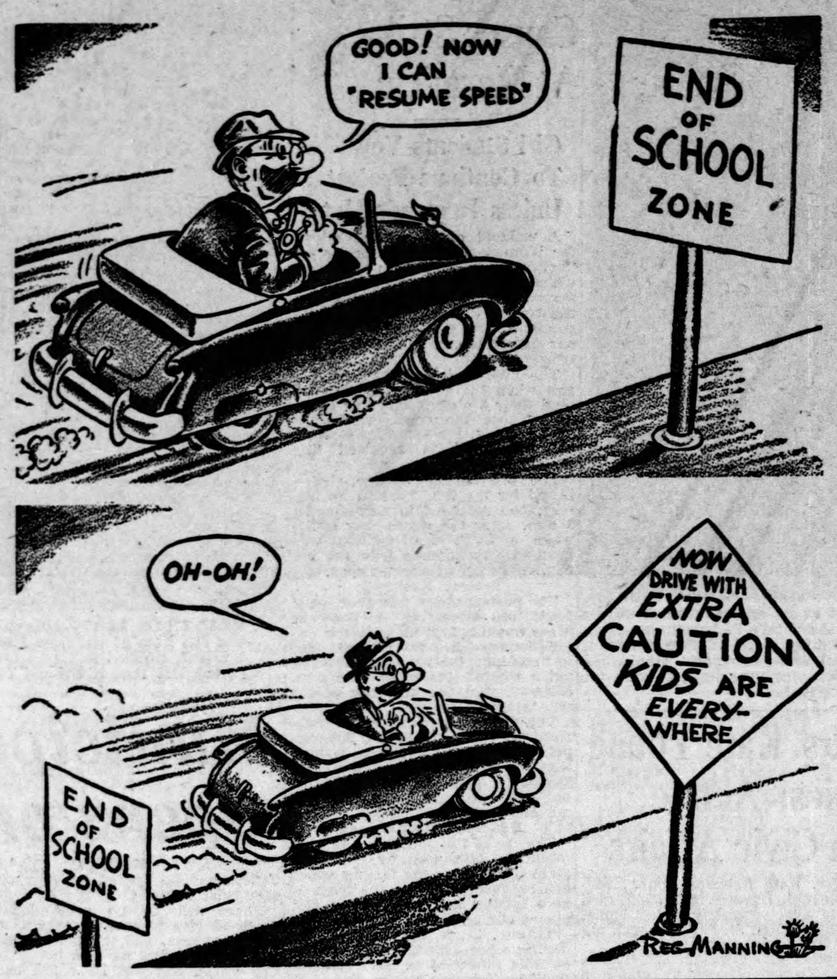
Still Wise Words

"Some indeed among us are not so much grieved for the present State of our Affairs, as apprehensive for the future.—They observe, that no Revenue is sufficient without Economy, and that the most plentiful Income of a whole People from the natural Productions of their Country may be dissipated in vain and needless Expenses, and Poverty be introduced in the place of Affluence."

These words, spoken today, might sound like an attack on the Truman administration.

Actually, they were written by Benjamin Franklin at the height of his career. But they still sound good today and are further evidence that many pleas for reasonable economy in government are not political but just plain common sense for any government and any people in any age.

Signs of Summer



Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

You will forgive me if I wonder out loud today.

But first let me tell you a little story.

It's from a television show I saw the other night.

Groucho Marx had on his "You Bet Your Life" program a 79-year-old old woman, hale and hearty looking with a keen mind.

During the conversation she told him that she did not smoke. (Groucho had a big, fat cigar in his mouth.)

"Why not?" asked Groucho.

"Because I don't like it," was the answer.

When he told her how well she looked for her age and how spry she was, she said that she came from a long-lived family.

"My father died when he was a hundred," she told him. "And he smoked."

Groucho looked at the audience and said:

"That just shows you what smoking will do to a man!"

Mind you, I have never claimed to be an authority on anything.

So I may be all wrong about what I am going to say now.

But I DO believe that there is altogether too much publicity and altogether too much sacre-talk about disease and accidents.

It is perfectly all right to enlighten people and tell them that they should go to their doctors the moment they think that they have cancer or heart trouble, and for REGULAR CHECK-UPS.

People should be warned to drive slowly and carefully.

That is common sense.

But the other night, over the radio, a fellow shouted at me in a funnereal voice (Note to typesetter: Please leave the two n's in "funnereal." It sounded as if came out of a funnel.): "You may never come back alive from the automobile trip on which you start tomorrow." He repeated and repeated it.

It just so happened that we WERE going to start out on a trip the following morning. My wife was going to drive.

But she was so nervous when next morning came around that I had to do the driving. And that made her even more nervous.

The power of suggestion can be dangerous.

The fear of cancer, in my humble opinion, might cause a serious neurosis.

Being afraid of heart trouble is apt to bring it on.

Now there is a big drive on about the effect of smoking on cancer.

So they send out rafts of publicity about the research—they know nothing about it yet—and scare millions of people half to death.

I think I have told you this before, but it does no harm to repeat it.

When I asked a famous heart specialist whether smoking was harmful to me, since I had had a heart attack, he replied:

"I don't know whether smoking is harmful.

"But I do know that if you WANT to smoke and CAN'T—that IS harmful. It's the resistance in you that causes the harm.

"Personally I think that nothing you do in MODERATION can hurt you very much."

I have smoked in moderation for almost five years since then — and I ain't dead yet.

Edgar A. Guest

THESE WILL REMAIN

These things will always be
Whatever else may fade:
The blue of sky and sea,
Trees and their friendly shade.
Love and the tender kiss,
Dreams that all youth has known
Marriage and some day this,
Home they can call their own.

No matter when or where
Change may occur or how
There will be evening prayer
Taught as we teach it now.
Always will children small
Sleeves of their mother clutch.
Even though kingdoms fall
Life will not alter much.

There will be need for men,
Patient and strong and true,
Skill will be wanted when
There is a task to do.
There will be smiles and tears,
Sunshine and cloud and rain.
Still through the changing years
These will remain.

(Copyright 1952)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In the elaborate country estate of a squire who had collected millions of dollars but nary a book, authors John Gunther and the late Sinclair Lewis once found themselves co-guests at luncheon. It was the summer when Lewis's "Kingsblood Royal" was Number One on fiction best - seller lists and Gunther's "Inside U.S.A." occupied a similar spot on all non - fiction compilations. Somebody arose to observe, "It isn't often you'd find the authors of the two most popular books in the country dining at the same board. I propose a toast to Messrs. Lewis and Gunther." The host regarded his two guests with new respect and exclaimed, "I'll be darned! I didn't know you fellows wrote books!"

Horoscope

Using analysis to avoid waste would be helpful but your next year presages good fortune. The child born today will probably be steady and reliable.

These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Two views have been in conflict on the subject of immigration for several decades.

One position is that the American people have a right to be selective and discriminatory as to who is to be admitted into this country, particularly in view of our easy method of naturalization. The other position is that, except for persons who are insane, idiots, or who have committed acts of moral turpitude, anyone who desires to come here should be admitted.

In the present Congress, the first position is adopted by the advocates of the McCarran-Walter Bill; the second position is advocated by the supporters of the Lehman-Humphrey Bill.

The subject arouses deep emotions among many elements in our population, especially among those who are themselves immigrants or the children of immigrants, or those who believe that humanity requires kindliness and forbearance toward all men, and, therefore, admission into this country.

However, in all this discussion, certain factors need to be considered, which may be summarized as follows:

1. No matter how liberal a policy might be, the surplus population of the entire earth could not be absorbed in the 3 million square miles that is the United States. Therefore, there has to be some measure of restriction and discrimination. No bill can be written which does not in a manner limit immigration. While there is no agreement on the potential maximum population of the United States, it is obvious that geographical limitations will ultimately determine that.

2. Every country has a right to preserve its indigenous civilization. Were it not so, no country would place any restrictions on the movement of peoples. Whole nations would again, as they did in the past, move from areas with which they are dissatisfied to countries like ours. A civilization can be drowned in a sea of migrant populations as by defeat in war. While no such danger faces the United States, the fact does remain that too many divergent concepts of government and life cannot be assimilated here with the rapidity required in a period of troubled times.

3. One of the principal costs to the human race of the past two wars has been the collapse of long-accepted institutions, particularly in relation to the State and the economic system. The advent of Communism and Fascism influenced large segments of the European population to reject the 2,000-year-old basis for Western life, the natural law grounded in the Bible and in Greek and Roman thinkers. The rights of man have been subordinated to the authority of the State.

We often call those who have adopted this materialistic concept of life, subversive. Actually, their ways and their thoughts are altogether alien to American life as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the United States. While such persons prefer to live here because it is convenient, they have become conditioned against us.

Senate Debate

The debate in the Senate is really over the question of whether such persons should be admitted to the United States and eventually to citizenship so that they can vote in our elections and choose our officials.

The liberal view is that today's subversives are tomorrow's conservatives. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, such a statement might have made sense; in the year 1952, when we are actually at war with the most ardent protagonist of the authority of the State over the individual, such a view contains many elements of peril. A "subversive," that is, one who has belonged to the Communist Party anywhere, ought to prove beyond doubt his conversion before admisstion into this country.

The liberal, in his anxiety to live up to ideas which applied in Western Countries as they were before 1917, forgets that war has changed the world and that America is in danger. If what he calls discrimination against any human being is repugnant, the dilution and even destruction of the American civilization ought to be even more repugnant.

It is difficult for one whose father and mother were immigrants to say that anyone should not have the advantage of coming to this wonderful country. But our parents came to America to seek liberty and opportunity. They did not come here to make America over in the image of some European state. They loved America because of the freedom they found here; they did not come here to betray that freedom.

(Copyright, 1952)

Public Opinion

Editor, Morning Call
Sir:

Previously invitations to vocalists for appearance at Seibert E. C. were based on the simple premise that they had God given talent.

But I am beginning to understand now what has heretofore annoyed me a great deal. Do you know that no one invites me to sing at other churches? Not only don't they ask me in the first place, but there's not that possibility of misgiving in the second.

Mr. Flores should know that we singers must stick together. I am praying and even now believe that he can be comforted by the famous words spoken by Gen. MacArthur in longing for the Philippines.

Why a famous Republican should copy a famous Democrat and write a letter beats me.

I want you to know that there is a difference when Norman sings.

Sincerely yours,
Paul E. Schantz Jr.
733 Greenleaf St.

25 Years Ago

With a magnetism that carried conviction with every word he uttered, J. H. Tregoe, secretary-treasurer of the National Assn. of Credit Men, called for a return to old-time moral standards, "the slipping away from which constitutes one of the greatest menaces facing the country today."

With the election of officers and the adoption of a set of by-laws, the recently formed West End A. A., formally entered local athletic circles. The official baseball uniform of the club was a grey suit, similar to those of the Queen City A. A. with "West end" displayed across the breast of the shirt.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IN DA KOTZA BISNIS: Won aenich ebber im marrick is fer kotza, der Sam Gehringer fon Bullfrock fohrt sie rum mit 'm shuckkerrich. Wie weit os er kotza bring'd sella waog kenna m'r net samga, ow'r er is da onner dawg die gons nochberschoft ous gakess'ld bis er aenie lose werra is beim Milt Herber. 'S airsht hut er gabroviert fer sie 'm shtorekipper Eddie Yarrick ferhondla, ow'r die weil os der Eddie net mainer halt uf kotza os wie aw hund, is er sie net lose werra, un hut sie noh niver tzum Milt ganumma. Der Milt wor net grawd um dawaig, un darta hut der Sam noh ob galawda.

So wies ow'r sheind, is der Milt grawd in lieb g'falla mit da kotz, un hut galocht iwwer 's gons g'sicht wie 'n g'shmutzter sees kucha wie der Newt Bachman fon Shpringside, sei glae maid'l die kotz net mit nemma hut lossa. Die glae hut die kotz gaglicha, un sie shun uf da mashine kotta bis der Newt sie erblick'd hut. Fermithlich werra sie ken rotta un mice howwa in Shpringside — aenicha waig er hut sich gahairich uf g'shtruv'ld, un die glae fer freeda in da familia halta, hut die kotz shpringa lossa.

DER BOCKA BOARD HOWARD: Is es net wunnerbore dawaig wie Northampton bocka board ol iwwer om rous shtosa sin. Drowwa in Northampton selwar, kent m'r shier denka dawaig wie sie awfongs tzu k'hoar'd werra, die tzeit near 'n hunnerd yohr tzurick gadray'd — maint wohrhoft alsa mohl m'r kent die boater harner hoerra blosa un die lond messer sehna die cement meala ob shtecka. Wel aenicha waig, dale gucka shtrubbich, un dale shae glot, un wie g'sawt, die bocka board shtosa ol iwwer rous—alsa mohl weit weck fon Northampton.

Now doh is der Howard Muth fon Fogelsville tzum bei shpiel. Der Howard kairt tzu ra Northampton Fire kumpany, un mus nadierlich sei dale duh fer Northampton helfa ihra 100 yairich fesht fira da nagshda mohnet, un hut 'n board garais'd. Der Howard guck'd aw hard shtrubbich, doch is er 'n lot glicklicher wie 'n lot onnerra well er ols noch 'n gute dale uf da brauna side is. Dale os aw mohl brau worra, kumma now weiss blotshich rous, un 'm fendu groyer Lester Miller sei roter board mit weiss drin, mocht 'n gucka wie won sei Grace 'n ol fershmiert het im g'sicht mit kase un lodwarick.

Wel aenicha waig, der Howard guck'd net gons iwwel ous, un glawb wohrhoft wons net gawest wear os er da Somshdawg iwwer der basem shteel jumpa wot mit da Betty Acker dart fom shteddle, os der barkipper Walter Loiter aw ons bocka board raisa wear. Unnich da umshtanda, wor er ow'r bong die Betty maich'd 'n ferleicht da airshda dawg shun rubba om board, un hut gadenk'd er dade sellie bisnis ferleicht 's beshd unner waiga lossa. Der Howard ow'r wie g'sawt, kumt gute aw, os der Elmer Shosmaker fon Seipstown om kunsiderra is fer ebbes fon ra celebration in der gong griega dart drowwa uf 'm hivel, so os sie aw board raisa kenta. Won sie duhna, wolla m'r wetta os der Willie Rupp, die Willie Billy Schmale, un der Milt Herber, wunnerbore leab gucka tzu k'hoar'd wie gees konna tzutta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Richard Schneck fon Siegersville kon in die welt nei net fershtae wos fer grumbierra os sie raisa on Germans Korner—die barichda sin, er het grumbierra grick'd fom Ed Snyder os darta garais'd sei solla, un woh m'r essa kent wie arabsa.

Der Rich is hinnich 'm Ed fer mohl onnerra blons grumbierra griega, so os er aw grumbierra raisa kent wie der Fred Leiby dart hinna—un woh 'm ledshd shpote yohr garais'd sol howwa os net inna halb bushel mose gonga sin.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 118

Psalms 113 to 118 are called the Hallel Psalms, Hymns of Praise, sung during the great festivals of Israel, particularly at Passover. In Matth. 26:30, after the institution of the Lord's Supper the night before Jesus our Passover was sacrificed for us, 1 Cor.5:7, we read: 'And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.' In the first four verses all Israel, preists and people alike, are asked to join in giving thanks to the Lord, 'because He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.' In vs.5-9 we learn that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence 'n man or princes. In vs.10-14 we are told how the Lord saved His people from their enemies who had encompassed their land. There follows a song of rejoicing and thanksgiving, declaring that the right hand of the Lord had done valiantly in saving His people. Then comes a call to the gates of the Temple to open to admit a triumphal procession for the purpose of worshipping the Lord. From the rest of the Psalm quotations are found in Matth. 21:42;21:9; Acts 4:11 and 1 Peter 2:7, showing the importance of this Psalm.



ALLE SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, so viel Sadde!
Deel vun do un deel vun dadde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht;
Graade, grumme, gscheide, dumme,
Nemmt sie ewwe wie sie kumme;
Ach! was hot's doch so viel Sadde
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

An enthusiast exclaimed: "If only words could speak!" But they do speak. We are more than pleased with the interest shown in our search for unusual dialect words.

Who will define the following words? Please illustrate their usage in dialect sentences and address them to: Editor of Eck, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

der Graewwelkuche	**die Schliffelmiehl**
triwweliere (verb)	**abluchse (verb)**
die Geeschelscheed	**der Kellerschlag**

The list of unusual words offered in the ECK for April 26 brought a variety of replies from our readers. We are more than gratified and can only regret that it is not possible to thank our correspondents in person. For the pleasure and benefit of students of our dialect we shall share the definitions we have received for the following words:

DER WEEGSCHTEIER—The following, however varied, are in the main, correct: For Elmer B. Frey, Macungie, it is "Loss of motion due to over-exertion or over-indulgence—Der Schaffmann waar so ausgschpielt, ass er der Weegschteier nimmi ghatt hot fer heem laafe."—Ida V. Hollenbach, Saegersville, finds it "a descriptive term used by someone, who speaks of having been excessively tired and unable to walk straight—Ich hab der Weegschteier nimmi ghatt." Amon Lichty, Emmaus, illustrates in "Er kann der Weegschteier nimmi halde, or, he cannot keep steady pace on the road."—Mina L. Von Steuben, Hecktown, remembers "that older folks used the word of invalids or drunkards scarcely able to walk".—Walter Handwerk, Slatington, writes similarly: "It is used of persons weak with sickness or too much liquor—Er hot der Weegschteier nimmi."—Ralph S. Funk, whose verses frequently appear in the ECK writes: "The word **Schteier** is applied primarily to steering or guiding, hence a road-steerer. I have heard it applied to an intoxicated person weaving down the street—Er hot der Weegschteier verlore."—For Raymond E. Kiebach, Stony Creek Mills, it denotes lack of strength or stamina—"Er hot der Weegschteier schier net ghatt fer fattmache."—Palmer J. Young, Allentown, writes: "Es waar en Watt ass die Leit als gsaat hen, wann en Mensch odder en Schtick Vieh so schwach waar ass sie ken andlicher Gang geh hen kenne."—Dr. D. Geo. Knecht, Allentown, defines it as "unbalanced equilibrium" and well illustrates: "In der Zeit wie Leit noch Bedallye ghatt hen, waarn deel vun selle Leit so mied bis oweds, ass sie nimmi der Weegschteier ghatt hen fer heem laafe."—Frank J. Reninger, Allentown, thinks of **Weegsteier** as toll or road tax, confusing it with the German **die Steuer**, tax or duty.—The component—**steier** is the dialect form of the German **der Steuer**, helm, rudder. The verb **steuern**, to steer, pilot, navigate, is related to the Anglo Saxon for steer or guide. Compare also the English stern and **starboard**.

SCHNIBSE—Margaret M. Roberts, Catasauqua, writes of this verb, that it "is a not always too successful effort to cry or sob.—For John F. Krause, Slatington, it means "crying in a sniffling or snuffling manner."—Mrs. Dallas W. Graber, East Greenville, writes that the word denotes "weeping slightly as in Sie hot en wennich gschnibst."—Raymond E. Kiebach, Stoney Creek Mills, informs us that Rauch in his dictionary renders it with "to sob" as in Sie Brillt net, dut yuscht schnibse."—Amon Lichty, Emmaus, thinks of the word as denoting "a condition that exists when some one has been crying and tries to stop it with special efforts—Sie dutt ihre Schnibse net schtobbe."—Also Ida V. Hollenbach, Saegersville, defines it "to sniff as one does when suppressing sobs—Es Kind hot gschtobbt helle un hot yuscht noch gschnibst.—Both Dr. D. Geo. Knecht and Frank J. Reninger inform us that the word also means cutting something into small pieces, confusing it perhaps with the verb **schnipsle**, to whittle.—Similarly Ralph S. Funk writes that he has heard it applied to the shredding of vegetables as in "Kraut schnipse, perhaps a localism mistakenly used for **schnitzle**".

DIE REGGEBLUMM—A puzzling word, for only Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, has given a satisfactory reply. He writes in part: "This name is apparently not well known. Among all my acquaintances I have heard the name only once. About two years ago when we were running down the use and growing of saffron, I stopped in at an older neighbor's and asked about saffron. It happened that at that time she had a pot of colchicum just in bloom. Colchicum, as you know, is a close relative to our spring crocus and to saffron—many people in my neighborhood here in Royersford have them in pots and really have no definite name for them. Accordingly I asked my old neighbor up in Lehigh what she called them and she replied **Reggeblumm**. This flower appears very suddenly overnight, or during a rain. One day there is no sign of a bud and the next day a flower is in bloom on a stem three or four inches high. Some of the children call them 'surprises' because of their sudden appearance after a rain. There are a number of species, mostly of the kind where the bloom appears before the leaves. The German name is **die Zeitlose**. One species, commonly called Meadow Saffron is very common in Europe and anyone who has ever seen a meadow in full bloom will hardly forget them . It is about the meadow saffron that Gottlieb Mittelberger wrote (from Pennsylvania) in 1754, as if he were homesick for his native land—'All through Pennsylvania not a single meadow saffron is seen in the gardens and meadows in the autumn'.—I suppose somebody will come up with some other flower called **Reggeblumm**, but that is what makes this discussion of words one of the most interesting features of your column."—

DER WAERWEL—Elmer B. Frey writes that the word denotes "a peculiar twist or whirl in a person's hair frequently found on the forepart of a person's head.—Ida V. Hollenbach defines it as "the top of the head where the hair grows in a swirl and lies in opposite directions."—For Walter T. Handwerk, Slatington, it means "a circular motion or setting such as a **Windwaerwel** or a **Haarwaerwel uff em Kopp**."—Ralph S. Funk defines it as a "cowlick on the human head" but writes that it is also used in **Windwaerwel**, as applied to the turning motion of an air current.—Dr. Knecht very correctly gives three different uses of the word: 1, a swift circular motion like of a tornado, whirlwind or typhoon; 2, a circular bunch of hair on a person's head; 3, a piece of wood used to lock a door or gate, usually called a **driller**.—Raymond E. Kiebach points out an interesting use of the word in D. B. Brunner's poem about the Grundsau (groundhog): "Sie hot ken Waerwel in dem Schwanz"—it has no twist or curl in its tail.

BELUCHSE—Martin E. Birmelin, Allentown, informs us that this verb means to belie, or cheat and thinks of it as a milder form of the verb bedriegge — "Er hot ihn beluchst" or in American slang, "He pulled a fast one".—Margaret M. Roberts denotes it "to try to deceive—pull the wool over one's eyes." For Amon Lichty it is a white lie, and for Raymond E. Kiebach it is synonymous with the verb **beliegge** and he further points out that Rauch renders it "to cheat." He adds that the word is always pronounced as if spelled **beyuckse**. However, we believe this to be another verb, related to the German **jucksen**, to make game of or get the better of a person.—Frank J. Reninger, Ralph S. Funk, Dr. Knecht, Elmer B. Frey, Mina L. von Steuben and Mrs. Dallas W. Graber, all use the verb in the sense of deceiving, cheating, or lying.—This interesting verb is related to the German noun der Luchs, lynx, like the fox, a sly animal; hence, also applied to a cunning person.

DER BLOSBALGDREDER — There was little doubt about the significance of this word. John F. Krause, Slatington, writes, "it was a man who pumped a bellows to make air for a pipe organ in a church by stepping on a lever. I remember operating a bellows in that manner in Unions Church, Neffs. In some other churches a lever was worked up and down to operate the bellows, then the man was called a **Blosbalgziegger**."—Mina L. von Steuben heard the word used in the old Hecktown church of "the sexton pumping the lever at the pipe organ to create air for the pipes." Charles E. Rethoret, Tranquility Farm, Kunkletown, writes, "I remember a good many time about 50 years ago when we used to get a thrill out of **blosbalgdrede** in a little country church."—Ida V. Hollenbach writes "Our old church organ had a bellows operated by a crank and yearly one of the boys of the congregation was appointed as **Blosbalgdreher** and was paid a stipend for regular services and a special fee for funerals or other extra services. To be allowed to help the **Blosbalgdreher** at communion time when the organ was used almost throughout the entire service was considered an honor by the friend who was chosen to assist."—Elmer B. Frey gives two meanings: 1, a bellows operator for the old-style church pipe organ; 2, a treadle used by the village blacksmith to operate the bellows to draw up his fire on the forge.—For Dr. Knecht it was an easy word, for he remembers, "when I was a boy I used to be the **Blosbalgdreder** to furnish air for the organ in the Unionsville Church at Neffs. That was in 1892."—

An illuminating note came to the Editor by courtesy of Dr. Harold K. Marks who found it among the papers of his father, the late Clement A. Marks. It reads: "Music in the early history of Lehigh County consisted mainly of church music, such as the German chorale and folk songs brought from the fatherland. Schoolmasters were the organists of churches and also "Vorsinger" or leaders of choirs. Usually they were Germans who had been educated with that particular object in view. At a very early period organs were installed in the churches. The action of these organs was known as tracker action. Trackers were narrow strips of wood, usually pine, and varying in length according to the distance from the key to th pipe. Since there were no mechanical means of operating the bellows, such as water motors or electric blowers, it was necessary to have someone do the pumping. To the feeder of the bellows was attached a plank on which the 'bellows puller' stood. With the combined weight of his body and pushing with his hands against the board, the bellows were forced down. The bellows were weighted so that the feeder plank would come back automatically. The bellows operator was called **der Blosbalgdreter**.—

In answer to Dr. Knecht's request for the English for "brames" a device slipped over the upper lip of a horse and twisted to keep the horse under control, Walter T. Handwerk informs us that the word is pronounced without a final **s**. According to our spelling it should be written **Breem**, but is it **der, die** or **es Breem**? He also suggests the name horse-lip-twister.—Frank J. Reninger writes that he remembers as a boy a device used to keep horses quiet called a **twitch** or **twitchel**.—Frank A. Kuntz, Allentown, informs us that the English word for **Breem** is **twitch**. Webster defines it as "a stick with a hole in one end through which passes a loop, to be drawn tightly over the upper lip or an ear of a horse. The stick is twisted to force the animal to keep quiet during a slight surgical operation."

Concerning **der Dascher** in the list for April 12, John F. Krause wrote that in his region "the middle of a head of cabbage is called **Krautdasch** and not **Dascher**." And Ida V. Hollenbach writes "you say that curiously five of your correspondents gave the same mistaken definition for **der Dascher** (as mud guard in front of carriage or buggy). This is easy to understand when you consider that your replies came from, as John Birmelin would have put it "deel vun do un deel vun dadde." Mrs. Arthur Harpel from Red Hill calls the heart of a cabbage **der Dascher**, while we say **die Dasch** and the word is still in common use.—P.A.B.

SIWWEZEH YAAHR ALT

The following commemorative verses were read by the author on the occasion of the seventeenth anniversary of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society on May 9, 1952 held at Old First Reformed Church, Philadelphia, in conjunction with the latter's 225th anniversary celebrations.—

Kann's sei, es iss schunn siwwezeh Yaahr,
Die Folklore geht so fleissich?
Mol sehne nau—ich denk 's iss recht—
'S waar Neinzeh fimfundreissich,

Wie sie gegrindet waar, dass mir
Kennt z'rick geh zu de Yaahre
Vun unser Voreldre un lanne
Vun Lewe sie erfaahre.

Wie sie wattschafte missen un
Ihr Gscharr sich selwer mache,
Un ziegge was 'ne needich iss—
Ihr Heile un ihr Lache.

Was ihr Gedanke, Handel, Lieb,
Un wie ihr Gott sie diene;
Ihr Schule, Handwerk, Sorg un Mieh,
Un was Blessier waar ihne.

Des waar der Aafang, nau sehn hie,
Wie schteht sie heit so kraftich;
Ihr Gschriwwnes in die Bicher gsetzt—
Wie deitlich un wie saftich.

Die Deitsche waarn als gheesse dumm,
Un deeten gaar nix wisse;
Doch sehn die Aerbschaft uns gelosst,
Dass mir fattdraagge misse.

Wann mer sei eegge Hann net blost,
Dutt niemand schunscht es blose—
So unnich denne deitsche Leit,
Do waarn un sin noch groosse,

Wu unnersuchen Historie
Un duhn devun viel schreiwe;
Wu hoch schtehn in Philosophie,
Wu Dichterkunscht aa dreiwe;

Wu fassen Ehr in Medizin
Un Krankheet bees abwenne;
In Bissness, law un politics—
Gewiss, 's hot viel vun denne.

Noh denkt mer an die kammne Leit,
Wu kann mer all gut draue;
Hattschaffich, ehrlich, trei un fromm,
Wu's Land aa helfe baue.

'S iss unser Pflicht uffhewe heit,
Wu sie des Yoch ableegge;
Un yeders helft in seim klee Eck
In unnerschiddlich Weegge.

Eb's iss in Geld—'s gebt Koschde, ya—
Eb's iss in Ebbes schreiwe;
Zu yeders kummt en echtich Rot—
Der Mudderschprooch trei bleiwe.

Noh bleibt die Folklore gsund un waxt,
Ihr Absicht auszufiehre;
Es iss ken Geld, wu kaafe kann
Die Freed, wu mir noh schpiere.

Un eb mir schliessen des klee Schtick,
Duhn mir an Glieder denke,
Wu frieher uns verlosse hen
Un uns die Aerbschaft schenke.

Wu laafen in en fremmes Land,
Vun wu iss ken Zrick-kehre;
Mir horchen fer bekannte Schritt,
Mir nimmi, nimmi heere.

Sie sin net dod—sie sin yuscht fatt,
Doch duhn uns Dreene falle;
Un ewich geht ihr Aerwet fatt—
Dutt darch die Yaahre schalle.

Wie die, woll' mir dann schaffe all—
Wie gude Deitsche lewe,
Dass Sache deitsch un Mundaart siess
Fallt net am Weg denewe.

—RALPH S. FUNK.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Rose Growers' Fine Show

Congratulations are in order for the Lehigh Valley Rose Society whose membership conducted such an outstanding exhibition of Nature's loveliest flowers in the P. P. & L. building yesterday.

There are a great many objects about which people can become obsessed, virtually dotty. But there is hardly a fad that can come up to rose - growing for exciting enthusiasms that outsiders can scarcely comprehend.

There is little wonder in this, seeing that the rose - grower is dealing with a species that is almost limitless in its possibilities for variety. And most of the vase's mutations are not only surprisingly lovely but also highly and pleasantly fragrant.

Rose - growers form a distinctive cult. They are of the noblesse in all the vast aarrmy of lovers of nature. It is a satisfisfaction indeed that this community possesses so many members of this cult and that they have the knowledge and the materials with which to put on an exhibition of the high quality which delighted the many visitors to their exhibition yesterday.

George P. Psotta

The death of George P. Psotta is almost like removing a bit of Old Allentown.

Not that he was so very old—73 is no longer a very advanced age — but for those 73 years he was a part of the local scene. He was born here and he spent all his life in the city of his birth. Here he earned and retained thruout the years the regard and affection of all who knew him intimately as "Mose."

For the major portion of his adult life George Psotta was a public or at least a semi - public figure. Active in the councils of the Republican party, he served the community well during the many years he held responsible political jobs.

By the same token he served his party well. The innate integrity that motivated his life dominated also his every official act. Never was there so much as a hint of anything out of order during his long years of public service.

He did not regard political job as a sinecure; something to be taken advantage of by careless administration. He was exacting; performed his duties faithfully and without fear or favor, and with no regard for political alignments.

These are the traits that marked the character of the man. They are the traits that reflected favorably upon the political party that sponsored him.

His sudden demise at 73, literally "with his boots on," leaves a vacuum. Had he not been cut down by a sudden heart attack, he would have remained a useful citizen for a number of years to come. He will be missed at the Court House and in the banks and other public places where he carried on so much of his work and where he had so many friends. All will miss his cheery companionship and his merry quips. All are startled because only yesterday they were telling him (and in all truth) that he had never looked better in his life and he was allowing that never either had he been feeling better.

Need for Sewers Urgent

During the election campaign last fall the citizens of the 19th ward invited candidates for city offices to meet with them.

Some of the candidates put in an appearance; some did not. But it was Col. Clifford Bortz, chief of the health department's inspectors who proved the star witness.

The people of the 19th ward wanted to acquaint the candidates with sanitary conditions in their home district. Col. Bortz laid it on the line.

It was not a pleasant story the inspector told. It was disgusting; even revulsive. But it presented the bald facts.

It seems that when Mountainville became the 19th ward some 30 odd years ago, there was a condition in the village, now the older section of the ward, which caused cesspools to overflow at times. This created a grave health hazard.

Since then the population has grown steadily and not a finger has been lifted officially to correct the condition. Children and adults are exposed to it day in and day out.

At the meeting the citizens of Mountainville received promises —somewhat veiled but nevertheless promises — of action.

That was eight months ago. Now we learn that the health board members are going over there next week to get an "on the scene" picture of the need for a sanitary sewer system in that area.

It is the sanitary sewers the people have been waiting for. It is what they have been promised and it is the only thing that will correct the condition. The board's top inspector has told them that. He has been familiar with the condition even before Mountainville became a part of the city.

The area to the south has been growing rapidly. There is much building going on there now and a new junior high school is among the many developments in recent years.

Sanitary sewers for the 19th ward provide not merely a matter of an added convenience. It is a matter vitally concerning the health of a community.

A Matter of Policy

Some months ago several visitors for the State Department of Public Assistance were nabbed on charges of stealing funds.

The cases occurred in Philadelphia. One of the visitors confessed and implicated other visitors.

The Justice Department assigned Deputy Kunzig to the case. What he found proved a sordid mess. Visitors cheated the state through forgery and by collecting checks for people who were no longer on the rolls. Others who did business with the department, even tailors who made shrouds for people who died while on the rolls were involved.

At the time it was suggested that what had happened in Philadelphia could just as readily happen in some other community. For a reason that was not explained, the investigation was confined to Philadelphia.

Now the Dauphin county grand jury comes up with a report cautioning the State Department of Public Assistance to exercise more care in conducting investigations. It is the visitor who is the investigator.

The grand jury took a stand because it was discovered that a man who was prosecuted for obtaining relief benefits is dead and another relief client is hospitalized.

So there are counties outside of Philadelphia where it appears fraud is being practised.

Gov. Fine has appointed a Little Hoover Commission to study the state government with a view to practising economies. It is now at work.

But Francis Chesterman, the chairman, says the commission will not investigate policy or make recommendations on matters of policy.

A year ago the Joint State Government Commission dropped a bombshell when it issued a report which said it had found that $16 million was paid out to relief clients who were ineligible over a two year period.

Obviously it is policy which is costing the people of Pennsylvania millions in one department alone.

It seems that the matter of the policy in effect in the Department of Assistance, for instance, should be high up on the agenda of the Little Hoover Commission if it is to do the job for which it was created.

Certainly county Assistance directors who have no such conditions as have come to light in Philadelphia and Dauphin would welcome a thorough airing.

The New Recruit



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

LONDON—International understanding has always been a goal of free peoples. It is surprising that as much international understanding as there is exists today in the face of so many complex factors which tend constantly to break it down.

When there is a large-scale war, some semblance of military unity is always established. But in an emergency like the present which is almost as serious as war — and, indeed, it is often called a "cold war" — there is no psychological unity and there is also economic disunity.

Looking back at all the controversy in Congress about the importance of the "Voice of America" in reaching persons behind the Iron Curtain, one is tempted to suggest that the "Voice of America" might better be directed, with a different approach than at present, to the people of Great Britain and that there also be set up here a "Voice of Britain" to speak to the American people.

For the viewpoints of the two nations are far apart, notwithstanding the wishful optimism of the diplomats who think everything is going fine. Neither the State Dept. in Washington nor the Foreign Office in Great Britain realizes the extent to which each is damaging the cause of international understanding by carelessly worded comments and statements of public policy, and, in fact, by independent statements made with reckless disregard of the effect upon each others' public opinion.

Attitude Toward Korea

The attitude of the British Foreign Office toward Korea, as disclosed to the House of Commons under the prodding of the Laborites, is a far different thing from what the British Foreign Office tells the State Dept. when there are discussions about the Far East.

Prime Minister Churchill, for example, told the American Congress that prompt and resolute action would be taken if the Korean Truce talks broke down or if there were a Soviet attack in Southeast Asia, but here in London there was immediately issued a public statement that "no commitments have been made."

The other day there was discussion in the United States of a possible naval blockade of China. The Laborites pressed Anthony Eden, the foreign secretary, and he felt it desirable to say that there was "no commitment." This was but another way of telling the Chinese Communists that they needn't worry about a break down of the truce talks—nothing would happen as an alternative.

Instance after instance indicates that the diplomats are far more concerned about compromises with politicians than with national or international psychology.

One mistaken impression prevalent in the United States, however, can readily be dispelled. It has to do with the oft-repeated comment in the United States that Europeans are not grateful for what America has done by way of economic aid. There is no doubt that Britons at least are duly grateful for what America has done. If thanks have not been forthcoming every ten minutes, it is not because the Briton is unmindful of its importance.

Not Hysterical

Likewise, many Americans, upon returning to the United States after visiting Britain, have said that they see little signs of a fear of war here. This must not be construed as meaning that Britons feel they are safe or secure. It is merely that the British have been stunned by war experience and they do not exhibit hysteria even when they are afraid of what might happen in Europe.

There is a basis for a good understanding between the British people and the American people. But it is retarded by the fact that the British public reads very little of the American viewpoint in the newspapers here. Extracts from editorials or comments of public men who favor Great Britain are given the greater amount of space. Only occasionally are critical comments published, and then they are minimized. The editorials selected for publication here are from the "Left Wing" and pro-administration press in the United States.

There can be no satisfactory solution for international questions when the public opinion of one or both countries is not well informed. The British, like the Americans understand opposition to their respective governments, but they cannot form objective judgments of the importance of public sentiment unless they have a comprehensive view of all sectors of national opinion in each country.

While the American press serves well the American people and the British press serves well the British people, there is very little arguing going on of the respective viewpoints of the two countries except in the invisible channels of diplomacy, where compromise and appeasement are usually found to be the easiest way to dispose of a question before teatime.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of June 7, 1927, a Tuesday

Throngs greeted the opening performance of the first annual police circus. The tents, located on the Fairgrounds, were filled to capacity. The program offered by the famous Bob Morton Circus brought out many feature acts.

The Allentown Hospital board of trustees at the annual meeting in the Nurses College auditorium reported favorably on the work of the past year. Never before in the history of the institution has the support of the public been so hearty or cooperation of the auxiliaries been so sincere.

With their wives and sweethearts accompanying them, members of the Marine Band, Theodore Otto, director, dined on a chicken and waffle supper at the Keystone Trail Inn.

Horoscope

Control your patience and your temper, even if you are sorely tried, and things should work out satisfactorily. Success should be achieved in your newly started year. A keen love of learning is likely to be manifested in the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SO BISSEL FON DEM UN SEL'M: Alla gabut won m'r darrich unser bich'l bladderra woh m'r die socha drin nunner nemma os die Fegelcher uns peifa, sehna m'r g'shichta os iwwer guck'd sin werra. Ferleicht is es yusht 'n wert odder paar, ferleicht paar lina fon dem odder sel'm — in fiel heesichda yusht 'n nahma odder paar mit ma wert odder tzwae dabei. Doh tzum bei shpiel hen m'r 's wert "siegla," mit 'm nahma" Milt Herber, "un unna draw" "'m Rich Kistler sei shpring hous."

'S wor der Milt Herber fon Bullfrock un Seipsown, os uns net long tzurick g'frok'd hut, eb m'r wista wos "siegla" weara. Der Rich Kistler fon nagshd on Shpringside wor dabei, uns wor darrich sei alt shpring hous now tzomma g'falla, os der Milt on die "siegla" kumma is. Der Rich hut g'sawt, 's doch fon sel'm alta shpring hous wear gamocht gawest fon ardna shindla, un grawd hut der Milt wissa wolla, eb m'r wista wos "siegla" weara. Tzu all'm glick hen m'r 's gawist, ow'r 's wor nei tzu uns fer hoerra fom Rich, os ol die siegla, hoka hinna draw kotta hen fer die siegla on die doch lodda hanka, uns doch halta fon runner rutcha. Die "siegla" worra gamocht in da hame heffnerreia, un sin gabrent werra in effa wie die ardna heffa. Wos noch mainer is, die unnershitlicha "Ziegels Kerricha," os rum sin, sin so k'haisa werra, weil die airshda kerricha badeck'd worra mi siegla.

Noh sehna m'r aw der nahma "Victor Bear—Wogga—Walter Snyder." Sei is'n altie g'shicht os der Elmer Brown fon hinnich Ironton grin uns net long fertzailt hut. Yohrra tzurick wie der Victor un sie Eva woh now in Unionville dahame sin, awfonga hen bauerra, wor der Victor noch ra fendu fer 'n bauerra wogga kaufa. 'S airsht is es unnershd dale fom wogga uf kumma, un woh der Victor kauft hut. 'S naghsd is der body uf kumma, un woh der Walter Snyder net fiel waisa dafon gamocht hut, hut abissel gagoyer'd, un 'n ob g'shloga tzu "ditto."

Noh is die sitz kumma, un woh der Walter net gons shure wor eb der Victor sie wot odder net. Fer ous finna, hut er 'm Victor g'sawt, er sot die sitz kaufa, sie dade uf der wogga bossa. Der Victor unna wissa os er der body het, hut sawt, "duh hosh'd 'm ditto der body ob g'shloga, geb 'm aw die sitz."

Noh hen m'r aw noch ebbes shunshd doh, net ous 'm bich'l, ow'r sis kumma bei mail—'n brief in da mutter shproch mit ous ma nahma. Sis net bol os m'r bodderra sellie ort brief laisa—fila sie gawainlich in der waste karrab, weil m'r nee net maina os laises wert wear wos net unner schrivas wert wear. In dem fol worra m'r ow'r badroga. Tzu all'm glick is der brief — Noch unser'm Fegelskoshda kumma bei mail, ae woch fer tzeit.

Mit nix su duh fer 'n minute odder paar, hen m'r iwwer der brief nunner gaguck'd, un g'sehna os es 'n lobe brief wor in unser ehr, in bloz fon ma shtink brief wie sellie ort gawainlich sin. Der schreiver wor ow'r grawd er woch fer zeit — selar dawg woh er gamaint hut os 'm ledshda Midwoch wear, is net bis der kummend Midwoch, un dawenicher g'sawt dafon da besser. Aenicha waig, ferol os m'r net wissa fon wem der brief wor, sawga m'r gross donk dafor, un is ains fon da socha os em fiela mocht os es 'n blessier is fer lava, un os net allas os 'n mensch dut, fer ewwa fiel is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des yohr, Sundawgs der drit Augusht won m'r der Hudson nuf gaina, wert ob g'shtopt fer tzwae shtun uf 'm tzurick waig on Bear Mountain Park.

Unser boat fer der dawg, der Peter Stuyvesant bleibt om waraf, un soicha os net wolla, breicha ne runner gae.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

On my way home from Virginia I stopped over in Washington for a couple of days.

I had called my wife up on the phone and it seemed to me that she hadn't gotten rid of all the cobwebs yet.

She was nice but not too enthusiastic when I told her that I had only another two hundred and some miles to go.

"Why don't you rest up a bit?" she asked me. And since long distance calls are expensive I didn't ask what she meant by that crack—but I took the hint.

It seems that every time I go to Washington I get the jitters.

Washington is a very depressing town if you get under its surface.

"The city of lost illusions" I should call it if I had to give it a slogan.

The sightseer never sees the real Washington.

To him it is the beautiful capital of the United States with its White House, its Washington Monument, its Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, its impressive Capitol and many other public buildings.

But I was stationed there for two years, and so I met a lot of government people, many of whom are still my friends—and many of whom are still in the same jobs they had five and ten years ago.

Only they are a little grayer, a little stouter, a little more sour on the world.

Take one of the government secretaries I know. Let us call her Kay, because that is her name.

Her boss is a "one-star" general, a job which the majors and colonels hope to attain some day, but upon which the two and three and four-star generals look with social disdain.

So it goes in Washington.

When you are introduced to somebody it isn't just "Mr. Smith" or "Mrs. Jones."

It's Mr. Smith, third assistant secretary of the Lichtenberg Embassy. Or Mrs. Jones, wife of Major General Jones.

And, of course, that sort of thing is contagious.

Everybody wants to be just a bit more than he or she really is. It's not WHAT you are but WHO you are.

That's why storekeepers tell me that they have a heck of a time collecting their bills. Fourflushers are bad credit risks.

(Washington, by the way, is the only place of which I know where the delicatessen stores sell you a half of a cooked chicken, because so many people can't afford to buy a whole one. They need the money for evening clothes and for make-believe.)

There is very little civic pride in Washington.

The Washingtonians, as you know, like the prionsers in our penitentiaries, cannot vote.

So nobody really belongs there. It is primarily a city of transients—a town where the great majority of the inhabitants have their heartstrings somewhere else.

And I think that is one of the reasons why the standard of morality is extremely low in Washington.

Many of the stories I have heard are almost unbelievable in their sordidness

I don't think it is any wonder that there is so much corruption there. Its simply WASHINGTONITIS.

But it's a pretty town.

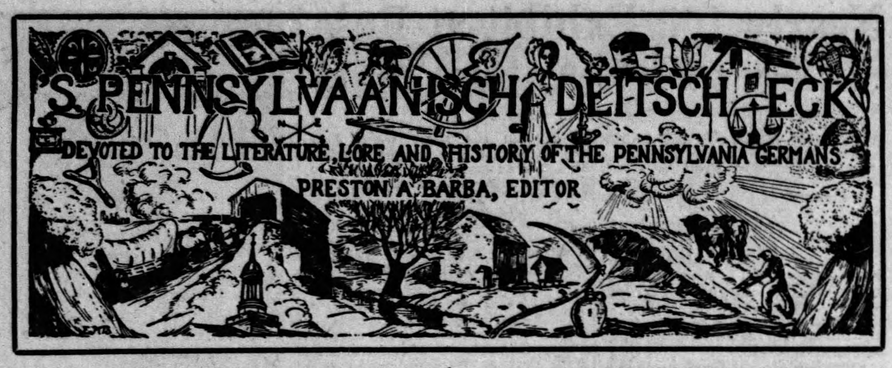
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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:41-48

In this section the Psalmist prays for grace and courage to witness a good confession. There seem to have been those who were reproaching him for his trust in God. For this reason, and to meet their challenge, he wishes to use the manifestations of God's lovingkindness to him to bear witness to those who are taunting him with the uselessness of serving and trusting God. Practical experience of God's goodness is after all the basis for competent witnessing to the promises God gives us in His Word, that He will ever be a present help in time of trouble, Ps. 46:1. The Psalmist promises to do his part in observing God's law always. To walk at liberty in v. 45 is tilerally, to walk in a broad place, for the observance of God's law is true freedom, freeing us from bondage to fear. The Psalmist promises to speak even to kings of God's testimonies, his promises of blessings to faithful obedience, a Daniel is reported to have done, and Nehemiah, and even Paul, as he stands before Festus, Felix, and Herod Agrippa, causing them to tremble at his testimony concerning righteousness and coming judgment.



EN GROOSSVADDER

Baut achtunsiwwezich Yaahr zerick
Kummt so en "Landsi" iwwer die Brick
Uff unser Schteddel zu;
Er hot e bissel Aryle gschpielt,
Un bissel uff der Geig gewiehlt,
Bend Hann geblose dezu.

Er kummt vum griene Baryeland,
Mit meh wie gewehlichem Verschtand,
So halt er Schul mit nei.
Aasehnlich waar er—so wie's geht—
Sei Fraa waar schee—die heesst er Kate—
Die Kinner waare meh wie drei.

Er schpielt die Aryel in der Kaerrich,
Un drillt der Chor gans darrich un darrich,
Die Musick waar net dumm.
Er halt en Schul vun beschter Aart,
Gebt Kinner Wanning gut un zaart,
So gehne die Yaahre rum.

Er hot sich no en Heisel gkaaft—
Die Schtross devor waar Cherry gedaaft,
Katz vun der Main zerick;
Die Schtross iss gange an der Wauf,
Datt warr en Hiwwel kats un schauf,
Un en Riggelweeg unne Brick.

Die Familye iss gewachse schtarrick,
Der Schulluh waar wull net so arrig,
So sucht er annri Arwet.
No kesselt er im Land rumhaer,
Verkaaft Bicher, Beem un anner ware—
Bringht ihn vun der Musick weck.

No geht er fer en Kaerrich druff los,
Fer schpiele, singe, lehre—voll Moos—
Belle ringe, bauere, Greewer mauere,
So gehne fimf Yaahr schtarrick weck;
Die Kinner sin schier aus em Dreck—
Kummt Wanderluscht—zum Bedauere.

Die Familye, gewachse in Greess un Zahl,
Nau was zu duh mit denne all?
Des hot en yeders gfroogt.
Zwee Meed, die hen es Heiere browiert,
Zwee Buwe hen's Schulmeeschdere gschtudiert,
Waar ihne zu hatt gebloogt.

No ziegt er nooch sellem Grundnisschteddel nei,
In en gans nei Haus—no waar alles fei—
Sie hen all rum gelacht.
Der Vadder halt noch Schul rumhaer,
Die Buwe wewe Seide sogaar,
No watt net weider gedacht.

Die Meed hen gheiert, der Naame verlore,
Die Freindschaft iss wull net verfrore;
Ee Kinnskind hot en Hochschulschtell,
Die annere sin wull weit verschtreet,
Awwer 's iss noch kenne arrig verleed,
Sie kenn sich helfe—mind sell!

Der aerscht hot en grossi Familye ghatt,
Waar achtzich Yaahr, nau iss er fatt—
Mer gehne schtarrick no;
Deel Buwe waare Soldaade mol Weil,
Gedient den Vereinigten Schtaaten zum Heil,
Die annre sin so hie un do.

Der zwett hot en Bu un vier Meedcher ghatt,
Die Meed hen all gheiert, der Bu iss fatt,
Hot gschtudiert fer Parre.
Nau iss er am Breddiche gut un zaart,
Hoff er dutt gut noch grischtlicher Aart,
Dutt Leit net gans verwarre.

Eens vun de Meed hot's Schulhalte browiert,
Ihre Mann, der Brey, hot's no vollfiehrt,
Iss principal vun re college,
Eeni—schlecht Glick—iss witfraa warre,
Ihre Dochter hot gheiert, waar net zu verwarre.
Sie brauch net in en college.

Die anner Dochter hot Kinner drei,
Zwee Buwe—der eent in F.B.I.
Der anner in Schtorhalderei.
'S Meedel? Mind noch net uffgemacht,
Heiere odder waarte fer Faasenacht,
Odder fer en Schalkyaahr gedrei.

Der dritt hot ghatt en Familye gross,
Sex Buwe, vier Meed, macht zehe blos,
Sin net sehr weit verschtreet;
Drei Bleschderer, ee Watt, zwee anner Gscheft,
Ee florist, ee Hausfraa, zwee gleiche Offis bescht,
Yuscht zehe Buwe un Meed.

No kummt der Abrillenarr mol rei,
Hot zwee Meed, ee Bu—in allem drei—
Er waar Lehrer, Bauer un so fatt.
Hot crops gereest vun mannicher Aart.
Sei Jane hot gholfe, ihre Garefte net gschpaart,
Un reest die Blumme wu er rumfaahrt.

Die Kinner hen gheiert un sin glei fatt,
Hen dabber aus em Schtaab sich gschatt—
Der paepp un die Memm sin allee.
Der Bu waar marine im Welt Krieg Zwee.
Sei Buw, nau marine, Devil Dog zwee,
Sei Paepp un Memm sin all allee.

No waar der John—en Aart Brofeet,
Die Welt geht ball unner—es iss mer verleed,
Doch kann mer kaum druff waarte.
Er hot ge'broadcast' W S A N—
Sunndaags frieh—8:15 A. M.
Des gleicht mer gut zu heere.

Er hot zwee scheene Meedcher ghatt,
Die eent iss deheem, die anner iss fatt,
Die Dott hot en gentleman's Paar.
Der Bu iss in California,
Schtudiert Chonese un ebbes meh,
Die Nathalie en Lehrer sogaar.

No waar der Ira, schmaut un zaart—
Hot gelehrt, Aryel gschpielt, guder Aart,
Gebauert, waar chemist un so fatt.
Ee Bu schlappt Millich un faahrt sie rumhaer,
Der zwett uff me Handwarrick iss uff zu par,
Der dritt public accountant do un datt.

Sei Mary halt Schul nau do, nau datt,
So geht die Zeit hie, macht graad so fatt,
In ihrem Ruf gedrei.
Die Army hot gheiert zum Naame Diehl,
Hot ee Bu ghatt—waar net so viel—
Daer geht der Welt druff nei.

Der Mark, der letscht, der aersht fer geh—
Draa denke dutt em heit noch weh—
Kann nix deweegge duh;
Er waar accountant vun beschter Aart,
Ge'promote' zu Controller—naus iss er fatt,
Macht zu gschwind die Aagge zu.

Zwee braafe Buwe losst er zerick,
Der Girard uff em Wasser imme navy ship,
Der Ivan lannt radar un radio.
No zeehle mer Weiwer un Menner mit nei,
Zeehle graad so viel, sin all gedrei,
So schtoppe mer ball, allem no.

THE VOLKSFREUND POET

By HEINZ KLOSS

You wonder who the Volksfreund poet may be? So do I! It is a makeshift name I gave to a man whose poems appeared during the early Eighties in "Der Volksfreund und Beobachter", a German language paper published in Lancaster, Pa. Here we see, beginning with March, 1883, a regular column "Pennsylvanisch Deitsch". But our anonymous poet had made his appearance some years before. The earliest of his poems that I have come upon (and there may be earlier ones) was in the issue for July 14, 1880. It is called "En Klagelied" and its 54 lines contain the customary complaint about times and folkways degenerating from better to worse. The one striking feature is the skillful handling of rime and rhythm:

"Ei, wie hot mer doch als gschpunne
Un gewowe selle Mol.
Geld war rar, die Frucht war hunne,
Flachs un Woll
Hot mer als deheem gezoge
Ganze Kerbe voll."

Thus runs the fifth stanza. There was a poem about the "Kerchegang in Alter Zeit" (June 21, 1882) which even more stresses the nostalgic longing for the past:

"Es duht em recht vun Haerze leed,
Wenn mer ans Alte denkt;
Nau geht fast alles iwwerzwerch,
In Land un Schtadt, in Haus un Kerch,
Mer sieht sich recht gekraenkt."

Then there was a smug poem in praise of sauerkraut (Jan. 23, 1884): "Geb mer en Schissel Sauerkraut, Mit rechter fetter Speck", which was in the well-known fashion of many dialect poems, lauding the rural cuisine. But while these and others I have in my possession may be considered standard specimens of typical dialect poetry, there were others which stand out as unusually fine achievements. There are poems mingling satire with morale, such as "Der Kraemer" (Jan. 23, 1881), which describes the doings of a pedlar and compares human life to a pedlar's journey:

"En jeder iss ah uf der Reis,
Grad wie der Kraemer im a Kreis,
Mer reise all mit nanner."

Or as in "Die Fischer" which tells of a man fishing without a hook and calls people fishing for compliments, prestige and money, fishermen who forgot the hook for true happiness. Yet even here our poet betrays no higher imagination. But then again we discover other poems, perfect little masterpieces, e.g. "Der Alte Almanac", which I included in my anthology, "Ich Schwetz in der Mutterschproch" (Verlag Deutsche Volksbuecher, Bad Duerkheim, 1936), and which may therefore be bypassed here, or another gem, "Awerglauwe" (in the Volksfreund for July 1, 1885):

(So sage als die Leit,)
Wann eem in aller Frieh
E alti Fraa anguckt,
Dass des Unglick bedeit.

Mich awer hot manch Johr
Ach schun in aller Frieh
E alti Fraa beguckt
Mit Aage lieb un klor.

Sie hot mich schtill bedracht,
Un greine mecht ich oft,
Wann heit mich noch im Traam
Des alt Gsicht anlacht.

Mir hot die alti Fraa
Nor immer Glick gebracht,
Weil's halt—Gott schenk'r Ruh—
Mei alti Mutter war.

Less subtle in thought but even more delicate in rhythm is "Der Herbst" (Volksfreund, Oct. 17, 1883):

Der Herbst isch do,
Ach, was bin ich doch so froh!
Die Hitz die mich schier ufgezehrt,
Hat ufgehoert.

Der Herbst ischt do,
Ach, was bin ich doch so froh!
Thu mich nau am Obst recht labe,
Gottes Gabe.

Der Herbst ischt do,
Ach was bin ich doch so froh!
Wo ich hin guck, allentwege
Gottes Sege.

Now and then one meets with some verses written in a lighter vein, e.g. the gay mock-folksong, "De Whip-poor-Will (Volksfreund, May 2, 1883):

Wann dr Holzappel bleuht un wann's Maibluemche kummt,
Da is es gar praechtig im Wald,
Die Amschel die singt un das Ihmche des summt
Un dr Whip-poor-Will kreischt dasz es schallt.

Un wann ich dann do das Gewipperwill hoer,
Do klopp ich mei Hossesack gleich;
For mr glaabt, wann es klingt werd der Sack gar net leer,
Un mr waer dann dorchs ganze Johr reich.

'S mag sei—doch ich weesz dasz es gar net viel batt;
SO'n Whip-poor-Will luegt wie verdollt.
Dann hab ich emohl ah a bissel was g'hatt,
Hot's der Whip-poor-Will glei wieder gholt.

I hope that one of my readers will be able to solve the riddle of the identity of this anonymous Pennsylvania German writer, perhaps with the aid of the Ralph S. Funk Poetry Index on file at the Lancaster Folklore Center. Our pleasure however in being introduced to a genuine poet and a lovable man need not be diminished if the acquaintance should turn out to be a renewed one.

Dutt der Grossvadder Aryel schpiele,
Geig gratze, Trumpete blose, Chor fiehre,
Datt in der ewiche Ruh?
Dutt die Grossmudder Kinner lehre,
Bede un singe un Beeses verwehre?
O glickselichi, ewichi Ruh!

—CARMI K. LICHTY.

The author of the above verses informs us that he had intended to write a saga about his father and the ways of the older generation in English, but having observed the remarks of the Editor of the ECK for Feb. 23, he concluded to write in the dialect of his forefathers. We are not insensitive to the fact that the above verses do not conform to the strictest canons of the poetic art, but the purpose of the ECK is to serve as a medium through which the Pennsylvania German people may find expression.

Mr. Lichty informs us that his paternal forebears were of Swiss origin. His mother was a member of the widely spread Dietrich family.

"Unser Schteddel" in the first stanza refers to Topton, Berks Co. "Landsi", also in the first stanza, was a very common term in Allentown in the Eighties and Nineties to denote a country bumpkin. "Vum griene Baryeland" in the second stanza refers to Greenwich Township, Berks, the birthplace of the author's father. —ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

Fight for Vital Water

The hives of angry bees, which was stirred when the Philadelphia Suburban Water Co. took steps to seize water of the Perkiomen creek, continues to buzz alarmingly now that the State Water and Power Resources Board has decided to afford a rehearing of the entire question.

The people of seven boros and three townships already have voiced their unequivocal protest against the construction of a vast dam and the flooding of a large area of farm land. They protest not merely the taking of the precious water of a beautiful stream but also the threat to the security of a great number of people and vast amounts of property. It is also likely that Norristown will join the ranks of the protestants and make the voice of its people heard when next the case is considered.

There is no question that the people of the Perkiomen Valley believe a lot of their fundamental rights are being threatened. Certainly 23 million gallons of water cannot be taken daily from the flow of the Perkiomen and its tributaries without producing such harm and want as the lack of water must bring.

The various municipalities in the area that is drained by the Perkiomen have marshalled their forces. Their attorneys are assembling and sharpening the weapons which will be necessary for what may be a long and difficult legal battle. The issue will be important in that it concerns natural resources and the growing problem of water supply for swelling populations in urban areas.

The people of the Perkiomen Valley want the streams of living water to continue coursing thru their area as they have done thru all the ages. They do not want stream beds that will be wadis except in times of floods if the water has been piped to points fifty miles away.

Exemplary Citizenship

A shining example of the effectiveness with which our candidates for American citizenship are being prepared for their responsibilities as citizens was provided yesterday when, bright and early, the eager face of Albert Roth appeared before the clerks in the permanent registration office in the Court House annex. He presented his credentials as a citizen and promptly was qualified for participation in the General Election in November.

The important point is that not until Thursday night did Roth become an American citizen for it was at exercises in West Park and sessions there of the Naturalization Court that Roth received his final papers. So the ink was hardly dry upon his credentials before he appeared at the Court House to carry out the final steps for qualification as an elector under the laws of Pennsylvania.

It is not necessary to point out that thousands of women and men in our community who were born in this country and have had the ordinary qualifications for electorship never have taken the little effort required to put their names upon the permanent registration rolls. There are several thousand local electors who had qualified thru registration but have taken no part in any of the elections during the past two years and whose names recently were removed from the rolls.

To all who have not registered the example of Albert Roth must come as a stirring challenge. Here is a man who was born and reared in a foreign land that was taken over by dictators and in which all freedom had been extinguished. "To be adopted by this country" he told the great audience in West Park on Thursday night, "is the greatest thing that could happen to me or to any man." He suited action to his words and within the shortest possible time after acquiring citizenship qualified as an elector.

Youth Center in Emmaus

Hats are off in Emmaus to the budding Kiwanis Club which within a few weeks of its institution took upon itself an important civic project—establishment of a Youth Center.

It is significant that such a youthful organization has taken up a theme that the young people of the community have been talking about for many years but about which their elders did little and did that little without enduring effectiveness.

The newly formed Kiwanis Club is probably formed of young men who, when in their teens, craved a Youth Center but never saw one eventuate. At any rate the Kiwanis, even though their organization is still very young and inexperienced, have determined to do something about it.

Certainly the community will say "Amen" to their praiseworthy efforts. Certainly all citizens who realize the paucity of recreational opportunities in the borough will endorse strongly and liberally support all efforts to attain desirable facilities for the young people. This should keep them close to home instead of permitting their desire to carry them far afield to the big neighboring city or to smaller and undesirable attractions scattered throughout the countryside.

Our Water-Borne Trade

Although one seldom thinks of Pennsylvania as a State that is important for water-borne commerce inasmuch as it has no sea-coast, the fact is that it has huge business of this character, that in fact it is more important in tonnage than the Panama Canal and more important than any of the great ports of the country except New York.

The Pennsylvania State Planning Board has provided the most recent, available figures about this water-borne commerce of the Delaware and Ohio Rivers and tributaries, in addition to the commerce which moves in and out of the lake port, Erie. These figures show that cargoes moved in Pittsburgh harbor totalled 39,188,000 tons in 1950. During the same year the traffic on the two rivers which meet at Pittsburgh and on the Ohio at Pittsburgh was as follows: Allegheny, 3,593,713 tons; Monongahela, 28,509,901 tons, and the Ohio, 25,002,293 tons. The total for the three rivers forming Pittsburgh's water front is greater than the total for the harbor, due to duplication in inter-river transport. It is interesting to note, however, that both the total for Pittsburgh harbor and that for the Monongahela River were larger than the 1949 total of cargo traffic, both east and west, through the Panama Canal.

These facts emphasize the unique position occupied by Pennsylvania in regard to water transportation. No other state can claim a direct share of the commerce of the Atlantic Coast, of the Great Lakes and of the Ohio, Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico. Pennsylvania's water outlets point north, south, east and west, just as its railroad and highway routes connect the great industrial northeast of our Nation with the south and west, and connect the west of our Nation with tidewater.

Water-borne commerce of the Port of Erie has recently exceeded 7 million tons a year. The combined water traffic of Philadelphia, Chester, Marcus Hook and the upriver shipping points on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, total more than 55 million. These figures imply a total of more than 100 million tons of water-borne commerce handled by the three port areas of our Commonwealth.

It is frequently stated that Pennsylvania's vast mineral resources, which have contributed more to the wealth of the Nation than those of any other state, are the source of its great industrial capacity and the variety of its products, but the advantages of location supplementing those natural resources have also been a factor of extreme importance in influencing the State's development over the past two hundred years.

Boundary Mark of Freedom



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

ROME — Communism outside the "Iron Curtain" has its greatest strength in Italy — more than 2,225,000 members — and poses here its biggest threat in Europe to the continuance of democracy.

The problem is not one for Italy alone — her government cannot cope with it unless the other free governments in Europe cooperate. For, while there is today a united military policy, there is no such solidarity among the free governments in the matter of anti-Communist strategy where ideological intrigue in concerned.

To get at the facts of the situation, this correspondent talked with Mario Scelba, Italian Minister of the Interior, who has done more than anybody else to combat Communistic activities, and also canvassed other persons in Italy who can be regarded as influential and powerful in the anti-Communist battle.

First of all, there is no secret about the fact that the activities of the Communist Party in Italy are supervised and directed by the Soviet government. Secondly, the average member of the Communist Party is not only aware of the Soviet direction of Party affairs but seeks such sponsorship on the theory that the issues sought by Communism on the domestic side here cannot be achieved without Russia's help.

Party Financing

The Italian Communist Party is financed through Communist newspapers, which collect money from their readers and friends by a process of intimidation and by exaggerated promises of future benefits, and through contributions from middlemen or business concerns engaged in trade with the Iron Curtain countries. A certain commission on all transactions goes to the Party fund. Millions of lira were spent by the Communists in the recent election campaign.

The general situation has been made worse by the peculiar tactics of the "neo-Fascists" who, though claiming to be opposed to Communism, are now engaged in trying to weaken the free government of Italy—which is exactly what the Communists have as their major objective. It is significant that only about 10 per cent of the activity of the Fascists in the recent campaign was directed at the Communists.

The Fascist movement is being financed by groups of industrialists and landowners, who find ready allies among those elements which want the return of a monarchy so as to get what they regarded as needed — a stronger government in Rome. There is among them a yearning for the alleged stability of the Mussolini era and a selfish desire to get back into power. None of these businessmen, by the way, were recipients of Marshall Plan aid and know their Fascist connections will keep them in the doghouse if the present regime continues in power.

Nationalistic issues are being used to foment pro-Fascist sentiment. Thus, the controversy over the recovery of Trieste is a big issue. The allied indifference to Italy's claim for Trieste is capitalized on the stump. Italians point to the fact that 600,000 of their compatriots died for Trieste in World War I and to their own military help to the allies in the last year of World War II, and say this entitles them to better consideration than a Communist leader in Yugoslavia. Anyway, the issue cannot be allowed to drift without settlement, as it is making Fascist votes right along.

Whether to deal more firmly by law with Fascists and Communists has been debated inside the Italian cabinet. In certain circles, including the Vatican, there is a feeling that there hasn't been enough firmness exhibited by the de Gasperi government against the Communists and Fascists. The answer made to this is that it would have been politically suicidal to have attempted by legal measures to outlaw the Communist Party earlier than now.

Reds Too Smart?

What has happened in the last two weeks in France is an inspiration but, as one Italian official wistfully remarked, they don't hope to be able to catch any Italian Communist leader with the goods in the middle of a riot, as they did Jacques Duclos in France. The Italian Communist leadership is believed to be too smart for that. But there are laws about to be passed which will harass both Communist and Fascist agitators. The laws would give the government discretionary power to arrest Communist leaders for treason against the State and to prosecute them for distributing propaganda designed to overthrow the Italian democracy.

But, above all, there is a recognition of how helpless Italy is to do the whole job alone. There is criticism, for example, here against the British for failing to coordinate their policy with that of Italy and other countries.

Thus, when the United States announced that no delegates would be sent to the Moscow Economic Conference, Italy followed suit — only to be taunted by the Italian Communists, who pointed to the fact that England was sending a delegation. Italy then had to back down and send some delegates, too.

Britain has been dragging her feet on the whole anti-Communist business and, if France and Italy are to do an effective job in ridding themselves of those who are engaged in an internal conspiracy against their form of government, it will require coordination and teamwork among the foreign offices of all free countries.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER SHMUTZ FLIEG'D:

Soicha os der 7d shtross pike nuf gaina. gaeich Treichlers tzu iwwer Sundawg, besser nemma Eagle Point in ocht, odder sie maichda gahairich fershpritzt werra mit shmutz. Der Harry Weaver un der Alfred Werner, 'n inganier's mithelfer on da Shlisselshtae cement meal, tzaila fer widder 'm Harry sei alta 1937 Chevy ousa nonner reissa fer recht mocha wos sie 'm ledshda Sundawg hinnershd feddershd in nonner gamocht hen. Un oh yar, der Eddie Schaeffer woh dabei wor fer die bosserrei duh, is aw widder darta fer da boova sawga wie aw tzu gae.

Sel shure wor gute doh bout 'n woch tzurick wie der Harry 'n noshion grick'd hut fer sellie alt shawl fon ma Chevy widder ons shpringa griega. Der Harry hut gawist woh der druvel is — om "timing gear", un woh er gamaint hut wear 'n kunshd fer nei mocha. Der Alfred is noh tzu hilf kumma, un glei wor aw der Eddie dabei fer sei drei cent nei hanka, un da boova alla gabut sawga wie er maina dade os die socha sei sotta fer gute shoffa. Die weil os der Eddie so gute is on seim yairlicha "buster" ous shoffa tzu da eikums tox tzeit, hen die onnerra gadenk'd er maich'd aw ebbes fershtae fon mashina, un hen 'm tzimlich gute k'hoerlich'd.

So wies ow'r sheind, hut der Eddie sei folla gadonka net ol die weil uf da mashine howwa kenna—un aw net uf 'm "timing gear" woh sie nei mocha hen wolla. Mohl fer ains, mus der Eddie alla gabut nuf tzum John ons eck lawfa fer sehna wos tzeit os es is, un noh hut er aw sei grosser gorda in ocht tzu nemma woh fiel fon seinra meesicha tzeit so wilkum im Eddie seim gorda alla orta onner ungatziffer is bout nembt. Keffer, fladdermice, un wie aw 'm Harry sei hund General wor, bei da mashina fixerrei.

Der Eddie is shure os die mashina bisnis 'n lot besser ous gatzarn'd wear wie sie so is, wons net gawest wear fer der General. 'S wor yusht 'n umiglichkeit fer sei folla gadonka uf da arwet halta woh der Harry un Alfred fer sich kotta hen, un miner sivatzae bis sie fartich worra, won die inshein net hinnershich g'shprunga is. Noh wear die hinnershich shpringerrei net so shlim gawest, ow'r der fershtond is 'm Harry bol shtae gabliva wie er g'sehna hut os er un der Alfred yaders 18 shtun tzeit g'shpend hen kot sel tzeit radder waisa nei mocha,—36 shtun ol tzomma, un now hut der Edie sei tzeit noch net ei gadray'd kotta.

Sis uf kours 'n umiglichkeit fer der Chevy yusa dawaig os wie er is, un tzaila fer 'n now widder heit un morya ousa nonner reissa un tzurick in nonner mocha. Der Eddie hais'ds, het shun so hard g'shtudiert fer sehna wie allas in nonner gang'd, wie er free yohrs aw als shoft bis er sei "buster" gabalanc'd hut. Die barichda sin, er het evens die socha iwwer gablauder'd mit 'm Allie Kleckner, un woh 'm dale guta pointers gewwa hut—un wie der Allie immer kon uf aenich ebbes os er g'frok'd wert dawaiga.

Iwwer Sundawg wolla sie die g'shicht widder ousa nonner reissa un in nonner mocha, so os der Chevy fershtannich shpringa kon. Shinnershich backa maich'd wol aw g'fohrra sei, ow'r der Harry maint, 's wear so unghandich won m'r socha wie sel net gawain'd wear. Wos noch mainer is, won sie die g'shicht dessa mohl net recht in nonner griega, maich'd der Eddie so gore sei chob ferlierra ols boss fon da mashina bisnis, un nix may darta rum tzu duh howwa os wie ocht gewwa uf der General.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Dr. Mahlon Miller fon Northampton is alla weil arrick in da note fer paar bilder fon leit — er is om sucha fer 'n pickter fom Dr. Qunton Arner woh ols in Cementon dahame wor, un aw fom Dr. Edwin Steinmetz woh dart in Northampton rum gadocktor'd hut yohra tzurick.

Der Dr. Miller dade gleicha tzu hoerra fon aenich ebber os pickters howwa mawg fon denna tzwae docktor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:97-104

This section contains no prayer or petition, rather does it celebrate the sweetness, v.103, and profit to be derived from the study of God's Law. Many years ago I was one of several delegates appointed as such by our local YMCA to an annual state convention of that organization which met that year in Williamsport. The first verse of this section was the 'chorus' of the convention hymn: 'O how love I Thy Law! It is my meditation all the day,' a hymn still to be found in our Gospel hymn-books. And how those men could and did sing! For the significance of the word 'meditation' in verses 97 and 99, see Psalm 1:2. The knowledge of the Word of God makes men wise — wiser indeed than the teachers of what may be called secular subjects, v.99. No doubt this thought lies in the background of William Lyon Phelps' dictum: 'Better a knowledge of the Bible without a college education than a college education without the knowledge of the Bible.' 'Through Thy precepts we get understanding,' v. 104. Compare v.103 with Psalm 19:10.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It certainly is disgusting the trouble I and Harry S. Truman have with our houses!

For weeks now I have been waiting for the plumber to fix a leak in my plumbing.

A couple of shingles have to be replaced on the roof. But do you think I can reach the roofing man?

Our garbage man apparently has gone fishing for a couple of weeks and has not sent a substitute.

And now I see that Harry S. Truman has approximately the same trouble with his $5,750,000 White House renovation.

Ordinarily I would not consider any of my business what is wrong in some other man's home.

But in this case I feel that, since I have paid for so much of that renovation job out of my own pocket, I am deeply concerned with its proper functioning.

Just a few days ago, in Washington, I stood in front of the White House and looked at it with a sort of proprietary interest.

"There," I said to myself, "is really MY home. At least I paid for enough of it over a period of years to buy me a really NICE home."

I guess I must have had a rather avid look in my eyes — something like a Russian spy — because pretty soon a palace guard came along and asked me kindly to move in.

While he was very polite about it, I noticed that he had his hand on his gun.

And, since I did not want to get shot for looking at something that really — at least partly — belonged to me, I DID move on.

But all is not beer and skittles with Harry Truman's house either.

When he moved into the renovated White House, HIS roof leaked, too. (I should have said the roof of the White House.) It had to be fixed, costing I don't know how many thousands of dollars.

Then they found a defect in the solarium heating system. That, of course, couldn't happen to me. I have no solarium. Can't afford it. Had to help pay for the White House solarium.

A couple of other rooms got too much heat. One must have been the room where the President writes his letters and his speeches.

There were defects in the dumbwaiters that carry food between floors.

The incinerator won't work and now the President has to have his garbage hauled away — just like you and me.

However, according to the report just issued by Senator Edward Martin of Pennsylvania, who is a member of the special commission in charge of the renovation, the White House grounds now are beautiful. And they were an awful mess while the work was going on.

"Everyone should realize," he said, "that the White House now is a building that should stand for a thousand years barring a severe earthquake or a terrible bomb."

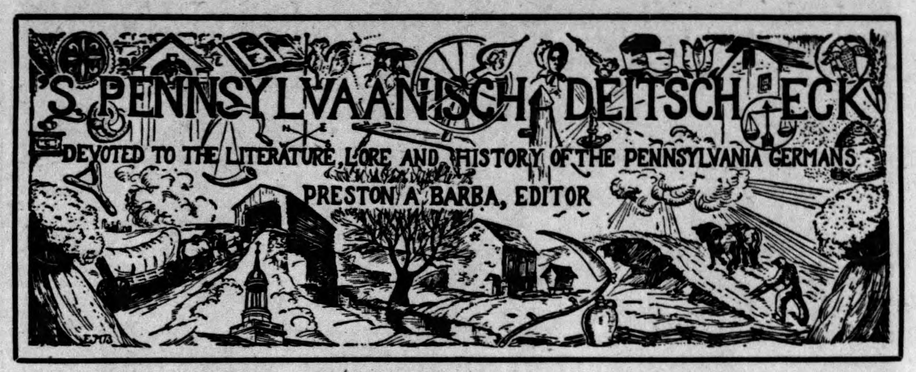
I certainly do hope that Mr. Truman's home in Independence, Missouri, is in good working order.

He'll need it come next November.

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Horoscope

Be careful in your work under these influences. Care and circumspection in all your affairs should bring you safely through your next year. Today's child should cultivate optimism and a cheerful outlook on life.



ALLE SADDE WADDE

In the ECK for May 24 the editor offered the following unusual words and requested definitions for the same:

der Graewwelkuche — **die Schliffelmiehl**
triweweliere (verb) — **abluchse (verb)**
die Geeschelscheed — **der Kellerschlag**

The responses received would indicate that these words are little known or misunderstood by a number of our readers. The following may shed some light upon their meaning and usage.

GRAEWWELKUCHE—Mrs. Dallas W. Graber, East Greenville, writes that the word denotes "a cake made for dunking" and continues: "My mother used to bake these cakes and I also do occasionally. I believe it takes its name from the rather dry and rough texture of the cake. **Der Graewwelkuche iss gut.**"—To Elmer B. Frey, Macungie, the name signifies "a cake made of raised dough with sweet crumbs over the top. It was known by various names in different localities as **Grumbeerekuche, Schwenkfelderkuche** and **Heidelbaryer Graewwelkuche. Die Graewwelkuche sin net gut unless sie hen dicke siesse Riwwle druff.**"—Dr. D. Geo. Knecht writes: "If this means **Riwwelkuche** it is flour and lard rubbed together into small lumps and spread over the cake."—The word occurs in a poem "Der Mudder Ihre Disch" by the late Joseph Peter Deibert, Schnecksville (see the ECK for Sept. 19, 1936) of which we quote the following stanza:

Schwenkfelder, Graewwelkuche,
Waffle, sponge un Weck,
Fassnachtkuche, fancy cake,
Shortcakes, ganse Schteck;
Buchweezekuche, Bladdekuche,
Gravy geht mit nei,
Lebkuche, gross un dick,
Es waar ken aarmi Dei.

TRIWWELIERE—This verb also frequently occurs as **driwweliere.** The definitions we have received varied very little. For Elmer B. Frey the word means to pest, tease, vex, annoy, plague.—Dr. Knecht thinks of it as excessive teasing or annoying.—Mrs. Graber writes that it means "to torture, torment or just annoy a person or animal, and the idea of keeping up this annoyance. **Er triwweliert der Hund.**—Palmer J. Young, Allentown, defines it as "an unjust and unreasonable habit of treating a person as well as a live being of any kind or nature. To torture, annoy and aggravate is a good definition for **driwweliere,** as we used to call it. **Driwweliere iss en unmanierlicher Weeg fer eenich ebbes Lewendiches zu behandle.** From the Latin **tribulare.** High German **tribulieren,** to vex, torment.

DIE GEESCHELSCHEED — Palmer J. Young writes that it is a whip-socket on a buggy or some horse-drawn vehicle, to hold the whip while not being used.—Dr. Knecht informs us that "years ago teamsters used to have a lash for driving horses. That lash we used to call **die schwarz Schlang.** If my memory serves me rightly it was a socket for holding the lash and was attached to one of the hames. On buggies it was called **der Geeschelschtock** and was fastened to the dasher, **awwer net seller Dascher im Krautkopp!**"—Elmer B. Fry defines it as a sheath fastened on the driver's side of a horse-drawn vehicle and used to hold the whip when not carried in the driver's hand. Another word with the same component is **die Briefscheed,** envelope for a letter.

DIE SCHLIFFELMIEHL—the only reply with reference to this word came from Dr. Knecht who defines it as a merry-go-round. Lambert, in his P .G. Dictionary, finds it used by J. Max Hark, Moravian clergyman and dialect poet, who used it in the sense of carousel or merry-go-round. Lambert derives it from the dialect word **Schliffel** (rowdy) and the Ger. **Muehle.** The word also occurs in E. H. Rauch's poem "Die Pennsylvania Militz," published in Rauch's magazine, The Pennsylvania Dutchman, for February, 1873, from which we quote one stanza:

Un aa die Hockschter's Leit, was hen sie Dramm verkaaft—
Mint un anneri candies, un Bier un pop un mead
Un aa so gude siesse Kuche, schee un dick un soft—
Sell waar als gwest e real Bedallye treat.
Die "flying coaches" — deel heesse 's als DIE SCHLIFFELMIEHL—
Waare aa als uff em Grund un gut gepatronized;
En Fip hot's koscht fer 'n single ride—sell waar net arrig viel,
Un's hot die Maed un Buwe gaar greislich exercised.
Die Zeide sin awwer nau schunn lang verbei—
Gaar nix meh vun der Aart—Bedallyes ausgeschpielt—
Deel saagge 's waer als gwest en commoni Seierei
Fer fights un wieschti Sauferei frei ausgedeelt.

ABLUCHSE—For Elmer B. Frey it implies begging or pleading, as in **"Der jockey will em Bauer en gudi Kuh abluchse."**—But for Dr. Knecht it is correctly an act of cheating or tricking.—Mrs. Graber points out two uses of this verb: **der Dascht abluchse,** to quench the thirst; or **der Kallick abluchse,** to pour water on lime to prepare it for white-washing. When used in the latter sense she adds that the vowel **u** is followed by an **e,** apparently confusing it with the verb **ablesche,** to slake lime. It is of course the same as the Ger. **abluchsen,** to cheat or swindle a person out of something.

DER KELLERSCHLAG—A word that seems to have offered no difficulties. Elmer B. Frey defines it as "an outside stairway with slanting doors leading into a cellar or other underground quarters like cave or ground cellars. **Der Schreiner muss en neii Deer uff der Kellerschlag mache.**"—Similarly Mrs. Graber, who writes that it "is the outside opening to the cellar or basement, with two doors, usually, closing toward the center."—Palmer J. Young includes a pencil sketch and illustrates its use: **"Der Kellerschlag iss die Mauer wu die auswennich Kellerdeer druff fascht gemacht iss, wann die Deer schlaams leit."**

Amon Lichty, Emmaus, has preferred to illustrate the usage of the above words in one longer paragraph in the dialect: "Wie oft hawwich mich schunn verweilt fer der Weegschteier halde fer iwwer die Brick nuff iwwers Feld naus hinnich de Geil noh fer biuugge, noh zerick ins Haus fer en Schtick vun sellem Graewwelkuche, der bescht ass gemacht watt, un die Memm hot aa gsaat ich kennt dunke—ennihau sie hot mich net lang triwweliere losse. Noh bin ich zum Keller naus un hab der Kellerschlag zugschlagge un hab selle Schliffelmiehl (wrong!) gsaat sie sodde mich nimmi abluchse mit ihrem Bedriegge un zieg die Geeschel aus em Scheed am Weggli fer mich zu helfe mit meim Kuche."

Palmer J. Young corrects the second and third lines of the ballad fragments quoted in the ECK for May 17 from the Rev. Charles A. Butz' play "Der Jim Will Parre Warre" to read as follows:

In der Wiss do waxt des Graas,
Aus em Wasser sauft der Haas,
In der Grick do schwimmt der Fisch,
Luschdich waer noch leddich iss.

Returning once more to der Schwob in the list for April 12, Margaret M. Roberts writes that the word "brings back many memories of the **Schwowefeschder** we used to have every Labor Day at Dorney's Park. A large fruit column would be one of the attractions. Many of the Schwowe were dressed in native costume and there was always a program with some very special feature—a Swabian wedding or something just as colorful."—The Editor asked why the attribute **geelfiessich** was used of the Swabians. Martin E. Birmelin contributes this very acceptable explanation: "A certain Swabian farmer, wishing to send eggs to market, gave his hired man a basket and a number of eggs. When he found the basket too small to hold them all, he trampled down the eggs to get them all in. From then on they were known as **geelfiessiche Schwowe.**"—

Mrs. Mary Schumacher, Mahanoy City, offers **Waartfraa** and **Hebamme** for midwife. Also she gives **Sulz** for **Zidderli,** but this is the High German for souse and we doubt whether it is ever heard in the dialect.

Raymond E. Kiebach asks: "Are there any Indian words in our dialect that are not place names?" In his area "candygo" means on a tear or binge, and Dr. Walker A. Stephen claimed that the word "cantico" is Algonquin for feast—Any other Indian words in the dialect?—P. A. B.

DE NARRISH SOOS

Der Brenasel Hud Widder en Farrichterlichy Experience on da "Call" Office—We de Lite so weescht Ga-yohled Hen.

"Un bischt du now really der Jim Brenasel? Du auremmer drup!"

Dee wardda hov ich k'haert der onner ovet we ich busy wor on meim desk in da Call office.

Ich hob mei Pennsylvany Deitschey fedder hee ga-laight, hob roohm ga-gookt, un wor yooscht about surprised we ich so en tzimlich olt-lechtich wibesmensh saena hob navich meer stha.

"Du bischt of course surprised for mich tsu saena," sawkt des wibesmensh, "ovver won ich deer explain was mei mission is, don doosht du mich faleicht excusa fer dich uff de ord so tsu interrupta."

"Un wos kon dee mission sei? Bischt du faleicht en book agent, en insurance agent, udda en tox collector?" froagh ich we ich so a wennich scientifically gaeich en fenshter ga-backed bin.

"Na, ich bin nix foom a agent," sawkt's wibesmensh; "ich bin simply en ordinary mensh mit em a tendera hartz for lite os feel droovel un aeland hen."

Don hut's wibesmensh d'no en groass shnoobdooch rous grickt un hud erra augha fleisich gadriekkled. Ich hob ga-noticed os se so ordlich lively k'heilt hud we se d'no k'sawt hud:

"Ich hob dei Deitschy sthory ga-laesa in de CALL de letsht woch, un sel ding hud mich so affect os ich evva ken roo kot hob bis ich komma bin fer dich tzu saena un deer explaina we's meer so lade ga-doo hud for dich. O, du auremmer drup!"

Un d'no hud se evva widder frish awfongha tsu heila. O, wos hud se droom k'heilt Un des hut mich so affect os ich evva aw glei om brilla wor, un hob ga-blarrt we en yoong kolb os sei mommy verloara hud.

Es wibesmensh hud sich d'no gons tight wedder mich k'shtellt, un hud eera kup uff mei axle ga-laight we se k'sawt hud:

"O, du leever auremmer drup, wos husht du ovver so en farrichterlichy experience kot mit sellem maniac! Of course, du husht dale saucha in selly sthory ga-doo yoosht fer uff tsu filla—fer instance, os du en fraw un kinner husht. Wos is es droom so nice os du noch leddich bisht!"

Ich hob mei besht's broveert fer se tsu convinsa os ich really en k'heierder mon bin, ovver se hud eera hond uff mei moul ga-doo un sawkt:

"Shu-shu, Mr. Brenasel; du husht ga-nook excitement darrich ga-moocht mit sellem narrisha mon, oonny os du dich now noch oonnadich excita wid waeich so em a unimportant ding. O, wos hov ich droom heila missa we ich ga-laesa hob we seller maniac dich uff der dish ga-laight hud un hud dich dote mocha wella."

Un d'no hen meer evva widder olla tzwaa ga-brilled os won onser hartzer om ferbrecha waerra, un 's wibesmensh hud eera aurem oom mei hols ga-doo, evidently ols en precaution won ich ungk'faer im excitement foom shtool folla sed.

Ich hob ga-realized os des ding somehow ned shicklich wor fer en k'heierder mon, un ich hob broveert eera aurem weg tsu nemma.

"Du dich now ned oonnadich excita, leever Brenasel," sawkt's wibesmensh; "en mon os so en farrichterlichy experience kot hud os we du husht, sed de gons tzeit en tender, sympathetic hartz naegsht hovva fer een tsu consola un protecta. O, du auremmer drup!"

Un d'no hud se actually eera bockka tight wedder mei k'sicht ga-drickt, un ich hob uff a mohl so en ordlicher decided flavor foom er a olta shmokepife detect in eerem oachdem.

Ich hob en determinder effort ga-mocht fer loas tsu reisa, ovver da meh os ich k'shoft hob fer loas tsu kooma desda tighter hud see k'hoava, un's naegsht ding os ich ga-wist hob don hud se actually eera tzwaa aerem oom mei hols kot.

Ich hob farrichterlich awfongha tsu kicka un sthrovvla, ovver es hud ollas nix ga-bott; ich hed faleicht ga-grisha fer hilf, ovver es wor meer dote ongsht os won faleicht lite meer tsu hilf koomma daeta un daeta mei radder compromising position saena, don kendt's faleicht en serious effect hovva uff der CALL subscription list.

Un we's wibesmensh sich d'noh actually uff mei shoas k'huckt hud un hud awfongha mei bord un bocka so playfully tsu petza, don hov ich tsu mer selver ga-denkt: "Du leever freeda, Brenasel, wos daet dei fraw sawgha won se des saena daet!"

Der shwitz is ivver mich noonner ga-rulled un ich bin actually sheer gor oommechtich warra we ich draw ga-denkt hob we des droom mocha daet won so ebbas happenna sed. Ich hob bletzlich decide os ich wennich foom a argument broveera wed fer des wibesmensh tsu convinsa os se en groasser misake ga-mocht hud, un accordingly sawgh ich:

"Leever freint - - - -".

"Sel is nice, ovver haes mich Rosebud," sawkt de old gloock we se extraw pressure uff mei hols ga-doo hud.

"Des kon ich ferhoftich nimmy lengher shtanda!" greish ich; "luss mich geh! luss mich geh!"

Un wos hov ich droom ga-kicked un so farrichterlich k'sthrovveld! Ovver es wibesmensh hud en woonderbawry stharrig kot, un se hud mich om sthool k'hulda so easy os won ich en gla bubbily waer.

Mei hartz hud ga-glubbt we en forge-hammer foom excitement un we ich draw gedenkt hab, os sheer aentzichy minutt ebber reikoomma kent fer tsu subscriba fer der CALL un kendt mich in so er a position ferwisha, don kendt deer denka os es mer yoosht about dudlich wor.

Ich hob mich immer a wennich foom a strategist considered, un ich hob uff a mohl so a wennich scientifically ivver en plan awfongha tzu shtudia fer mei escape tsu mocha foom wibesmensh.

"Rosebud," sawgh ich we ich en arriggher tender look in meina augha kot hob, "suppose meer daeta en ride nemma uff da trolley car noonner gaeich Adamsdale?"

"Sell waer yoosht's ding!" greisht se we se foon meim shoas ga-joompt is.

Ovver ned k'shwinter wor se foon meim shoas don hov ich en bee line ga-mocht fer de deer, un mit ame joomp wor ich de shtaig droonna un bin darrich der old-fashioned hall nous we en sthrawl. Ich hob even ned tzeit ga-nooma fer mei hoot tsu greegha, un blootkeppich hov ich de eisich railing outside on da deer ga-cleared mit ame joomp, un bid middes darrich de Main sthrose noonner we en hersh. O, was bin ich ovver k'sphroongha!

Ich hob de lite d'no glei farrichterlich haerra yohla un laucha, un we ich roohm ga-goockt hob don hov ich ga-noticed os de olt Rosebud meer om noach kooma wor we en race goul, aw grawd middes in da sthrose!

O, wos hud des ovver ga-mocht!

En lot hoond un glany boova hen aw awfongha noach tsu shpringha, un yoosht we ich de dray ga-mocht hob om Hoy seim sthore dard on da St. John sthrose, un hob sheer gor en trolley car oom-k'shmissa in meim "mad career" (we de professors sagha daeta), don hov ich ebber haerra greisha:

"Dard gaet der Brenasel, un de Narrish Soos hinna noach! Hooray! Hooray!"

Un, O, wos hen de lite droom ga-yohled!

"Ich glaub ferhoftich os ich widder der victim bin foom a escapeder lunatic!" sawgh ich tsu mer selver we ich sel k'haert hob, un des hud mich so arrig affect os ich evva grawd dard oommechtich oom-k'folla bin. Ich bin kup's feddersht wedder en groassy sthorebox k'folla, un hob hite noch en gnub we en hinkle-oy uvva uff em kup.

About de same tzeit os en duckter in da crowd mich widder tsu-waeg grickt hud kot, don hov ich en pawr officers saena ob marcha mit da Narrisha Soos. Ich hob em a olta mon in da crowd d'no mei experience fertzaehlt mit emnarrisha wibesmensh un mit sellem maniac woo de onner woach mich sheer dote gamocht hud dard on da CALL office. Un wos hud der olt mon droom heila missa!

Un we ich d'no hame gongha bin don hov ich tsu mer selver ga-denkt os sel mohl widder ferhoftich so en ordlicher closer shave wor fer der

JIM BRENASEL.

The above is another sketch by John Wesley von Nieda, better known as Jim Brenasel. It must be read in the sense of a sequel to "Der Jim in er a Fix" published in the ECK for May 31. "De Narrish Soos" appeared in the Schuylkill Haven CALL for May 5, 1900. The original orthography has been retained.—ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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Editorials

Jap Beetle on Way Out

There is good news from the State Agricultural Department for both farmers and city dwellers who, in past years, have dreaded arrival of and depredations by Japanese beetles at this season of the year. This year the infestation is expected to be the slightest in decades and there is very strong indication that Eastern Pennsylvania has seen just about the last of a plague which, when it arrived here nearly thirty years ago, threatened to destroy every green, living thing in this part of the country.

Gradual, even rapid disappearance of the voracious pest is not a matter of accident but of patient, carefully calculated scientific attack by our Agricultural Department and national authorities in the same field.

It will be remembered that when the pest was first reported from Southern New Jersey, into which it had been introduced on plants brought from Japan, effort was made to control it by quarantine. But the beetles ignored the quarantine stations and road blocks. They took to the air and flew across the Delaware River when quarantine officials halted vegetables and plants grown in New Jersey and en route by motor car to Pennsylvania. They spread rapidly thruout this area and every year saw more counties conquered by their army. Then the biologists came to the rescue. From Japan they imported parasites which have maintained a balance of nature in that country and presumably could and would do the same thing in this country if carefully encouraged.

The results have been almost startling. Last year's generation of tiphia wasps — the parasite which feeds on the beetle grubs while in the ground — apparently ate so many grubs that there was little food for this year's generation. At one spot where State biologists easily collected two thousand female wasps last year for transplantation to beetle infested areas only about seventy-five could be found this spring. In other words the beetles have virtually been destroyed and the parasites are dying out for lack of food.

It is entirely possible that, like back fires, the tiphia wasp may be attacking the Japanese beetle not only in the Eastern Pennsylvania areas but in the western part of the State where colonies of wasps have been planted in recent years.

The fortunate thing about it all is that ability to control this pest has been demonstrated. It is merely a matter of time and requires a patient program scientifically handled by the State to reduce the beetle population to the vanishing point and perhaps wipe out the species completely.

Slatington Boy to Fore

Year after year students of the Slatington High School who have taken up the agricultural course which is offered there distinguish themselves for their achievements. The present year is no exception inasmuch as the school's delegation to the recent meeting of the Future Farmers of America at State College acquitted themselves proudly.

Topping all awards was the achievement by Benjamin Dietrich, one of Slatington's students, of first place in the livestock judging contest. This youth was tops in a field of 265 or just about as stiff competition as a youth can face. By reason of his feat he will be one of three Pennsylvania boys who will attend the National live stock judging contest in Kansas City in October.

It will also be noted with pride by Slatingtonians that practically every one of their students secured some recognition for their efforts. Their pride is shared by schools in Bucks and Montgomery which also sent young people to the big State College contest where they achieved a variety of honors.

But the big achievement — attainment of membership on the team that will go to Kansas City in the quest of wide national fame — went to the Slatington youth. He has honored not only himself but his school and teachers. There will be hearty wishes for his success at the big exhibition.

Bicameral Council Days

The death yesterday of Reuben W. Reinsmith suggests a "flashback" that will recall the historical bicameral system of municipal government that prevailed in Pennsylvania, and of course in Allentown, until just about forty years ago. It is pertinent to recall this system because for a considerable number of years Mr. Reinsmith was a conspicuous member of it.

Until December, 1911, when Charles W. Rinn became Allentown's first mayor under the commission form of government, Allentown voters chose two legislative bodies, similar to Congress, which were known as Select and Common Council. Each ward in the city was entitled to one Select and two Common Councilmen.

These bodies fixed the tax rate and spent the City's funds. They also enacted all municipal legislation. Their actions were subject to veto by the Mayor but, like Congress, they could override the chief executive's veto.

Councilmen were highly important men in the community. They were very much in the public eye in a day in which municipal affairs were more lenghily and bitterly debated in general than is the case today. It was likewise a period of more opinion upon just about all current matters of local interest and was always ready to furnish it with the seasoning of his bucolic wit and humor.

Mr. Reinsmith was included in the category that his generation termed "characters" which meant that he was noted for distinguishing features. He was not of the ordinary run-of-the-mill men. He was a substantial citizen. He was ready to serve his community and especially his own little district, the Second Ward, with deep zeal. This he did faithfully and well not only during a considerable term of public service but thruout the long life that now has closed.

Seaway Rejected Again

The St. Lawrence Seaway reminds us of the king's horses and the king's men, who marched up the hill and marched down again. Regularly, a measure to build the Seaway is brought up in Congress cheered by the President, and then defeated when it comes to a vote.

Why does the Seaway project fail year after year? Why is it rejected by Congress after six Presidents have advocated it?

There are, we suspect, two main reasons. One is that the Seaway advocates themselves have oversold their cause. For half a century they have told the Nation it simply couldn't get along very well indeed. Again, they have "threatened" over and over that if we don't build the Seaway, then Canada will—but Canada hasn't.

The truth, which Seaway proponents do not like to admit, is that the Seaway is a regional project of special rather than national interest; is of limited use since it would be ice-bound five months of the year; and, finally, would probably cost much more to build than the $818 million proposed in the current bill.

If there were any real popular sentiment for the Seaway outside the areas which expect direct financial gain from it, there has been plenty of time for that sentiment to make itself felt. And it hasn't done so.

—Phila. Inquirer

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Should a WAC be discharged from the service because she had a baby?

Mrs. L. B. Thompson of East Orange, N. J. has put that question up to Congress to decide.

She claims that a woman should not be denied an opportunity to serve "solely because she performed the function for which our Creator intended her."

Mrs. Thompson served in the Women's Army Corps from 1942 to 1948 and then became an active member of the Organized Reserve Corps.

In 1951 she had a baby and, in conformity with army regulations, was discharged from the service.

She wrote a letter to Assistant Secretary of Defense Anna M. Rosenberg, in which she said that "the woman who is to become a mother should be treated, as the men are, by regulations which recognize a temporary absence from her duties. To do so is to recognize the basic function of women — not penalization therefore."

Mrs. Rosenberg replied in part:

"It is true that a woman could fulfill her obligations as a member of the Organized Reserve without harm to her relationship with her children."

Now it's up to Congress.

If I were to decide the matter I would definitely say that a mother CANNOT fulfill her duties to her children and serve in the WAC as well.

Motherhood, in my opinion, is a full-time profession.

How can anyone compare the duties of motherhood with the duties of a soldier who may be temporarily absent because of illness?

In the first place, men CAN'T become mothers.

In the second, the birth of a child is NOT an illness which, with a few medical treatments and a few doeses of pills, can be cured.

Th bringing into the world of a son or a daughter is the BEGINNING, not the end.

MOTHERHOOD in itself is service to one's country—it is service either for GOOD or for bad.

A mother who guides her son properly, who imbues him with the right principles, may produce another Washington, another Lincoln, another Eisenhower, another MacArthur.

A mother who fulfills her duty towards her daughter may give us another Florence Nightingale, another Ethel Barrymore, another Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Unfortunately, motherhood is being taken much too lightly these days.

Once upon a time it was taken as a consecrated profession.

Every great man, every famous woman in history was the product of a duty - conscious mother. Perhaps that is why there were so many great men and famous women in history.

Great men and famous women are NOT the products of babysitters but of devoted mothers to whom their children were the best expression of their patriotism.

I doubt whether the mother of a single congressman or senator was a major in the WAC or an Assistant Secretary of Defense.

Horoscope

Influences rife make this a good time for study, research and experimental work. Born today, a child should be very lucky financially.

25 Years Ago

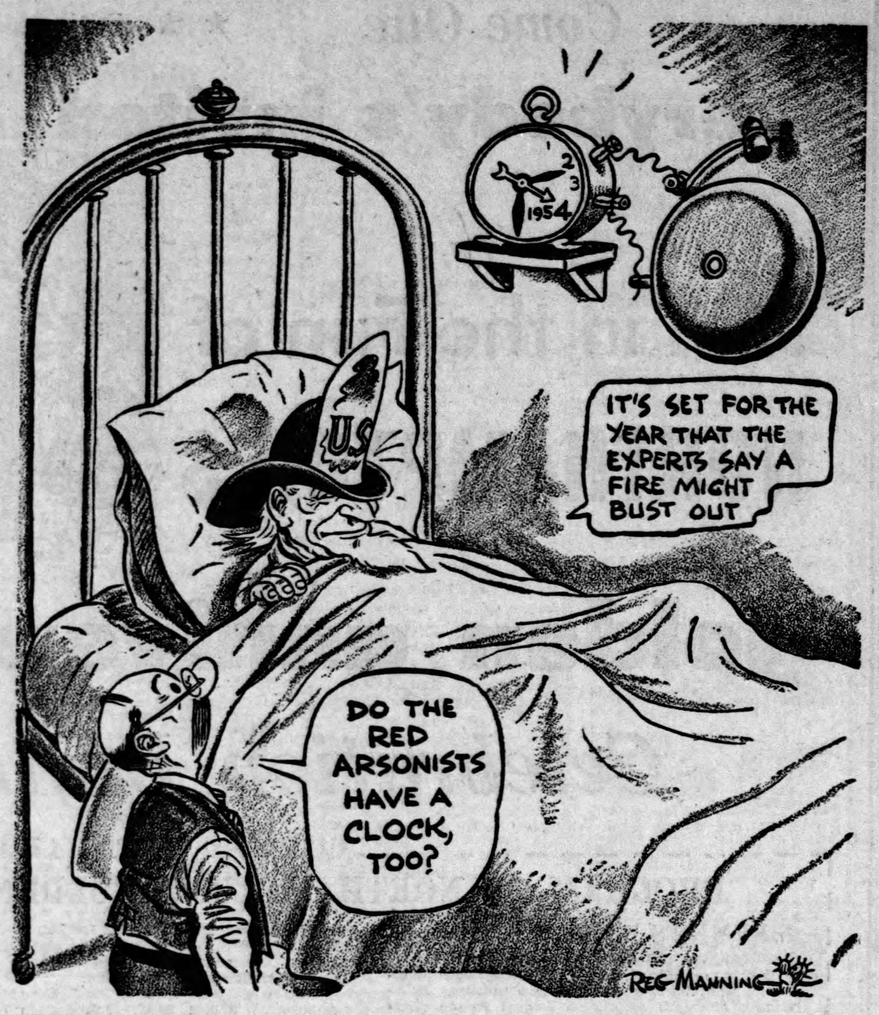
Taken from The Morning Call of June 21, 1927, a Tuesday

Gene Hersh, 213 N. Madison St., Donald Banks, 1602 Chew St., and Gloria Wascoe, 389 Hill St., were winners of the Lehigh Valley second annual baby contest. The event was conducted under the auspices of The Morning Call, the Coffeit Studios and the Rialto Theater. Finals were held in the theater.

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Winfield Clearwater, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, told members of the Qouta Club that wise counsellors, progressive leaders and enthusiastic workers could give the Allentown Chamber of Commerce a bright future. The meeting was held at the Hotel Allen.

A New Kind of Fire Alarm



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

EN ROUTE FROM EUROPE, — What the bombs destroyed — the buildings and homes — is slowly but surely being replaced in Western Europe by new structures better than the old ones. But what isn't being replaced is the morale of the people. Recovery is slow, while disillusionment and loss of faith keep the populace in most of the free countries in a state of stunned fear.

Fear of another war influences every thought in government and keeps the people worried and anxious. Pacifism never had more adherents than it has today in Europe and, no matter how bold the phrases of government leaders in the Parliaments of Europe, they know in their hearts that their opponents can make political capital any day by appealing to sentiments of peace that amount virtually to pacifism.

Time and the growth of new generations to military age may change all this, but it cannot be denied that conscription is unpopular and that rearmament against any potential enemy is viewed with alarm.

Parallel with this attitude toward defensive armies is another residue of the war — a loss of faith in businessmen and a tendency to look with suspicion on them as selfish interests which in some countries backed dictattors and stupidly helped to bring on wars.

Business Restriction

Businessmen in all the free countries are under a heavier load of restriction than any American can imagine. But many of the businessmen are not forward-looking and have given the Socialists plenty of ammunition through their backwardness on the subject of wages and working conditions. Profits at times in the past have gone to fantastic heights as wages have been kept low. Taxation in Britain is high for business, but it not high enough in other countries.

Curiously enough, the European businessman is not a believer in free enterprise, though he thinks he is. If you talk with him about competition, he says it is ruinous. Instinctively the European businessman favors monopolies and cartels. It is ingrained in his philosophy of operation, and that is one of the reasons why the Socialists look so cynically on "free enterprise" as a thing of the past. That's why they want the "State" to take over the monopolies and run them in the "public interest." But the "State" is just a bunch of inexperienced men with political rather than business background, and that's no solution either.

The trade unions in Europe are in worse condition than the business. The quality of the leadership in Great Britain is high, but in France and Italy and Germany it is very poor. Too often the unions are pawns in a political game played by Communists as well as Socialists.

Vital to Peace

Most vital to the maintenance of peace is the establishment of economic stability. Everybody concedes that the seeds of war are sown in unstable economic conditions. But stability is a difficult equilibrium to attain when selfishness can be organized into rival and conflicting groups. Selfishness isn't confined to the economic groups, either. It is strong in the very groups of politicians who profess to be the greatest champions of the people's interests. Thus, it is sometimes difficult to tell where love of party and affection for its own ideology ends and love of country begins. Too many times the Socialists in Europe give the impression that reform is more important to them than recovery and that ideology is more important than national safety.

Europe is a frightening swirl of political and economic currents. It's not surprising to find this after two world wars of devastating proportions. The wonder is that there has been as much recovery and reconstruction as appears on the surface today. It is not a situation, however, over which America need become discouraged. It is important, of course, to paint the true picture so that the nature of the job can be understood — so that impatience will not lead to abandonment of the very policies of moral and material support which the United States alone is capable of giving to a distraught Europe. As between high taxes in America, less profits and other sacrifices of a material nature, and another world war, it can hardly be doubted what the vast majority of the American people would choose when the alternatives are fully explained to them.

But an objective view of Europe and its problems, so necessary to an understanding of what policies are desirable for the United States to pursue, cannot be projected into the American political situation today. Most Europeans are resigned to the fact that only after the American Presidential elections are over and a new President has been chosen can the physical power and moral force of the United States be channeled into the European problem in a renewed effort to maintain the peace of the European continent — and that means, of course, peace or war for the American people, too.

Peace in Europe doesn't depend solely on Stalin's misbehavior. It depends more on the rapidity with which the democracies can recover their own economic strength, restore their own morale as individual nations, and, above all, rebuild faith and confidence in themselves.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SI FON WELDER UN BARRICK: Grawd im awfong wolla m'r ebbes fershtonna howwa, un sel is, os m'r shwetza fon "Welder un Barrick," un net fon felder un barrick wie dale ferleicht denka maichda. 'S Welder dale fon da g'shicht is niemond shunshd os wie der fendu groyer Luther Welder fon Kutztown, uns Barrick dale, der Curtis Berg, fon nagshd onnei Schmidtsville.

Der Curtis is shun long in da tee busnis, kauft so aenich ebbes un allas uf woh er bissel brofit sehnt, un der Luther is gawainlich der kerl os die ferkauferrei dut won er fendu hut. Die weil os die oussicht is wie wons si flaish ohr werra maich'd bis es shpote yohr weil tzu wenich si garais'd dada werra, hut der Luther un der Curtis doh weil tzurick ous gamocht fer in die si busnis gae, sie fendu halta beim Hennie Acker in Nei Schmidtsville, un hen der George Miller fon Lynnville gading'd fer groyer.

Der Luther het die si fendu garn ganunk selwar gagrax'd, ow'r denk 's wor 'm bong der Curtis kent alsa mohl net arrick ganunk sawga wie fiel gelt os sie ferlierra dada uf yader sow os sie tzu ferkaufa hen kotta, un hen ous gamocht fer der George griega fer groyerra, so os sie tzu tzwet weara fer sich bagraima. Sie hen die fendu 'k'halta beim Hennie Acker, uns hais'd, 's wear 'n gore mechdichie krowd hous gawest, un der Luther un der Curtis weara alsa mohl aw gonga os fon da kaufleit shier heila hetta missa sie hoerra glawga wos die si koshda dada im grossa marrick, un wos sie yusht hola dada on da fendu.

Der George uf kours hut gagroyer'd os der shtawb g'floga is, un bis die fendu feriwwer wor, worra sie die si ol lose os wie bout 'n dudsend net. Der Hennie hut fershprocha sellie tzu halta uf grumbierra shawla un ob garawmdie milich bis sie kustomers dafor hetta. 'M Hennie sei Mildred hut uf kours gamaint, 'n dudsend fetta sie kaimta gore mechdich handich rei 's nagshd shpote yohr, un hut mohl grawd shtarta rum gucka fer koch bicher, fer sehna wos ol tzu mocha wear won m'r shlochta dade. Ebbes os sie net fershtae hut kenna wor, ferwos m'r net kuttle fleck mocha kent won m'r yusht se shlochta dade.

Wel aenicha waig, der Luther un der Curtis kumma bol alla dawg rum die si iwwer gucka, un kenna net sawga wie gute os sie aw kumma. Der Luther wor doh darrich die gross hitz etlich mohl nommy dawgs kumma gucka danoli, un huts hem fom buckle ferkauft fer fressa awshoffa — der Hennie hut gaglawk'd die grumbierra shawla weara tzu rohr, un die kee dada drucka shtae, doh mist onnerrie kosh'd bei. Aenicha waig, der Luther hut ken hem aw kotta, un net yusht fon da si gablauder'd, ow'r aw fertzailt fon da arya tzeit os er wie er sich 'n shtick fon ma finger ob g'saig'd hut.

Der doctor Henry Saul fon Kutztown hut noch galaib'd, un der Luther is tzu 'm so shnell os miglich mit 'm finger gute eigawick'ld inna shnubduch. "Yar, Yar," het der alt Henry g'sawt, 'Des fixa m'r glei," un awfonga in shublawda rum weala noch allerra ort. Wie der Luther gawunnert hut wos er sucha dade, het er g'sawt, "ich wase ich hob aryads sex nodla, ow'r kon sie net finna, ich bob dei finger tzomma sel is grawd sogate wie 'n aw naya."

Un er hut 'm der finger aw gabobb'a un gabunna, ow'r sei hut em Luther net aw g'shtonna, un is ains gongs noch Krumsville tzum docktor Stanley Brunner, un woh der fonger aw ganay'd hut un is shae tzu k'hail'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Shtrossa fon weit un braid gaina die kummend woch ol noch Northampton tzu, un woh ol os kenna, 's gross hunnerd yarirch fesht ei nemma sotta — die graish'd tzeit os Northampton sei lebdawg noch kotta hut.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:153-160

In this section we read about those who are afflicting and persecuting the Psalmist, as he asks the Lord to consider (literally, to see) his situation and to deliver him. He wishes never to forget His Law, for in Exodus 3:7 he reads that the Lord Says: 'I have seen the affliction of My people which are in Egypt.' If God did that for His people as a nation and brought them out of their bondage in Egypt, surely He can do the same for him as an individual. Throughout this paragraph we find the petition, 'Quicken me' in verses 154, 156 and 159. This verb, as an old English word, is not much used today. It has the idea of putting new life into one, and is naturally related to the adjective, quick, the original meaning of which was 'alive' or 'living,' as in the familiar phrase, 'the quick and the dead,' that is, 'the living and the dead.' In contrast with his own delight in the Law of the Lord, is his grief at the thought and sight of those who transgress because they have no interest in keeping God's holy Law.



ON BRUIN'S SWING

(A Tulpehocken Bear Story)
By REV. ADAM STUMP

James Franke came to America from Germany, by way of England, in 1710, in one of three historic ships which Queen Anne provided for the Palatine pilgrims. With his fellow countrymen he first settled in the state of New York, but afterwards (1723) followed the exodus of these people on rafts down the Susquehanna to Swatara Creek, in Pennsylvania, and thence into the beautiful valley which the Indians called Tulpewihacki, the "Land of Turtles." To this day it still is known by the name of Tulpehocken. Here he built his cabin and took up his occupation as a farmer, but so strong was the hunter's instinct in him, that often between seasons of necessary work he would betake himself away from his family to the mountains for game. Besides, during the first years the pioneers of that region were compelled to depend upon the forest for meat. The following incident concerning him has been handed down by tradition to the eighth generation of his descendants.

At one time, after the corn shucking in the fall was over, he went into the Blue Mountains for deer. For such excursions he had built himself a rough shack in the woods, in which he slept at night, stored the trophies of his gun, and on the outside of which he prepared his meals at an improvised stone hearth. The wolves frequently would fight about the premises after dark, while munching the bones which he had thrown away. They did not disturb his slumbers by their snarling. He was accustomed to them. Nor did he molest them, because he did not wish to waste his precious powder and balls upon their useless carcases. But one night there was another story. He had left his frying pan at the out-door cooking place. He was aroused from deep sleep by a low growl. He tried to peep out of the loop-hole between the chinks of two logs, but it was too dark to see anything. He did not think of Indians, because the red men of Penn's Woods, at this time, were friendly. But he heard the scraping of his pan and by the peculiar sound knew that some animal was licking it. Another deep guttural growl convinced him that it was a bear. He immediately made up his mind to risk a shot. He aimed toward the center of the confusion, and pulled the trigger. The gun flashed, the report rang through the forest, a howl of rage greeted his ear, there was a scampering of heavy feet for a moment, and then all was still and silent. He supposed he had missed and, being too prudent to venture out into the inky darkness, he laid himself down again on his bed of leaves to finish his nap. At earliest dawn he emerged out of his den to find his pan well cleaned by a fleshy rasp and to see blood-tracks leading over toward a rocky ridge, that formed a wall on one side of a swollen stream of water.

Having already had reloaded his gun, he instantly followed the trail. It was not more than five hundred yards to the ridge. There he found that the animal, after limping along about a quarter-mile, had gone down between the rocks to lap water. But it had returned on its own tracks and lunged toward a thicket of underbrush. Not yet having had breakfast, the hunter hesitated. "If I go in there and a wounded bear attacks me, there is little chance for me. I might not be able to take aim. Besides, the briars might catch the trigger and set my piece off. I believe I'll return and wait for a better opportunity." Thus he soliloquized. But this seemed somewhat cowardly. Moreover, he had promised his wife not to expose himself unnecessarily and her jocular behest, "Don't come home dead, as Frau Kolp said," now come into his mind. He smiled at the remembrance, at the same time stooping and peering into the path that led through the dense brush. He discovered that it was not far to a small glade. Cautiously threading his way through the ground oaks and thorn-trees, he soon discovered a rock with a mass of boulders scattered about its base and a cave-like opening on one of its sides, and there, basking in the sun, was a large bear! He was not sleeping, but seemed to be restively dozing in pain, sometimes appearing to turn to lick the knee of one of his hind legs. The hunter took a few moments to study the situation. If the brute would have been standing, he could easily have dispatched him, but he was rolled on a heap and was so screened by boulders that only a part of his neck and back was visible. To miss him might prove disastrous to the marksman. Even if the ball would strike the spinal column, it might only be slanted. What should he do? Before he could answer the question himself, it was answered by another bear, whom evidently some Indians had chased and who, approaching the rock from the other side, with haste ran into the cavern. It was not deep, and it evidently was not a permanent lair, but only a retreat when these animals were disturbed in their feeding haunts.

The sudden arrival of the second bear aroused the first. He got up on three feet, sniffed the air several times, and quick as thought, darted toward the hunter whom his sharp nose and eye had detected. He charged unerringly and furiously. However, in quicker time than one can tell it, the woodsman had leveled his gun but, in lifting it to his shoulder, the powder-pan was opened by a briar which brushed on the priming. He pulled the trigger, the hammer flew forward, slightly touched the steel, the flintstone emitted a faint spark, but there was no explosion. Nor was any time to be lost in regrets. The luckless man turned and fled, pursued by the angry bear. Although crippled he was gaining on the hunter. The ridge was a half-mile off. For that he aimed, hoping that in some manner, it would afford an avenue of escape. He knew there was no use in climbing a tree. Neither was there time to do so. Nor had he a chance to reprime. During the rush through the brush-path, the bear, who was at home in the labyrinth, and who seemed to have forgotten his wound, gained fast on the man. There now was less than a hundred yards between them. He had his hunting-knife with him, but he had learned from severe experience that it was best not to get into close quarters with a bear. So he ran without more than once looking backward, until he reached the ridge, and by this time he was so winded that knowing he was too nervous to use them, he dropped his gun and powder horn and scaled the ledge on hands and feet. Here he determined to make a stand for his life with his long knife. Sitting down on the apex of the rock, he rested a few moments whilst awaiting the onslaught of the enemy. He did not have long to wait. In a few minutes the bear had reached the hunted man's perch. With lolling tongue, foaming mouth, and wickedly gleaming eyes, the monster had climbed toward the victim. The man now stood up on the creek side of the rock, so that, in case the odds would be against him, he could drop into the water. One paw of the bear was clutching the edge of the rock. He could easily have slashed it, but he knew that would only worse madden the animal.

So he waited for an opportunity to strike a more vital point. This soon came. Then without longer delaying, with all the force he could muster, he struck his knife into the side of the brute's head. He inflicted only a painful wound. A terrible howl of rage greeted him, and, being in a crouching posture, he received such a lateral blow from the free paw of the bear, that he was hurled from the rock upon the network of a grapevine, which evidently a floating log had torn from its roots in the flood-concealed bank of the stream and which hung suspended from a large black-oak tree. Although he was in a stunned condition, he instinctively clutched at the rope-like vine and clung to it, while he tried to regain his breath and his wits. Happily also he was still grasping his knife. As soon as he had recovered his senses, finding the vine pretty stout and well interlaced with the branches of the tree, he began to pull himself up by it, as he had seen the sailors do on Queen Anne's ships. This proved a mistake, for the cunning bear, seeing that the man was making for the tree, sealed it himself, his trickling blood meanwhile reddening the stony floor beneath, and went out on the branch to which the vine was plaited fast. Once more the man's case was desparate. It was tiresome work to cling to the woody rope. To ascend was to approach the jaws of death; to descend was perhaps to sink into a watery grave. To either side no way of escape seemed to open. At any rate, wherever he would go, Bruin was sure to follow. There these two were, glaring at each other. The shouts of an Indian hunting party echoed afar. The white man whooped loudly, but evidently his cry for help was not heard; at least, it was not heeded. After a while he felt sure of smelling burning timber. Again he yelled vigorously, but to no avail. By this time the bear became weary of inertia, and restive with pain, and struck on a new device. With malicious glee he began to rock himself on the limb, so as to shake off the clinging man from the vine. The trick almost succeeded. Up and down, to and fro, swung the man, until he became nauseously dizzy. Even in his childhood Franke could not endure the motions of a swing. Hence he soon felt pretty sick. By this time also his hands were becoming numb with pain. He became aware of the fact that he could not hold out much longer. He was on the point of letting himself drop into the water but he was twenty feet from it and he could not swim. Hence he was hesitating. His attention was now drawn to another vine within his reach. This he drew to himself. It formed a bow on which he could sit and thus his painful position was somewhat alleviated. What next?

Noon had come and gone. The sun was beginning to slant his beams through the trees. Hunger began to gnaw at his stomach. He was too weak to stay where he was, yet, as the shadows were lengthening he began to make preparations to spend the night on his swing. But the bear had not given up shaking it, although he did so less frequently and with diminished ardor. The hunter now cut off some vine branchlets and made small ropes with which he fastened himself, so that in case of becoming overcome by drowsiness he could neither fall nor be shaken down. He had once thus slept on a tree, when he was chased by a pack of wolves, "But this time," he said to himself, "my bed will be narrower." Finally, as the sun was about going down, he made up his mind not to let the night yawn fully without making one more break for freedom. "So," as he used to tell his wide-eyed great-grandchildren, "I prayed all the prayers my mother had taught me, and several of my own, and then looked about for a loop-hole. I saw by swinging and springing, I might leap back on the rock, But I could not start the motion. So I tantalized the poor bear, until he gave me a start. Then I helped him and though my head soon reeled, I made a spring, but missed the rock with my feet. However, I caught it with my hands and pulled myself to its top. No sooner had I landed, than the bear began to move backwards down the tree. This is just what I had tempted him to do. He was now doing exactly what I wanted him to do. With what strength was left in me I walked to the bole of the tree and once more awaited my enemy. Being now the attacking party, I felt my confidence growing. Rather slowly at first, but faster, as the momentum of his body increased, he descended. The moment the paw of his unwounded leg touched the rocky ground, I put all the energy of my arm into a well-aimed stroke and plunged my knife to the hilt, right behind the bear's shoulder blade. I was not the least excited. Yet I did not loiter to draw it out, but scrambled to the apex of the rock and awaited developments. Below I heard the swishing stream and in my desperation I determined to plunge into its bosom in case the bear would again attack me. Soon the dense woods were dark. I could not see the bear.

Even if it had been light, I could not have seen him, for he had rolled out of my line of vision. My view would have been obstructed by the trunk of the black-oak. But at intervals I would hear groaning and scratching among the stones, as though he was trying to get up. It was an hour of painful suspense. As long as he was alive, it was not safe to venture from my perch. The solitude, broken only by a hooting owl, was dismal. All at once it occurred to me that the moon would be due before midnight. So I settled down to wait for it. After what seemed an age, I was happy to see the spaces about me flooding with yellow light. Never was I so glad to see the friendly disc, emerging above the horizon. All being now perfectly quiet, and being able to discern the outline of everything, I cautiously slid from my coigne of vantage toward the spot where I guessed the bear was lying. I soon saw him. He was still as a tombstone, but I was not sure he was as dead. So I hit him with a stone. He did not move. I felt sure he was dead, but I deemed it too rash to test the case in the night. I was afraid the rascal might only be acting possum. So I turned away, and somewhat stiffly limped toward my shack. When I came near it I again smelled fire and, after hastening to the spot, I found that only an ash-heap remained. The Indians had burnt it down to cover their robbery of everything that was in it—which, of course, was not much. Stirring up a few live embers, I piled on more wood and spent the remainder of the night in sweetest sleep. My first care in the morning was to search for my gun and powder-horn. Having found these, I visited the carcass of my late foe, and there was this good knife where I had put it the night before—in the heart of that bear."

At this point the venerable man would always affectionately draw out his old hunting-knife with its bone handle, from its bear-skin sheathe and say, "This must stay in the family," and in his will he bequeathed it, with his deer-skin breeches, to one of his descendants.

FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, JUNE, 1909

WHEN A TWISTER A-TWISTING, WILL TWIST HIM A TWIST

(Die Englische saagge, des deet eem der Schlicker verdreiwe, wammer's gans Ding in eem Oochdem runner saagge deet.)

Wann en Dreher, beim Drehe, en Zwann zammedreht,
Des Gedreh vumme Dreh dutt er dreimol neidrehe;
Wann eens vun de drei im Gedreh sich uffdreht,
Des verdreht, im Gedreh, die annere Zwee;
Dann dreht er mol uff, was im Zwann sich verdreht,
Un dreht widder Zamme die Zwee im Gedreh.
Noh dreht er noch zweemol der Zwann vun de Zwee;
Die Zwee was im Drehe sich frieher verdreht
Beim Drehe vum Zwann, die dutt er uffdrehe,
Un zwischich de Zwee dreht er noch eeni meh,
Noh warre zum Zwann die drei zammegedreht!

Sheer nonsense from John Birmelin's delightful MAMMI GANS BUCH.

CAPTAIN JACOB YODER

In Collin's History of Kentucky it is stated that Captain Jacob Yoder took the first flat boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans in 1782. Collins further states: "The late Capt. Jos. Pierce of Cincinnati, Ohio, has erected over the remains of his old friend Capt. Jacob Yoder an iron tablet (the first cast west of the Alleghenies) thus inscribed: 'Jacob Yoder was born at Reading, Pennsylvania, August 11, 1758, and was a soldier of the Revolutionary Army in 1777 and 1778. He emigrated to the West in 1780, and in May, 1782, from Fort Redstone, on the Monongahela river, in the first flatboat that ever descended the Mississippi river, he landed in New Orleans with a cargo of produce. He died April 7, 1832, at his farm in Spencer county, Kentucky, and lies here interred beneath this tablet." Fort Redstone is the name that was first given to Brownsville.—From Swank's Progressive Pennsylvania and reprinted in The Pennsylvania German, July, 1909.

THE YOUNGEST AVIATOR

Forty-one years ago, Howard Levan, an Allentown youth of seventeen, made a successful flight in a Wright biplane from Toledo to Girard Island, Ohio. He had been flying for five months during which time he was at Porto Rico and at the government aviation meet in the Philippines. Then probably the world's youngest aviator, he was not ashamed to say: "I am a Pennsylvania Dutchman and proud of it".—Information from The Pennsylvania German Magazine, June, 1911.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Observe Who Is Wailing

Secretary Acheson is confronted with the difficult problem of keeping everybody "sweet" in Europe and Asia (which includes the difficult Communist elements in the many otherwise favorable governments). To this end he has apologized to the British Government because no notice was given to its representatives in advance of the bombing of the great North Korean hydro-electric plant at Suiho and the system of dams which supply the water.

Prior to that Secretary Anthony Eden had apologized to the Labor elements in Parliament. He admitted that he had had no advance information upon the raids which presumably hurt the feelings of Aneurin Bevan and his crowd.

It now seems an appropriate step for some one in Washington or in Tokyo to apologize to Mr. Acheson for not having given him advance information that flyers of the U. S. Air Force, U. S. Navy and U. S. Marines at a given hour on a given day were going to descend upon the hallowed ground of North Korea in the vicinity of the Yalu River. He was not told they would drop bombs upon an objective highly important to the continuing activities of a dangerous enemy—the Communist setup in the entire world.

After that it seems appropriate for everybody who wants to see the Korean mess cleaned up and the Communists taught an unforgettable lesson to congratulate whoever it was who planned and all who executed the maneuver. It is also in order to congratulate them for having kept Mr. Acheson in the dark, for having refrained from telling Mr. Eden and, most of all, from having kept Mr. Nehru of India entirely in the dark on these plans.

It is pertinent to ask whether, if Messrs. Acheson, Eden and Nehru had been informed, they could have kept the secret. In light of the leakage of important secrets to Russia from important English government offices and in light of the belief that there are private wires out of our own Department of State to Moscow it is highly important that military decisions be kept as top secrets. Even the big men use telephones and cables and confer with secretaries. The likelihood is that leaks of information easily can occur because important leaks have occurred heretofore.

As to the protests of Aneurin Bevan about the destruction of the power plants we can dismiss them with a question as to when, if ever, Mr. Bevan and his colleagues have given any evidence of condemnation for North Korea and China for their aggression against South Korea! The same thing can be said for Prime Minister Nehru of India who has refrained very carefully from ever saying anything critical of or sensitive to the ears of China and other Reds. But he always is ready to condemn acts by the United Nations —meaning thereby of course the United States—if the Red countries have done some preliminary yelping and thus urged India to follow the baying hounds.

Mr. Nehru has uttered his regrets about the bombing which came at a time when, he says, there were chances for achievement of peace thru an armistice Mr. Nehru convenitnely forgets that efforts have been under way for a year. Nobody can say that at any time within those long twelve months there has been any sincere desire on the part of the Reds to achieve peace, nor that peace ever has been near at hand.

Retort can be offered that peace is just as near at hand, or nearer at hand, because of the weakening of the Red's economic power by the destruction of its big power system, altho it should be noted that no official confirmation of destruction has yet been made by any one either in the United States, in the councils of the United Nations or in Korea.

Whether there was complete destruction or not, it is interesting to note the composition of the crowd of mourners which has gathered around the corpse: Bevan and Nehru, among all the Reds.

More Part-Time Farmers

It is at this season of the year, as well as throughout early Spring, that the thoughts of many city folks turn especially to rural pleasures and the nursing of the ambition to own a farm, to live thereon part-time in the midst of cool herbage and to enjoy the informality of country life.

The desire for such change in living is not predicated upon hard and heavy work on the land. The laborious tillage of crops and even the harvesting thereof is to be left to some neighbor who is anchored by tradition and other factors to the soil. The idea evolved is that of the gentleman farmer who readily acknowledges his lack of knowledge and want of desire and strength that are necessary to successful handling of land and its products.

This virtually nationwide urge among city workers is not a new thing. For more than half a century the National Association of Real Estate Boards has made annual surveys which reveal the extent to which city workers have been able to satisfy their part-time farm ambitions.

The annual survey for 1951 shows that volume of sales of part-time farms was higher than ever in fully three-fourths of the communities which made report. Since these 251 communities represent all the urban areas and all geographic regions their reports should be a fair cross-index of conditions throughout the country.

Prices of part time farms are higher than those of 1950 in three of every five (59 per cent) communities whose real estate boards reported in the survey. Only 3 per cent listed lower prices.

The national price picture for full-time farms is similar, with more than 60 per cent of the communities reporting higher prices than a year ago, while only 4 per cent showed lower prices.

After the Korean outbreak, many investors bought farms as a hedge against inflation. Since the campaign has become stalemated, this demand has subsided to a degree.

Present farmers are holding on to their property, and crop and stock yields are favorable. Consequently, many communities reported plenty of prospective full-time farm purchasers, but only a limited supply of farms to sell.

Yearning for a few acres away from the bustle of the city appeared to be most pronounced in the South Atlantic states (Del., Md., Va., W. Va., N. C., S. C., Ga. and Fla.) and the Pacific states (Calif., Ore. and Wash.), where half of the reports listed sales of part-time farms as greater than a year ago.

For full-time farms, volume of sales was proportionately higher in the East South Central states (Ky., Tenn., Ala. and Miss.) than in any other section of the country.

Lower price tags were seen most frequently in New England (Me., N. H., Vt., Mass., R. I. and Conn.) for both part-time and full-time farms.

One Second's Carelessness



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 27—Suppose in the last few days you were sitting in the high command in Peiping or Moscow and you got a dispatch saying that American planes had made one of the biggest air raids of the Korean War and had put the electric power stations of North Korea out of commission. Your first concern would be whether this meant the truce talks had ended and whether the United Nations was going to apply its military force to get a decision instead of prolonging the palaver.

But uncertainty as to what the UN meant didn't last long. The House of Commons debate conveniently told the enemy all that it wanted to know. If anyone had crossed into the Communist military lines from the British battalions fighting in Korea and given the enemy information not to worry about these attacks, for they were not after all a unified allied decision, he would have been guilty of treason. But under the present custom of free parliamentary debate, classified military information is revealed regularly. It is considered a routine piece of business to use the method of an opposition member's query in the House of Commons to find out from the British government just what is going on in a military way.

This is hardly the way to help an interallied command function effectively in the field, but it turns out that the Secretary of State of the United States, Dean Acheson, finds it necessary also to appear before a closed session of the House of Commons in London and apologize because the American military command didn't telegraph ahead of time its intentions about the raid to all the various governments concerned.

One suspects that if a piece of important military information like that had been given to other governments on the diplomatic side in advance, it might have leaked to the enemy in time to permit a rival air force to come out to thwart the attack. Maybe that's the purpose of the controversy raised by the "Left Wing" in Britain—to make sure that next time all military information about the intentions of the UN commanders in Korea is advertised as widely as possible before they take action in the field.

Consultation Essential

A certain amount of consultation between allies as to broad policies is essential to the partnership which has developed among the 12 nations furnishing troops to fight in Korea. But Secretary Acheson apologized because a specific maneuver was not told to the British in London before hand. This seems incomprehensible in view of the disclosure that the labor government, when it was in power in Britain, had reached an understanding with the United States government as to the three contingencies in which there would be air bombardment of the electric power stations.

These, according to a British foreign office spokesman, were either a strong Communist attack on UN forces, a breakdown of the armistice talks, or a breach of the armistice after its conclusion.

The present situation was certainly a breakdown of the armistice talks, especially since, in the intervening months while the talks were going on, the enemy has built up its air force for a possible strike. This was, broadly speaking, enough consultation on the diplomatic side.

This understanding as to contingencies which could arise to permit bombing of the Yalu River power stations — which were specifically covered in the advance agreement—is all that was really necessary, and it is certainly inexplicable that the American Secretary of State should have allowed the inference to be drawn that conversations on military details will be available in the future to the British government and presumably to its spokesmen in answering questions of opposition members in the House of Commons.

White House Denial

The hint from Emanuel Shinwell, defense minister in the former Labor government, that Britain was instrumental in bringing about the dismissal of Gen. MacArthur—who, when in command, favored bombing these same power stations a year and a half ago—has resulted in a White House denial. But it is nevertheless a fact that the British were making frequent representations protesting against Gen. MacArthur's military strategy.

Former Prime Minister Attlee told the House of Commons, too, that he thought the big air raid a mistake, as it might lessen the chances of an armistice in Korea and lead to a "general conflagration" in the Far East.

The answer of many members of Congress is that, if Britain wants to determine or dictate military strategy in Korea, she should send troops in numbers equal to those of the United States. For if the Communist build-up continues and UN forces are slaughtered in a sudden attack, the casualties will be nine-tenths from the American battalions.

The latest episode suggests that perhaps Socialist members of the House of Commons may some day, if America is called to the defense of Britain and perhaps of the European continent, ask that Gen. Ridgway first tell his military plans each day to the opposition party in the House of Commons.

(Copyright, 1952)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Let's take a trip to the moon.

Vacation season is coming on and you may as well go to an entirely different place.

After all, the same old mountains, the same old seashore, get a little monotonous year after year — so why not try the Moon?

Frankly, you'll have to get your own travel information.

I don't know whether you go by space ship, by rocket plane, by bow and arrow or just how you get there.

Neither do I know much about accommodations. All I do know is that they can't cost much more than Miami Beach.

But I am sure your travel agent can tell you all about a moon excursion — that is when they are ready.

It may be still a little while.

But I CAN tell you what it's going to be like on the moon.

Apparently H. H. Nininger, director of the American Meteorite Museum in Winslow, Ariz., has been there.

At any rate he writes all about it in Sky and Telescope, "a leading journal on astronomy."

Mr. Nininger says that there is a tunnel on the moon. It has glassy walls and is several miles long.

The tunnel was made, not by moonmen, but by a meteor or shooting star, he suggests.

The meteor, travelling at 20- to 30 - miles - a - second, came sweeping low across the moon's surface and bored clear through a mountainous ridge, several thousand feet high.

Nininger does not say whether they have a scenic railway—like the one that goes up Mt. Tamalpais out in California — up to the moon mountain, or whether you have to climb it yourself.

You might ask your travel agent about that, and also about what kind of clothes to wear. It would be very embarrassing to be invited to a Moonbeam Dance on the terrace of the Hotel Luna and not be dressed properly.

Those craters ought to be very interesting to explore. The glaze on the glassy walls in the corridor connecting the craters came from thick moon dust or rubble that was melted and cooled by the passage of the meteor.

I haven't the slightest idea what that means, but Mr. Mininger says so in "the leading journal on astronomy."

The tunnel lies on the western part of the moon, in Mare Fecunditatis, which in English means the "Fruitful Sea."

In this sea there are two craters, the Messier and the W. H. Pickering. I don't know why they are named that way or who the two gentlemen were or are.

I knew a Mr. Pickering once, who was publisher of the old San Francisco Bulletin. But I doubt that he is the one.

By the way, the moon is apparently covered with a thick blanket of light, cindery material, moon dust or lunite.

In this respect the moon certainly has nothing on the dust which thickly covers most of our own cities.

All in all, the moon seems to be full of interesting sights.

You really ought to go there as soon as possible.

But in the meantime, we might get still more enjoyment out of it by using it, as it has been used for thousands of years, for something that rhymes with it—SPOON.

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 123

In the first verse of this Psalm the writer speaks as an individual in behalf of his people, represented by the plural pronoun, our, in v. 3. He has been lifting up his eyes unto God, Who is enthroned in the heavens, acknowledging the dependence of his nation upon Him, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters for the supply of all their needs, as also the eyes of a maiden look unto the hand of her mistress. The word 'hand' in this passage reminds us of the expression Ezra in 7:28 uses, referring to God's care of him: 'I was strengthened as the hand of the Lord my God was upon me.' See also Nehemiah 2:8 and 18 for the same phrase. The Samaritans in the days of Nehemiah were doing their best to hinder the building of the walls of Jerusalem upon the return of the Jews to their land after the Babylonian captivity. This might indicate the occasion for the writing of this Psalm, for there is a clear reference to the idea of contempt and scorn which the enemies of Israel were showing for Israel's efforts to rebuild Jerusalem. God is therefore called upon to help them.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IN DA LETA KERRICH:

Wos in do welt ies shanner, os wie won lodge breeder ganunk denka fon ma Porras glead, fer gae sei kerrich ei nemma. Un sei is grawd wos tzwae Pleasant Korner lodges—die Golden Eagles, un Odd Fellow boova 'm onnerra Sundawg gaduh hen mit 'm Porra Wilmer Mantz fon East Greenville.

Der Porra Mantz kairt tzu da tzwae lodges in Pleasant Korner un hut wind kot os fon seina breeder — un woh aw ihra weiver un kinner mit ganumma hen, kaimta fer 'n p'sucha. Eb er 'n bardichie breddich garish'd hut kotta kenna m'r net sawga. ow'r 's worra aenich waig bout 'n hunnerd gonga sei breddich hoerra.

Sie hen die trip gamocht mit mashina, un glawb net os ferleicht aenich ebbes rous kumma wear fom gonsa waisa, wons net gawest wear fer der Germansviller shtorekipper George Herber, un sei boo Clarence un dochter Lillian. Aina waig odder da onner is der George aryads fon da shpoor kumma, un sie sin noch ra gons letza kerrich kumma.

Der George un der Clarence un die Lillian hen 's airsht ow'r net gawist os sie in ra letza kerrich sin. 'S wor 's airsht ken Porra darta — un uf kours aw ken bakonta g'sichter, ebbes os sie net fershtae hen kenna. 'S ainsich'd os sie denka hen kenna wor, os sie awenich fer tzeit weara, un hen ols gadenk'd die onnerra lodge breeder kaimta bol bei, un uf kours noh aw der Porra Mantz. Ow'r 's sin ken bankonta leit kumma, un aw ken Porra Mantz. Wos noch mainer wor, wie der Porra nei kumma is, wors 'n gons fremmer mon, un der George hut abissel loud gapishbert, "M'r sin holes die grank in ra letza kerrich."

Die Lillian woh dahame immer im shtore shoft is so abissel ferkicker'd — mus locha waseich aenich ebbes, un os sie net grawd loud nous galocht hut wor alles. Ow'r sie worra gonga fer der Porra Mantz hoerra breddicha — un letzie kerrich odder net, sie hen 'n aw k'hoert. Der George hut widder gapishbert, "doh gaina m'r fert," un sel is aw grawd wos sie gaduh hen. sie sin sochda nous so shnell os sie gakent hen, un noch dem os sie abissel rum g'frok'd hen kotta woh der Porra Wilmer Mantz breddicha dade, hen sie die kerrich g'funna, un worra grawd in tzeit fer die breddich hoerra.

Onnerra os sie sehna hen nei kumma, hen uf kours gadenk'd sie weara aintwedders abissel shpote dahame fert, odder hetta sich ferlora uf 'm nunner waig, un weara fersel shpote. Ow'r sel wor ol letz, sie worra yusht fer 'n weil in ra letza kerrich, un hen now imma waig mainer g'sehna fon East Greenville wie die onnerra. Sie hen 's inside g'sehna fon tzwae kerrich, un die onnerra yusht die kerrich woh der Porra Mantz breddich'd. Die barichda sin, die Lillian mist ols noch locha dawaiga alla mohl os ebber ebbes sawga dade fon ihra trip noch East Greenville.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Aryads im heits Morning Call, un Chronicle danovet, is 'n ad woh die folla barichda gebt fon da Pumpernickle train un boat exkursion der Hudson nuf, Sundawgs da 3d Augusht.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Gene Fowler, reminiscing at Toots Shor's chop house on the days when he was sports editor of the old New York Telegram (the joy ride ended when the owner came home from a vacation trip to Europe) recalls that he had so many prize fighters on the payroll that every time he rang a bell on his desk to summon a copy boy, the whole staff automatically began shadow-boxing.

"One thing I never permitted," maintains Gene. "Nobody ever padded an expense account. Besides, we all knew there was no money in the till. And we had a strictly - observed code of manners, too. Nobody ever hit a lady with his hat on." Gene once called up the city editor to report his discovery of a murder. "What's become of the body?" asked the excited editor. "Nothing," said Gene. "I'm sitting on it."

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from the pages of The Morning Call of June 28, 1927, a Tuesday.

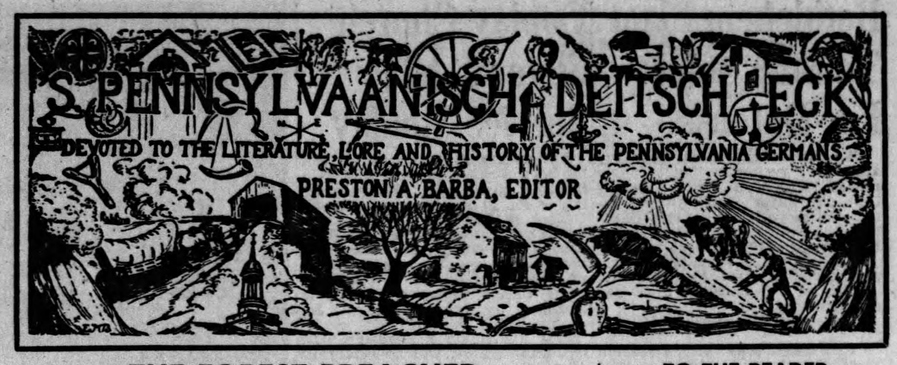
The campaign for support of Red Cross Mississippi Flood Relief Fund met with great success, Mrs. Samuel Butz, chairman, announced.

George Bohlinger was re-elected president of Allentown Aerie 110, FOE.

The Allentown Band gave a two-hour concert at the Allen Fire Company park. Mrs. Lewis Uhl was in charge of refreshment sales.

Horoscope

New interests can be developed at this time. A full measure of good fortune is indicated for your next year. Born today a child should be highly successful in life.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER

(Translated from the German)

Chapter I

MY visit to the sick Mr. Laible was my last official duty; then I hastened to Weisenbergs. They were prepared for the journey. "There is nothing left for us but to flee," the father cried. "The duke has taken everything from me, but I will save my daughter."

"Have you money for the journey?"

"We do not have much, but we have enough to see us through. Reverend sir, may God punish me, if I tell a falsehood. When Mr. Weiser went to American twenty year; ago with many Palatines and Swabians, my brother-in-law, Christian Merkle desired to go too. The duke deprived him of all his property; my wife's sister was unwilling to accompany him. To give up one's home is hard. Then a princess of the country was married, and new taxes were levied. But, as my brother-in-law possessed nothing else, the tax-gatherers took his pig."

"Now I go," declared my sister-in-law.

"I feel as if my heart would break. Here we were born, here lived my ancestors, who were respectable farmers. Their names are written in the old church records. There under the linden tree the noble duke Christopher often rested when he rode to Tuebingen. In our family loyalty to princes was the ruling passion, for it is related that my great grandfather showed to the fugitive Duke Ulrich the way to the Black Forest Mountains. The tombstones of my fathers stand beside the church, there my wife is buried, beside her I longed to sleep my last sleep and now—now—."

"Sir, do not curse the duke."

"I curse not, but may God have pity upon my beautiful Fatherland!"

His bosom heaved with emotion, he clenched his hands and cried:

"Expelled, driven out of my country."

"Do not curse."

The daughter embraced her father.

"I thank you," she said to me as the tears moistened her cheeks. I wanted to utter a farewell blessing but the words stuck in my throat. I could only clasp their hands in silence. After I had brushed the tears from my eyes, I still saw a crushed man leaning heavily on his staff as he tottered through the village street, a frail girlish form clinging to him, slowly disappearing in the darkness of the night. I listened, still thinking I heard footsteps, and the sound of snobbing—now all is still! A partridge whistled. A tempest was rising. O dear home, how rich are your valleys, how fertile your fields, how magnificent your forests, how glorious your mountains, how fearless and faithful your citizens. Why have we such a prince?

Why did I not flee with them? I do not know. The next night I hastened through the Schoenbuch and the Boeblinger Wald to the Black Forest. A fearful storm was raging. In my home my mother embraced me once again.

"You want to go to America? There the Indians will kill you," she cried.

"Mother perhaps they are more compassionate than our sovereign, who is unworthy before God and man."

"Do not curse your prince."

"I have a prince no longer, no home, I am an exile."

"But you have a mother, my son, Oh, my heart is breaking." We embraced each other for the last time.

* * *

As I am writing this, my tears blot the paper. Let it be so. The most sacred feelings can not be committed to paper, they must remain hidden in my heart.

The snowstorm ceased. In summer it may be pleasant to live here. Righ behind my log hut is a valley through which the Schoharie flows to join the Mohawk. On the other side is a sawmill. I am not quite alone. All around me is the forest. Far in the distance one catches a glimpse of a blue mountain range called the Catskills. Toward the south one sees the region through which the Susquehanna flows. On its banks it is said many Germans are living. The smell of rosin from the fir trees is just like that in the Black Forest, and reminds me of my home across the sea.

Chapter II

I have now been here for four years. I have not yet met any human beings except old Ursula. Still it is said that a numerous German population lives in the surrounding village and forests. I only hope that the people do not resemble the climate which prevails here. A heavy rain fell early this morning. Now the sky is quite clear, and it is bitter cold. The field and the forest are covered with a glistening sheet of ice. Toward the west, the rays of the setting sun cause the ice to glow in indescribable splendor. This brightness dazzles the eyes that the line of demarcation between the sun and earth vanishes. As a fiery chariot inflaming everything in its course over the earth, and now soaring with ease over the forests and the hills in the distance mirrors itself in its production, so glistens and undulates the interminable ocean of fire.

Listen, I hear footsteps on the path to my cabin door. A man stands in the open doorway.

"My name is Hans Gerlach, and you are the preacher who has lately arrived? No, no, I do not wish to sit down; but this evening an important meeting of the farmers will be held in Mr. Weiser's barn. With your permission I will conduct you thither. There you will meet at one time all the Germans in the community." In the evening I went down the valley with him to Mr. Weiser's barn.

"There will be a lively meeting," remarked Mr. Gerlach as we walked along. "The delegation which we sent to London to present our complaints to the king have returned and will make their report. I am told that the answer they bring is unfavorable, in fact a heavier burden for the colony."

"What is the purport of their complaint?" "You will learn everything tonight, pastor; you will hear all our affairs up to the present time. If I do not misjudge old Mr. Weiser, he will cause a great uproar. He is an upright man, has a warm heart for the settlers, and has done much for them, but he is entirely too dogmatic for me. Here we are. Don't be shocked at the rude appearance of the people. Life in the forest makes the hands callous, but in spite of that the people are kind-hearted."

"Do you expect to introduce me to the assembly tonight?"

"I had better not do that tonight. The people are at present too much excited. The proper time will come. A man does much harm, by presenting suitable subjects at an inopportune time."

A long building built of logs was ahead of us. Here the men entered. They were seated close together on long planks, many were leaning against the walls. Most of them smoked in homemade pipes tobacco that almost took my breath away. A stove stood in the midst, which served less to warm the building than the fire of the pipes and torches with which the room was lit. A loud murmur of voices greeted me as I entered.

"Look at the people closely, because you must live and labor among them."

Several hundred men in course clothing, many with bear and deer skins about the shoulders, faces and hands black with pitch and smoke, arms and hands hardened by toil, strong and sturdy bodies were assembled here; the whole scene was picturesque but strange. Are these my countrymen, I asked myself, or am I in a strange country among a strange race? When we entered the proceedings had already begun. In front on an elevated place, several men sat, at a table, the leaders of the people, the governors of the assembly.

"We have had our greatest hardships. As we have had a just cause for complaint, we retain possession of our land. No one, not even the governor can dislodge us, therefore I say, let us hold on to our acquisitions. As for the rest our industry and Heaven's blessing will provide." Thus it echoed through the building. A general stamping of the feet arose, a sign of assembly's approval. A man of short stature spoke, the president, it seemed to me, of the assembly.

"Why shall we wander forth again?" he continued. "Injustice has certainly befallen us, but each day has its trouble, every country its want; in Pennsylvania too affairs may not pass off as smoothly as we imagine."

"Good, Kreiskorn," several exclaimed as the speaker took his seat. A short pause followed. Each one started to talk to his neighbor in a loud tone, when immediately as if at a command the conversation ceased. All eyes were turned upon the man who appeared upon the platform. The men even laid their pipes by their sides, as if they were listening to a solemn church service.

"Neighbors and fellow citizens, no cross, no crown, no labor, no blessing, in this I agree with the previous speaker but I tell you I boil with indignation at the oppressions which have been thrust upon us. Without freedom and justice there is no life. Patience, a charming virtue, can also become a great crime."

The room became quite still. On every countenance was seen the tense expression with which they followed the speaker's words. A tall, well-built man, about 60 years of age, stood before them. His keen grey eyes glanced from beneath a finely arched brow. His whole appearance and bearing bespoke assurance and self-confidence. He was not an eloquent speaker to whom the men listened so attentively, but he was a man of deeds. He was John Conrad Weiser, the spirited leader of the Germans in the state of New York.

"Remain if you wish, but permit me and my flock to remove to a land of freedom. For 25 years, since the beginning of the settlement I was with you. This is the last time that I will stand before you. Let me speak. Palatines and Swabians are we. When our princes became French——."

"Thirty Years War," a voice broke in. "The school teacher Heim, for my sake, wishes me not to forget the "Thirty Years' War." During this war, and the invasions of the French incendiaries our old home was destroyed and many citizens were reduced to beggary. We would have retrieved our losses if our princes had continued to be German, but the foreign princes had no love for German ways and justice. My ancestors were magistrates of Germany in Wurtemburg. I filled this office myself for several years, but the pressure of my superiors became unbearable. The mistresses of the princes consumed large sums of money which had to be forced from the poor farmers. Besides, in 1709 there was an extremely cold winter. It was so cold that birds froze to death in their flight, our vineyards and grain fields were ruined, and our rulers had no mercy.

"For these reasons we left our fatherland. We, of the Palatines and Swabians, journeyed down the Rhine to Holland and thence to England. More than 10,000 camped in London. Driven out by German princes we were cared for by Queen Anne of England and the brave English duke Marlborough. All of us were honest people, who did not shun any work. Then we had to subsist on charity, and be gaped at by all the folks and buffons of London. About that time there came to London from America three chiefs of the Mohawk Indians. This turned the daily conservation away from us. The papers were filled with descriptions of the "Three Kings from America." Men spoke with admiration of these Majesties."

Loud laughter interrupted the painful silence.

"The three Indians also came to our camp. Never will I forget when I first beheld their copper-colored, repulsive faces, their wild, warlike trappings with tomahawks and battleaxes. When they heard that we left our homes because we had no lands nor fields nor gardens, they broke into a boisterous laugh, and promised us as many pastures and fields at Schoharie as we could cultivate. Is what I say true?"

"Yes, yes." Apparently the recollection of these Indians was still fresh in the minds of most of them.

"Next the English government sent back to Germany all of those who were of the Catholic faith. What distress there was among the poor people! Another portion were sent to Ireland, who were to constitute a counterpoise to the Catholic inhabitants there. Another portion came to Virginia and the southern colonies, we, the remainder, to the number of 3500 were sent to New York.

"We were packed, so to speak, into ten ships, just like cattle or goods are sent. On the ship 'Lyon,' in which I sailed, there died on the voyage from ship fever and privation 470 persons and 250 died at the conclusion of the journey when we reached New York. Altogether there died, as I informed the English king, 1700 men. Besides, we were poor, we could request nothing, we had to allow things to take their course.

"To the Schoharie we wanted to go to clear the forests and till the soil, but the governor of the colony decided otherwise. We were not allowed to become free colonists. At every step we were guarded like prisoners of state. They encroached upon our independence and responsibility. Take these away from men and you make slaves of them.

"Governor Hunter, our superior, had no comprehension of our necessities. He sent us up the Hudson river where he had granted lands to the most wicked man in America, Robert Livingstone, a friend of the pirate Capt. Kidd. On these lands we were to prepare tar pitch and turpentine for the English government. In winter we arrived there only half clothed. Livingstone was to supply us with provisions. He cheated us in weight and measure. He forced damaged food upon us so that our children became sick. He overcharged us. Of what use were complaints? He was rich, we were poor; he was an Englishman, we were Germans. For such people there is no justice here.

"Countrymen and friends, we did our duty toward the English government. We felled trees. We labored for them in the production of tar. We wished to repay as well as we could what Queen Anne had done for us. We endured hunger and sickness, we saw our brethren die before our eyes; along the Hudson River their bodies lie buried. Ah! more than this. The governor took my boys from me, their father, and he pledged them as bondsmen for many years. My son Conrad was delivered to the Indians. He lived there with the savages in holes and caves. They dragged, him, almost naked, through the forests in the midst of winter. He was often in peril of his life while the Indians were intoxicated by the whiskey with which Governor Hunter and his friends supplied them.

"Your sons and daughters were sold like mine. How many returned again to the home of their parents? I can bear every burden, but at the last day in the presence of the Judge of the quick and the dead, I will remember that Governor Hunter took my children away from me."

The men paid the strictest attention to Mr. Weiser's discourse. In the twinkling of an eye they lived over again the years of want and privation. As the speaker uttered the last words there arose such a scene as I considered impossible among mankind.

The long repressed grief in the hearts of these farmers burst forth with elementary force. Many jumped upon the benches, clenched their fists, and uttered maledictions; others speechless, shook with emotion, many covered their faces with their hands and sobbed with pain and anger; again others bit their lips, their eyes gleamed strangely like a tiger's when it defends its young. I sat as if turned to stone. More than once I pressed my hand to my heart. I felt as if my blood was curdling in my veins. The outburst of their long repressed feelings continued to rage. At last it seemed to have expended itself, but only for a moment when it broke forth again with renewed energy. It was a long time before Mr. Weiser could obtain a hearing. He continued mingling with his speech a mild form of irony: "They desired us to mingle with the Indian tribes and thus as a mongrel race to form a bulwark against the pressure of the French from Canada. Such a low opinion has England of the German people."

To Be Continued

TO THE READER

Students of Pennsylvania German backgrounds have taken a keen interest in the destiny of that earlier stream of Palatine emigration (1709, 1710) via Rotterdam and London to the valleys of the Mohawk and the Schoharie in the colonial province of New York, from where the Weisers, the Rieths and other now widely spread families journeyed down the Susquehanna and settled in the Tulpehocken region of Pennsylvania.

For the general reader history is little more than a record of the dead past which only once more pulsates when animated by the genius of the literary artist. Thus **Quo Vadis, The Last Days of Pompei** and **Ivanhoe** have been for many a reader avenues that lead into a living past.

We are happy to present in today's ECK the first installment of an engaging narrative: **The Forest Preacher on the Schoharie. An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century** by Frederick Meyer. It appeared many years ago in the weekly journal, **Schwaebisches Wochenblatt** of New York and was later translated into English by Prof. E. A. Jacoby. This translation ran serially in The Penn Germania from January through December, 1912. Unfortunately we have never seen the original German version and know nothing of the author. It is evident that the author has made extensive historical studies in preparation for his task. The reader may find the first chapter rather nebulous. Like the ancient Roman writers the author starts "in medias res", in the midst of things, and its full significance becomes apparent only after reading the following chapters. This narrative will continue through a number of weeks and we therefore would advise the reader to clip the installments for future rereading.—ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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PERCY B. RUHE, EDITOR

Editorials

Climax for GOP This Week

For many weeks public interest has been growing in the Republican national convention and the climax of this interest will be attained at the sessions of that body which begins in Chicago on Monday.

Without any doubt it is highly important that the GOP choose outstanding candidates to head its ticket at the election in November, first because the party will have little chance for a victory without highly capable and attractive leadership and second because, in the event of victory, the nation's welfare will so largely depend upon the character and ability of those candidates.

The delegates to the national convention can be expected to choose capable leaders for it has been admitted during recent years that the Republican ranks have an unusually large number of men who appear to be of presidential timber. Of course it takes a national campaign to reveal the shortcomings of men. It will be surprising to learn during the next few months what rascals both parties have named to oppose each other — if we will believe the slanders that almost certainly will be circulated many of them in whispers and with the sly intimation that very exclusive "inside stuff" is being revealed.

Three days before the gavel falls in Chicago and the national chairman pronounces the convention open and ready for business it is virtually impossible for any one to predict the course that the convention will take in its most important business — choice of a candidate for the Presidency.

If you wish, you can believe with the managers of Senator Taft's campaign that enough delegates have been pledged to him to assure his election on the first ballot. They say it will be all over but the shouting before the Eisenhower minions have had chance to catch their breath.

If you believe, with the Eisenhower followers, that Mr. Taft cannot be elected, if nominated, and that many delegates nominally at least for Senator Taft also so believe, then the convention may go far beyond the first ballot for which, of course, both sides have been striving since the beginning.

Certain it is that the Taft forces have control of the convention machinery. Certain it is that the Eisenhower forces have a lot of the pep and drive that can make a national convention highly colorful and thrilling.

The Taft machine appears to be a strong one of pachydermatous model that can drive on like a Mack truck. The Eisenhower machine, on the eve of the convention, appears to be one that will have to be "souped up" powerfully if it is to retard the Taft machine on early ballots and gain distance upon it as the voting goes on.

It promises to be an interesting convention. Deep and long experience in politics will be pitted against new enthusiasms of groups largely inexperienced in the ways by which parties are operated during 365 days of the year and in all echelons, from the tiny election precinct with a few votes and a single committeeman or pair — woman and man —, a political appointee or two in the local court house, or state capitol or in Washington, all along thru county, state and national organizations.

And if you think that national conventions are distant and free from the influence of party politics in large and small political sub-divisions, watch the progress of the two conventions this month and get a lesson in the American political system.

Respect for Sabbath

Whether motorists be regular, or irregular, attendants at church services or whether they never darken the doors of one of God's temples there must be very few if any who are not aware of the fact that upon Sunday—tomorrow, for example — services will be in progress in houses of worship especially during the forenoon hours and during the early evening.

It is merely an exhibition of ordinary decency for motorists to indicate such knowledge and likewise provide respect by seemly behavior in the vicinity of churches, especially during the known hours of worship.

It is most unlikely that any person in passing a church would clang a great bell or cause some other unpleasant sound. Yet there must be thousands of motorists who sound raucous horns in the vicinity of churches every Sunday while congregations are worshipping and they round the corners on which churches are generally located at such speed that tires scream at high pitch.

Motorists long since have learned to do the decent thing in the vicinity of hospitals—to observe quiet while driving on streets in their neighborhood. Signs set up to warn motorists that they are in the vicinity of hospitals have helped in this educational program.

In the same way, motorists should observe quiet while driving in the vicinity of churches on Sunday and especially during hours of worship. It is an easy and a simple thing to do. To do it will be at least one expression of knowledge that this day in the week is different from the others and that it should be treated with respect and with all possible good behavior.

'Like Coney Island'

Never probably in the history of our city have our public parks and their facilities been so severely tested as they were yesterday, the Fourth of July. It was a day so warm and uncomfortable that everybody who could get out to sylvan shade and the cool waters of pleasant rivers did so and spent as much of the day there as possible.

"Like Coney Island" was the description given by many people to vast stretches of the banks of rivers flowing thru our park system. Every picnic place was crowded and thousands of spots were improvised for such purpose.

It was a satisfactory day for our people. If it was possible to attain any degree of comfort anywhere under yesterday's weather conditions our people attained them at the public parks and beaches and in the pleasant waters of our rivers and pools.

Just The Preliminaries



Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The pressure on Gov. Stevenson has been heavy. But it is fair to suppose that he would not be yielding to it had not the Eisenhower-Taft contest shown how deeply divided is the Republican party.

It is not much of a secret, I think, that Gov. Stevenson, like many another Democrat, has felt that his party had been in power long enough and that it was time to bring the other party in: That it would be good for the Democrats to refresh themselves in opposition and very desirable that the Republicans should learn, what they have almost forgotten, the responsibilities of power. Against Eisenhower, who is demonstrably the popular choice in those sections of the country where the Republicans are a party, and not merely a machine, the Democrats had no animus. They had rather an affectionate admiration which went with a strong disposition to retire as gracefully as possible for one term, and to return to the fight four years later.

Permitted Victory

Mr. Taft's famous victory in the Senatorial election in Ohio was if not achieved, at least mightily assisted, because the Democratic party leaders decided to let him win. There was nothing farfetched, in saying during this winter and spring there was a very considerable feeling among leading Democrats that it would be a good thing for everyone if the Republicans came in behind Eisenhower. It would not have been the first time in the history of politics that party leaders have preferred to go out of office for a while. Gov. Stevenson, who has education of a public man, is gone the whole course in the known to have held this view.

But all of this depends on the Republican party's recognizing, indeed welcoming, the verdict of those primaries which have truly tested popular feeling. It depended on a rally by the Republicans behind Eisenhower as the Republican who had by all odds the best prospect of uniting the country around the Republican party. But the national Republican organization would not have it that way. Their leaders have felt, quite passionately, that a victory of this kind, even if it happens, would be only in name Republican — that it would be in fact a kind of bi-partisan version of the Roosevelt-Truman regime.

What they mean by Republican is — as respects what they would do in the future — not clear. But I think it would be correct to say that they regard the Roosevelt - Truman Democratic party as having carried out—as in fact they have — a revolutionary change in American domestic and foreign affairs. The Republicans of Taft's persuasion intend to carry out, if they can, a counter-revolution. As total Republicans they have no use for the "me-tooers," that is to say, for the Republicans who think that no one can now undo and reverse the main consequences of the great depression and of the two world wars, and are determined instead to reform, to liberalize, to decentralize, and to bring under constitutional control the great and irreversible changes.

The Republican faction which supports Sen. Taft is dominated by men with a deep conviction and the country's last chance, to arrest and to reverse a movement which is altering radically the American government and the American way of life. They are playing for high stakes — for all or nothing, for a total victory by the total Republicans, or a sixth successive defeat which would almost certainly mean an internal convulsion within the Republican party.

So they have drawn the factional issues so sharply within the party that the nomination is not worth nearly so much today as it looked like its being worth three months ago. The kind of fight that Eisenhower has had imposed upon him was deliberately designed to demonstrate that he lacks experience and skill in factional political fighting.

Demos' Thought

How much, and how irreparably it has damaged his chance of being elected, assuming he is nominated, cannot be proved. But what is certain is that all the Democrats now think that the Republican nomination is a piece of badly damaged goods, and that they are no longer disposed to accept, even quietly to welcome a Republican turn in power.

While Gov. Stevenson's statement giving consent does not guarantee his nomination, he is the first choice of the strongest elements of the Democratic party. The Republicans at Chicago now know that almost certainly he is the man they will have to beat. He should be on almost every count a most formidable opponent.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of my very best friends is a ten-year-old boy who does not live very far from us.

His mother is divorced, so he has no father to go to with his questions.

He loves his mother dearly but he does not consider her quite his equal. After all, she is only a woman — and you know how a woman, any woman, looks to a ten-year-old boy.

But a ten-year-old boy HAS to have another MAN with whom to discuss weighty problems, so he has adopted me as a sort of foster father.

Unfortunately, however, this youngster can ask very many more questions than I know how to answer.

On the other hand, I have learned more from him and his endless queries than from a whole library of books.

Last Sunday he came from Sunday School and apparently did some pondering over something he had learned there.

He brought his troubles to me.

"Mister," he said to me (he always calls me just Mister), "Just how do you picture Heaven?

"Our Sunday School teacher told us today that there is only ONE true religion — ours — and I have been wondering.

"Are there different Heavens for the Catholics and the Protestants and the Jews?

"And, in the Protestant Heaven, do they have separate sections for the Methodists and the Baptists and the Lutherans and the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians?

"And where do they put all the billions of people who have died and gone to Heaven during all these years?"

I stopped him right there and then.

I told him that you are not supposed to know anything about Heaven until you get there.

I told him that Heaven is going to be a surprise, just like Christmas and birthday presents are a surprise.

Then I showed him something the famous German poet Heinrich Heine wrote way back in 1826. This is the way it went:

"In Heaven roast geese fly around with gravy boats in their bills; cakes grow wild like sunflowers; everywhere there are brooks of bouillon and champagne; everywhere trees on which napkins flutter and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to your stomach."

That is one man's idea about Heaven, I told him.

Another idea — that of a minister — who wrote me from Dayton, Ohio, is this:

"One nice thing about Heaven is that we will all have so much time. There is no need for hurry, no need for automobiles. We can just hop on a camel or horse and see and appreciate all of God's wonderful creation.

"We will all go visiting one another, and do you realize how long it will take to visit all the relatives and friends who have gone before us? By the time we get back to see our first neighbor, it will probably be a million years."

Then I told him what Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, told one of his ministers when he complained that there were too many religions in the country.

"I don't are how MANY religions there are, "the wise king is supposed to have replied, "as long as there IS religion.

"Let every man go to Heaven after his own fashion."

My little friend got on his bicycle and pedaled home.

I don't know whether or not he was satisified.

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 130

This Psalm is often referred to by its first two Latin words, 'De profundis' (out of the depths). It is frequently used as a part of a funeral service, and is also included among the so-called penitential Psalms. The Psalmist confesses his sins and those of his people, even as Nehemiah, to whom we have made frequent reference in our study of the preceding Psalms, prayed in similar vein (Neh. 1:4-11). There is in the first six verses a firm trust in God's mercy, and in His willingness to forgive. This forgiveness is granted, not because of any merit on man's part, but altogether because of His grace and lovingkindness. In fact, the question asked by the Psalmist, as to who should stand in the judgment if the Lord should 'mark iniquities', is a very serious one. It is because of the confidence that the Psalmist has in his God that he does not fear, but with patience and joyful expectation waits for the Lord, hoping in His Word, even as the watchman is looking for the dawn of a new day, v. 6. Herein lies the hope of Israel as a nation, vs. 7-8

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

APPEARANCE

A missing button from his coat
He would be very quick to note.
A garment needing such repair
He was too proud a man to wear.

His ties were always neatly tied.
A shirt worn through he put aside,
And even though the pair was new
He wouldn't wear a squeaky shoe.

Yet, loud of voice and rude he stayed.
Ill-temper often he displayed.
He dressed himself with care, but he
Still kept his faults, for all to see.

Appearance is what money buys.
He gave his thoughts to coats and ties
And bought the finest on the shelf,
But stayed untidy with himself.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OM BALLA GAME: 'M Midwoch owet wohrhoft worra m'r gonga 'n balla game sehna. Shun fer wocha long hen m'r 'm manager Don Dix seinra fraw da Edna May woh doh om Call shoft, fershprocha, fer mohl kumma 'n game sehna on Breadon Field, ow'r alla mohl os die Blutefink dahame g'shpielt hen, hen m'r onner eisa im fire kotta un net gae kenna. Ow'r da onner owet hen m'r 's gamocht, un wos 'n game—wohrhoft 's wor 's beshd game os m'r des yohr noch g'sehna hen.

Die Blutefink hen die Langashter Rosa g'shpielt un im awfong huts net tzu gute gaguck'd fer die hame fuhr. Aenich balla game is gawainlich gute, so long os die hame fuhr gawin'd. Ebhes os m'r ow'r net fershtae hen kenna wor, ferwos net may leit darta worra fers game sehna. Wohrhoft 's hut blitza bloe gaguck'd iwwer die sitza nous—un won sie rote awg'shtricha weara, hets fire, blute rote gaguck'd. Ich hob wohrhoft der musick shtoremon Fred Kramer gadauert. Er un sei fraw hen gonsalaenich unna drous in da drit feddershda roy sitza k'huck'd uns wor niemond rum fer blauderra. On dale bletz hen sie uf kours tzimlich dick bei nonner k'huck'd, ow'r wor naryads g'fohr os sie nonner uf da fees rum gadribb'ld sin.

'S wor 'n nine round game, odder ferleicht sotta m'r aw sawga "innings," ebbes os m'r nee net fershtae kenna woh die in nings nei kumma, won alla round sei "outs" hut. Aenicha waig, 's hut hesslich ous g'sehna in da airshda drei rounds fer die Blutefink—die Langashter boova hen die balla im gonsa kounty rum gabritch'd. Ow'r in da fierta round hut die hame fuhr frisher mood g'foss'd, uns sin siva fon da boova um sel drei eckich feld rum g'shprunga, un alla mohl huts ains may gatzailt fer die hame fuhr. Hob wohrhoft gaglawbt selar mit da kee bell dade der gnibble ous weara ebs game feriwwer wear. Noh shpaiter nous hen hame boova nocha mohl tzwae may nous gabritch'd os gatzailt hen, die Langashter boova hen ains may grick'd, uns game is tzu ma end kumma finf minuta noch da tzaea, da uhr noh uf da fens, mit ma schore fon 9-5.

So glae os die krowd wor—un noh shwetza m'r da lara sitza noh, worra sare wenich bakonta tzu sehna. 'N shtick driwwa hut 'm Hennie Geiger sei Blanch k'huck'd, un woh ols gayohl'd hut os sie fire rote im g'sicht wor won selar kerl in da dunkla glaider grawd hinnich 'm britcher un fonger, socha net ous garufa hut wie sie gamaint hut os er sot. Ow'r 's hut aw noch blenty onnerra kotta os net ei g'shtim'd hen mit 'm won sie gamaint hen er dade net gons bei da wohrhate bleiva dawaig wie er die shmiss ous garufa hut. Ich wase net wos der Lloyd Grammas in da hinnerra, nava ben gadenk'd hut—ferleicht wor er aw selar woh ols so arrick gayohl'd hut.

Sis g'shpassich omma balla game wie shnell os die menschheit sich annerra kon. Fer 'm game hucka sie so ruich rum wie won sie ken drei tzaila kenta, ow'r die minute os es game awfong'd—oy duh welt wos werra sie net so grossmeilich. Sellie kerl mit da dunkla suita un koppa hinnershd feddereshd uf da kep, missa gute maenicha, gadreia menscha sei, odder sie hetta 's grebshd dale os kumma 's game sehna, langshd hame gayawk'd eb die ledshd round feriwwer is. Ow'r ich glawb 'sis allas in g'shpass, un die boova in da dunkla glaider fergessa allas so shnell wie ae selar hinnich 'm fonger sei glainer basem so shnell weck g'shteck'd woh er gayus'd fer die hame blot ob kaira. Wohrhoft ich wase alla weil noch net woh er 'n onna dut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

So wohr os glaina grumbierra aw auga hen, sotta may lait kumma die balla games ei nemma uf Breadon Field os wies duhna. 'S sin heit un morya widder games darta—guta games sawga sie uns, un woh ol sich wunnerbore gute blessierra kenna—Breadon Field is so'n shae balla feld os m'r aenich aryads hoffa kon tzu sehna.

25 Years Ago

Taken From the Pages of The Morning Call of July 6, 1927, a Wednesday.

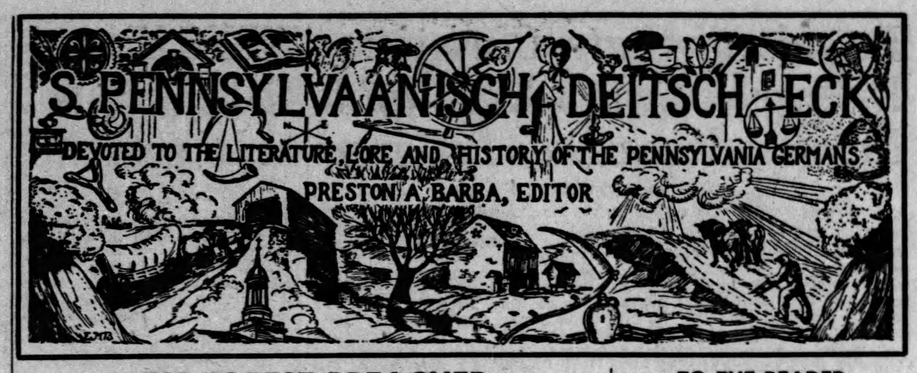
Close to 50 residents and property owners on Club Avenue, dividing line between Allentown and Bethlehem, petitioned City Council to pave the street from Hanover Avenue to the overhead crossing of the L. and NE Railroad. Holes and general condition of the street was the cause of the petition.

Atty. Reuben J. Butz was appointed solicitor of the Board of Eudcation in Allentown at a regular meeting presided over by President David A. Miller. Clerks and janitors for the various buildings also were named.

William F. Transue was reelected for his third term as president of the North Catasauqua School Board at a re-organization meeting. Bids were submitted and the contract awarded for supplying 60 or more tons of coal at $12 a ton.

Horoscope

Patience can be your best vehicle for accomplishment at this time. Your next year should bring you some success. Look for traits of self-confidence and enterprise in the child born today.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

Continued

John Conrad Weiser Addresses The Assembled Settlers

It was a long time before Mr. Weiser could obtain a hearing. He continued mingling with his speech a mild form of irony. "They desired us to mingle with the Indian tribes and thus as a mongrel race to form a bulwark against the pressure of the French from Canada. Such a low opinion has England of the German people."

"Although we fought under the English flag against the French at the Hudson, although the blood of our brethren was spilled in their service, still Governor Hunter showed us the door when we presented our petition. Yes, he sent his soldiers to compel us to work. Then we resolved to flee. We bought from the Indians in England these lands along the Schoharie. We wished to become free and independent farmers. For that reason we moved here. In the midst of winter we toiled through the snow which was three feet deep. The forest trails had been carefully covered by the Indians whom Livingstone had incited to do this. Then it fortunately occurred that my Conrad who had lived among them and knew their ways became our guide. So we, trembling from hunger and cold, pressed forward through the forest and the deep snow, and at last tired to death we descended the valley of the Schoharie. How poor we were! All our possessions we carried on our backs. We were not allowed to take anything with us or else Governor Hunter would have charged us with theft, and would have brought us back by force of arms. During the first week, four children were born. The Indians took pity upon the mothers and presented them with skins to protect them from the cold. We lived on grass and roots. What God intended as a punishment to mankind became a blessing to us. How often did we pray, 'May we be in Thy hands, O God, but let us not fall into the hands of men.'

"At last spring came. We had no farm implements, no cattle, no horses. Here, where the Indians had earlier had a camp, was a clearing. Around us was the primeval forest. Our good neighbor Lambert Sternberg bought in Schenectady, twenty miles from here, the first bushel of seed wheat and carried it on his back the entire distance. We had no plow. We cultivated the soil with sickles, then we sowed the seed and it grew. Each stalk bore a weilfilled head. When we harvested the wheat in autumn we obtained 38 bushels. Since then God blessed our fields and our labors so that last year we sold 25,000 bushels."

"Then be satisfied," a voice replied.

"Sh, do not interrupt, listen to Weiser," was heard from several directions.

"The Governor and our rich Dutch neighbors would not leave us in peace. As soon as Governor Hunter noticed that we were prospering, he sold our land to seven Hollanders, the so-called 'seven partners.' This was a piece of knavery, a violation of Colonial law, an illegal seizure of our possessions. What availed our protests? Governor Hunter sent the sheriff from Albany with soldiers. An insurrection arose. We defended our homes. Men and women opposed the soldiers in the field. The sheriff with his men received German blows which will not soon be forgotten. But we could not leave the colony because we were spied upon. When at last a year later my son Conrad with several men went to Albany to buy salt for the settlers, they were overpowered, beaten and cast into prison.

"In order to end this insecurity, you sent a deputation to London to the King. Although we started this matter secretly, the 'seven partners' still heard of it. We were captured by the pirate, Captain Kidd, the friend of Livingstone. For three months we were chained to the mast of his ship. Our friend, Wolrot, succumbed to these injuries. William Schiff and I at last reached London without money. Because we had to borrow money in this city I was cast into a debtor's prison. If two German pastors, the honored pastors Boehm and Robert, had not immediately taken pity on us, we would be in prison today. We owe it to pastor and teacher that we are still German. O, would that Germany had princes, as noble and philanthropic as her ministers and teachers, America would become a German colony.

"In London the king received me, but Governor Hunter had been there before I was, and therefore the king would not believe my report. The English king has no justice for us Germans. If we remain here, we must continue to fight. I am tired of quarreling. There is justice and freedom for Germans in Pennsylvania. Thither the stream of immigration from Germany has been flowing for several years. Our struggles have been heard of in our native land. I will make one journey more, then die."

His voice trembled, his whole frame shook. He became silent.

The presidin officer, Kreiskorn, then spoke: "We have worked and suffered, let us retain our possessions. No one can deprive us of our hard-earned property. We are stronger than Hunter, yes even than the government."

"But I want to be free," interrupted Weiser, "from the yoke of the driver before I die. I will go to a land where one law rules the high and the low, over the Englishman and the German, where no one has the power to come into my family and take my children from me. On the same ship with me there was a man from Echterdingen with a beautiful daughter scarcely 17 years of age. He fled, because the duke was trying to entrap his daughter. The old man died on the journey, and in New York, they sold the girl. No, I go. Not with a light heart do I go from here. Here I have spent my best years. On this hill of Schoharie several of my children lie buried. It is hard to transplant an old tree. Do not detain me. I have done my duty here. In some far away country I will think of the brave Germans at the Mohawk and the Schoharie." He spoke slowly. There were tears in his voice.

The men crowdel forward. Many hands were stretched toward him, others tried to speak. The teacher, Heim, himself clapped his hands and cried with a loud voice, but all order had ceased.

Hans Gerlach had taken me by the arm, and led me into Father Weiser's house. 'Ah, you are the minister from Echterdingen. God bless you. I have heard good reports about you." These words from the lips of this man who had endured blows in prison pleased me more than if they had been uttered by a church bishop."

"You ask about Katherine Weisenberg? She has been sold to Albany for a period of seven years. My son Conrad will for the time being remain here. Here, Karl Herkimer, I introduce you to the minister. He is a good man, honor him."

The old man was quite exhausted. Visitors pressed forward, so that I did not continue the conversation. It was past midnight when I ascended the hill. I was excited. Men upon whose contenances were written industry and faithfulness must leave this place. Why? Because there is not enough land? No, because in this primitive forest men were living who, through greed, became inhuman. The Germans at the Schoharies, the poor girl sold into slavery—may God protect them!

CHAPTER III

Spring was coming. Fearful storms preceded it. A tornado passed over the hills and forests into the valley of the Schoharie and raged with fearful violence. My log hut shook as if it would be torn asunder. Trees, a century old, went crashing down in the forest. Bears and wolves crept close to my house.

How comfortable it is to sit in my room and listen to the storm. How the wind howled! It sounds like a battlecry, like the sighing of a despairing heart, like an accompaniment by the elements to the ponderous steps of the farmers' assembly.

The rain poured in torrents on the roof, roaring louder than the thunder. The rain fell the whole night long. At last it ceased like a wrestler pausing for breath. I step out to look down into the valley. Here I stand in the midst of the clouds, the lightning flashes about me, electric sparks pass from the earth to the heavy clouds.

The warm spring breezes play about my face. Snow and ice have disapeared. The little Schoharie floods the valley and has become a raging torrent.

"Urschel, come out, look at the dam and the sawmill." The stream has swept both away. How the waters rage and roar through the forest.

"What have you, Urschel?"

With a pail she had caught two large fish in the Schoharie.

"Fish, such large fish in this stream?"

"Yes, in spring when the fish are moving they go astray to us."

Oh, my restlessness, whence is it? I can not remain in the house, can not preach, can not attend to my other duties. Restlessness has seized me. The sweet odors of spring arising from the earth drive me into the forest. I hastened through the settlement. The farmers are turning over the fresh furrows, and are compelling the hidden force of nature to yield them sustenance. The seed is sprouting, and the wheat fields are fanned by the gentle breezes. In the sring sunshine the log houses even lose their grey weatherbeaten color. The people stand still in the fields and gape at the strange character who was hurrying toward the forest.

Primeval forest! Scarecely a thousand steps have I taken from the last hedge with which a German settler protected his field from the wild animals, and yet it seemed as if a thousand years lay between us. There fields and gardens, here all the terrors of the wilderness. No path leads through the forest gloom. With the ax I hew a path through bushes and thickets. I come to an opening in the forest. The storm had uprooted the old trees, the sun's rays reach the earth. Before I am aware of it I stand in the midst of a wonderfully beautiful stretch of wild flowers. Shall I pluck a handfull? For whom? For the aged Urschel? Ha, I sank deep into the ground. I stepped upon the decayed stump of a giant oak, and I extricated myself with difficulty.

Slowly I make my way. It is not possible to keep a straight course. I might be a thousand miles away from the nearest human beings as well as a thousand feet. Above me on the hill it is growing lighter. A lake lies between two ridges. Who made the bottom of the lake impervious to water? How high might this lake be above the Schoharie? The bushes part and a herd of deer rush by me, closely pursued by a pack of dogs. The hunter can not be far away. I hold my breath, but no human form appears. There lies a doe whose hind legs are missing. Now I comprehend. It is the struggle of the wilderness that I behold. Hungry wolves lurked at the watering places of the deer. Forest peace, forest warfare! The animals are not afraid of man. The doe eyed me in amazement, as if she had never seen a friendly creature. Meanwhile squirrels are playing fearlessly about me.

Forest calm, forest solitude, how kind you are! Man's struggles cease. What before seemed serious here becomes insignificant. Here I would wish to live, here I would wish my grave to be with a heap of stones upon it. It would be a monument undisturbed, unmolested after a thousand years!

"Buscho!"

I am frightened, that was a human voice.

A man in careless attitude was standing by a tree. One glance at his copper colored face showed that he was an Indian. His body was almost naked. His smooth shaven head on which no hair grew except the well-known and chivalrous scalp lock graced with an eagle feather that reached to his shoulder. His vigorous actions showed that a young man stood before me.

"What does the white medicine man seek in the forest?" He glanced restlessly hither and thither, as he spoke like a hunter watching for game.

"How does the noble Mohawk know me?"

"You were in Weiser's barn."

"Yes, still I did not see the great prince there."

"Indian's eyes never sleep. See everything. Can find the ashes of his fathers."

He was silent. To induce him to talk I said, "I wish to see the forest and its inhabitants."

"Paleface is wise, knows much. More than Indian. But palefaces are stupid."

"Why does the great prince insult my countrymen?"

"Indian insults nobody. Only speaks the truth. Your people came across the great brook toward the East, because no fields and pastures there — here much land. Indian gives land, sells land. Your people do not like Indian. Your young men will not marry our squaws, your squaws will not marry brave Indian. Therefore much strife. The great father (King of England) across the water wants your squaws for red man my squaws for white man—create a strong folk — then the French at Champlain bury the hatchet. But Germans no want squaw. French marry Indian squaw. Smoke pipe of peace. Therefore the great father becomes angry and frowns."

Am I dealing with a prophet or with a historian? The elder Weiser has therefore judged the situation correctly.

"Weiser wanted to stay here. But the great father (King of England) was angry. Therefore he went away."

"He will reconsider it."

"Reconsider, no! Is gone, I his guide." I cast a questioning glance at him, and he continued:

"Three hundred pale faces, men and squaws, horses, cattle and wagons left. Much crying — twelve horses roamed in the forest, did not find them — on the fifth day they pitched a tent at the Susquehanna, built canoes, then go to Tulpehocken Creek — there wilderness like this — must start new again. Stupid people, marry Indian squaws, then get much land. Then great father (King of England) have friendly face."

"And when did the Weisers leave?"

"Snow in the face (the elder Weiser) has gone; Fire in the face (the blond, the younger Weiser) remains. I their guide. I left them ten sunrises ago. My father, the great chief wanted to give Fire in the Face (Conrad Weiser) a squaw — would not, took white squaw—now must work. Medicine man told him not to be stupid. Squaw married."

CHAPTER IV

He ceased talking, and I could not get another word from him. In this hour my respect for my countrymen increased greatly. Where is a race which in our day had to endure heavier burdens to maintain their German nationality of America?

I wandered for hours with my than the farmers in the wilderness Indian guide. Easily he found paths everywhere, my axe was useless. He did not reply to my question, how it was possible to find one's way in the wilderness. All at once he stopped, gave a grunt of astonishment and pointed with his finger to the ground. The marks of horses' hoofs could be distinctly seen.

"Weiser's horse."

"Possibly he belongs to some one else," I interrupted.

"Weiser's old white horse," the Indian replied, "he is lame in his forefront, blind in his left eye, and has lost one front tooth."

"These hoofprints could easily have been made by another horse."

"Medicine man has poor eyes," he said. "Look here. The one hoofprint is deeper than the other because the horse is lame, and spares his lame foot. He is blind in the left eye, and therefore only eats grass on the right side. He can not see grass on the other side. The animal has lost a front tooth, because wherever he has eaten, a tuft of grass remains standing. It is Weiser's old white horse."

It must be evening; I am footsore, the forest grew darker. Immediately we came to a small mountain lake. "Spinnensee" said the Mohawk, and uttering a gentle "Ugh" that was answered at once, he disappeared between the wigwams and huts which constituted the Indian village.

A hand touched my shoulder. A man motioned to me. I followed him and sat myself upon a seat of grass before his wigwam. A woman, his squaw, places a piece of bear meat before me. I am hungry and the greasy, repulsive woman's appearance does not diminish my appetite. This Indian seems more friendly and talkative than the one who had been my forest guide today. In answer to my question he says it is not difficult to find one's way through the pathless forest. On the north side of the tree the bark is thicker and rougher than on the other sides. Besides, the tree tops lean toward the south. Out of gratitude to my host I related the manner of life the wood cutters and pitchmakers led in the Black Forest. Then I recount the student's duels. To my surprise he begins to talk French more perfectly than I ever heard before. Suddenly he rises and speaks German. "I, too, speak German. I studied medicine and poetry in Leipsic:

"Menschliches Wesen
Was ist's gewesen?
In einer Stunde
Geht es zu Grunde.
Sobald die Luefte des Todes drein wehen."

He holds his breath. He breast heaves. Then he hurries toward the forest. Here I had an example of the French of which the Mohawk Indian spoke: "The Frenchman marries squaw and smokes the pipe."

I lie awake on the seat of grass for a long time. Yes, the German wants to own his house, his home. He wishes to raise a family and would not be satisfied between the four walls of a house in the arms of these repulsive women.

To Be Continued

TO THE READER

In the beginning of the 18th century political and religious opression and economic ruin made life in the Palatinate intolerable for many thousands. In 1708 the Lutheran pastor, Joshua von Kochertal, together with a number of families (61 persons), had left the Palatinate without the permission of the Prince and journeyed to London where Kochertal applied for transportation to the American colonies. The London Board of Trade decided to send them to the colony of New York, where they were to be usefully employed. Encouraged by the experiences of this little group, a veritable migrating epidemic now seized thousands of suffering Palatines who migrated down the Rhine and across the Channel to England. In October, 1709, 13,000 Palatines were reported to be camping in London. The care of so many foreigners in the London of that day became a real problem, but under the patronage of Queen Anne they received kindly and generous treatment. Some were finally shipped to the Carolinas, some to Ireland, some were employes in the Newfoundland fisheries and in other English industries and more than 3.00 were shipped to the colony of New York. It is these latter, among whom was the Weiser family, and their frontier life, that are depicted in the historical tale, The Forest Preacher On The Schoharie, now running serially in the ECK. To those who desire an historical account of this Palatine emigration to New York we recommend the account in A. B. Faust's The German Element in the United States (Ch. IV, Vol I) and better still, Walter A. Knittle's exhaustive Early Eighteenth Century Palatine Emigration, Dorrance & Co., Phila., 1937.—ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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Editorials

Here Comes Ike

True to many predictions, wide expectations and much ardent hope General Dwight D. Eisenhower yesterday was nominated by the Republican Party as its candidate for President. Surprising even for the delegates in the convention and their leaders was choice upon the very first ballot, followed by unanimous election.

Thus after five days of meetings often marked by expression of deep bitterness the Republican Party, which seeks restoration to national power after twenty years of wandering in the wilderness, has chosen the man who, the Republicans believe can lead them to victory in November.

The triumph of General Eisenhower, so complete and so dramatic, marks a triumph of newer elements in the Republican Party over the old-line, faithful organization. That issue was very clearly drawn in the convention where the forces supporting Senator Robert A. Taft were largely those who, year in and year out, in victory and in defeat, carry on the party's work and finance and sustain its organization. The forces back of General Eisenhower clearly were relatively newcomers in politics, plus the victory-seeking Republican Governors of the big States and their supporters, plus of course the great, overwhelming tide of popular opinion which surged upon the convention in Chicago from every nook and corner in the United States and created a conviction of ability to win with Ike.

Very clearly a first ballot victory was not expected either by the Eisenhower leaders or by the leaders for the other five candidates, much as the former hoped for it. Had this been so, there would have been almost immediate shift of votes for the winning candidate. Instead, it was only the Minnesota delegation, which had been committed in part to ex-Governor Harold Stassen, that immediately changed its vote to a solid block for Eisenhower. For a time, and until the move for unanimous election was adopted, fully two hundred delegates remained faithful to their earlier commitments to Senator Taft, Governor Warren and General MacArthur.

But the cool heads and the wise counsel of party leaders quickly prevailed. Fundamentally, every delegate to the National Convention was and is a Republican. Fundamentally, every one as an American believes in the majority rule. When it became evident that General Eisenhower had attained the necessary majority through the tilting of Minnesota's vote from Stassen to Eisenhower, it was time to make the election unanimous.

Then, in an uninhibited and much approved act, General Eisenhower hurried to call upon Senator Taft. The two men, whose supporters had fought a bitter fight for five days in the convention, publicly joined hands. Senator Taft repeated his pledge of loyalty to General Eisenhower and the party which Taft has symbolized so completely during the years that he has earned the title "Mr. Republican." In turn, General Eisenhower paid his tribute to Senator Taft as "a very great American" and predicted further leadership in his party and further usefulness to his country.

It remains to be demonstrated whether the rancors of a bitter political convention and the disappointments after more than a decade of careful political organization toward the end of insuring a nomination can be and have been healed through the magnificent gesture of General Eisenhower to his worthy but defeated foeman, Senator Taft, and their public expression of reciprocal loyalty and admiration. But the gesture has been made and Americans, who can admire a good loser as well as admire a winner, will hope that good sportsmanship will rise above all other emotions.

Thus the climax in a sensational pre-national convention campaign has been attained. One of the major parties has selected its standard-bearers for the elections in November.

The battle lines will be more sharply drawn after the Democratic Party has made known its choice. The American people, who have just enjoyed a week of participation in a great convention, await with interest the arrival in Chicago of the Democrats in their quest for the party's best possible candidates to carry on the work of Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman.

Farmers Find a Mart

After months of doubtings and fears as to their ability to continue in business, the men and women who, for years, have conducted a farmers' market in the vicinity of 7th and Allen Sts., are established in a new home at 7th and Tilghman Sts.

Struggling against changes in the times, this group locally has maintained traditions of the Pennsylvania Dutch country which are especially strong in such cities as Lancaster, York and Lebanon.

It has been a hard fight. The farmers seemed likely to lose out for a time but their will to survive has triumphed. They are going to stay in business very close to the "old stand." They will continue to provide the opportunity to those women of the community who still like the idea of visiting a market, basket in arm, and pottering amid the stalls while selecting foods for the family table.

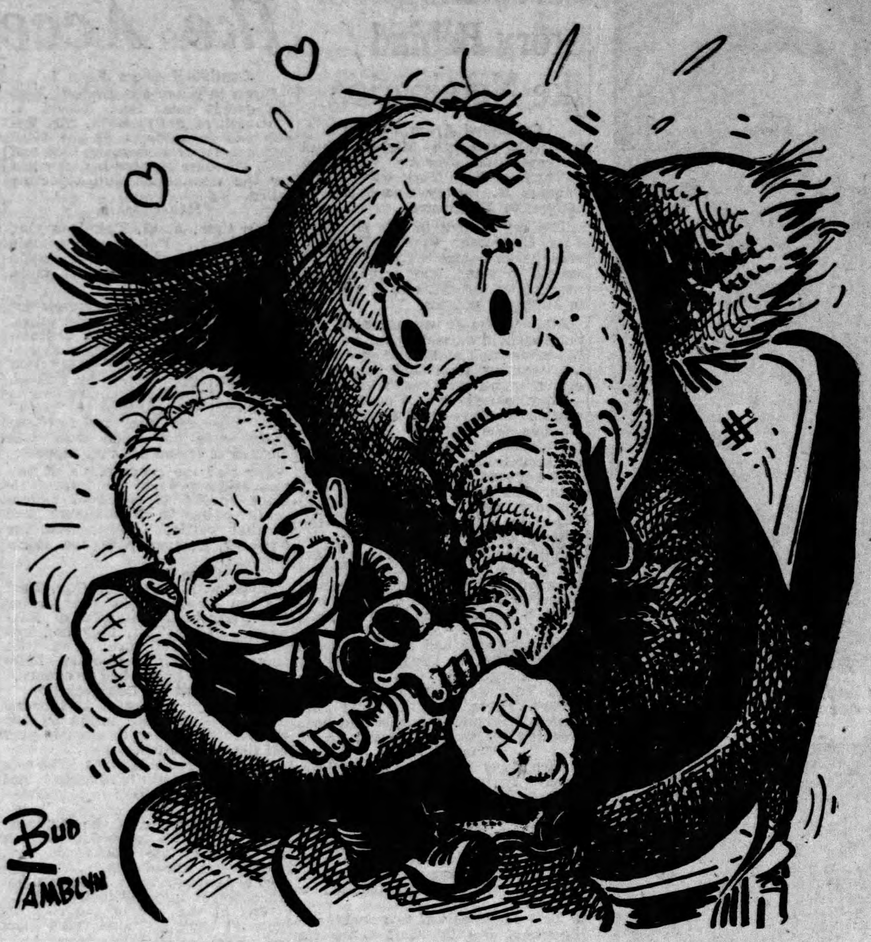
Britons Like Pomp

Just as it is popular in this country when demagogues shout against and seek to humiliate those in high places, so a lot of the Laborite members of the House of Parliament thought it would appeal to the populace if they threatened to cut the income of Queen Elizabeth and curtail her domestic establishment. When it came to making the real decision the Laborites thought better of it. They did not brave the wrath of the British people who love the pomp and circumstance that have surrounded their monarchs for centuries.

There was no doubt that economy is desirable but the British taste for pageantry overcame economy and simplicity when Parliament by overwhelming vote, 344 to 25, decided to make no cut in the queen's household expense account of about $1,330,000 per year.

Thus a threat, made in fact during the debate on the appropriation, that Buckingham Palace would be turned into an apartment house, will not have to be carried out. The Queen and her family will not have to move to some small home. The British want her to stay in the huge palace, maintain the huge staff of servants, equipages, horses and all the other trappings of royalty and provide the brilliant exhibitions that almost every appearance of a British monarch upon state occasions can be counted upon to be.

Yessir, That's My Baby



Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Reading the returns, there is, I would say, no mistake how thin is the margin, how precarious and tentative as yet is the victory that the Eisenhower forces have won in Chicago. They have pried open the door, which the Old Guard would have nailed shut for keeps, through which the Republicans of the modern age can come in to rejuvenate the party. But the door is not wide open. The rejuvenation and reinforcement of this minority party is still only a possibility and a prospect.

If the victory in the convention is not consolidated in the campaign and confirmed by a victory in November, it is most probable that the control of the party will fall right back into the hands of the Old Guard. Then so embittered that a man of Sen. Taft's fundamentally humane and liberal instincts, would no longer be able to lead them.

Stakes Enormous

The stakes are enormous, and if the Eisenhower campaign is to be effective, the first beginning is to examine coolly what kind of victory has been won in Chicago, and how it came to be won. This is a matter of judgment, of course, and no one will wish to form a firm conclusion until the experienced correspondents and observers, who have been in Chicago, have had time to catch their breath and sum up their findings. What I have got to say, writing while Eisenhower is in fact just being nominated, is a first personal impression.

As such, I would suggest, that a cool examination will probably show that Eisenhower has been the rallying point, not the leader or the evangelist, of powerful forces long operating within the Republican Party. He has not, of course, been drafted by the convention. Had he been, he would have been nominated by acclamation. But it is correct, and I think illuminating and important, to say that he was drafted to become a candidate around whom those who opposed the Old Guard could form a coalition.

Explains Paradox

I think this is true, and if it is, what makes it important is that it explains the paradox of the Eisenhower campaign since his return from Europe. The paradox is that he won the nomination though, in what we may call for short the Abilene phase, he so very nearly destroyed himself.

Gen. Eisenhower went to Abilene with a great illusion, compounded of his own inexperience, his isolation in a military headquarters, and some bad advice. The illusion was that by virtue of his great popularity, of the affection and trust which he inspires, he possesses a kind of personal magic, and that therefore if he could come forward as a revivalist and crusader, the crowds would follow. The Abilene-Detroit period of his personal campaigning marked the collapse of that dangerous illusion, of the illusion that could be fatal in a man who, though he learns very quickly, has very much to learn, and talks very readily.

Fortunately for the country and for him, the serious Eisenhower movement took charge after the Abilene-Detroit period and sat upon the frivolous idea that he or any other man could ad lib himself into the White House. The serious Eisenhower movement is not something new in this campaign. It was not conjured up out of nothing by Gov. Dewey. He has only served it well. This movement is the lineal descendant of an unbroken line of that wing of the party which was dominant until 1912. It is the wing of the party which has been modern, progressive, and conscious of America's emergence in the 20th Century as a world power. It is plain silliness to talk of these Republicans as New Dealers. They stem not from Franklin but from Theodore Roosevelt, and ever since 1912 they have been engaged in a struggle to recover the party leadership from which they were ousted by a ruthless and corrupt seizure of power.

Since 1940 they have always been, when it came to the test, the strongest faction in the party. In each convention they have been able to nominate their man. But because their man could not win the election, they have never been able to achieve genuine control of the party. For this reason, except for the few months of the campaign every four years, the record and the reputation of the party have been made by the Old Guard. Indeed the capture of the nomination by Willkie and Dewey never brought with it effective control of the party's central machinery, of its public purposes between elections, and of its actions in Congress.

As Yet Superficial

Gen. Eisenhower's victory is as yet as superficial as that of his predecessors. Once again the nomination has been wrested from the Old Guard. Beyond that there is only a magnificent chance not to miss once again a splendid but elusive opportunity. The opportunity will be lost, I believe, unless immediately, persistently and powerfully and convincingly, Gen. Eisenhower uses his victory to put the Eisenhower leaders in full control of the campaign. Otherwise, despite all the excitement in Chicago, the Old Guard will sit out this defeat as they have so many others—and almost surely the election, which in the best of circumstances will be difficult to win, will be lost.

It is, I believe, of surpassing importance in this momentous business that the Eisenhower headquarters become very clear about the relative role of propaganda and of political action. Only if the necessary actions are taken by the general can the propaganda, including his own speeches, be expected to work with the voters who must determine the election. These voters, who must be won over have, let it be remembered, been voting for Democratic presidents. They are by and large the post-war generation of younger men and women. They are allergic to phoniness, they are tough-minded, and suspicious of generalities, of breast-beating, of self-righteousness, and of the kind of gaseous oratory of which they have not only been hearing, but also been seeing, so much too much this week.

They will look first to see who is who and what did he do, who says this or that, before they allow themselves to be taken over or, as they will feel, taken in by what he has to say in the line of the great tired, shop-worn and cheapened abstraction.

(Copyright, 1952)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It has long been a moot question whether men or women are the vainer sex.

After seeing a very large real estate advertisement in last Sunday's newspaper, I think I have the answer.

Just as a matter of curiosity I called up the real estate firm's office and found that their advertising manager is a MAN.

The owners are also men and they approved the ad.

This is how it went.

On top there was the picture of a man and a woman. She held a giant letter in her hand, which he had apparently written to her.

He looked down at her lovingly — or was it just smug and self-satisfied? You couldn't really tell.

This is how the letter read—seven columns wide:

"To Joan — for making life complete

—for marrying me

— for helping me over the rough spots in life

— for the wonderful way uou've brought up your children

— for forgiving me my moods and peculiarities

— for being the family laundress, seamstress, cook and nurse in your uncomplaining way.

— for your thousand thoughtful and loving ways I rarely notice but couldn't live without

(etc. etc. The etceteras are mine)

— I give you all we've ever wanted and more — a home in Heavenly Heights." (the name is fictitious).

If that isn't the height of vanity!

She has washed, sewed, cooked and nursed him. She has brought up the children, forgiven him his moods and peculiarities, and shown him a thousand "loving ways."

He admits that he was boor enough "rarely to notice them" although he couldn't have lived without them.

So now, as a reward, he gives her a home.

This home, although modern, will just be another place in which to wash, to cook, to bring up the children — and to cater to his "moods and petulances" some more.

Again he will take all those things for granted. Again it will be an endless routine for her—although a haven of rest and peace and self-satisfaction for him.

Helen Rowland wrote a little paragraph the other day which I liked very much (because I recognized myself in it).

'Some husbands appear to take off their office affability with their office coats, and to bring home only their threadbare nerves and their frayed interests under their topcoats."

But the woman (including my wife) is supposed to be ever ready with a big smile, perfect affability, immaculate dress, htirdo and manicure to greet her so-called "tired business man" husband when he comes home all pooped out from a few telephone calls, a two-hour luncheon or, if he happens to be a union man, from a strike meeting or a conference in which it was decided to ask for more money.

I bet the woman in that ad would have much preferred it if her husband had hired a maid for her or taken her out to dinner a couple of times a week.

A HOME is a wonderful thing. But even the most wonderful HOUSE is not a home unless both husband and wife make it one.

Real estate people sell HOUSES which can be made into HOMES only by their inhabitants.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 12, 1927, a Tuesday

Aerie 110, FOE board of governors was organized with the election of Paul R. Weldman as president to succeed George Bohlin.

Members of the Allentown Quota Club held their first summer outing at Mrs. Charles Grube's bungalow, Summit Lawn. Miss Mildred Baker, president, presided at the meeting.

Horoscope

Apply yourself industriously to your tasks, and gains are prophesied for you. A sensitive and talented child is indicated for one born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT IHRA WINSCH GRICK'D:

Die alt sawg os alla menscha winscha kenta, ow'r net graichda wos sie winscha dada dafor, halt mohl shure net ous mits Willis Helfrichs' dochter Marylin. 'S Willisa wohna uf da Nord 16d shtross doh in da shtadt nagshd om Allentown Fair grund. Fer 'n ordlichie weil worra sie ow'r drowwa ons Clintie Geigers' nagshd on Neffs, ocht gewwa uf die hamet die weil os es Clinties' un dochter Ruby, shpotzierra gonga worra noch Kalifornis.

Now dahame in da shtadt gleich'd die Marylin nix besser tzu duh, wie niver noch 'm Fair Grund gae fergribbida kotza sucha. 'S mocht gawainlich nix ous wos letz sei mawg mit ra kotz, won die Marylin sie weil hut, kumt sie widder tzu gnawda. Noh won die kotza munder un g'sund sin, such'd sie fer 'n hamet dafor drous aryads uf ra bauerri, woh sie maint os kotza kaira dada.

Shun fer weil hut die Marylin ow'r ae kotz os ra bardich gute aw shtaid, un woh sie hossa dade fer weck gewwa. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hut die kotz mit nuf noch Neffs ganumma, un woh ihra vakation aw arrick gaglicha hut bis onnerer druvel ei garissa is — un selar druvel is nix mainer os wie drei fremma yunga ketzelcher os ebber ob galawda hut, un 'n drup fon ocht glaina biskotza os mohl ae owet bei gaduss'ld sin kumma.

Die Marylin hut shun fer 'n gutie lang gawinsch'd, won sie 'n glaenie biskotz finna kent — 'n glainas os sie uf tziega kent, un so tzawm werra dade wie ihra kotz. Yusht wie shun g'sawt, net alla winsch wert wohr, ow'r die Marylin hut 'n lot mainer grick'd os sie dafor gawinsch'd hut. Mohl ae haiser owet 'n woch odder so tzurick, hut der Willis un sei Minnie, un die Marylin drous im hofe k'huck'd, uns nagshd os wor, hut 'n mashine g'shtopt fer 'm hous, un der Willis woh gamaint hut 's wear ebber fer ihn sehna, is nous, froga wos sie wotta. Noh ferhoftich sei wie er in die shtross gaguck'd hut, won net 'n altie mommy biskotz darta wor mit ocht glaina hinna draw, all 'm noh airsht etlicha wocha alt.

Wie die biskotza ous da shtross worra is die mashine fert, un die gons biskotza familia is nei in der hofe kumma fers Willisa p'sucha. Sis leicht tzu denka os die Marylin bol fon sich kumma is, un hut mohl grawd paar fon da yunga fonga wolla. Wie sie ow'r g'sehna hut os sie aw shun gawist hen wie sich tzu shtella won ebber nagshd kumma is, hut sie die flucht ganumma, un die Helfrichs' familia hut die socha iwwer gablauder'd wie aw tzu gae fer die glaina shwarnaiter halta fon fert shpringa.

Menscha un fee is gleich in aim hee sich'd, sis nix os der mawga beata kon fer freeda halta — un menscha un fee awtzawma. Die Minnie is grawd gonga un hut 'n grossie shissel fom milich bruckla gamocht, un die glaina bisketzelcher hen awfonga fressa os mohl weil g'fohr wor sie maichda fershpringa. Die barichda sin, sie hetta gaguck'd wie uf gablosna glaina krutta, un hen sich fershlupt unnich blumma shteck un nidderra bame in hofe. Darta sin die barichda now weara die bisketzelcher, un die Marylin wear so fleisich on da arwet wie 'n gluck mit aim yunga drup ocht gewwa. Fermuthlich wert der Dr. Bob Oplinger fon Northampton mohl ains fon da dawga 'n chob griega os wenich nevla mawg, ow'r shpaiter nous fersichering mocht os niemond in g'fohr is, won fon da Marylin ihra biskotza rum sin. Sie hut gawinsch'd fer 'n bisketz'l, un hut ochta grick'd un drei onnerra won sel sel net ebbes is, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r

Ads aryads in heits Call fertzaila net yusht fon da Pumpernickle's trip der Hudson nuf da 3d Augusht, ow'r aw wos da novet aw gait im Egypt Memorial Park — 'n Liegners Fesht, Sample Fair un Band Koncert.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 137

This Psalm comes to us out of the period of 70 years which the Jews spent as captives in Babylon (607-537 B.C.). The heathen Babylonians had, no doubt, heard about the music and singing which were a part of the Temple services in Jerusalem. Now that these Jewish captives had arrived in their land, they asked them to give them a recital of this Temple singing as a demonstration of that which travelers had reported, v. 3. But how could these exiles sing joyous hymns and cheerful melodies with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts, as they remembered Zion, far away from home in a pagan land? The rivers of Babylon (the Euphrates, and one of its tributaries, the Chebar, Ezek. 1:1) and its many canals were a different kind of country from their own with its hills and mountains. Homesick they were, and therefore we see their musical instruments hanging on the willow trees (an interesting picture), mute and silent in a strange land. Their longing for Jerusalem causes them to call down an awful curse upon those who had dared to destroy their city, vs. 7-9.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

Continued

What a beautiful summer night in the primeval forest! The starry heavens above us, the thousands of brilliant fireflies around us light up the night. The Indian children amuse themselves by catching the fireflies and feeding them to the frogs. The frogs swallow them greedily. The fireflies are so numerous that the air seemed filled with floating stars.

I sat on the bank of the Mohawk river, and looked toward the falls. Then I heard a loud crackling, as if some one was breaking branches from a fir tree. It was a she-bear with her three cubs in search of honey. One can not see how these large, fat animals can climb a tree so quickly and safely. Cautiously they drew near the bee hive, a sharp blow, and it falls to the ground. The bears about whom the swarm of bees are buzzing furiously run toward the river, dive into the stream, and dripping with water, scarcely disturbed by the bees, they take possession of their booty.

I looked on for a long time. As I arose to go, the bear heard me, and spying the interloper, fled into the nearest bushes. In the neighborhood men must live with whom the wild animals have had bitter struggles. A short mile up the river and I am in the midst of the pitch and tar workers.

They are big, thick-boned fellows who can break a thick plank in two with their tarred fists. Their work is hard. They divide the big trees into four parts according to the points of the compass. As soon as the sap rises in the spring, they peel off the bark to the length of two feet on the northern quarter where the sun has the least power, to draw out the tar. In autumn they strip off its bark that fourth part of the tree toward the south. The next year they strip the other two sides. Afterwards the part saturated with turpantine is cut up into pieces and prepared in a kiln. One can smell the pitchmaker and his abode for miles. No wonder that the aged Weiser and his Germans had no love for this compulsory labor. Close by the coopers are working, putting pitch on the tar-barrels. A short distance away is the saw-mill and "Lumber Camp." The saw screams, and under the heavy blows of the axe the trees came crashing down.

These are rough men. They do not talk to each other, they simply yell. When they swear, their voices sound still louder through the forest. None of them is without scars. Gambling in the evening, beer and whiskey which the women in the camp brew in large kettles are the cause of this. Women, yes, they have women in the camps. God only knows where their cradles were rocked. Red-haired Irish women, black-eyed French women and Creoles from Louisiana, who ply their lives here, besides these there are also quite young women.

I ask a girl who had not yet reached the age of fourteen and who has an infant in her lap, "Where is the mother of this child?" She laughs knowingly. "This is my child. I am the wife of Big Bill."

A crowd of wild looking, dirty children press around me, while I show them the picture, "Joseph sold by his brethren." Scarcely have they started to listen to my story, when a rattling is heard near us like that of a grasshopper.

"Rattlesnake," they yell and start up. With sticks and stones they attack the four-foot reptile. The snake makes a spring for the brush. Big John follows and kills it. He springs back quickly as he discovers another rattlesnake nearby, coiled ready to spring upon him. Quickly he recovers from his fright. He turns and kills the second. We examine the poison fangs, and cut off the rattles. While the girls were admiring John's heroic deed, a quarrel arose. The other boys also laid claim to recognition for their assistance. Before I am aware of it, a great fight is in progress.

"Will you stop your fighting, you quarrelsome boys," Red Peter thunders at them as he separates them.

In the evening they gathered about me. "Are you a good pastor?" asked the raven haired Barbara.

"One can readily see that," her husband, Red Peter, replies. "Why do you ask such a stupid question?"

"Mr. Weiser is reported to have moved away," he turned to me and said, "One can surely buy enough land there at the Schoharie!"

"Why do they not stay here?"

"Preparing tar is no suitable work; one does not know for whom he works. The barrels are filled, then shipped down the Mohawk and Hudson to New York, and who knows where else."

"Doesn't the governor pay you?"

"Yes, but I want to acquire land, and send my children to school and raise them like Christians. Here is the devil's bread."

"Land costs money."

"I have a banking account at Albany."

Boisterous laughter greeted Red Peter's remarks.

"A banking account is better than land," cried the Frenchman, "land must be cultivated, but one can draw on a bank account and buy women and wine."

Their sarcastic remarks about the simple-minded German were continued a long time.

"Those are easy going Frenchmen; we Germans want our own land. Next year I will try to buy a farm."

"My God, how happy I will be with you and the children on our own land," answered joyfully his black Barbara.

This is the nature of the Germans. They want their own house, without which none of them is happy. On the other hand the Roman lives a merry life, like the bird in the air. There is nothing substantial in these people. I begin to be proud of my countrymen. A rough exterior, but a warm, unsullied heart.

CHAPTER V

Fruitful are the valleys in which the farmers live. Each grain of wheat sprouts, and each stalk is weighed down with a heavily laden head. The residents understand farming. They sow the seed in the very forest itself, and as far as the sun's rays strike the earth, the ripe wheat stands ready for the harvest.

Now the harvest begins. From early morning until evening the people are out in the fields. Busily the scythe is swung through the ripe wheat. Women and girls bind it into bundles and throw it on heaps. The July sun glows fiercely, and many a reaper flees to the neighboring shade trees to avoid sunstrokes. Finally the last wheat field is harvested. The grain is lying in large heaps ready for the threshers.

"Look at these grains. They are as large as beans," says Gerlach, holding a handful before his wife's face.

They have only a short time left for holidays. However they celebrate a harvest home. On this occasion the people gather from the farms and villages. Even the tarmakers and wood choppers do not fail to attend. They come from the forest with their wives and numerous children. The regular mounds of freshly baked wheat bread; hams and sausages are eaten. Besides the tricky whisky vendor and landlord contrary to instructions has smuggled whisky to the gathering place in his baskets.

A fir tree, made smooth, serves as a May-pole. On top are the prizes for the victors: Pistols, Jews-harps, knives and pocket-books. With agility the backwoods boys climb the pole and seize the prizes. Then began the sack race for young girls, the egg race and foot race.

The holiday pleasures become loud and boisterous, when suddenly from the forest came a long procession of Indians, in single file, picturesquely clad, moving silently onward.

The contests for the adults began. They pitched quoits and played ball. The final event was a foot race between the different nationalities represented here.

The Frenchman stepped politely into the race course as well as the Irishman.

The applause with which the crowd greets him he answers by a sweeping bow and a frequent tipping of his tattered hat. The German follows him. He answers the greetings of the spectators with a faint smile. At last with stately step the Indian enters the course. The crowd greets him boisterously. He seems deaf to their applause. The Indian is the Stoic of America.

The judge gives the signal. With deer-like swiftness the Celt and the Roman start, but at the end of a quarter mile both limp. The German with long strides starts more slowly, and so does the Indian. A quarter mile—the Irishman and the Frenchman still lead, a half mile—the Celt and Roman are slowing up and falling behind, three quarters of a mile—the German and Indian are alone in the race.

Intently every one awaits the outcome. Even among the Indians one notices a certain restlessness. They are at the goal. Who won? A loud murmur of voices—each one sides with the representative of his own race.

"The German and the Indian reached the goal at the same time," was the decision of the judge. "Both must run the race a second time. The prize is a bearskin."

Now for the first time I caught a glimpse of the young German's face. It is Conrad Weiser, the same whom the Indians had one time bought. He not only learned the Indian language but also their tenacity and endurance. With great interst each one follows the beginning of the race. Germans and Indians regard it as an affair upon which the honor of their nation depends.

The judge gives the signal, and both runners rush away. How they raise the dust! A half mile, now the one, then the other has the lead by a head. The excitement grows every minute. Men hold their breath, no one utters a word. Already they are nearing the goal, and still the victory is uncertain. Then young Weiser runs against the Indian (whether accident or intention I can not say) who falls to the ground, another stride and the German is the victor.

A wild exultation burst from the Germans. They throw hats and coats in the air and the boys climb up the trees. But the Indians are incensed, many utter threats, and clench their fists toward the German settlers.

Conrad Weiser did not live in vain among them. He knows Indian ways and Indian vengeance. "I prefer my fur to the bearskin," he said to me, and with a truly solemn expression he extended his hand to each one in turn and lamented the accident that befell him. The bearskin which the judge awarded him, he forced upon the Indian, because his red brother was the swiftest runner. This had the desired effect! The Indian would not be excelled in generosity by the German, and insisted that Weiser keep the bearskin. O, young Weiser is a young diplomat!

As a testimony that all emnity had disappeared, the whisky flask began to circulate among them, and as the sun set, Celts and Romans, Germans and Indians were lying peacefully among each other. The fire water was the victor.

CHAPTER VI

In the German settlement the harvest furnished an inexhaustible topic of conversation.

"I wonder whether the wheat isn't sweating under its thick cover of snow," was the beginning of the conversation in winter.

"The severe frosts ruin the seeding," the farmer complains in spring.

"The rust has started," and the people shake their heads thoughtfully.

At last one hears the happy saying, "A good year's growth, a good wheat harvest." The young men glance significantly into the distance, but the maidens embarrassed turn their glances toward the ground, and maidenly blushes covered their fresh young cheeks.

"A good wheat harvest" when uttered by a young man in this section, means, "I have saved enough for two. When shall the wedding be?"

The happy bride from that time on is missed in the field. Quickly the needle flies. There is tailoring and fitting. There is reckoning and the linen chest has no rest for an hour. The preparation for a rural wedding is hard work, still the labor is a great pleasure for the women, each week working day seems a Sunday to them.

The wedding day is fixed. Can anything possibly intervene? If only the corn could first be cut, an early frost may ruin everything. As soon as the September morning dawns, the window shutters open and a pretty girlish face peers out. "It is only dew, I was frightened, it looked as white as the hoary frost," she murmured, glancing again toward the roofs. It is surely only dew, which will not damage the corn. There was a full moon, and until this is past, no frost is likely to occur.

In autumn the life of the backwoods farmers is a pleasant one. When the foliage changes color and the red cheeked apples peep through the leaves, when the heavily loaded wagons come from the fields, when the sun shines so mildly on field and forest, and in the evening the young men press the sweet cider from the apples, then it is a pleasure to live.

But winter is severe. A cold, cutting wind blows around the log huts, snow drifts, deep as houses obstruct road and path and prevent intercourse with neighbors. On this account the young farmer takes to himself a young wife in autumn. Without the storm may rage, the sun may hide behind the clouds, in the little room a cheerful fire glazes, and the beautiful laughing eyes of his young wife seem to the farmer more beautiful than the sunlight. For this reason there is no wedding in spring. Then man must work strenuously all summer from early morn till eve out in the fields. No, autumn is the time for weddings. Then through the severe winter he enjoys the sweet honeymoon, and builds air castles. While he feeds his cattle and sheep in the morning, his heart shouts in unaffected happiness, "My wife, my home, O, how beautiful is the world!"

It is the first wedding ceremony that I am to perform. The young couple are well known to me: Christian Schell is the name of the bridegroom, and his bride is Gretchen Merkel.

The person employed to invite the guests traveled through the entire German settlement and repeated his invitation: "You are kindly invited to the wedding at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday after St. Martin's day." If, perchance, he came to a place where no one was at home, he took a piece of chalk from his pocket and drew the wedding wreath upon the door. He performed his duty conscientiously, therefore on the wedding morning the guests come from all directions. The men wear the wedding bouquet on their coats, the women have adorned themselves with gaily colored ribbons. There is found not only a German population living here in the forest, but also German manners and customs.

At 12 o'clock the wedding is to take place. This was the wish of the bride. If the clock strikes twelve while the pastor performs the ceremony, it is a sign of luck, for during that time Christ with his twelve holy apostles is present. With prudent foresight a reliable man takes his place at the clock in case the pastor should preach too long, he takes care that the clock strikes at the right moment.

The bridal couple comes forward. Neat Christian wears a wedding flower in his lapel, the bride a white veil and on her brown hair is a green wreath of the delicate myrtle beneath which her face beams charmingly. On one side stands father and mother, on the other a crowd of youths and maidens as witnesses of the ceremony.

Now they stand before me. It was the wish that I should select as a wedding text the one hundred and twenty-seventh psalm, the most beautiful wedding hymn of God's people. I have already opened the Bible, and am about to begin when the music starts up. Nearly all the Palatines play the violin and fife. They had waited, concealed by the crowd before them until I had announced the wedding hymn. As I, strange and ignorant of the custom, omitted this they start in with great power and play the anthem, "In all my doings may the Lord be my guide," etc. Men and women sing the hymn from memory. Beneath the rough exterior of the farmers and forest dwellers exists a living faith in an omnipotent God. Only devout Christians can sing like this. It roars and echoes as if they wished to scare away the evil spirits of the air, and shout their welcome into the face of the coming Christ. This singing, this expression of their devout faith quite disconcerted me.

Then I read the psalm. All that I wish to say about an abiding, living faith, and the tender marriage tie was no longer needed after this singing. I speak as the occasion suggested. I speak of homebuilding, of man's work, and the burdens of life. The discourse of the aged Weiser occurred to me, and I talked myself into a passion concerning God's help and compassion. As soon as I noticed that the old weaver opened the door of the clock, I included everything I still wished to mention in the verse:

By us alone naught can be done,
Wellnigh lost we mortals are.
There strives for us a Holy One
Whom God Himself has chosen.
It is our Saviour Jesus Christ,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
There is no other God,
He alone must own us.

After the bridegroom and bride have answered all the questions put to them, I say "Join your right hands." Quickly Mother Merkel pushes her Gretchen as close as possible to Christian so that one cannot see between the bridal couple at this solemn moment; otherwise it would be a marriage of discord and dissension.

I ask a blessing upon them. At the right moment the clock begins to strike twelve. Therewith the foundation is laid for a new house at the Schoharie.

We partook of the wedding feast. After the guests had finished their meal, the old schoolmaster Heim rose and, according to his long established custom, extended his congratulations in verse:

Then raise ye all aloft your glasses
For this young and valiant couple.
May God bless their home and land
And safely guard their flocks and herds.
Around this hearth may there grow and bloom
A crowd of boys both strong and ruddy
And maidens good and true and pretty,
Of angel purity like our lovely bride.
That henceforth may shine clear and well
The fame of the house of Christian Schell.

The schoolmaster spoke this with mixed earnestness and humor. The women listened to him in an excited manner, the men clapped their hands. Then the congratulations and presentation of gifts followed in quick order. Conrad Weiser surprised them all. He gave them a thick book with the words: "A valuable book I present to you, not because it cost a large sum, but because I walked all the way to New York to buy it (a distance of two hundred miles). Therefore use the book industriously and a blessing will not fail you." Thereupon he gave them "Arndt's True Christianity." He had indeed walked to New York to provide the book, and was reported to have been attacked on the way by wolves. He certainly is a clever fellow, this young Weiser.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

Our Limitless Resources

While it is true that every barrel of oil that is taken out of the earth and is consumed is irreplaceable, it is also true that oil reserves are discovered by geologists at a rate far in excess of consumption.

Prophets of gloom in the matter of such natural resources as our American timber supplies have been correct in expressing pessimistic opinion about American ability to recoup the terrible wastage of trees. Likewise it appears pretty certain that our metal ores, such as iron, copper and zinc have been reduced very seriously in reserves. There have been no significant discoveries in the United States comparable with the opening of the Mesabi iron mines at the opening of the present century.

But findings of oil, and gas, keep going on quite steadily, as recent stories out of North Dakota indicate. Within this week, and for the first time, official statement has been made about the Williston Basin, whose discovery in recent months caused a boom in that state. The official statement of the geologists estimates that this new pool contains more than 2½ billion barrels of crude oil, or more than the proven reserves in either Oklahoma or Louisiana. Within a year, it is predicted, 25,000 barrels will be taken out of the pool daily while more than 200,000 a day will be the pumpage in a decade.

The pool is estimated to cover about 118,000 square miles or more than twice the area of Pennsylvania. One third of it is in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Because the pool is a third larger than the pools in the West Texas field where reserves are estimated at 10 billion barrels, it is considered likely that the immediate estimates on Williston's volume of oil are highly conservative.

For a few decades, at least, the oil - greedy United States promises to get along. Our forest program may go some way toward replenishing supplies plundered in reckless days when the saying, "our inexhaustible resources," was commonly used and really was believed. That there is unbounded hope for man upon this planet and on our own continent is voiced in the current issue of Reader's Digest by Eugene Holman, president of Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. He points out that the pessimists have left out of consideration the matter of man's ingenuity in discovering new reserves of known resources and new ways of using resources that still are untapped.

As an oil man, he speaks with authority about petroleum. He reports that, for every barrel of crude oil or cubic foot of gas withdrawn from the ground in 1951, two new barrels of oil or cubic feet of gas were found or developed. As for the vital metals, better means of extraction and refining are enabling us to unlock the iron, aluminum, magnesium and titanium which occur all over the earth. Aluminum now costs 18 cents a pound. When the Civil War started, it sold for $545 a pound.

Many people think of natural resources as so many stacks of raw material piled up in a storehouse. The more you use, they reason, the less you have. The fact is that the use of materials available in one period supports future societies who will be capable of discovering a new storehouse.

We have had a stone age, a copper and bronze age, an iron age, and now a steel age, each shorter than its predecessor. The storehouse room in which we stand at the middle of the 20th century is so vast that its walls are beyond sight. It is not inconceivable, Mr. Holman says, that the entire globe — earth, ocean and air — represents raw material for mankind to utilize with more and more ingenuity and skill.

It is to be noted that Mr. Holman has exercised restraint and does not rely upon atomic energy to take the place of oil, gas and coal, nor the great oceans to be mankind's future source of most of his food. Yet scientists everywhere are confident that energy and food are going to come from those sources in unbounded quantities if and when man decides to use his ingenuity in developing them.

Exercise 'Signpost'

Beginning today and continuing for nine days, Air Defense forces in the United States and Canada are going to be in the advanced stages of an international, continental Air Defense exercise. It is to be hoped that in the course of the tests it will be revealed that there are enough women and men to man the observation posts and that they possess the training and facilities to detect and report any and all invaders by air.

It is not a secret that preliminary tests a week ago made no one particularly proud. Certainly nobody got any assurance from them that, in the event of Communist planes flying over the North Pole in the direction of America's great cities and industries, they would be discovered in ample time and would be driven off or destroyed.

It is to be hoped that the exercises during the next nine days will tell a different story. Known as Signpost, this maneuver will cover Canada and much of the United States. It has as its objective the coordination of Air Defense forces both in the air and on the ground. During the exercise aircraft will act as bomber forces to attack selected, but secret targets. Defending likely targets in the two countries will be fighter-interceptor aircraft, National Guard units, radar units, together with many groups like our own local ground observers.

That another war never will come is the fervent prayer of the American people. But if a third one does come in our generation, it is expected to be begun with extensive air attack. And it is expected that such attack will come like a thief in the night.

It is for such an attack and to circumvent it that the Defense forces have volunteered their services. It is to be hoped they will be successful.

DuPont 150 Yrs. Old

A century and a half ago, today, the now famous E. I. duPont de Nemours Company was founded with capital in the amount of $36,000 and, with the encouragement of such famous Americans as Thomas Jefferson and Europeans like the French scientist Lavoisier, embarked in a business that then, as now, was vital to the national welfare.

People in this Pennsylvania Dutch country who know the history of this area know the tremendous importance of the Pennsylvania Dutch (erroneously termed Kentucky) rifle in the early settlement of the United States.

Even tho this famous flintlock rifle was the world's finest weapon for distance and accuracy it was important also that the finest powder procurable should be used for the firing of the bullet.

To the American scene and its ambitious drive by our people westwardly came the original duPont to provide a great contribution in the winning of the west. From little factories on the Brandywine in Delaware came the best powder that then was manufactured. With it the pioneers proceeded westwardly into the Ohio Valley, Kentucky and Tennessee confident of their ability to defend themselves against Indians and to feed themselves and families with game.

A decade after the founding, the War of 1812 with Great Britain took place and it was fortunate indeed that this country was independent of Europe in the matter of explosives.

For a century and a half the now gigantic corporation has served the American people in a variety of ways and in accord with a changing pattern of life. Established to manufacture explosives, duPont now regards that phase of its business as of perhaps least importance in its widely ramifying manufacturing achievements.

Today plastics, textiles, chemicals, drugs and a host of other manufactured articles which are the product of scientists' test tubes surpass duPont's production of explosives in value and importance. It is a company which has been foremost in research work and in daring development of the products which research has discovered.

Often there is envious criticism of the size to which this great corporation has grown. But never has the criticism arisen at times when the very size of the company and diversity of its production have been values important in the national defense program. Never at such times has it been considered too big, or too efficient, in its production and too ingenious in its ability to accept and work out problems often too big for small concerns and often virtually impossible except for itself, or other gigantic companies with similarly large research capacity.

DuPont has had not only a long, but an honorable career. It has grown with the United States and it has been continuously and honorably identified with the nation's history. It continues to be an important element among the influences that are shaping the history of this people and the development of the material phases of their civilization.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 144

In the first two verses the Psalmist praises the Lord Who is his strength (literally, his rock, as in Ps. 19:14). Notice the many things God is to the writer in these two verses. The wonder is that He should care at all for puny man (compare v. 3 with Ps. 8:4), for he is but the creature of a day. But the Psalmist knows that God does care for him, and therefore he does not hesitate to ask Him to 'move heaven and earth' to defend him against his enemies who have been causing him much trouble. So sure is he of help that he is tuning his harp to a joyful note, v. 9, acknowledging God as his Saviour and deliverer, therefore repeating in v. 11 the prayer he offered in vs. 7 and 8. The rest of the Psalm is a beautiful picture of prosperity under God's blessing, including a family of happy children, v. 12, abundant crops and numerous cattle. One verse we should all take to heart: 'Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord,' v.15.

Try and Stop Me

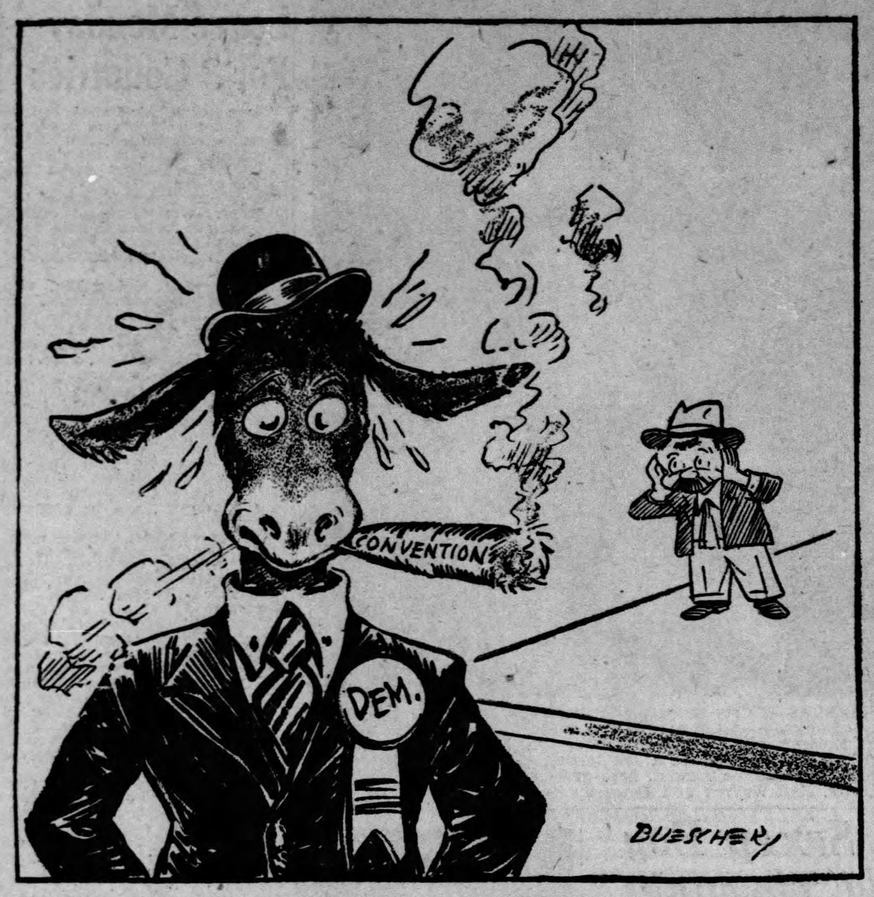
By BENNETT CERF

A Texas cattle man struck oil on his property and when the first whopping check arrived, his wife hied herself to the fabulous Neiman Marcus store in Dallas and ordered the works. One of her purchases was a ten-thousand-dollar sterling silver dinner service. 'What monogram do you desire on the set?" asked Miss McDuff, who was shepherding her through the store. "Monogram?" echoed the wife dubiously. "What's that?" "It's the family crest or initials, "explained Miss McDuff patiently. "Oho," said the wife. "You mean the brand. Just burn each piece with a running BAR-H."

Jules Glaenzer, boulevardier and manager of Cartier's jewelry salon, ran into trouble last month when he sent a wealthy client two dozen American beauty roses for her birthday, and wrote on the card, 'A rose for every year of your wonderful life." The florist, grateful for Mr. Glaenzer's continuing patronage, threw in two dozen extra roses as a gesture of good will.

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Loaded?



Looking at Life

By [illegible] RICH BRANDEIS

There are a lot of proverbs that have not been coined as yet probably because in the old days circumstances did not make them necessary.

For instance, such as the comparatively recent proverb 'Once a sucker, always a sucker."

In the old days they didn't have proverbs like that; at least I can't think of any right now. Maybe in those days people weren't perpetual suckers.

Another proverb which could well be incorporated in any book on the subject is 'Incentive is the mother of ambition."

Naturally there is a reason for the above thoughts — if they can be called thoughts.

I'll tell you what it is. Perhaps it has a familiar ring to it.

A friend of ours needed a new refrigerator.

So she went to a nearby store and the proprietor fell all over her.

He had wonderful bargains.

Here was one that had EVERYTHING.

And it had JUST been reduced from $400. to $399.98. (The figures are mine. I don't remember the exact ones. But it was a colossal reduction just like this one.)

No woman can resist such a bargain.

So she told the man she'd think it over and let him know.

"Thinking it over" with a woman means "comparison shopping." She goes to six or eight different stores and sees whether she can't do better than what the first man offered. (That's one of the reasons so many shopkeepers go crazy.)

Well, she found out that that $399.98 refrigerator was a pretty good proposition.

In the meantime, the store had phoned her several times, had sent a salesman to her house, offering her a free demonstration, had mailed beautifully illustrated sales literature and done every other possible thing to clinch the sale.

So she bought it. Her husband made out a check in full.

The refrigerator came. It was installed. The man took out the old refrigerator (she got a small allowance on it) and everybody looked at the new acquisition in awe and admiration.

Then suddenly there was a b-z-z-z and ker ker-plup and a b-a-n-g — and the darn thing stopped.

The woman called up the storekeeper. There was a gurantee (in beautiful lettering and a gold border) on the box. Would he send a man over IMMEDIATELY?

He would, he said, 'Immediately!"

Twenty-four hours later the repair man arrived. Sorry, there was a defective motor in the darn thing. They'd have to send to the factory for a new one.

That was two weeks ago. So far no sign of the new motor.

The woman asked the storekeeper to send her another refrigerator. Sorry, he didn't have any. But there was a new order on the way. It should have been there long ago.

The new order has not arrived as yet.

Fortunately the family has a deep freezer. Otherwise you can imagine what might have happened in this heat.

Moral: Never PAY for anything until you've tested it.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 19, 1927, a Tuesday.

Milton G. Kemmerer, Steinsville's "grand old man," celebrated his 85th birthday at a party in his honor and which was attended by 200 guests.

Miss Adelle Schuler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Z. Schuler, 1834 Turner St., sailed for a several months' stay in Italy where she will study music.

P. Francis McFadden, 624 Ridge Ave., was appointed by Gov. Fisher as alderman of the Sixth Ward to succeed the late Thomas B. McFadden.

Nixon on the Record

By RICHARD SPONG

Sen. Richad M. Nixon, Republican candidate for vice president, has proved an able campaigner in California. In November 1950, Rep. Nixon defeated for the Senate his Fair Deal opponent, Rep. Helen Gahagan Douglas, by more than 680,000 votes —or by about 17 per cent of the total vote.

After his election in 1950, Nixon was appointed to the Senate by Republican Gov. Warren to fill out the 30-day unexpired term of Sen. Downey (D.), who had resigned on Nov. 30 because of ill health. Nixon thus obtained seniority over other GOP senators elected for the first time in that year.

Previously Nixon had served two terms in the House, representing the 12th Congressional District of California, which is entirely within Los Angeles County. Nixon won that seat in 1946 by beating the New Deal incumbent, Jerry Voorhis, by 15,500 votes, or 13½ per cent of the total vote. In 1938, Nixon cross-filed under the California primary law and received the nomination of both major parties.

In the Senate in 1952, Nixon missed 29 of 129 roll calls, exactly the number missed by the average senator. In 1951 he was unrecorded on only 27 of 202 roll calls, while his average senate colleague was absent for 41 roll calls.

Conservative Domestically

Nixon has called himself "in the field of foreign affairs . . . a so-called internationalist," though a "strong critic of our policy in the Far East." Domestically, he is "conservative or middle of the road."

This year Nixon opposed all cuts in foreign aid beyond a $1 billion cut made in committee. Last year he opposed a cut in European economic aid from $1,130,500,000 to $880,500,000.

In the House in 1949, Nixon voted for extension of the Trade Agreements Act, Marshall Plan extension, the Foreign Military Aid bill. He did, however, support a cut of 50 per cent in European arms aid. In 1947-48 he voted for the Marshall Plan and its forerunner, the Greek-Turkish aid program.

Domestically, Nixon has voted to give title for off-shore oil rights to the States — for extension of selective service and universal military training — for an anti-poll tax bill — for a fair employment practices commission with only investigative and recommending authority — for weaker economic controls than called for by the administration — against public housing. His major legislative endeavors have been for the Taft - Hartley bill, which he helped to write, and the Mundt-Nixon anti - subversive bill, which was one of five bills incorporated into the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950.

Record on Major Issues

Nixon seldom speaks on the Senate floor "unless the matter under consideration is one which concerns a committee on which I serve." Nevertheless, here is Nixon on record on some major issues:

Mutual Security and National Defense: We must recognize that the struggle in which we are engaged is world-wide in character and that we cannot contemplate the defenses of the United States apart from the defenses of our allies abroad.

Labor: If the Nation does tand without protection against crippling strikes, responsibility for that lack of protection rests squarely upon the President of the United States for refusing to use a law which we have seen today is the most speedy and effective way of dealing with the crisis — the Taft - Hartley Act.

Foreign Policy: The matters which have come before us involving foreign policy generally have come before us after the deed has been done . . . a true bipartisan foreign policy means that it must be bipartisan in its inception and creation as well as in its execution.

Anti - subversives legislation: Communism crawls through this Nation with the subtlety of the serpent, bent upon the destruction of all religion, the abolition of all private property, and the complete subordination of the individual to the State . . . Why should we spend billions in Europe to resist communism and do nothing to resist it here at home?

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOR MOHL IN DA LUFT:

Der gross tomats bauer Will Kerschner fon nagshd on Seipstown wor ferhoftich sei da onner dawg mohl in da luft — aenicha waig so hut er 'm knecht g'sawt. Un der Will is ken kerl fer net maina wos er secht, odder won er wear, het er 'm Somshdawg owet ken hinnerrie sitz nemma breicha om Egypt Memorial Park Liegners Fesht wie er so hut. Hetta m'r numma gawist wos m'r now wissa, het er fohr kumma missa un sei erfohring fertzaila fon fer's airsht mohl in da luft sei.

'M Will sei kombine is holshtarrich werra, un ebbes hut noh gewwa os net grawd tzu griega wor. Wie der Milt Herber fon Bullfrock 's shtick net kotta hut os es ganumma hut fer die kombine widder ons shpringa griega, is er nuf noch da grossa shtadt Neffs, ow'r will bahabta sie hetta 'm darta aw net rous helfa kenna. Noh wear er nous noch Harrisbarrick — odder so hut er der knecht anyhow weiss gamocht, un wie sie 'm darta net rous helfa hen kenna, het er wind grick'd os sie so repair shticker in Baltimore hetta, un is darbber uf 'm windshiff gajump'd os dawaig kumma is, un woh sie g'sawt hen os shtoppa dade in Baltimore.

So wie m'r fershtaina, sin 'm Will alla sarta grissel ous gonga os wie ken glaina wie er mohl drowwa in da luft wor — odder so anyhow hut er 'm knecht fertzailt. Fer die socha ols noch shlimmer mocha hen sie die dierra g'shlossa, un er het evens net runnar gakent won er lawfa het wolla. Bis er ow'r fartich wor sich ershtouna wie glot os ' n windshiff fohrra dada, worra sie in Baltimore — odder so ewwa hut er 'n knecht fertzailt. Fer die akommodation weil er g'sawt hut er wear 'n shtavenser grosser bauer un allas dade dahame ruich leia bis er tzurick kaimt, hen die luft shiffer boova fershprocha fer 'n ob lossa woh die repairs worra, so os yoh ken tzeit ferlora gang'd. Wons net gawest wear fer sel hut der Will 'm knecht g'sawt, wear er langshd net so g'shwind dahame gawest.

So weit os m'r wissa, is er aw widder tzurick g'floga darrich die luft, un hut sich bardich dummla missa fer tzurick kumma, weil er 'm Milt Herber seim nummer ains mekanick Wils Muth arder gewwa hut kot fer on ra gawissna tzeit kumma der kombine helfa in nonner mocha. Ow'r so wies sheind, hut der Micky Ritter fon shier on om Goldna Shlissel ebbes fon kombine druvel kotta, un der Wils hut net ferlossa darfa bis die g'shicht g'shoft hut. Wel aenicha waig, wie der Will hame kumma is, uns wor ken Wils Muth darta, hut er ous gamocht er kent so'n glaenichkate aw noch selwar on der blotz duh, un hut awfonga die g'shicht ousa nonner nemma mit da grubhock un jumber hommer. 'S hut ordlich shticker gewwa, un harbert eb er die g'shicht ferleicht ols noch in nonner het, won die dochter May sich net erbarm'd het, un hut 'm die bearings os ferbrocha sin, k'hol'd beim Herber.

Ol die weil os er om shoffa wor, hut er ols 'm knecht fertzailt fon seinra wunnerbora trip noch Baltimore mit ra flieg mashine. Sei knecht, huts noh 'm Milt Herber seim knecht fertzailt, un in ra gons kartza tzeit hut gons Seipstown gamaint der Will Kerschner wear noch Baltimore g'floga, uns wor louder laedich so'n g'shicht os 'm Somshdawg owet iwwer g'shwetzt sei het solla im Egypt park.

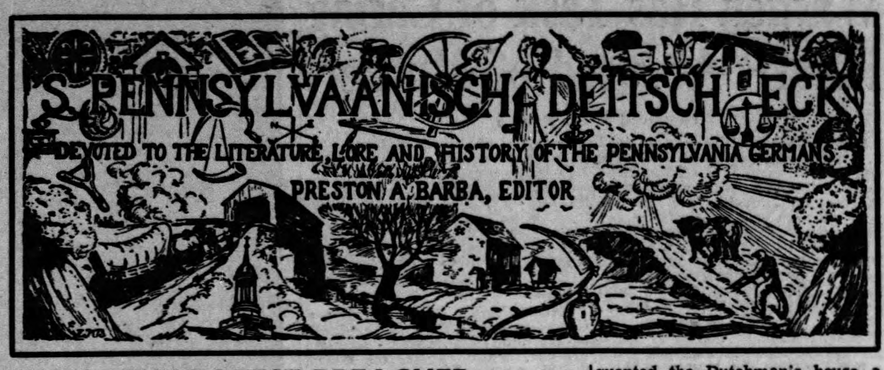
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die tickets fer da 3d Augusht der Hudson nuf, sin om gae wie haisa kucha.

Soicha os tzaila fer mit tzu gae, hen g'sheinda nase won sie ihra tickets in tzeit griega — farm yohr hen m'r shtoppa missa ferkaufa eb die tzeit doh wor, un so sheinds gang'ds widder.

Horoscope

Success is likely to come your way if you exercise caution and restraint. Today's child may be sensitive and critical, which will be helpful traits throughout life.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER

(Translated from the German)

WEDDING FESTIVITIES

Continued

After the schoolmaster had completed his speech to Christian Schell and Gretchen Merkel, the young bridal couple, and after the presentation of gifts and congratulations there was silence for a moment. Then of a sudden the violinists, flute players and drummers started a rude, jolly tune and a young woman dressed as a gypsy with a string of pearls around her neck and rings and ribbons on her arms came da cing into the room.

"The fortune-teller," resounded on every side. She had already grasped the hand of the shrinking bride, quickly sputtering the following words: "Wheat and corn shall not fail you, nor brave men to capture bears and slay wolves. Soldiers shall not be absent when perfidious savages shall attack the home. Ho, ho!" she cried, and held the bride's hand before her eyes, "Ho, white dots on the fingers; that signifies children, boys and girls, one, two, three, four five, then twins and triplets." However, Gretchen released her hand. She would end the talk of the soothsayer but strong hands grasped her foot. Her Christian had forgotten in the excitement that, simultaneously with the entrance of the gypsy, young men crept under the table, and whoever would first remove the shoe from the bride's foot could claim her for the first dance. The bridegroom must also buy back the shoe at the auction which is to be held. Did the young men succeed? Not with Gretchen, generally not with the German maidens at the Schoharie, who know how to resist.

The excitement had now reached its height. Only after several loud hand clappings could such a distinguished man as the aged Herkimer obtain an audience. "An old friend of my family wishes to speak a few words." Beside him appeared a man somewhat bent, in a worn out coat, with a bristly beard, who was in that period of life in which it is hard to fix the exact age.

"I too am German," he began, "but I am not a Christian, only an honest German Jew who has traveled much between the Hudson and the Susquehanna. From New York to Germantown and Philadelphia each German knows me. I am to bring greetings from Katharine Weisenberg, of Albany, whose deceased mother was a sister to Mrs. Merkel. I am to extend greetings in their name and best wishes and blessings to Christian Schell, and to his newly wedded wife Gretchen Schell; and if no one will ridicule a man who is a Jew, but an honest man and to whom Mr. Charles Herkimer has paid the great honor to call him an old acquaintance of the family, then might I wish the bridal couple happiness and blessings."

He held his hands as if asking a blessing and said in a solemn, earnest manner, "May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob bless you as he blessed the patriarchs of old who also were wanderers like me. May He protect you as He protected father David when he fled from king Saul, and may he grant you wisdom, riches and long life like unto Solomon. May He bless you with sons. God fearing ones like Joseph, faithful like Jonathan, and daughters beautiful like Rachel, and wise as Ruth—this is the heartfelt wish of Jonathan Schmul."

Thus he spoke, and they listened to him attentively. I afterwards shook his hand and wanted to praise his speech, but he always replied, "It is well, it is well." In the meantime evening had come and I started for home. Out in the open air the young for whom there was no room in the house, celebrated the wedding in their own fashion. They had bought beer by the keg. Each one who wished to drink had to lift the keg clear off the ground, and then he drank and drank and drank. So they tried successively to determine who was the strongest. Here the fortune-teller had an easy time of it. At last after several hours one more lifted up a cask, firewater is also the most powerful here.

On this wedding night I could not sleep, the greeting from Catharine Weisenberg would not allow me to rest. I descend the hill behind my house and gaze into the water. The water chatters and whispers as if the spirits had their rendezvous here. Immediately I heard close by the call:

"Listen, people, and let me tell you,
The clock has just struck two,
Before each one two ways do open,
O Lord, lead me in the narrow one."

What, watchmen in the primeval forest of America? Still, I recollect. Usually in each house one watches to guard against Indian attacks. But on account of the wedding there is a strange man appointed for this night. He must not meet me here at this hour. I ascend the hill to my log-cabin.

Chapter VII

As I paid a visit the following day to Mr. Gerlach, Jonathan Schmul came to the house, placed his boxes and bundles on the floor and drew a deep breath.

"What will you buy today, Madam, what do you need?" he began, "and how is your husband and the children, all ruddy with cheeks like—"

"Call father, Fritz," interrupted Mrs. Gerlach, and the boy stormed out of the house and called as loud as he could,

"The peddler, father, come home, the peddler." Meanwhile, Jonathan Schmul opened his boxes and packs. The children looked on with great curiosity and with exclamation of wonder at the splendor which unfolded before their eyes they continually pressed closer.

"Buy me the knife, mother, I need a knife. The weaver's Fritz has one too," said Fritz.

"The earrings for me, mother," cried little Lizzie.

"I must have a woolen undergarment for the winter," said Andreas positively. He is fifteen and may make requests.

"Go away at once! Peddler, slap their hands," ordered the mother. The peddler did not do it. He knew well enough that children were his best customers. Meanwhile Mr. Gerlach came in, washed his hands and began to parley with the peddler about the weather and the wheat. Then the Jew proceeded to business.

"Anything agreeable to you today? Here is a medicine for a fever, only root extract, have the secret from an old Indian."

"Or these pills, the best remedy for a cough for children when they can not sleep at night, have you any left?"

"Not very much," said Mr. Gerlach curtly.

"Didn't I tell you the truth? It is good medicine for colic in calves and sucking pigs. Man, you have tried it; testify whether I am telling the truth."

"It is not bad," was the answer. Mr. Gerlach feared if he should praise his goods too much, that Schmul might raise the price.

Then they began to haggle about the price and to make purchases. Fritz runs out of the house with a harmonica, and little Lizzie screams aloud when they fasten the silver earrings too roughly. The big boys examined the wares. They buy with the glances of a connoisseur, whetstones and knives. They also buy a new stock of gunpowder, and Christian examines with satisfaction a tobacco pipe.

"Now, that is too bad, you should speak to me," the mother said and shook her fist angrily toward Christian. While the mother examines the spreads and linens, the chintzes and threads and could not match the men, Christian secretly brought out of his best suit silver and copper coins and obtained the pipe from the peddler with the assurance, "It is the most beautiful one at the Schoharie."

Then the purchases are made. "Winter is at hand, woolen underwear; this smock frock (bed gown) costs only $3.99. I sell cheaper than the stores in Albany and have brought the goods to you. I am satisfied with a small profit. Live and let live is my motto."

Mr. Gerlach became serious. The whole table was loaded with articles of clothing, toys and medicines. He began to scratch his head. He bargained and dickered but to no purpose.

"Jonathan Schmul wishes to earn an honest living."

Then the farmer played his trump card. "Schmul, really I need nothing, I do not want to send you away, but you are too dear. I buy nothing; next time I may; no offense is meant!"

All the same he purchased, brought his leather purse from the chest and paid him.

"What I wish to say," Schmul continued, "see this shawl, it is the last one." Thereupon he unfolded a beautiful shawl with fine heavy fringes. The farmer shook his head in a forbidding manner, but the garment caught the eye of Mrs. Gerlach, who examined it.

"Wool, pure Portuguese wool, spun and woven in Paris, which is the capital of France, where the latest styles are found. I just sold one to Mrs. Herkimer. It was a nice one but not as pretty as this one. It was made in Lyons which is also situated in France. This one comes from Paris which is the center for fashions."

He put the shawl about Mrs. Gerlach's shoulders while the children looked at it longingly.

"Why do you gape, such a thing at the present time. I have worked more than you will your lifetime. I have become old working and no one bought me such a shawl," and she cleared her throat and gulped and busied herself about the room. Mr. Gerlach is a sensible man. He knows his better half. He goes again to the chest, and this time brings bank notes.

His wife exclaimed, "Man, have you money to throw away?" Then she stormed about the stove, put wood in, pushed pans and kettles about, and wore a dreadfully gloomy expression while the men were concluding the bargain.

"Stay with us for dinner . It will soon be ready, tell me how things go in the settlement, how business is in the world."

And Jonathan Schmul stayed and narrated the events. The peddler performed the function of a newspaper in this locality. He knew almost every one in two states. He could without thinking a long time name all one's relatives, he was also on sundry occasions the bearer of important messages.

After dinner Mr. Schmul took a beautiful prayer book out of his box and gave it to the aged grandmother.

"It is a Christian book, printed by my friend Christopher Sower in Philadelphia. Read it carefully and at the same time think of Schmul who even though he is a Jew, yet makes an honest living."

Thereupon he departed.

Chapter VIII

I followed him and invited him to my house. During the whole afternoon I listened to his conversation. He had news of the friends from Echterdinger. Mr. Weisenberg was overcome with seasickness on the ship. Thereupon the "sellers of souls" stole his money and, because there was not enough money left for the journey, his daughter Katharine upon arriving at New York was sold for a term of seven years to a rich Dutch family in Albany. There she led an easy life. Her beauty attracted the son of the family but the maiden knew how to conduct herself in the fellow's presence. She is not only beautiful but also sensible and will struggle through life honestly. No one need be worried on her account. Whether she spoke of me or not? Mr. Schmul did not know.

Did I know Sir Wm. Johnson? He is a young Englishman who is an extensive landholder, here where the Schoharie flows into the Mohawk. This young man frequented the Dutchman's house a great deal. Did I wish to correspond with the young lady he could in any case possibly deliver a letter.

"Does Sir Johnson know Katharine?"

"I saw his eyes brighten when she passed him."

"Oh, oh," I exclaimed.

"Be not concerned, Mr. Pastor. He will not marry her, and under other conditions she will not live with him."

I could learn no more.

"Mr. Pastor, be not offended at a poor Jew, if he takes the liberty to say a word. Remain at Schoharie. Here a brave people live, even though clad in beggar's dress. The itinerant ministers are a bad lot. You are the man for these people."

"But the whisky, Schmul."

"True, the wealthy Dutch are the cause of this. They have won the friendship of the Indians with firewater. I saw with my own eyes how they plied the Indians with whisky until they a second time transferred the title to these lands which the Germans had bought and built upon. Hunter subsequently approved of this deception, and this act of injustice broke the aged Weiser's heart. The people need a leader. You are the man fitted for this. You are wise and faithful, as surely as I am an honest Jew."

"But the strong drink," I again repeated.

"It is necessary that the Germans also give the Indians whisky, like the Dutch do, or they are lost. Conrad Weiser, who is a shrewd man has advised this."

"Jonathan Schmul, where do you live?"

"I never told any one, but because you are a pastor and can keep a secret, I will tell you. Ten miles to the west is a creek, named Cobles creek after farmer Coble. There I found a cave when the Indians were pursuing me. I named it Howes' Cave. There I live. Let this be a secret. If war should break out, fly to that place and you are safe. I fear the worst, because the savages covet the Germans' herds of cattle."

He arose to take his leave. His departure would cause me sadness as I considered him a faithful man. When he was at the door, he turned and said, "Mr. Pastor, I thank you for giving a man who is a Jew a chair in your house, and passing him bread and salt. If at any time you need a friend here in the forest, then summon me and I will serve you. I will give the Germans and their pastor my money and also my life, as surely as my name is Schmul."

Chapter IX

I have been here now for two years, and as yet have accomplished nothing. I have traveled through the forests, and explored the streams as if great discoveries were still to be made. I have visited the people, encouraged them to tell me their affairs that, perchance, my troubled heart might find peace in listening to their troubles.

They were kind to me, these people of the backwoods. Willingly they opened their doors to the strange recluse and many questions about me and future plans became embarrassing. "Why do you not preach for us," is the customary greeting when they meet me. I must be grateful to the elder Weiser that he recommended me so highly, or else the people would not have had so much patience with me.

In this country there are no idlers. Each one must work, even the rich are not ashamed to work. For this reason the people eyed me in astonishment. How can a young man, well educated, spend his life in idleness? I myself was ardently longing for a change.

Today it is decided: Up to this time I fostered the hope that a return to the established church might be possible. I had, for this purpose, turned to several influential men, and friends of my youth. At last the answer came. Wretchedly, like an ordinary criminal. I was expelled from the state and church membership. It serves you right, wrote one man. I had forgotten that the princes were the anointed of God on earth and to defy them was not in place for a servant of the gospel. There I had the solution. I had committed a shameful error because I had permitted a young girl to be ruined! Oh, hence these lickspittles! God, why hast Thou punished my dear old home with such men! As I was reading the letter my mother sent me, a fit of anger seized me. I struck the table with my fist so that the old partly deaf Urschel heard it. She glanced out of the window. Because it was a cloudy day she thought it thundered. My God, I did not know whether I should rave and curse or weep and laugh.

"The darkest cloud has a silver lining," is an expression used in this locality. Even beyond the sea in my old home there are some upright men. To be sure Prof. G—— in Tubingen was not agreeable to me. He deserves to be remembered to me, but is afraid to write to me because a letter might easily fall into the hands of the prince's spies. But the prelate and court chaplain, Urlsperger, he is an upright man. To him posterity ought to erect a monument. Directly in front of the court chapel it ought to stand as a sermon that manly dignity and faithfulness have not yet died out.

Were I the German emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, I would elevate to hereditary dukedoms all the Urlspergers in the empire for the sake of this one Urlsperger. I stormed out into the forest with my letter, and as I read the word of honor of the court chaplain there was a rushing sound through the trees like a storm. A man's honor arouses a man's fortitude.

I have decided. Our times demand men who can resign themselves and make sacrifices, men who stand up for truth and justice, who are not afraid even of those who have power, to correct and set one free. If you wish to preserve your life you must lose it. If I do not wish to kill my time then I must resign myself, suffer and endure. And when I am no longer living, there will be men who will thank God that I was driven to America. Thus John Peter Resig, forest preacher at the Schoharie! Assuming this name I will labor, either to accomplish something good or perish.

Now the resolution is formed. What an exhilarating effect this had on my whole being. I am a new man, since I courageously determined upon a firm resolution. I will labor, organize congregations, instruct children, punish oppressors, defend the oppressed.

I remain here.

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

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

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Editorials

Big Days in Puerto Rico

With nice timing, President Truman on the eve of Puerto Rico's Constitution Day celebration yesterday, commuted the death sentence imposed upon Oscar Collazzo for the attempted assassination of the President at Blair House last November 1. This member of the fanatical Puerto Rican nationalist movement, instead, will spend the remainder of his life in prison.

Thus the President contributed to the expanding good will in the little island that is about to achieve a large measure of freedom thru adoption of a constitution which will give it the status of a commonwealth. He did it just as the Puerto Ricans were about to celebrate the 54th anniversary of liberation from Spanish domination in 1898, an achievement to which Allentown's soldiers of the old 4th Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania contributed so notably.

Under the new constitution, while Puerto Ricans continue to be citizens of the United States and are subject to our Federal laws, they will have a government headed by a governor and legislature of their own choosing and responsible only to the people of Puerto Rico in internal affairs. This new status became effective on July 4, or in time for celebration on Independence Day. Nevertheless the big celebration was reserved for the more generally observed Puerto Rican holiday yesterday.

There are other reasons why the Puerto Ricans feel particularly pleased with themselves and their people at this particular time. For example, at the Republican National Convention their tiny delegation, with but three votes, provided thru the gnomish lawyer Marcelino Romany the highlights of humor that will be remembered long after many resounding oratorical phrases have been forgotten. At the current Democratic National Convention delegates from the island have also had conspicuous fling.

Then there was the achievement of their athletes in Helsinki when they were the first to raise the American flag over the site of the Olympic Games. During the first two weeks of August they will hold a huge Caribbean Music Festival that will enhance the island's cultural prestige thruout Latin America.

In a word, July has been a very big month for the islanders. It has been a month of many events designed to cement and improve their relationships with the United States and to give dignity to their people. To top it all, the President of the United States expressed the merciful spirit of our people by refusing to take a life that the law had demanded. He responded to the public sentiment that had been aroused in Puerto Rico and thruout Latin America toward the end that Collazzo should be spared, despite his heinous crime.

Back to Cement Making

Progress in settlement of the strike in the many cement mills in this area has been so rapid and consistent that early operations in just about all the local units of the large and important industry seem to be assured.

This is another item of good news for this community since it means return of many to employment. Such movement is synchronizing with the return of the steel workers to production of another basic building and construction material that in many lines is allied with cement.

Settlement of labor difficulties in these two industries is important to the entire local economy. Such settlement presages return of workers to industries and businesses that indirectly were affected by either or both strikes.

Honor for Cong. Walter

The high place of Congressman Francis E. Walter in the councils of his party, as well as in the conduct of affairs in the House of Representatives, was attested yesterday when Permanent Chairman Sam' Rayburn called him to the chair during the polling of the second ballot at the National Convention.

The able and experienced representative of the 20th Pennsylvania Congressional District, made up of Northampton, Carbon and Monroe Counties, repeatedly has presided over the House of Representatives in Washington upon call of Mr. Rayburn who has held that position longer than any man in its history. There never has been any question as to the satisfactoriness of his work in yielding the gavel over the body that first was presided over by another Pennsylvanian, Frederick A. Muhlenberg, a member of the 1st and 4th Congresses.

If favored by time and tide, there is the great probability that while the Eastonian still is youthful and eager in political life, the mantle of Muhlenberg and Rayburn, which also was worn by two other Pennsylvanians — Galusha A. Grow and Samuel J. Randall — will rest upon his capable shoulders.

Canners Cry for Tins

Settlement of the steel strike came just in time to save another highly important enterprise the American canning industry from complete ruination.

For the American people, who live so largely "out of cans" the inability of the canners to get tins from the manufacturers presented a real crisis, as it did to the farmers who produce the food that is put into tins at this time of the year.

The plate, it appears, was ready at the mills and would have been on its way to the canners a long time ago. However, after the strike began, the plate could not be moved out of the mills, according to the steel industry, because of picketing policies instituted by the union.

From the Pacific Coast comes a report that 20 million cases of food already have gone to waste because of the tinplate shortage. And the wastage will continue at the rate of 20 million cases a week until shipment of tin plate is begun to the makers of the cans.

This movement now should be possible and it should be promoted with all possible speed.

Freedom for the Dean

As if their other troubles were not enough, the sorely tried British people have long had to put up with the Very Rev. Dr. Hewlett Jonson, the ubiquitous Dean of Canterbury. The Dean recently returned from a trip to Communist China and to Moscow. A last year's winner of the Stalin "peace prize," he came back parroting the Communist charge of germ warfare, although — as another English churchman has well said — the "evidence" to support this monstrous lie "would not convince an intelligent child." But Dr. Johnson is not an intelligent child. He is a gullible old man, and he does not hesitate to give verbal aid and comfort to his country's enemies.

Inside Parliament and outside, the Dean's statements about Korea have aroused a furor. There have been demands in Parliament that he be fired from his post for what he has been saying, and even suggestions that he be tried for treason. However, the only grounds on which he can be legally dismissed are heresy, immorality or the like — and such crimes as these he has not committed; nor is there any evidence of treason.

And so in the House of Lords this week Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, arose to utter these memorable words: "Let us help each other by sharing this liability between us, believing it is a small price to pay to keep unblurred the freedom of speech which is a vital concern to the church and the nation." And in the House of Commons a Prime Minister who fought hard and long to keep his country free said much the same thing, adding that a proposed investigation of the Dean would invest his activities "with an importance they do not possess."

Once again our British friends and, we are proud to say, our British allies, have shown their common sense, their serenity and their profound understanding of democracy. Once again they have set the rest of the world an admirable example. The Dean of Canterbury may go on prating vicious nonsense; but the British people will go on living in liberty and in freedom. — New York Times.

Hooray For Stevenson



David Lawrence Says

CHICAGO, July 25—The South has come back to its position of vantage as the balance of power in Democratic National Conventions — the place it had prior to 1936, when the rule requiring a two-thirds majority to nominate was abandoned.

The reason the South came back was that the Northern Democrats have become deeply worried about an Eisenhower victory that could be achieved by capturing electoral votes in the South which normally are obtained by the Democrats.

Only through the skillful maneuvering of James A. Farley, an old hand at conventions, and other leaders of experience in the big delegations of the North and West was the rash act of Northern radicals averted — They would have thrown out Virginia, South Carolina and Louisiana delegates and forfeited the election. They didn't believe this would happen, but the older leaders didn't want to take the risk of seeing the point proved by events.

The desire to keep the south inside the party, as manifested by a majority vote Thursday night and early Friday morning, resulted in a stiffening of the Southern states behind Sen. Russell in a solid bloc. They knew he couldn't be nominated, but they wanted to make sure that the wishes of the Southern bloc would be respected. Whoever the candidate might be, they wanted to make it clear that he couldn't truckle to organized labor or come out for a federal enforcement commission to enforce hiring of employes according to government rules, and still hold the southerners' support.

Where Sen. Kefauver made his mistake was in lining up with the Northern radicals against his brethren from the South. That sounded the death knell of his candidacy. During the recess taken Friday evening, the Stevenson and the Russell leaders found themselves thrown together in common opposition to the Kefauver candidacy. There was a jockeying behind the scenes on the part of labor leaders, who hoped to show Stevenson they could help him at an opportune moment, for example, by switching Michigan's votes to him.

But the reserve strength of Stevenson was really to be found in other quarters. Thus the Barkley strength of about 70 votes, coupled with the Russell votes, was more than enough to give Stevenson a majority on the later ballots by virtue of a combination with Russell leaders.

The custom of working out slowly the position of factions inside some of the delegations which are bound by the "unit rule" to cast all their ballots in accordance with the majority vote inside a delegation, did delay the making of a nomination and threw off the schedule of the convention itself. President Truman was to have spoken early, but he had to wait. The nomination of a vice president was to have been made Friday afternoon, but that, too, had to wait.

This convention revealed for the first time in several years that the northern Democrats are divided between conservatives and radicals and that, if only the southern and northern conservatives could get together, they would control more than a majority.

The Democratic Party has been radical when it had a big electoral vote in the North and when the South had to go along. But with the change in the outlook due to the Eisenhower nomination and the Truman hostility toward the south in recent years, the states below the Mason-Dixon line have to be wooed again by the northern wing of the party. The northern radicals were favorable to a "no compromise" attitude even though it meant taking a licking in the election, but the old hands said they'd rather try to win. To get a chance at victory. They were ready to bow to the South's wishes on a presidential nominee as well as in the selection of a vice presidential nominee.

The victory here of the South is an epochal one. For it means that the southern conservatives, who control Congress in a coalition with Republican conservatives, will have even more to say if the next administration is Democratic than they had under Truman.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A doctor in Findlay, Ohio, told me about a patient of forty who discovered she was going to have a baby, and broke into loud lamentations. "I have sons of nineteen and eighteen away at college," she wailed, "and I certainly don't want another baby at this stage of the game." "You have nothing to worry about," soothed the doctor. "Forty is a good age for a mother to bear a child. I promise evrything will go smoothly."

"It's not the baby's birth that's upsetting me," the patient announced vehemently. "What I simply cannot face i the thought of going through that whole routine with the Parent-Teachers Association all over again!"

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 26, 1927, a Tuesday

It was learned that Allentown was scheduled to become one of the important railroad centers of the East when the New Jersey Central Railroad made the city the terminal point dividing the two main line divisions of the road.

Miss Peggy Knoll, Emmaus school teacher, was chosen as hostess to receive guests at the Morning Call Model House in Alton Park.

Horoscope

This is a good time for bargain hunting. Your affairs are likely to prosper in the next year. A self-confident, determined and loving character is indicated for a child born today.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It's funny how a wire dispatch from England about a hen can remind you so much of what's going on in the world today.

All this hen did was to mind her own business.

When she laid two eggs in the automobile of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Hutchins of Chichester, she never realized that she had become the heroine of hendom. When she laid two more, three minutes later, at the Suffolk County chicken show, Duplicate — that is her name — had no idea that she had created a cause celebre.

She simply did her duty as she saw it, and that was all.

But in England, as in the United States, the government seems to be sticking its nose into just about everything, so the Ministry of Agriculture decided to look into the doings of Duplicate.

Duplicate is going to be X-rayed. "Eggs rayed," the sender of the dispatch called it, which in my opinion is a worse pun than the ones I gave you a few days ago.

It seems that Duplicate, although only 11 months old, has laid 375 eggs in 170 days, and so the Minister of Agriculture wants to find out what Duplicate's got that other hens haven't got.

Whether the Ministry thinks that it can equip the other hens of England with a similar but man-made egg laying apparatus, or what is its reason, is something I can't say.

At any rate an X-ray expert in Her Majesty's Ministry will explore Duplicate's innards and see what can be done.

By the way, it is reported that recently th Ministry attempted to do the same thing with another famous English hen by the name of Jennifer of Cudworth, a pink-eyed fowl.

Last month Jemnifer laid ten gges in lss than an hour.

But before the Ministry's X-ray expert could get there with his scientific equipment, Jennifer had died of overwork.

You see, the English do not work quite as fast as we do or Jennifer did.

Now what has all that to do with the state of the world today?

Well, for one thing, a whole lot of people who still have many eggs to lay, so to speak, die much too young from overwork.

A friend of mine went to the doctor the other day. He was very nervous, very tired — in other words he was all pooped out.

The doctor examined him carefully.

Then he gave his verdict:

"You are trying to do too much, too fast."

Maybe YOU, too, had better put that in your pipe and smoke it.

For another thing, just like in the case of Duplicate, Government is entirely too nosey about too many things.

If Duplicate wants to lay 375 eggs in 170 days that is HER business, and perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins'.

I predict that with all the investigations, the Ministry of Agriculture will no mor be able to make the other hens of England increase their egg production than President Truman has been able to settle the steel strike by meddling.

You simply cannot X-ray fowlish or human nature.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

TZU FIELD OM AW GAE: So weit os der John F. Snyder un sei fraw die Lucy M., fon Macungie aw gait, sin ganunk dawga in ra woch fer shoffa, ow'r 's sotta obsalut may oweta sei fer noch da picknicks gae. Wos die socha bardich shlim mocht, is, won picknicks sin on tzwae unnershitticha bletz, un ains wil doh onna, uns onner aryads shunshd.

Now heit 'n woch tzurick wor die yairlich picknick on da Peters Kerrich, un woh die Allentown Band g'shpielt hut. Die Lucy M., nadierlich hut darta onna gawolt, un der John F., hut noch 'm Macungie Memorial park gae missa fer ocht gewwa uf die mashina parkerrie. 'S wor aw 'n grossie tzeit in Macungie, un die gross froke wor noh, wie os die Lucy M. owets hame kaimt.

Der John F., woh 'n tzimlicher guter kup uf da shulderra hucka hut fer socha farna nous ous rachla, hut noh g'sawt ous ol da dousanda fon manshina os noch da Peters Kerrck kaimta, weara 'n lot os sella waig runner hame gangda, un sie het ken druval fer ebber finna os se garn mit hame nemma dade.

Wie die Lucy M., noh weil drowwa on da picknick wor — un woh sie immer 'n grossie hilf is, hut sie der Elwood Drease un sei fraw die Marie fon Emmaus aw gadroffa, un woh froh worra fer sie mit hame nemma. Der aintsich'd druvel noh wor, wies tzeit wor fer hame gae, ferhoftich sei won die Lucy M., die Marie un der Elwood may finna hut kenna, un wase alla weil noch net woh sie onna kumma sin.

Aenicha waig, wie 's Dreasa naryads tzu finna worra, hut sie mohl aw fonga rum gucka fer ebber shunshd os noch Macungie gang'd, ow'r ol huts g'sheind gangda onnerra waiga nous. De brrichda sin, sie wear gore mechdich uf g'shoft gawest, un yusht wie sie bout ready wor fer ous shtarta un tzu fons hame lawfa, hut sie der Lester Berger un sei fraw die Erma fon Emmaus aw gadroffa, un woh sie mit hame ganumma hen. Der John bei selra tzeit wor shun langshd dahame, un yusht ready fer die police rufe fer gae sei ferlornie Lucy sucha wies Lesters' sie hame gabrocht het.

HUT DIE FRAW FERLORA: Noch ainer os aw weibsleit druvel kotta hut 'm Somshdawg owet on da Peters Kerricha picknick, wor der Ramie Fink fon da Sycamore shtross in Macungie. Aina waig odder da onner hut der Ramie sei Helen ferlora — un sel kon ich eich sawga wore ebbes. Die Helen is noh noch so krutzich — sie is braid uf 'm budda nous, ow'r sel bot nix fer sie sehna won sie unnich da let drin shtaid un der Ramie hut sie yusht net finna kenna.

Der Ramie is im picknick bush rum wie 'n wilder, un kayose wies shena mawg, niemond hut aw sei Helen g'sehna kotta. Die barichda sin, er wear in ra mechdicha fix gawest, un wil wetta os er froh gawest wear won er gawist het os die Lucy Snyder ken waig het fer hame— noh won sie 'm helfa het die Helen sucha, sin m'r shure os er sie numma tzu garn mit hame ganumma het.

Wie der Ramie die Helen naryads finna hut kenna, hut er ous gamocht fer worta bis die leit sich ferloffa hetta, noh kamt sie ferleicht ons dawgs licht. Un grawd so wors aw. Wie die leit bol ol fert worra, hut er 'n drup sehna shtae, un ferhoftich sei won de Helen net in da mid g'shtonna hut, un wor 's aller arrickshd om balawdga wie ewwa immer ihra gabrouch won sie fon hame is. Die barichda sin, der Ramie wot da Helen noch dem 'n bell aw hanka won sie widder noch ra picknick gaina, so os er immer wase woh sie rum dobt won er sie aw net sehna kon.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Morya 'n woch gaina m'r der Hudson nuf — nemond uf 'm boat we unser aigna leit fon doh hiwwa, uns sin ols noch tickets rum, ow'r fonga aw rohr werra.

So weit os es essa aw gait, sawga sie uns sie dada ihra beshdes fer gute ocht gewwa uf uns — doch is unser rote, nemma dale essa mit wons uf aenicha waig miglich is.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 1:1

I trust that the readers of these commentaries from morning to morning will be pleased to spend some time in the study of Paul's letter to the Church in Ephesus, after having spent many weeks in the book of Psalms. Notice that Paul refers to 'Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs' in 5:19 of this epistle. Before reading the letter, we should read Paul's experiences in Ephesus, which city he visited on his third missionary journey, as recorded in Acts 19. He spent more time in this important city than in any other, nearly three years in all. It was situated in Asia (which always means a small province in Asia Minor, never Asia as we use the word today). The Christians to whom he is writing were first generation Christians, with no Christian ancestry, consisting of converted Gentiles and converted Hebrews. It is remarkable that he should be writing such profound spiritual truths to first generation Christians, and surely he expected them to be able to understand what he wrote, because of their personal experience of Christ as Saviour and Lord — the only way by which one can become a Christian.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

Continued

Chapter X

On Easter Day I preached for the first time. The religious services were to be held in Mr. Gerlach's barn, because it was the largest in the neighborhood. The news soon spread, that I would remain and would begin my work in earnest on Easter. Because I was well known among the people, they expected a great interest in the service on this festal day. As the holiday possessed a somewhat religious significance I held for several days the necessary preparatory services. My writing table must serve as an altar. The beautiful shawl which the Jew, Jonathan Schmul sold to Mrs. Gerlach was tastefully spread upon it. I carved a crucifix myself out of firwood. It is three feet high, as I was afraid that the faintest gust of wind would blow a smaller one over Young Nicholas Herkimer had received a small box of varnish at Christmas, which was brought. So we polished the crucifix, painted it black, and varnished it. The little Nicholas is a shrewd youth. He knows the tracks of every wild animal in the forest.

As I was erecting the crucifix on a Saturday, Mrs. Gerlach clapped her hands and shouted:

"What are you doing? We are Reformed."

At first I pretended ignorance. As a Wurtemberger I am indeed a Lutheran, while the Palatines are Reformed, but in the midst of the general corruption I have weightier things to do than to quibble.

The cross is neither Lutheran nor Reformed. It shall serve to foster the Christian spirit. Therefore I thought that, as there is hay and straw in the barn it will remind us of Bethlehem and Golgotha. The Easter sermon must treat of our resurrected Lord, so that we will have also the entire second article of the Christian faith. Is this Reformed or Lutheran? I say it is the holy gospel."

"Wife," said Mr. Gerlach, "allow Mr. Pastor to have his own way. We are not educated."

In the evening with the assistance of teacher Heim I prepared the order of services. He walked with me through the settlement in the moonlit evening. Everywhere the women are in the gardens, hoeing and sowing.

"What are you doing?" I called over the garden fence.

"Keep quiet," said the schoolmaster. "They are sowing flower seed on the evening before Easter, for then flowers of a thousand different colors bloom all summer long upon one and the same stem. Not a word must be said while doing this."

"That is news to me."

"It came from the Palatinate."

"In the Black Forest the maidens look into the water on Easter eve in order to see the face of their future husbands."

"That is not necessary at the Schoharie. Here in the primeval forest young women are scarce. They are married before they are full fledged."

The bright sunlight flooded field and forest on Easter morning. The forest folk, the wood cutters and tar producers came very early to the services. Red Peter had washed himself but one still saw and smelled the tar. The black deposit can not be removed by washing only once. Now he stands before Mr. Gerlach's barn and gesticulates and declares with a loud voice, that with his own eyes he saw the sun, as it rose above the forest make three leaps and bounds.

"What then?"

"That signifies," he said, "that the sap from which tar is made will be quite abundant this year."

"It means a good wheat harvest," said Kreiscorn, because he was a farmer.

"No, the French have been driven into Canada. For this reason the sun rejoices," said a third.

"Sir Johnson has visited the seven Dutch partners, who plan a new attack upon our farms and talk 'German' with them until their eyes overflow."

Thereupon all laughed.

Each one wishes to force the Easter sun into his own narrow room. He fears that he might fall short if it also shines into his neighbor's heart and house.

The people are approaching from every direction. The women for the most part come on horseback, the men on foot. There were few wagons, because there are as yet few in the settlement, and the roads at this time of the year are almost impassable.

And such holiday attire! About one-half wore the skins of deer and bears which they themselves had killed; others more well-to-do kept up with the times and were familiar with the fashions. Ruddy faces, strong bodies, not a sick person was among them today.

As the exercises were about to begin, it happened that the barn would only accommodate a small part of the assembled people. So I proposed to conduct the services upon the Schoharie hill where our dead sleep beneath the trees. I proceeded thither with the schoolmaster, Heim. "What shall we sing?" Very few had hymn books. They know by heart the hymn "Of the Strange War," Heim remarked.

Then we started to sing the hymn accompanied by the violins and flutes and occasionally the distiller's bass drum.

"It was a wonderful strife
In which death and life contended!
The life which won the victory
Was conqueror over death!"

The singing was hearty. A good beginning for the first religious service which we celebrated at the Schoharie was made. As in the case of the Hebrews when they laid the cornerstone for the second temple, so the tears ran down over the cheeks and beards of the aged while the faces of the young beamed with joy because we could also celebrate Easter at the Schoharie.

Then I read the Gospel lesson. This had a different effect out in the open than within the walls of a church. I read about the sunrise, the earthquake, the descent of an angel, his raiment white as snow, his countenance and form bright as the lightning, of the soldiers who fell to the ground from fright as if they were dead and then how, after earthquake and storm and fire the risen Lord appeared, saying: "Peace be with you."

Because heaven seemed so near to these farmers on this bright Sunday morning, as if they could reach it with their hands, it was as if a holy thrill had gone through their ranks. They looked around to see whether Christ was present at the services with the words: "Peace be with you."

We ought to celebrate Easter in the open air as on the first Easter day, was the introduction to my sermon. The cradle of the human race was a garden, the garden of Eden. On account of the fall of man this garden was turned into a cemetery. But now, since Christ arose from the dead in Joseph's garden, our graveyards have again become gardens. Here also lie the stones on the graves of our loved ones. Do you know what these stones say on Easter morning? The stone over Jesus' grave says: Right still prevails. God does not forget his people, therefore strive for the victory. God has not forgotten us here in the forest. When our enemies and adversaries thought they had ended the career of the Germans, then our dear Heavenly Father hastily opened a new window in Heaven each time and sent help. He gave us bread and clothing, sunshine and joy.

Then in its main points my sermon was on the second article, about the "Lord, who redeemed us lost and condemned mankind, saved us from sin, from death and the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with his own precious blood and with his cruel suffering and death." The people understood this better than when I spoke of the daily bread. As I am writing this I am reminded of a pastor in Germany who considered himself enlightened and who in his sermon wished to prove the existence of a God and who preached about Easter visions and similar subjects. Let him and others of his kind thank God that they did not become forest preachers in America. To show the presence of God? These farmers who fled from their homes who each day were face to face with death on the ocean, who were in danger of men and of the beasts of the forest, who in a word knew life with its toil and labor. Visions? They would simply consider him crazy who talked on such subjects. Every moment a dozen of them were ready to suffer a martyr's death for their Bible and catechism, the only friends who remained faithful to them in the wilderness. If only those were present with me this morning who do not believe in the resurrection to listen to the singing of these country people.

While I was preaching the sun was shining through the trees, the breeze gently stirred the tender spring foliage and heart and soul were touched by God's spirit. In conclusion I said: The most beautiful thought about that stone in Joseph's garden is that it was rolled away. Today we celebrate for the first time Easter Day in the forest. The stones still cover the graves of your dear ones. You have chiseled into them the cross and their names. When we celebrate Easter for the last time at the Schoharie, then the angels will descend from heaven and roll away all these stones. The dead will arise, all these fields will be alive with people, and the sea will give up its dead. Our brethren who were buried at sea, our brethren who were killed by Indians and wild beasts and those whose bodies we do not find, all these will arise and live. None of us will be missing. Then they sang: "Jesus, my Lord and Saviour is my Life." They wiped the tears from their eyes, and sang again unwilling to stop, sang the whole hymn from memory.

I baptized their children. We then celebrated the Holy Communion, and whoever would examine closely the faces of each of the hundreds of communicants received the impression that "The Lord lives. He indeed rose from the dead, and also appeared to us here at the Schoharie." Up to the present time I complained of the sacrifice and resignation that was imposed upon me. Such a religious service counterbalances all these feelings.

The distiller and tavern-keeper shall call me only the stone-preacher.

The settlers are talking of building a church. If only the uncertainty about the lawful possession of their lands did not exist. Governor Hunter and the seven Dutch partners remain quiet for the present until they receive a hint from London. The journey of the aged Weiser to London was not as fruitless as he thought. For this reason it was difficult to persuade the people to build a suitable place of worship.

Therefore we had to be content with the offer of Carl Herkimer. He offered us his newly built log barn as a meeting place. As far as possible we prepared and arranged the building for services whereby my crucifix was honored and had its place on the altar. Upon the freshly whitewashed walls I wrote passages from Scripture. Above the altar were the words: "Der Herr ist in seinem heiligen Tempel, es sei vor ihm stille alle Welt." Its purpose was to instruct the wood choppers and tarmakers who could with difficulty sit quiet throughout the service. Mr. Kreiskorn wished to prepare a great church dedication. But I said: "No, as long as the ark of the Lord remained in a tent, there was no reason for rejoicing in Israel. As soon as the temple was completed, dedicatory services were held, and then the Glory of the Lord filled the whole house so that the priests could not stand to administer the offerings. We will wait until a suitable church is erected. Then we will rejoice and celebrate."

I must arouse the people in this district. Soon we expect to get a suitable house of worship.

Chapter XI

Now I began to organize congregations. Within a radius of 25 miles there is no ordained German minister. All of them are itinerant preachers, of whom Jonathan Schmul said, "They are a bad lot." As long as I roamed in the forest none concerned themselves about me. As soon as they noticed that I obtained a following they tried to alienate the people from me. Their chief argument was that I did not preach the true doctrine. They claimed that I perverted the Lord's Prayer, and that I also had during the distribution of the sacraments quoted the installation sentences, but had no faith in them. They entered all the cottages with their slanders.

The most active of all was a certain Mr. Schneps. This man was most pernicious. He was more than sixty years of age. He deserted his wife and children in Germany, and here in Middleburg became engaged to a widow. Besides, a young woman accused him of being the father of her child. When he conducted services in Schenectady last spring, he was so intoxicated that the deacons had to tie the bands for him. During the singing of the hymn, "O Gott, du frommer Gott," he repeatedly sang the first verse. His associates are like him.

It is evident to me that it is not my duty to dispute with these people and to perplex their minds. With one blow I frustrated their plots. I announced that no fees would be accepting for baptizing, visiting the sick and administering the communion rites. Consequently the ministers had no income from these sources and they betook themselves to other regions.

Difficulties were encountered in building a church. The people, in the hard struggle for their daily bread, forgot the most important family events. Many of them have a family Bible in which everything is neatly recorded, as, for example, Mr. Gerlach and Mr. Kreiskorn. But the Herkimers had recorded nothing. Half of the children born here are not baptized, and when I asked the date of the child's birth, most of them had no accurate knowledge. During their continuous wanderings they lost their Bibles. More frequently one finds Arnd's Garden of Paradise which they could carry more easily because it is smaller than the Bible.

I wanted to fix the personalities, and upon entering a house began with the question:

"How old is Jacob?"

"He must be fifteen," says the father in an embarrassed manner.

"Why, man, what do you mean! We have been married only fourteen years. He is thirteen?"

"When is his birthday?"

"He was born during the night the Indians set Von der Haide's house on fire," answered the man.

"How you do talk," said his wife, "Mr. Pastor, my husband has confused everything. When the flames leaped skyward, I awoke and was so frightened that I grasped my neck. From this he received a birth-mark for life. He was born during the wheat harvest." The exact date could not be determined. I recorded in the church records: "Jacob Klinger, born about the early part of July." etc.

Others say, "John was born while we were still living in the 'Zwangscolonie' at the Hudson; Anna was born the day the sheriff attempted to expel the settlers from the Schoharie and the swarthy Gretchen put out his eye. Nicholas was born in the fall of the year my husband lay sick of a fever."

I traveled a great deal to accomplish all this.

But the worst situation was at the home of the two Weissdorns. I asked him, "How many children have you?"

"I must first count them," he answered. "By my first wife, Lizzie, I had ten. By my present wife, Barbara, there are—let's see"—he counted his fingers and finally answered, "nine, altogether nineteen." Then he added earnestly: "There might easily be more, but I can not tell the exact number, at least all are living."

His wife, Barbara, entered the door at this moment, and as she did not know exactly what her husband and I were talking about, she vehemently broke forth:

"Why do they concern our sins? Better ten on the cushion, than one on the conscience."

I assumed a knowing look, as her husband said: "Why do you scream so loud, old woman, the minister knows nothing of our affairs!"

This attracted my attention, and I began to ask questions.

"We are not married," he continued, "because we had no money and there was no pastor in the neighborhood. As often as a child was born, I had to promise to marry her."

"We are honest people, Mr. Pastor; give us the blessing," cried Barbara. She put on a black dress, while her husband washed his face. Then both stood before me, and I conferred the blessing. The wife was overjoyed.

I seated myself and started to fill out the birthday register of the nineteen children. I could not finish by day and had to pass the night there.

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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Editorials

Front Line vs Brass

A lot of invidious comparison has been stirred up thruout the country by the disparity of the sentences imposed upon Major General Grow, who kept a diary while in Germany and carelessly left it where the Russian spies could find it, and PFC Warren G. McConnell, of Alloway, N. J., who slept while on guard duty in the front line in Korea.

The New Jersey soldier, probably a boy in his late teens, was sentenced after a court martial to 10 years imprisonment. The general got a reprimand, a lot of dishonor and a virtual six-months vacation, with pay.

There is no condoning the offense of the sleepy youth in Korea whose act could have brought death for his comrades. But there is inevitable contrast of his punishment with that meted out to the high ranking officer whose errors of judgment might have plunged this nation into war with Russia. At any rate, the general's diary has been the material out of which Russia has carved for herself a lot of propaganda designed to prove to the world that the United States is a warmonger and that our military forces are planning attack. They strive to substantiate that theory from items in the Grow diary.

Very fortunately the hullabaloo stirred up in the newspapers in the United States about the 10-year sentence for young Private McConnell seems to have brought about satisfactory results. That sensitive nerve center, Washington, has been pricked aplenty. The Court of Military Appeals has ordered a new hearing or the young soldier. It has conveniently found an error in the court martial proceedings in Korea and it has announced that the error constituted "substantial prejudice" in the soldier's case.

At another time the court martial and the 10-year sentence might have escaped notice. At this time its coincidental occurrence with the far greater error of a top-ranking officer in the same military organization attracted wide attention. If there had not been satisfactory answer and response from Washington, the American people would have been prompted to kick off the roof.

Defense Program's Hurts

Effects of the steel strike upon the defense production program inevitably had to be unfavorable. Some figures now are coming out to show what almost two months of idleness and loss of upwards of twenty million tons of steel did for the rearming program.

In the 53 days of the strike and the days required to get steel into production more steel could have been produced than the famous Ruhr area of Germany was able to make in an entire year when at the height of its power and glory. There is a lot of satisfaction however that the mills are roaring again and that in unbelievably short time maximum production schedules will be in operation.

It is to be hoped that the retardation of development of the Air Force program will not be a serious loss to the country. The speed with which it was being stepped up arose from the almost certain knowledge that Russia has a tremendously large air force, the greatest perhaps in any country's peace history. And we are assured that she is adding to it at a rate far in excess of our annual production.

Originally it had been expected that the airplane factories of the United States would be turning out 2400 planes a month during 1952. A change of policy by President Truman resulted in what was termed a "stretch-out" program. It was a program designed to give the people of the United States not only "guns" but "butter" also. That is to say, the arms program was shaped so as to cause minimum interference to the domestic program.

Under that stretch-out program it was expected that production this year would amount to about 900 planes a month and by September, 1953, the rate was to be up to about 1250 a month.

Just about everybody believes that those figures compare miserably with the plane production figures of Russia. Even those low figures were further reduced by the strike. The Air Force has said that the 900-per-month rate probably will not be attained until a year hence.

Just how badly the Defense program has been hurt cannot be known immediately but studies are in progress. The hope must be that we'll be able to muddle thru and that the tremendous energy of the Steel Industry and its men will speedily establish a condition where controls can be removed from this raw material — a possibility that was being considered for an early date, probably January, 1953, just before the strike began.

Touchy Amb. O'Dwyer

The unseemly rage of Ambassador William O'Dwyer over a newspaper story hinting that he was considering change of citizenship from the United States to Mexico is taken to indicate that a very sore spot was touched in the anatomy of the former Mayor of New York.

The fitness of Mr. O'Dwyer for the ambassadorship to our prominent neighbor repeatedly has been questioned. There were plenty of clouds around him when he left the metropolis to go south of the border. No invitations, hints or other suggestions that he return to New York to answer a lot of questions about grafters in the police and fire departments have been accepted. He has kept out of New York for good.

It has appeared entirely probable that O'Dwyer would not go back to New York for a long, long time altho it seems more certain that after January 1 next he will not be ambassador to Mexico or fill any other position in the Federal government. He certainly can expect no favors if General Eisenhower be elected. And if Governor Stevenson be elected it can be believed that he will be glad to cut another albatross loose from the Democratic party.

Mr. O'Dwyer is getting a handsome pension from New York City. The story that he was thinking of going into law practice in Mexico City seemed plausible after his manifest disinterest in going back to New York to give a lot of desired information to district attorneys and grand juries.

Instead of flattering the Mexicans, the story of his reputed desire to become a Mexican citizen, followed by denial, seems to have created ill opinion. It has been taken by many as an insult to the country and to the Mexicans. The reaction in the United States is pretty well summed up by the New York correspondent of a Mexican newspaper who said: "The Mexicans can have him. O'Dwyer is no good to us."

In the Public 'I'



David Lawrence Says

The presidential campaign will not become active until September. Both candidates have been advised that, with television and radio, in a long campaign they can easily wear themselves out both as to faces and voices and that the short and intensive type of effort is much to be preferred this year to the long-drawn-out pattern of other presidential years.

This doesn't mean that speechmaking will be omitted during August. Now and then speeches will be made, but the touring and cross-country speaking trips will not materialize until the last six weeks of the campaign. In all probability both Gov. Stevenson and Gen. Eisenhower will make transcontinental journeys.

It is significant that, notwithstanding the television and radio coverage, the candidates will attempt to visit as many States as possible. This is because, despite recent inventions, the people like to see in person the rpominent men of the campaign.

Another reason for deferring the intensive part of the campaign till September is that much preliminary work has yet to be done by each candidate. The organization of a national headquarters, with a staff to devote its time to special phases of the campaign, is something that takes up a lot of the candidate's attention at the very start.

Advice on Strategy

Right now each candidate is being given advice on what kind of strategy to pursue. The theory that all a nominee has to do is attack the other fellow has not proved successfu. Affirmative expression of doctrine is as important as attack on the opposite party.

This campaign is unique because it is the first one in 24 years in which a President of the United States has not been on one or the other of the two major party tickets. This has been a disadvantage to the nominee who is running on the ticket of a retiring President because he is usually not as familiar with the points of attack made against the existing administration as the President himself would be.

Gov. Stevenson will enjoy the unique advantage or disadvantage — it remains to be seen which it is—of having the incumbent President go on the stump for him. The governor has hinted that he will control the extent of Mr. Truman's participation. Just what this means is not clear, for obviously the Illinois governor would not wish it to be inferred that he thinks Mr. Truman's pres ence in some States would be politically injurious. Perhaps he had the South in mind, for a Truman stumping trip in that area would inflame the Southerners rather than win them to enthusiastic support of the Democratic ticket.

But there is no reason why President Truman shouldn't express himself freely no matter how few speeches he is asked to make. For, after all, Mr. Stevenson and the Democratic platform lauded the Truman record to the skies, and it will be embarrassing for the nominee to imply that he doesn't think this enthusiasm was warranted.

There are some observers who are saying already that Gov. Stevenson intends to disassociate himself from the Truman policies in order to win independent Republican votes. But, if he does, he may cause a stay-at-home vote in other Democratic areas. The "civil rights" question is a case in point. The more Mr. Truman argues that the 1952 plank on civil rights means as much as the 1948 plank, the more controversey he stirs up.

To Support Stevenson

Sen. Willis Robertson, the very able junior senator from Virginia, has just announced he will support Gov. Stevenson because he thinks the 1952 platform plank on "civil rights" is less objectionable than the one adopted by the 1948 convention. Sooner or later these variations in meaning will have to be cleared up and, when that occurs, either President Truman will have to become the object of a bit of "thought control" in order to preserve harmony in the party or else he will have to avoid mentioning subjects that could lose votes for Gov. Stevenson. One imagines, for instance, that President Truman will not discuss "inherent powers" such as he exercised when he seized the steel industry and one imagines the President will not aruge that the Taft-Hartley Act should be "repealed" now that Gov. Stevenson says it should be "rewritten" instead of repealed.

It takes time to straighten out all these things before the campaign really opens in Sepember, and that's what they will be doing in August.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the most delightful experiences when you travel is the free and easy way in which people from all the different places in our country meet and become friends.

"Traveling is broadening," is an old saying. But it can be broadening in one of two ways.

One is by just sitting in your car, sitting on your train, sitting at the various dinner tables. That, in one sense, is broadening. But it is broadening in the wrong place.

The real broadening in traveling is to keep your eyes, your ears and your mind wide open.

Almost everybody I see on my trips carries a camera. They shoot pictures every five minutes — most of them with some member of the family in the picture.

A little man with a loud sports shirt shot a picture of his wife standing in front of Mount Moran.

She was about 4 feet 11, Mt. Moran is something like 14,000 feet high.

You can figure out the comparison by yourself.

Of course, he loves her, I am sure, so perhaps by comparison she is much larger than Mt. Moran.

After all, all those things are relative.

On the trip to Jackson Hole from Victor, our car climbed from 6,000 feet to an altitude of 8,400 feet.

The view from the top of the pass was breath taking.

But this is not a travel folder —you can get a description of this country by writing to the nearest travel agent or to the Union Pacific Railroad.

I am not going to bore you with tales that any publicity or advertising man can do much better than I.

Nor am I going to fill you with statistics.

But if you ever make the trip, try to get on the bus driven by Stan Boyle, as unique a character as I ever met.

Stan is a school principal in Idaho Falls in fall and winter. In summer he drives the bus from Victor, the railroad station, to Moran, in the heart of the Tetons.

He has been in this country 40 years. His father before him drove the mail stage.

If you can get his attention between "spiels" he will tell you about the early days in this country.

He will point out the place where a man was killed by a snow avalanche some years ago. It happened in December. They didn't find him until March. He was standing there in the snow dead, with his hands high over his head, as if praying to God, as the end had neared.

Stan will show you where the beavers built their dams and he will tell you about the early days, before the tourists came, and how the fur trappers plied their trade. He will tell you about the feud between the cattle men and the sheep men, about the early shootings and hangings. He will relive the whole West for you and make you almost wish you had lived in those days.

Then there is the man they call "Fabulous Fabian," the president of the Tetan Company, which is, in turn, one of the many enterprises of the Rockefellers.

A successful Salt Lake City lawyer, he is now devoting his entire life to the building up of the Jackson Hole region. He and his wife love every inch of this country—and so, it seems, does every human being who lives here.

And so will you, if you ever have a chance to take the trip.

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of August 2, 1952, a Tuesday.

Two silk American flags, gifts of Joseph H. Hart were taken by plane from New York to Rome, Italy.

Miss Dorothea Flexer of the Metropolitan Opera Company returned from a four-week vacation with her parents Dr. and and Mrs. George Flexer, 43 N. 30th St.

Capt. and Mrs. George H. Ormrod returned from a ten-week tour of Europe. While in England they visited relatives.

Edgar A. Guest

Oh, be the weather hot or cold
Or if the day bring snow or rain,
We find our tongues are hard to hold
And bitterly we all complain.
Yet, though dislike it as we may,
We cannot grumble it away.

Last Christmas from the drifts of snow
We needed aid our cars to free.
It didn't help to grumble though.
Unless we shoveled, stuck were we.
And now the sun's ablaze again
And we are whimpering for rain.

If talk I must, I'll say, "It's hot!"
But drop the subject after that.
Though fair or foul the weather's not
My favorite subject when I chat.
Grumbling about the weather won't
Make any difference, so I don't.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

John Firmin, an FBI man for several years, was covering a case in Boston when one of the bluebloods from Beacon Hill asked him where he hailed from. "Findlay, Ohio," said Firmin. "Ah, yes, Ohio," said the blueblood thoughtfully. "I was there once. My plane had to make a forced landing on the way back from Santa Barbara." Firmin's stock went up when he reminded the Bostoner that Findlay was the home of William Dean Howell's "A Hazard of New Fortunes" — the story of one of the earliest gas booms in the history of the country.

Horoscope

Charity and seeking information needed will make this a rewarding day. Enjoy yourself during evening hours. Today's child will be quiet, contemplative and successful.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE SCHNECKA REUNION:

Morya is wohrhoft die Schnecka reunion in Neffs Valley park, un ferfaila allas. Die Schnecka fon nadure sin wenich longsome, doch wons hais'd "familia reunion," kumma sie bei gagrodd'ld fon alla ecka. Die Schnecka sin 'n altie familia, un hof die tzeit kumt os sich mohl ebber erbarm'd un schreibt 'n Schnecka lavens lawf buch. Un wons dut, kumt unser nahma aw nei, die weil os unser gross mutter Maria Troxell 'n gabornie Schneck'n wor — 'n dochter fom John un Elizabeth Schneck fon nagshd on Scheidys.

Yar, morya grodd'ld Neffs Valy park fol Schnecka fon olla orta—grossa un glaina, din un dicka, alt un yunga, Schnecka fon alla orta os tzu denka sin. Yusht wie g'sawt, morya is ae mohl os m'r net dabei sei kenna weil m'r der Hudson drowwa sin, un net gute weck kenna. Doch sin m'r shure os ol widder 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit hen, bardich won die reunion halver so gute wert wie selar yairlich tzomma lawfa os die Schnecka Familia reunion kommittee alla summer hut ons Clint Schnecka summer hamet g'shwishich Fogelsville un Claussville.

Der Clint is der kerl woh doh etlicha yohr tzurick mohl so'n aryie hunds erfohring kotta hut. Er hut 'n hund kot os er die welt duf k'halta hut—woh ever os der Clint wor, darta wor der hund. Der hund, wie aw die menscheit, is dawg fer dawg elterra werra, un endlich is die tzeit kumma woh er dote gonga is, ebbes os der Clint shier net iwwer 's hartz griega hut kenna. Die barichda sin, er het sich so arrick gadruv'ld os sei hund dote wear, os er nimmy gessa un g'shlofa het, un won leit kumma sin fer g'shora odder gabolviert werra er sie ferkrutzt os gross ordich wor.

'M Clint sei fraw die Edna hut sich endlich uf die hinnerra g'shteld, un g'sawt die dumma socha mista tzu ma end kumma, un os der hund don dote wear, ferwos er die houd net garva dade lossa, un sie tzu ma shoemacher nemma un fershwabba uf shoe odder shlippers. Selar blawn hut 'm Clint gute aw g'shtonna, yusht in blotz fon die houd fershwabba, hut er der shoemacher g'frok'd fer 'n paar guta shoe rous mocha fer ols weara won er yawga gang'd.

Un der Clint hut sich aw 'n paar shoe ous da hunds houd mocha lossa, un allas wor ol recht bis er ae nocht drous wor fix yawga. Uf ae mohl sin die shoe ob fert allas os er gae hut kenna, un der Clint hut mit gamist eb er gawolt hut odder net. Barrick nuf un barrick hunner, darrich dailer un iwwer hivla nous, die shoe hen der Clint shtaryer fert ganumma os er in el seim lebdawg noch goloffa wor. Wie er g'shpiert hut os er nimmy weiter gae kent, hut er halt gagrabb'd omma glaina weiss aicha baum, un sich kova mit tzwae hand die weil os die sho 'm fon da fees sin, wie won der wind sie ob gablosa het.

'S aintsich'd noh tzu duh, wor bore feesich hame lawfa un hut gadenk'd sel wear 's end fon seina hunds ladderna shoe. Ow'r darta wor woh der Clint badroga wor. Da nagshda morya wie er uf g'shtonna is, ferhotfich sei won sei tzwae shoe net on da hinnershda dier g'shtonna hen, un worra om worta fer nei ins hous ganumma werra. Drous im bush hen sie 'n fux shpoor garucha, un sin 'm fux noh grawd wie aw ols der hund is wie er noch galaibt hut.

Ferol os m'r wissa, mawgs sei os der Clint morya fertzailt fon seinra shoe erfohring, un won er dut, sehna numma os er bei da wohrhate bleibt — hoarschnidder sin alsa mohl bahoft fer die wohrhate awenich shtracka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OR'R

Morya is der dawg woh m'r der Hudson nuf gaina—'s airsht mohl os 'n lot os mit gaina uf ra train un boat sin—evens der dons ousrufer "Happy" Wisser secht, 's wear sei airshdie train ride in finf un fartsich yohr.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 1:7-12

Let us today stress the phrase, 'the mystery of His will,' 1:9, revealed in the coming of Jesus into the world, because God so loved us, so that, believing in Him, we should not perish, but have everlasting life. The first stage of this experience as Christians is the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace, v.7. His plan for our salvation, abounds in wisdom and understanding, as we enter into the depths of the mystery of His will, according to His good will and pleasure. And what is the goal of God's plan and purpose, the mystery revealed particularly to Paul, and by him to us in this epistle? 'That in the dispensation of the fulness of time He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him, in Whom also we have obtained an inheritance according to the purpose of Him Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, that we should be to the praise of His glory, Who first trusted in Christ, this word 'first' referring to Hebrew Christians.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER

(Translated from the German)

Continued

Divers disputes had first to be settled before we could draw up regulations for the establishing of the congregation. How numerous are the men who are ready to make regulations for others. The aged Heim had drawn up a set of rules for the congregation, including in them everything conceivable in one hundred paragraphs. Each paragraph had its subdivisions and explanations. One might think we were called upon to draw up a constitution for the Turkish Empire.

The code of rules stirred up anger. Order is desirable; but too many rules in a congregation are a sure source of quarrels.

Then I delivered a sermon in the church service on fondness for industry and good penmanship. But I warned them of indulging to excess. "We must cut the trousers to fit a boy," I remarked, "and not a gigantic Goliath." They laughed and were won over to my opinion. "When a child is born, what does it need? A name?" Then the names of all the saints in the almanac were suggested. One wanted a Lutheran name, another a Reformed, and again others United Protestants. I pleaded for a short name. At last we agreed upon "St. Paul's German Evangelical Congregation."

The adoption of a creed followed. "We believe in the Word of God and its interpretation according to the fathers of the Reformation." Some wanted it expressed more fully. "That is sufficient," I said and I would not yield. There was a third paragraph about membership. "Each one is required to attend religious services regularly and to partake of the Holy Sacraments, to live a Christian life and to support the congregation financially." An explanation concerning the election of deacons, their duties and terms of office followed. Then I permitted the men to sign this, and the church regulations went into effect.

The elderly Mr. Heim complained that there were no church rules because they filled only one side of a sheet of paper.

"It is true," I replied. "If the congregation grows we will add to the rules. Do not handle an infant too roughly or else it will die on your hands."

These church regulations I introduced into seven congregations. Every Sunday I preached at two places. When I went through the primeval forest to the lumber camps I only preached once. Because the forest was filled with wolves, I was accompanied each time by several men.

* * *

In each congregation I organized Bible classes for the young people. They gladly attended to hear the Bible narratives.

Young men and marriageable girls besides children constituted the classes. Many of these young women cast ardent glances at me. I can not dismiss any one.

Today I related the incident of Jacob's flight and the ladder that reached to heaven. They tried to explain everything I asked. I asked the youthful Gerlach to repeat the story for me, and he did it in the following manner:

"As Jacob was asleep with the stone for a pillow, suddenly the night became bright as day. Just as the Catskills are lit up when the Indians hold their war dance and Jacob was frightened like the people at the Schoharie."

Some one asked: "Where did Jacob obtain the oil which he poured upon the stone?"

Before I could answer, young Herkimer called out: "From his lantern which he allowed to burn in order to keep the wolves away."

* * *

My mother asked me what she should do with my share of my father's estate. I replied that she send me a map of the Palatinate. I must be better informed of this country, or nothing orderly will come of the church book. For the balance I requested her to send me Bibles and hymn-books. I have no need of money in the wilderness.

Chapter XII

This is a hard winter. The oldest inhabitants can not recall one like it. In the depths of the forests wolves attacked men. The wild animals preyed fiercely upon the deer. I am completely snowed in. The smoke which rises from the houses is the only evidence that men live here. Out in the forest there was a great fire last night. Either a house was burnt or there was a disorderly night in the lumber camp.

Would that we had a church! We are still conducting services in Herkimer's barn but it is impossible to hold them at the other places. The barns are not tightly built. The snow drifts through all the crevices. No one can sit there during this bitterly cold weather. I am therefore quite alone in my log cabin. I think of days gone by, and write my simple narrative.

The aged Urschel has been confined for weeks to Gerlach's home sick with pneumonia. No doctor can get here through this deep snow. So I read up in my books how her case should be treated. She had passed the crisis but the fever has left her in a weak condition.

What shall I begin single-handed in this wilderness? Shall I marry? Why should I not? My income is sufficient to support a wife and children. Even if I am condemned to this forest life why should I not surround myself with a family like other men? If I decide to marry, the next question will be, where will I find a wife?

I journeyed to Albany in order to buy medicine. While there I visited Katharine Weisenberg. I wondered whether the Van der Heids with whom she is employed are a proud family. The old gentleman would at first not admit me to the house. I insisted that no one had a right to prevent me, as a pastor, from paying the lady a visit. This had the desired effect. Mr. Van de Heid called Katharine into the room.

Since then I learned why the name pastor produced such a favorable result for me on the part of the Dutchman. The minister, Joshua Von Kocherthal, who came to America with the first one hundred and sixty Palatines who emigrated to New York in a body, at one time drove to Albany right back of Mr. Van der Heid. The latter was in no hurry and drove leisurely along the narrow road ahead of the pastor. The pastor called to him and kindly requested him to turn out so that he might pass him as his business was urgent. The proud Dutchman paid no attention to the plain German pastor, but drove slowly along whereby the dust raised by his team was blown into the preacher's face. This made the pastor furious. He sprang from the buggy and with clenched fist lectured him about politeness to German pastors. Therefore I had to thank my predecessors for obtaining ready access to the home of Mr. Van der Heid.

Katharine recognized me at once, and greeted me in a friendly manner. Five years ago she was a mere child. Now before me stood a tall, robust, finely featured, beautiful woman. Her expression showed that she possessed common sense. Her manner was gentle and modest. The prudent Mrs. Van der Heid remained in the room, and the conversation was short and confined to general topics. She was doing well. She had served five years, and must remain two more. Would she then come to Schoharie? That is her intention, for there are her only relatives.

I left. Had this girl confused me? No, but when I thought of matrimony and reflected upon the number of marriageable maidens of my acquaintance, then indeed my thoughts at last would revert to her.

But your circumstances, Pastor Resig! You will commit a foolish act. Who inquires about standing and family descent in the wilderness of America? Here the courageous and industrious win who do not think of yesterday but of today and tomorrow. She is only a servant girl. This is an advantage, because she will understand housekeeping.

Be judicious, Peter. Do you want a wife or a housekeeper? A wife, truly! She shall be the partaker of my joys and sorrows. And of your thoughts and labors, too? The contrast in culture is too great. You are an educated man, she is a servant girl. I reason: the girl has common sense, she will develop. Peter, do not make yourself unhappy, equals shall marry equals! What! Equals mated to equals. Then explain to me the contradictions of nature. The gentle Mr. Gerlach and the hasty, clamorous Mrs. Gerlach, Red Peter and his swarthy Gretchen, the braggart tavernkeeper and his gentle Maria, the educated Frenchman, who had attended five universities, and his copper-colored squaw who could neither read nor write.

Like should mate like. No, unlike had better unite with unlike. The black with the red, the frail with the strong, the wise with the stupid, and the industrious with the lazy. One supplies what the other lacks. The happiest marriages result from the possession of opposite traits. If the weather is hot in July the farmer waits for a thunderstorm. Opposite forces govern the natural world, they make the life of man happy and cheerful. In wedlock the similarly disposed do not become reconciled on account of the irksomeness and monotony.

In this manner I reasoned by myself many times throughout the winter and I always reached the same conclusion: Katharine is an acceptable young woman. She must serve two years more before she comes to the Schoharie. I still have time to consider the matter.

Mr. Kreiscorn visited me. The report was circulated that I had died, because I was not present at the burial in the lumber camp. The people had heard of Urschel's illness, and, as often happens on such occasions, confused our names.

"Who died in the camp?" I inquired.

"A Frenchman was killed in a row over an Indian girl," was the reply.

"That is awful."

"No one mourns the Frenchman, but the sawmill and several buildings were burned during the fight. The English and Dutch property owners are almost crazed by the loss."

"These men are responsible for the debauched life in the lumber camps. The entire civilization which England brings to the Indians consists of drunkenness, perfidy and adultery."

"It is true," Mr. Kreiscorn replied.

"Who preached the funeral sermon for the Frenchman?"

"No one, Red Peter spoke very loud, when the coffin was lowered. As I approached, I noticed that Peter was furious with anger, because no grave could properly be dug on account of the frozen ground. Then some one mentioned to him that the grave was not deep enough. Thereupon Peter swore and cursed the louder. Nothing else was done at the burial."

"What happened to the murderer?"

"A so-called justice of the peace examined the case. Because most of them were intoxicated during the fight and the Indian girl was already up and off with another man, he could indeed not fasten the crime upon any one. His only anxiety was to be paid for examining the case. The wise judge decreed, 'The murderer and his victim are equally guilty, and must share the expense of the trial.'"

This is called justice in the name of his majesty, the king of England. No wonder that the Germans drove the sheriff out of the settlement.

I am delighted that Urschel is recovering from her illness.

The landlord sent me a flask of whisky with the message that I should be sure to keep warm during this cold winter.

Chapter XIII

A terrible accident happened on Mr. Herkimer's farm. In felling trees, one fell on the spot where Mr. Herkimer stood. It was the last day they wanted to work in the forest before starting the spring work on the farm. It is very sad that this faithful man must meet his end in this way. Mrs. Herkimer had an evil presentiment. The night previous she had heard three very distinct knocks in the house and although the brave woman was usually not superstitious or timid, fear seized her that for a while she could not move a muscle. Her husband whom she awoke bantering her, said that she had eaten a very hearty supper, and therefore disturbing dreams were the penalty.

They summoned me at once. Although life was not extinct when I arrived, he breathed his last in a few minutes without regaining consciousness. This was a great pity. Our Germans do not dissemble, but express their feelings freely.

Mr. Herkimer's youngest son, Nicholas, was not at home at the time. The young man loved a military life and had joined the army. He was in the region of Lake Champlain when a war between the French and the English threatened to break out. We buried the father without being able to inform the son of the funeral. Conrad Weiser is on his way thither where he, commissioned by England, should sign an agreement with the Indians.

These obsequies! I had no idea that so many Germans live in the vicinity. From every direction the men had come. Many brought shovels in order to make a road through the deep snow drifts. Also all of them had their guns to ward off the attacks of the ferocious wolves. As I glanced over the crowd I indeed felt as if it were an army of armed soldiers who were starting on a campaign.

Mr. Herkimer was one of the leaders in the colony. On account of his honesty and his upright, quiet manners, all respected him and loved him like a father. Requiescat in pace.

As I beheld the crowd of people, I resolved that a single large church should be built at the Schoharie, as a far distant visible token, center and rallying point for all Germans in the settlement. The many small churches which exist in Pennsylvania, as Conrad Weiser has informed me, divide our people into innumerable mutually opposed parties. That shall not occur here, if God grants me life and strength.

How essential in this work would Mr. Herkimer's influence be! The younger Weiser too belongs to us only in part. With his family he removed to Tulpehocken in Pennsylvania to be near his father upon whom the burden of years were weighing rather heavily. Of course, he still owned a house in Weiser's village and spent a week each year at the Schoharie. Would that those of advanced years might remain with us as I need their services.

The young are moreover a brave race. What is bred in the bone does not come out of the flesh. What women these Germans do have!

One of Red Peter's sons married Maria Illig during the bitterly cold weather. It was a bad winter day. Field and forest were rigid with ice and snow, as the bridal couple drove up to my log cabin and I gave them the church's blessing.

They could, however, not slip past the landlord on this their wedding day. The loquacious tavernkeeper placed a substantial meal before them, the companions of young Peter drank many a glass to the health of the bridal couple, and before they were aware of it the dark winter night had set in. At last they drove in a sled toward their log cabin. They had not proceeded far before bride and groom heard the shrill yelp and hungry cry of a pack of fierce wolves. The horses ran at top speed through the lonesome forest. Nearer came the wolves, they feel the hot breath of the leader. Thereupon young Peter deals him a blow which sends the beast reeling into the snow. But only for a moment and the wolves are again close behind them. They try to leap into the sled. Young Peter throws the reins to his bride, and grasps his pistols. His is a steady hand. Every shot goes true. Scarcely are the pistols reloaded before the hungry wolves renew their attack. Maria guides the smoking horses with a firm rein and sharp cries. The sled flies like an arrow. Clouds of snow and ice conceal the track and make the pursuit of the wolves more difficult. Now they see the log cabin. Again there is the report of a pistol. Another half mile and the foam covered steeds panting and trembling in every limb stand before the house. One bound and the door was locked behind Maria. Young Peter fires the freshly loaded pistols and the blood of the wolves dyes the snow. But now the whole pack is upon him. He has no time to reload. He defends himself with the driving whip. Another moment and he must fall.

Suddenly the door opens. Our wives at the Schoharie do not swoon at the sight of twenty or thirty fierce wolves. They are accustomed to the fight. The young bride dashes out of the door. In her hands she holds a blazing broom. She beats the wolves. They fear the fire. Howling with pain and fear they flee into the forest. Young Peter and Maria embrace each other. They enter the hut and celebrate their wedding in peace.

* * *

Something serious happened to me. I do not know how I shall record it. My heart is so heavy. For two days I have not been myself. I wonder if I shall subdue this. On account of what follows I must relate it. O Peter Resig, why must this befall you? I almost believe with the Brahmin of India, in an earlier existence, for in this life I have certainly not deserved all my afflictions.

After the Easter holidays Jonathan Schmul came into the settlement. He visited me and without noticing how he was grieving me he quite cooly remarked:

"Katharine Weisenberg met with great good fortune in America. She married Sir William Johnson, who is the richest man outside of the city of New York."

"Impossible," I said, and forced myself to betray no sign of disappointment. "Rich and haughty dames are Johnson's equals, not poor German servant girls."

"It is true," Mr. Schmul replied, "but they are a bad lot. They threw themselves away on Sir William Johnson. He wants a true wife not a gay and painted woman who loves him for his money alone. For this reason he tempted Katharine and said to me, 'Jonathan Schmul, she is a woman who would rather yield her life than her honor.' The result was, he married the girl."

"But she still has two years to serve."

"Truly, but the laws are made for poor me, not for rich like Sir William Johnson."

"He might be sued!"

"A suit at law costs more than Mr. Van der Heid is willing to spend for a servant girl."

"Was Katharine willing to marry him?"

"Certainly. Johnson is rich, and is a great man. He is a good man, he respects the girl and will care for her tenderly."

I sat alone the entire evening. With stoical calm I must submit to the inevitable. As I prepared to retire, great bitterness and anguish seized me. Resting my arms on the table I stood for two long hours. I was fearful of the barren loveless life of a bachelor disdained alike by God and man. I must acquire household effects. I want children around me. How shall I accomplish this, O, God! God!

I sit and wait while others acquire property!

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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Editorials

Great Job by State Police

Making his first slip in months of carefully calculated crime Kenneth Dries, formerly of Emmaus, just a week ago after a robbery in Palm ventured to return to the scene of his crime to cover up some of the telltale evidence that might have been left behind. Then he ran smack into the arms of the State Police who had been summoned to the boro by alert citizen and alarmed citizens. His little lapse proved fatal.

For a full week now he has been in the hands of the State Police in Norristown. It is only proper to note here and now that in this time they have done a magnificent job in clearing the mystery attaching to scores of recent robberies thruout this section of the state.

Caught "with the goods on him," the ex-inmate of five prisons could not deny and had to admit that he had robbed the Boss Mfg. Co. plant. But at first he was just another innocent young fellow when questions were asked the robberies of 31 schools and a lot of business establishments in this area.

However, those patient and capable State Police, Detective Ben Lichty of Harrisburg, and Sergeant Thomas V. Devlin and Corporal Donald Beacraft of the Norristown Barracks, were not satisfied. They speedily got enough evidence to demonstrate for their own satisfaction that Dries had at least done a few school house jobs. Confronted with the evidence Dries reluctantly admitted one after the other that 17 school jobs were his.

For a week the State Police have been working to get more and more information and to eliminate as many of the recent robberies here from the category of still unsolved crimes. They have had to work with a hardened, recalcitrant criminal who gives police no cooperation but obstinately bucks them all the way in the inquiry.

With this experience during a week, the State Police are encouraged to believe that the robber who already has admitted 17 school jobs and two other big robberies, including the one at the Lehigh Valley Advertising Co. in this city, was concerned in other crimes. They may be able to clear up still more. It is entirely possible that, while the man appears to have been "a lone wolf" operator on some of the forcible entries and robberies, he may be learned to have had a partner or partners in other jobs still unconfessed.

At any rate a splendid job has been performed by the State Police and this entire community is grateful for it. It is not to be overlooked that, since this ex-convict was caught early last Saturday morning in the quiet little town of Palm, there has not been one robbery of the kind that was an every-night occurrence hereabouts for months before August 2.

Honest Labels on Furs

Effective today furs will be sold under their old, established common names instead of the fancy titles that have been accorded them after they have gone thru the processes of dying and trimming to improve their appearance.

Thus rabbits and muskrat, which have been known for years under entirely different and unrelated names when made up into garments, will be known as such. In addition, purchasers of furs will be informed in just as clear terms whether the fur has been dyed or bleached or is of natural color, whether it is old or new, whether it is whole or pieced and in what country the animal from which it was taken was trapped or reared.

Labels upon furs, henceforth are going to mean absolutely what they say. Both public and the dealers will be the better off for this "truth in furs" policy, which has been put into effect by the Federal Trade Commission at the request of the National Master Furriers' Guild of America.

The men who make up garments of fur most of all, next to the public, desired that there be entire truth in the labelling of their products. As reputable business people they did not like any imposition upon the public that might be brought about by unscrupulous dealers, almost invariably door-to-door peddlers.

When the furriers sold garments they were dealing with merchants who knew that Hudson seal coat was really made up of muskrat pelts. There was no deception, there was no misunderstanding and there was no price gouging. The same thing was true for the merchants in reputable established business. Tho muskrat was being sold as Hudson seal and rabbit as lapin, they were being sold at the price of muskrat and rabbit not at a price such as is commanded by Alaskan seal or, presumably should be commanded by a fur bearing a fancy, French name, "lapin" being the Gallic for rabbit.

Of course very few persons were deceived by names. Prices told the story more eloquently than names. Women, who are the fur-buyers, or at least the fur-wearers, for the most part knew this story long ago.

The American mercantile trade has advocated truth in advertising. It has adopted the one-price standard as opposed to the obnoxious and irritating practice of haggling over prices and purchases which persists in a very large part of the world. Now it is eager to bring about extension of truth in labelling, already in practice in many lines of merchandise.

Furs henceforth are to be known by the generally accepted and commonly known names. This is going to be better for the trade and for the customers alike.

Our Gallant Contender

Our gallant little soap box racer, Alden Farber who became 1952 champion of the Lehigh Valley in the recent local meet, during this week-end in Akron is meeting the champions of all sections of the United States in the All-American races in Akron, O., and this entire community will be cherring for his success.

Victor in this city over almost 150 contestants, the Slatington boy proved his mettle and his championship qualities in a gruelling meet. Well under the age limit, he mastered many boys two and three years his senior. Again in Akron the handsome little fellow will be meeting strapping big boys, several years his senior.

Hardly, however, will he be likely to meet any who will be his superior in confidence and poise. Alden Farber comes from a family of soap box champions. He won the local contest. While it will be his first try in national competition, he can be expected to give a splendid account of himself and be a credit to the Lehigh Valley.

Welcome to Zatopeks

Lovers of sports will be glad to endorse the invitation of Secretary of Commerce Sawyer to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia to pay a visit to the United States and tour the country, giving exhibitions of their athletic prowess.

Zatopek was the individual sensation of the Olympics. He won the Marathon in addition to two distance races, while his wife was the leading woman in the javelin hurling contest. Both were intensely popular with the crowds at Helsinki and with the American team.

Secretary Sawyer believes such a visit by these eminent athletes would be helpful toward better understanding with the Soviet satellites. President Truman is understood to have approved the idea.

What is more important and what will be all-decisive is what the man or men in the Kremlin think about it. If Stalin says "go" to Emil and Ingrova, they will arrive in the United States. If Stalin orders them to remain behind the Iron Curtain, they will stay in Czechoslovakia. It will be that simple.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

In a Chicago hospital little Linda—that's all the name by which she is known to most people—lies dying.

She may live another few weeks, a month, maybe six months.

But death is coming to her very soon; about that there is no doubt.

Linda is only 4, but she has the withered face, the thin graying hair, the wrinkled features of a woman in the seventies or eighties. She weighs 7¾ pounds.

She hasn't much pain, she talks very little—she just lies there staring into the beyond, such as very, very old people are wont to do.

Linda has a very rare disease, named "progeria" or premature senility.

The doctors have no cure for it. It takes its course, and then the person affected with it just goes to sleep and never wakes up again.

At least not here, on this earth.

It is strange that thoughts of Linda should have come to me on the train taking me home.

For almost two weeks I had been viewing God's wonders—Jackson Hole, Yellowstone, the High Sierras and the Rockies, Pike's Peak and a hundred others.

All these things have been here forever and will be here forever. They were here long before the first person now alive was born. They will be here long after the last person now on this earth has gone to wherever the goodness or badness of his life entitles him to go.

Is there really much difference between the four years Linda has lived and the 70, 80 or 90 years we other humans inhabit this globe of ours?

Linda's body, in her four short years, has gone through all the stages of physical development which that of a 70-year-old has gone through.

Her mind has perhaps been spared all the worries and anguishes that all of us who consider ourselves normal must suffer.

I wonder sometimes what God, who has created the mountains and the rivers and the oceans and the plains and all the other everlasting things, thinks of us when He sees us scurrying around like a lot of lost sheep.

We blame so many of our earthly mishaps on God. He hath forsaken us, say the infidels. He should have protected us from wars and want and poverty and sickness, they claim.

Isn't it enough that God has endowed us with brains to think, with hearts to love, with souls to feel—with the power to make our own decisions, to live sensible or foolish lives, as we wish?

I don't know what God meant when He gave little Linda only four years to live.

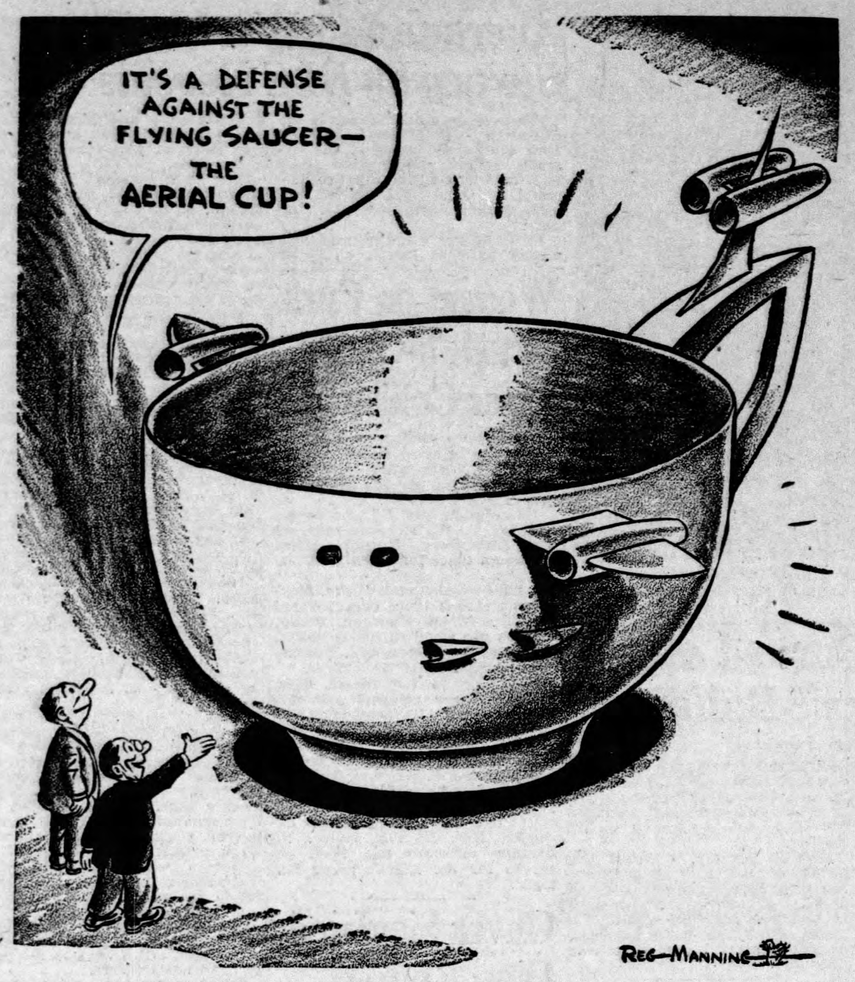
Perhaps He used her as a lesson, together with His other eternal creations.

Perhaps the lesson is that no matter whether your life be short or long, make the best of it. And whenever you worry too much about yourself, look at one of God's wonders and then think of little Linda.

That ought to make you pretty well satisified with your average.

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Any Day Now



David Lawrence Says

News broadcasts blared forth across the country several times on the radio the other night when a press association dispatch from Washington said that "old-timers at the White House" couldn't recall any similar meeting between a Presiident and a nominee for President such as is planned for next week between Mr. Truman and Gov. Stevenson.

Just who the "old-timers" were wasn't divulged, but they couldn't have been very "old time" or else they just conveniently forgot one of the most sensational episodes in political campaigning the last time a Democratic President had just such a conference with a Democratic nominee. There was an episode in 1920 which was a turning point in the campaign and contemporary writers say it did as much as anything else to defeat the Democratic nominee.

It happened on Sunday morning, July 18, 1920, and the scene was the White House south portico, where President Wilson and Gov. James M. Cox of Ohio, the Democratic nominee of the convention which had taken place two weeks before, met at the invitation of Mr. Wilson.

Present at the conference, too, was the vice-presidential nominee, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who at the time was assistant secretary of the Navy. While in Washington, Mr. Cox visited the secretary of war, Newton D. Baker and other officials in the Wilson administration.

Wilson's Statement

But it was the joint statement issued after the historic meeting that caused the furore. President Wilson's statement said in part:

"The interview was in every respect most satisfactory and gratifying. I found, what I, indeed, already knew and what Gov. Cox has let the whole world know in his speeches, that he and I are as one with regard to the great issue of the League of Nations. . .

"Gov. Cox will have the vigorous support of an absolutely united party."

Gov. Cox said in part:

"What he (Wilson) promised, I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my life to give. . . we are agreed as to the meaning and the sufficiency of the Democratic platform."

Harding Blast

Sen. Warren Harding, the Republican nominee, began his attack the same day. He said in part:

"The significance of the announcement will not be missed. There is just one way that he (Gov. Cox) can establish accord between himself and the President and that is by yielding his own opinion at every point to the President. When the nominee establishes accord with the President it means that the latter is in charge of the campaign and will be the real force in the next administration if it is Democratic."

Then Harding began asking questions on foreign policy, seeking to put Gov. Cox on the spot as to whether he favored international commitments all over the globe as the Republicans seemed to think would result from ratification of the League of Nations covenant.

The Wilson-Cox meeting furthermore enabled the Republicans to charge that the election of the Ohio governor would mean merely a continuation of the Wilson administration's policies all along the line. At that time the Wilson regime was unpopular both in the domestic and foreign field with a large number of voters who had previously voted the Democratic ticket.

Harding won the election, even though he was not in the same class with Cox in ability, stump speaking, or intelligence. The tag of "Wilsonism," however, hurt Cox's chances immeasurably.

Other Meetings

But the "old-timers" at the White House who don't seem to recall meetings between outgoing Presidents and the nominees are forgetting other meetings too. William Howard Taft was a member of the Cabinet of President Theodore Roosevelt, Republican, and actually submitted the draft of his speech of acceptance to Mr. Roosevelt. Herbert Hoover was a member of the Cabinet of President Coolidge in 1928 and had plenty of opportunity for conferences with the incumbent President.

The trouble is, it's been so long since there has been an "outgoing President" — the one before Mr. Truman served four terms — that it is no wonder the "old-timers" don't remember what used to happen in the days before the spirit of the Constitution was disregarded and before a certain President dictated his own renomination as long as he lived.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Bernard Gimbel, millionaire merchant and sportsman, tells about three octogenarians who were asked with whom they'd like to be buried. "John D. Rockefeller," said the first. "He not only made fortunes, but gave them away." "Franklin D. Roosevelt," said the second. "He was one of the greatest Presidents of all time." The third old man said, "My choice is Marilyn Monroe." "But Marilyn Monroe isn't dead yet," pointed out the questioner. "I know," was the answer. "Neither am I."

Manners are on the upgrade among the cannibals in darkest Africa. One chief was heard reproving his son, "How often have I told you not to talk with someone in your mouth?" Another chief's wife became interested in a number of worthy charities. Her husband finally refused to bring home any more guests for dinner. He explained, "I'm tired of having my wife put the bite on them."

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25 Years Ago

Taken from the Morning Call of Aug. 9, 1927, a Tuesday

Dr. Harry D. Bailey, head of the biology department at Muhlenberg College, was granted a year's leave of absence for study at the University of California.

Emmaus residents staged a demonstration to establish a new borough park. Addresses were given by Judge Richard W. Iobst and Mayor Malcolm W. Gross.

The Municipal Band at its concert featured the composition, "Queen City," composed by the leader, Martin Klinger, and dedicated to Harry I. Koch, president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Horoscope

Good fortune is probable if you do not spoil it by unfounded fears and doubts. Good fortune seems in store for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SHOLLA FON DA HUDSON TRIP: Die trip der Hudson nuf is wol shun shier 'n woch alt, doch kumma ols noch sholla tzurick fon g'shpassicha socha os g'shaina sin. Now fershtaina uns recht, des sin net socha os m'r selwar g'sehna hen, — uf selra trip sehna m'r gore nix wie 'n drup harlicha leit drous fer 'n gutie tzeit. Wos die Fegelche hinna noh peifa kenna m'r net helfa, un missa fertzaila wos sie uns fertzailt hen.

Ungfare so wie die Elsie Butz fon Catasauqua so arrick badroga wor wie sie middawg essa hut wolla, un hut ken tomats finna kenna in da box woh sie ihra essa drin kotta hut. In blotz fon tomats, hut sie ow'r 'n dut fol oyer kotta — un des so gore noch roea oyer on sel 'm. Sie hut der letz bind'l ferwich'd wie sie ihra lunch gapock'd hut.

Ow'r 's beshd fon ol wor der mon woh so'n aryer hunger kotta hut, un net worta hut kenna bis die fraw ready wor fer die boxa griega woh sie yader'm sei essa drin kotta hut. Fer wenich bodder hut sie yader'm 'n shoe box gapock'd, un der mon wor shure er wist woh sie sie leia hetta, gons owwa drous uf 'm boat. Wie die fraw g'sawt hut sie wot noch awenich uf 'm boat rum shteera eb sie essa dade, hut der mon g'sawt er gang'd owwa nous essa.

hut er wissa ferwous in da welt ess boxa on Jersey City gons owwa drous ufs boat galaig'd kotta. Wie er ow'r hee kumma is woh irha boxa worra, worra aw noch 'n lot opnerra boxa un bind'l darta, un hut mohl wenich rote k'halta wel os ihra boxa weara. Endlich hut er sie g'sehna — odder so gamaint 'm bobier un band'l noh outside rum, un hut aenie ganumma, sie uf gamocht un awfonga essa. Allas wor gute yusht wie die fraw noh kumma is fer aw essa, hut er wissa feruos in da welt os sie gnovloch wersht grick'd het — sellie kent er net essa.

"Gnovlock wertsht," hut die feaw g'sawt. Mier hen ken gnovloch wersht."

Der mon im huddle fer essa, hut 'n letzie box ganumma kot, un ebber fremmes sei middawg gessa — ol wie die gnovloch wersht net. Weinich shpaiter wie die recht aigner tzu da box noh kumma is, hen sie ihm die onner box ferhond'l, un 'm noch die gnovlock wersht in der barya gewwa. Uns wor wie der ledshd gamaint hut "the trips a picnic, what difference does it make whose lunch you eat."

'N lot weibsleit hen aw widder druvel kotta mit ihra bocka bicher — ungfare wie 'n gawissnie Hokendauqua fraw ihra shwartz backa buch leia lossa uf da train, un der ewey Strunk, un der Niantiac "John Wannamacher," Horace Beitler hens g'funna. Eb sie ow'r recht awfonga hen sucha fer der aigner, is die fraw kumma un huts ganumma, un shier net fartich werra kenna sich badonka dafor.

Noh wor aw die fraw woh ihra gross weiss bocka buch hanka hut lussa imma gawissna dale on ra shtub woh yusht wor fer weibsleit. 'M tox kollector Ralph Rehrig fon East Penn township, Karbon Kounty sei fraw die Blanche, hut sel sehna omma hoka hanka. 'S airsht hut sie ol die onnerra in die shtub g'frok'd ebs ihna wear, un wie ken aigner dartz tzu finna wor, hut sie yusht nous tzum mon on da shwetz mashine gae wolla 's bakont mocha, wie 'n fraw helter skelter tzu da shtub nei kumma is, un hut gagrosha, "My bocka buch! My bocka bueh!" Sellie fraw wor aw sare donkbore fer ihra bocka buch tzurick griega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Morya is der dawg — der dawg fon da yairlicha Peters Familia reunion, un woh des yohr k'halta wert in da Friedens Fire Kumpany ihr'm shaina picknick bush, bout 'n mile unnich Slatington.

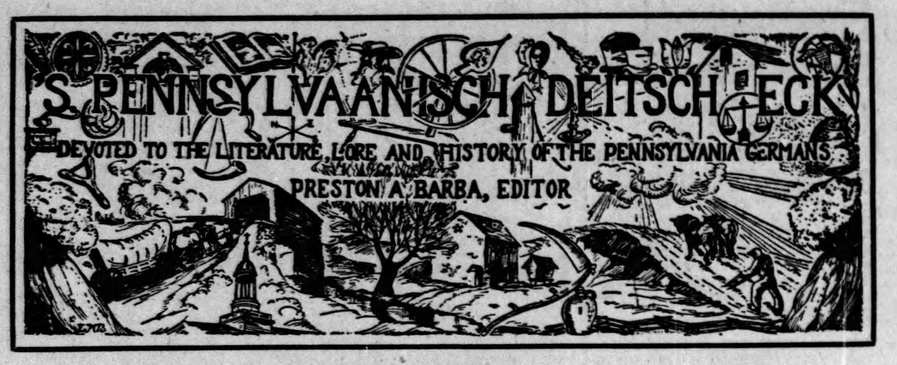
Die Marine band shpielt, un der Porra Clarence Rahn is der shwetzer — ich sawg eich 's gebt widder 'n gross ordichie tzeit.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 1:22-23

In the New Revised Standard Version these two verses read: 'And He (the Father) has put all things under His feet (those of the Son) and has made Him the head over all things for the Church, which is His body, the fullness of Him Who fills all in all.' Dr. Gaebelein comments on the last verse, speaking of the masterpiece of God, as follows: 'Christ the head; the Church, chosen in Him before the foundation of the world, the body. The Head is in Glory, the body not yet joined to the Head. He waits in Glory; the Saints wait on earth. The Body needs the Head, but the Head also needs the body. Christ will be complete (as the Church also will be complete) when the Body is joined to the Head by the mighty power of God. The Church is His Body in His fullness; it makes Him complete. When both are united in Glory, then will the hope of His calling be realized, and He will have the glory of His inheritance in the Saints, and we shall know the exceeding greatness of His power to usward.'



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

Continued

Chapter XIV

Many years have passed since I wrote the last chapter. Strange feelings seize me, as I pore over the old papers and live the past over again.

How things have changed at the Schoharie. My title of "Forest Preacher" no longer applies to me. The forests have disappeared from the valleys. The tar manufacturers have departed. Only the "Lumber Camp" with its devastating work is still on the hills. The wilderness through the industry of the farmers has been converted into a paradise. The envious persons have also remained behind and have done us great harm. In my old age I have surrounded myself with a family which will be the subject of a future narrative.

* * *

War broke out between the French and English. Several times we feared the attacks of the French with their Indian allies. Wild rumors reached the valley of the cruel deeds of the Indians. These are evil times in which we live.

I was greatly pleased by the visit of my friend Conrad Weiser during the spring.

"You are a stranger in my house," I said taking his hand.

I believe it, Parson. I am a stranger among my other friends and acquaintances in the valley, a stranger even in my own house."

"You have not become a Cain, a fugitive and vagabond upon earth?"

"Almost, only it is a good spirit that drives me forth into the wilderness."

"Pray, tell me."

"I will, I will, I must first make a request of you. Over in the Catskill mountains I have an old acquaintance whose wife is sick. I truly believe she is demented. My wish is that you visit this sick woman. I have brought two horses with me, and if we mount at once, we will reach the Lumber Camp before night."

Quickly I packed my medicines and took a New Testament. In a short time we were making our way up the valley toward the mountains which beckoned to us in the distance.

"Truly my life is that of a wanderer," Weiser said at last. "I resemble my father. What did the man not endure? One can scarcely believe that a man can suffer so much. Peace to his memory. The evening of his life which he spent with me was calm and peaceful, like the setting sun after a thunder storm on a summer's evening. He sleeps beside the little church which we built on our farm. His son, fare no better. The quarrel of the nations allows me no peace. The governor wants me to settle the quarrels for him."

"Isn't it wonderful," I remarked, "that we, too, here at the end of the world should be drawn into the quarrel of the nations? We fled from Germany to the Schoharie in order to escape the oppressions and exactions of the French and now we must endure still greater injustice at the hands of our national enemy."

"It is a fact," Weiser replied. "A man cannot avoid the most vital questions and contests of his time. Mankind constitutes an entirety. Therefore, pastor, the church teaches the existence of inherited sin. If one part fails, the punishment is visited upon the entire nation. As the religious wars of the Reformation found their re-echo at the St. Lawrence and St. John, so will the German farmers in the settlement become involved in the strife, whereby, I hope, the French will be driven forever from the control of America by the Germans."

"Then we shall no longer read of the wild west, because we are as near to civilization as Paris, London, or Berlin," I replied.

"For the Prussians, I have respect. There a young prince ascended the throne of his fathers, Frederick II, who has accomplished heroic deeds which have revived the confidence of the Germans in his race and the future of his people."

"God grant it! But a campaign of Prussian arms will not do it. We need a German literature. We must become a nation that has spirit and thoughts if we wish to direct other nations."

"Very well! We have even signs of that. During Christmas I was in New York. The governor took me to a theatre or something of the kind. The entire story of the sufferings and death of our Saviour was sung. I wept and rejoiced. It must be beautiful in heaven. A man sang first: 'Comfort, comfort my people.' Then a woman's voice took up the song and when she came to the strain, 'Unto us a child is born,' at once the whole choir and orchestra joined in, 'Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty Redeemer, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.' Then came another part when all present arose, and the governor informed me, that this was the 'Great Halleluia Chorus.' I can not describe the singing. I could not sleep that night. A German, Handel by name, wrote the music. He is still living in England. Here we have the beginning of German literature."

"What is the governor's opinion of the settlers?"

"He is a deceitful man. I don't trust him. I am, of course, in his employ while he needs me as his agent to the Indians. I have mentioned that the Prussians and French are at war. For some reason of their own England sympathizes with the Germans. For this reason the war broke out in America. I shall try to win the Six Nations (Iroquois) to our side. This is a hard task because the Indians like the French do not work and take the land away from the Indians, like the English and Germans do. They marry Indian women and sink to their rank. I do not trust the savages this time and I advised Nicholas Herkimer to keep his powder dry. War will come before the year is ended."

"Herkimer is a clever man. When I recall how he assisted me in constructing the altar, then I am aware that I am becoming old."

"The governor leaves us at present in peace because he needs the help of the Germans. As soon as he is victorious in this strife he will impose burdens upon us. Why do we not drive the French and English out of the country and govern it ourselves?"

"A great idea! The Germans are qualified to carry it out, but we are too weak. My God, if I should live to see that day!"

"Who knows what the future has in store? Still we must put spurs to our horses or else night will overtake us before we reach our goal!"

Even at a distance we noticed an unusual tumult on the hills. Camp fires were burning and war signals sounded shrilly through the valley.

"Does a surprise threaten us?" I asked.

"Put spurs to your horse and we will soon be there."

A man spied us from the hill. A tall conceited man stepped up to Mr. Weiser and addressed him in the English language. It was Sir William Johnson, the man who without knowing it had wrought me the greatest injury. Hundreds of farmers armed with muskets had assembled and others were continually coming. Sir Johnson stated the cause. Two children saw at noon today several armed Indians swimming through the Schoharie and running to their houses with loud yells. The children ran out into the field to their parents. For this reason we fear a surprise from the savages. While Johnson was relating this, an Indian suddenly came out of the forest and approaching Weiser said: "Why does the white chief assemble his warriors and dig the battle axe out of the ground?"

"Red warriors came across the Schoharie with the war cry of the red man! We want peace," answered Weiser.

"No warriors, poor Indians, too much fire-water, no war hatchet," explained the chief.

Intoxicated Indians had caused all this excitement. Immediately the strain was removed. Unrestrained laughter and loud mirth burst forth. From the Lumber Camp came the gay women and at once among this frivolous population a wild dance began.

Within a cavern the sick woman lay. As a forest preacher I had various experiences, but this scene I will never forget. The woman was still young, and traces of beauty remained. As soon as the patient caught sight of me, she cried out wildly: "Here comes the pastor, help me, I am possessed, I have seven devils, here — here—here — they are!" The raving woman grasped me frantically by the arm and desired me to touch the devils. Helpless and perplexed I glanced about me. Not a person was in the room, only a smoky tallow candle shed a dingy light.

"My husband is away," she cried, "His name is Irish Murphy, that is he, that is his voice, he dances with the women. Here are the spirits, here — here —." She tore her tattered dress from her body. "Cursed, lost — cursed by my own father. Here — here they are again. Pastor, pray for me, drive these devils away!" She cried and sobbed. After several minutes she fell asleep from sheer weakness.

"She is demented!" It was Weiser who spoke. I asked him about the woman's past life. He knew little. As a boy he had been with Irish Murphy among the Indians. Murphy saved his life on one occasion, and out of gratitude he would gladly do him a favor. For this reason he had brought me here.

"She is without doubt demented," and with this remark his story ended.

"I believe," I remarked, "that we have here a simple physical ailment. A young mother, deserted in the most critical hour of her life and therefore a sickness which we are powerless to treat here in the forest. She can not last long, her sufferings will soon be ended!"

Immediately the sick woman started, looked at me wildly and cried out: "Six devils have gone out of me, but one is still here — here!"

In order to quiet her I feigned deafness. She must tell me her story loud and slowly, before I can help her. This helped. Quietly and reasonably she told me the following:

"My father and a rich man together committed a crime. In order to conceal it the man of power compelled my father to commit suicide. Unnoticed I was a witness of the circumstances. Both men fought fearfully, but my father was subdued. In the midst of curses and terrible maledictions he died. The horror never left me. I lost all moral firmness. When but 16 years of age I became acquainted with Irish Murphy in New York. In a brawl of which I was a witness he remained the victor. When I displayed my admiration for him, he embraced me. 'Come with me,' he said, 'I have strong arms and will take care of you.' I went with him to the forest, in this hell. The curse of my father—O my child!" She again sank back upon the couch.

I prayed with her and promised to care for her child. She glanced toward the door for her husband to come to see her. His harsh voice could be heard. It caused the sick woman to start each time. He did not come. I recited the creed and the confessional. Her lips moved. She grew weaker. I blessed her by laying on of hands. Conrad Weiser knelt beside me. Thus she died.

We dug a grave beside the cave. Then we wrapped her body in a sheet and buried her. It was a bright moonlight night.

When we returned her child was awake and cried for its mother.

"What's your name?"

"May."

"Will you go with me?"

"I want mamma," she cried.

"Your mamma went far away and we will go there too."

I wrapped my mantle about the little girl and lifted her upon my horse. The music and dance had ceased. On the ground lay the intoxicated. We rode away from them without a farewell.

After riding a mile Mr. Weiser broke the silence: "Pastor, I will raise this little girl."

"Let me have her. I am fond of children and should like to keep her." Again we were silent and rode rapidly through the night.

"Will Irish Murphy miss his wife tomorrow?"

"Scarcely."

In the east the dawn was appearing.

Chapter XV

After several days Mr. Weiser rode to his home in Pennsylvania. Throughout the summer the people were so busy on their farms that they paid little attention to the report of bloody battles which occurred between the French and English in Canada. The summer was hot and sultry and I could not rid myself of the feeling of insecurity.

Autumn was already turning the color of the foliage. The squirrels were gathering their supply of nuts earlier than usual—significant omens of a hard winter. One day Jonathan Schmul in a very excited manner walked into my room. He would not sit down. As he was walking back and forth he said:

"We are betrayed and deserted. The redskins are approaching and what was built up in ten years will be destroyed and scattered in a night!" I raised objections: "I saw chief Brant in the Lumber Camp. He was very earnest in his expressions of friendship for Mr. Weiser and Sir Johnson."

"He is deceitful. He has lived among the whites, has the education of a European, and the treachery of a savage toward us!"

As I was still doubtful, Mr. Schmul said: "You will not believe what a Jew saw with his own eyes. You shall see and hear for yourself. Tomorrow night the red devils will hold a council of war, as soon as the moon rises over the forest. This time we must go there. I will find the ways and byways and will be your guide."

His countenance showed only too plainly his sorrow for our welfare. Can the man have deceived himself? I decided to go with him.

Northward from the Mohawk, many miles distant from the nearest settlement we stood the following night. A light autumn mist lay over the forest gloom. Here and there a star gleamed through the mist.

The stillness of the night was broken by the ghostly hooting of the owls. Fear seized me. Was Mr. Schmul indeed out of his mind as many people in the settlement thought? He stood still in the shadow of a fir tree. He leaned forward listening intently. I stepped to his side.

"No one is here. We have been deceived." Quick as a flash he placed his hand on my mouth.

"Quiet, a word may mean death, wait till the moon rises," he whispered. With his left hand he pointed toward the horizon where the moon gleamed faintly. In his right hand gleamed a long knife. Fifteen minutes passed before the disk of the moon appeared. At once there was a rustling in the underbrush. About thirty figures were seen gliding over the moss silently as serpents. They were Mohawk warriors adorned with war paint and eagle feathers. They uttered a short grunt by way of greeting or sign of recognition. Far away from any settlement the Indians thought it unnecessary to place guards in time of peace. Just as the moon was rising above the forest a chief stepped quietly into the midst of the Indians. A tall slim figure, bent slightly forward with compressed lips and sinister glance, stood before them while the Indians lay silently in a semicircle about him. A crackling fire leaped skyward from a pile of brush and lit up the group. Up to this time not a word had been uttered. Silently the savages glanced at their chief. It was Brandt, the Indian chief. He was not only the most important man of the tribe, but also the best and most eloquent speaker. His voice trembled as he began to speak:

"The great Spirit has said that the brave Mohawks will be extirpated and not a son of the tribe shall seek the ashes of his father."

With these words in which the sly Brandt cunningly mingled religion and patriotism, the Indians, their eyes gleaming, sprang up and brandished their tomahawks.

"This is the saying the paleface teach their children and which I learnt in their schools. My heart became like a stone, my arm like iron. Who shall be extirpated, the Mohawk or the paleface? To whom does this land belong, the Mohawk or paleface?"

Then he related the injustice to the Indians. He called each one present by name, extolled their heroic deeds and those of their fathers. His voice grew softer. He spoke in that solemn tone which so easily affected his listeners. The Indians groaned.

"What have the Germans done? They have taken the Mohawk Valley and the Schoharie from us. They build big wigwams of trees. They take the fish from the rivers and streams. They are narrowing our hunting grounds. They are driving us toward the setting sun. We want their squaws and will give them our squaws. But the Germans refuse. They want to drive us away. Toward the large ocean of the setting sun they are forcing us. Do the Mohawks want to die there? Who will bury the ashes of their warriors?"

Again the savages sprang up and brandished their tomahawks. "Mohawks listen," Brandt continued, "what the great father of Canada (the governor of King Louis XV of France) will do. I was in his wigwam and ate at his table. The great father sends soldiers, muskets, powder and bread, and horses. Then we will attack the palefaces, slay them or drive them into the ocean of the rising sun (Atlantic)." He unfolds his plan. They would creep stealthily into the valleys, murder and plunder. The French are advancing. "Before the sun sets the sixth time war begins."

Mr. Schmul placed his hand on my shoulder. He beckoned me to follow him. "They will scatter and station sentinels. We must leave at once. We have heard enough."

It was necessary to arouse the settlers. Mr. Schmul took the country north of the Mohawk while I went through the Schoharie Valley. Besides it fell to my lot to inform Sir William Johnson, the English representative in order that soldiers may be sent in time into the valleys.

My heart beat violently as I stepped into Johnson's house. Here Katharine Weisenberg also lives. She may appear any moment at a door and suddenly confront me. One of Mr. Johnson's sons, a lad of about twelve with his mother's eyes, politely approached me and conducted me to his father. He was confined to his bed by a severe attack of gout. How the blood of the warrior boiled, how he cursed the fate which prevented him from using his limbs. He dictated a letter at once to the English general and gave the command in my presence that the letter should be carried to Albany the same day. Then he ordered Herkimer to have the two old cannon hauled up and placed south of the Mohawk until reinforced by English troops. Then after joining forces they would cross the Mohawk, seek the enemy's camp and attack him.

"We will punish these red devils so that they will not covet our property again," he remarked.

As I departed the idea came to me that he was indeed a man of the good old stamp. May his family be blessed. His two sons approached and extended their hands as I departed. But their mother did not appear.

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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Editorials

Fight on Hay Fever Resumed

If the calendar is to be believed, the hay fever season has begun although any sufferer from this baffling allergy to pollens of many sorts never needs any bit of paper to tell him when August 15, or thereabouts, has entered into his life to make it miserable until cold weather and early frosts arrive.

Little can be done about it. Yet some things have been done to help the four or five per cent of our population which, it is estimated, is afflicted to some degree or other during every hay fever season.

Air conditioning systems have helped many by the filtering of the air that they breathe. Inoculations are tried by many as preventives or palliatives. Municipal governments are urged, but with indifferent success, to keep uncultivated areas in and around their territory free from weeds by frequent mowing. In the rural areas law enforcement officers are urged to enforce laws which penalize those who permit the growth and flowering of weeds conspicuous for their baneful effect.

We cannot be said to have come very far despite improved knowledge about the agencies at the bottom of this human ailment. Plants, particularly the ragweed, which are known to irritate mankind and drive many almost to distraction and certainly to tears at this season of the year, long have been proscribed. They can be and are being destroyed in considerable areas by chemicals. But the fight is a difficult, a costly and a tedious job.

About the best we can hope for is that there will be quite frequent rains during the next two months or so since the air is considerably cleared by rainfall, being washed as it were. Where there are vast tracts of weeds, landowners should keep them mowed if at all possible. And where municipalities are faced by the weed problem chemical treatment can do much to check this trouble at its source and keep the air which their citizens will breathe at minimum pollen count.

Triumphs for Ballistics

It will be remembered that in the solution of the mysterious murder of Robert B. Clauss at Gordon and Ridge Avenue some months ago the science of ballistics played sensational part.

In the first place it served to disprove the story of one man who irrationally made a "confession" and produced the weapon with which he said the crime had been committed. When a second person provided a confession, his weapon, which had to be dredged from the Little Lehigh, proved to be the one used in the murder. Ballistics showed it was the one and only weapon in the world that could have fired the bullets that were taken out of the dead man's body.

Similar triumph for ballistics was recorded during recent days in New York City. There an arrest was made following a man's attempt to shoot a woman. Weapon and slugs from the cartridges were located and examined. Then a peculiar coincidence was discovered: The markings on the slugs were the same as those on slugs taken from the body of a man who had had been killed months ago in a robbery. The police had no clues to this latter mystery except the slugs. It was demonstrated at once that the weapon which had been used to shoot the woman was the one that had killed the man in the mysterious and unsolved murder. Confronted with the evidence it was acknowledged by the man under arrest that both crimes had been committed by the same person with the same weapon.

Ballistics is another product of modern science which is being availed of by the best police departments in the world. New York and Allentown in recent months have had two of the best possible examples of the important place of ballistic studies in the detection of crime and the punishment of criminals.

Heavy Ransom for Oatis

When William Oatis was jailed by Czechoslovakia more than a year ago there was fear that this would be another Robert Vogeler case and that the United States would pay heavily if his release were to be effected.

It is beginning to appear that the Czechs were playing for big stakes when they grabbed the American newspaperman and charged him with spying and reporting his findings to the American press. In fact it appears that the ransom figure which these modern bandits and kidnapers have put on Oatis' head is $17 millions. That is quite a stiff price to pay for any one person's freedom altho each and every American will feel that freedom would be worth that figure if the freedom concerned were his own.

It is not indicated what the United States government intends to do about it altho it is indicated that dickering is going on between our State department and the Red satellite. While the transaction is an involved one, it seems that as a result of the war a steel plant in Czechoslovakia was seized as reparations and was moved into another country. The Czechs disputed the ownership and demanded the value of the mill, $17 million. There has been consistent refusal to pay. Now the Czechs are holding Oatis and in effect are saying, give us the cost of the mill and we'll give you Oatis.

Our Motoring Guests

Research conducted by the Pennsylvania Department of Highways, in connection with the Federal Bureau of Roads and for study by the Pennsylvania Department of Commerce, has shown that approximately $300 million was spent by out-of-state motorists in the Keystone State last year.

We hope that despite the long hot spell, and more recently the rains, that even a greater figure will be chalked up this year. Such good revenue means prosperity to thousands of persons who serve the tourist in our state.

The study revealed that about half of the travelers terminated their trips in Pennsylvania while the others kept rolling through. Of approximately 50 per cent, who stayed over night or longer —or 4,800,000 roughly — 57 per cent stayed in hotels, motels or tourist homes and the others visited friends or relatives. And it is interesting to note that of those using paid accommodations, 32 per cent patronized hotels, 57 per cent stayed at motels or cabins and 10 per cent, tourist homes.

Pennsylvania is a great state for tourists; and it will become increasingly so. We can, however, serve our motoring guests in far more appreciative fashion if we strive to show them better highway manners. Tourists will be more happy to visit a state when they know that every driver accepts the individual responsibility of driving safely and courteously. It's no fun at all to find one's self on strange highways bedeviled by speeders, compulsive passers and other individuals who have little or no concern for the safety even of themselves.—Harrisburg Patriot

The Sewing Circle



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

As the campaign approaches, it grows increasingly clear that the American people expect a debate. They expect it to be Stevenson versus Eisenhower. Harry Truman cannot speak for Adlai Stevenson; Richard M. Nixon cannot speak for Dwight Eisenhower. Nobody votes for a lame-duck President; nobody really votes for a Vice President.

The candidates will either meet this demand of the people, or fewer voters will go to the polls in 1952 than in 1948. The steady decrease in voters in the United States has unquestionably been due to the fact that to many Americans in recent elections, there was no reason to vote. It is proof that the people are more interested in issues than in personalities. When a choice has to be made between two politicians, it is too often like flipping a coin. And not seldom is it heads you win, tails I lose.

Two-Party System

The two-party system has the advantage that it affords a recognized vehicle for a discussion of the issues facing the American people. It is preferable that such a debate be with no holds barred. It is not for the politicians to decide what the people are smart enough to hear; it is for the people to assess the truth of each candidate's presentation of the facts, the purposes and the promises.

Prof. Hans Kohn, in a brilliant essay on John Stuart Mill, in his book, "Prophets and Peoples," makes this point with regard to the British Parliament that applies equally to conditions in the United States:

". . . the Parliament, thanks to the party system a body divided against itself, could never assume dictatorial powers infringing the rights of any individual. Parliament protected political liberties, as common law, the other fruit of the English mind, protected civil rights. . ."

For 20 years now, the actual foreign policy of the United States and its implementation in fact has been suppressed. Little by little, the story has unfolded but always too late for the American people to do anything about it. Some desire for us to forget Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, the queer setup in the United Nations; the Korean War, the assumption of responsibility and costs by the United States, while some 17 nations fix policy; the dismissal of Gen. MacArthur; the continued export of American capital and raw materials abroad; the continued tendency toward neutralism in Europe; the loss of China; the antagonism of India; the failure of policy in Iran and the Arab world; the insistence of Great Britain upon the necessity of East-West trade, including the Soviet satellites, Soviet China, and Soviet Russia itself.

To understand what our policy in the future should be, we need to know all that has gone before and what our commitments are. These matters require debate by the two candidates and not by proxies. Only those who, if elected, will be responsible in the future should state the case.

Secretary of State

Another factor that will enter into this campaign is the prospective secretary of state. His department has so expanded, his authority over other departments of government is now so large, that the office assumes a stature heretofore not recognized for any single agency. Dean Acheson, under the presidency of Harry Truman, has functioned wilfully without much regard for the rights of Congress. He has evolved techniques for evading the Constitution, as was evidenced in the Korean War.

It is not customary for candidates to name their cabinet officers during the campaign; yet, because our foreign policies dominate the entire life of our people, determining the nature of the economy of the country, it is important to know who the secretary of state is to be.

Gen. Eisenhower has apparently permitted John Foster Dulles to discuss his, Eisenhower's, foreign policy in such a manner as to justify the assumption that Dulles is his choice for secretary of state. However, assumptions are not good enough nor is debate by proxy convincing. Dulles may do the talking and someone else may get the appointment.

Gov. Stevenson has, as yet, in no manner indicated what he intends to do about the State Department, of which he once was a member. For all we know, he might retain Dean Acheson and the unholy crew that have brought upon us defeats in so many areas, China, Korea, Iran and even in the United Nations.

Surely, questions concerning this particular situation will be raised by both sides during the campaign.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Eva Peron died recently and the following day Mrs. Marie Cappellaro of Rome, Italy, passed away.

I shall return to Mrs. Cappellaro in a few moments. I do not have to tell you who Eva Peron was.

This Argentine wonder-woman was laid out in a glass-covered coffin, blanketed with tons of precious orchids. More than a half million Argentinos passed by her bier. A magnificent funeral procession was held in her honor. There was all the military honors and all the pomp and circumstance reserved only for the highest in the land.

Eva, an inordinate lover of luxury, would have loved to have been able to attend her own rites.

And now costly monuments will be erected to her all over the country. As the peasants and paupers of Argentina pass these monuments they will make the sign of the Cross and say silent prayers for their "benefactress," who was the nations most bejeweled and most overdressed woman of all ages.

Her memory will last for "eternity," said one of the Argentine newspapers. She will go down into history as the country's most famous personage.

If I remember correctly, Adolf Hitler said the same thing about himself and his regime.

Where art thou now?"

Mrs. Marie Cappellaro, only a little older than Eva Peron, plunged 12,000 feet to her death off northern Brazil, when the cabin door of a giant Stratocruiser popped open in flight.

Nobody knows how the accident happened, not even her husband Emilio Cappellaro, who was sitting right beside her.

Suddenly the door opened—as if manipulated by a magic hand —the hand seized Mrs. Cappellaro, and out she went.

The plane circled over the spotwhere she had disappeared, but no trace of the body could be found.

Thousands of words will be written about Eva Peron in newspapers the world over.

This will probably be the last item about Mrs. Cappellaro.

I wonder whether Eva and Marie will meet in the hereafter.

But first, of course, I wonder whether Eva and Marie will go to the same place.

I wonder what they will talk about.

Eva will, ofcourse, have so much more to say — and it will be mostly about herself.

Marie, on the other hand, may want to talk about her husband, about her mother in Los Angeles, and about her boy by a previous marriage.

And in the long run — 50 or 100 years from now — they will probably both be forgotten.

Eternity, after all, belongs only to God.

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25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Aug. 16, 1927, a Tuesday.

The Board of Education formally accepted the new Central Junior High School and made plans for the formal dedication of both the Central and Harrison-Morton Junior High Schools.

Allentown City Council received bids for construction of a sewerage treatment system at a cost estimated to exceed 1.9 million.

Horoscope

Use your imagination. Good fortune is indicated for your next year. The child born today should be diligent and honest.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The advertising manager of a big Chicago daily has decided that women are like newspapers, reports Tide, and lists the following reasons to support his thesis: They have forms; they are made up; they have bold types; they always have the last word; they have great influence; they carry news wherever they go; they are much thinner than they used to be; and finally, every man should have one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's. The manager adds this postscript: Back numbers are not in demand.

The famous opera star, Lauritz Melchior, earned some of his earliest fees by singing at funeral ceremonies. One of his favorite songs on these sad occasions was the hymn by Grieg that ends, "The angels touched your forehead with a palm leaf." One time when Melchior sang this song, a roar of laughter went up from the mourner's bench. Melchior was puzzled at the time, but understood everything when he discovered later just how the deceased had made his exit from this vale of tears. A companion had hit him over the head with a beer bottle.

(Copyright, 1952)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOW LAWFT DER FRANK: Yar bei jupps, fon now ob lawft der Frank Green fon Trachsville won er aryads onna wil. Ae mohl is er mit ra dunkla wolk g'fohrra, un noch dem nimmy. Die socha sin etlicha wocha tzurick g'shaina, un der Frank wase alla weil noch net eb 'n baum na nous in der waig gajump'd is, odder eb sie abissel sheb galawda hen kotta. Aenicha waig, 's hut gore hesslich gamocht, un der Frank hut fer etlicha dawg shier net fert gakent — hut sich g'shtrain'd in da shulder un die naus fershunna os gross ordich wor.

Der Frank hut der shwartz aryads aw gadroffa, un hen ous gamocht fer noch 'm Bind Shwommer wertshous gae sich blessierra. Unner waigs is 'm shwartza sei mashine holshtarrich werra, uns nagshd os wor, hen sie imma diefa grawwa galaiga, un die mashine wor ae mohl rum garoll'd. Ferleicht wors aw os sie awenich ungleich im gawicht worra, un os sel feruhrsoch'd hut ferwos die mashine um g'fass is. Noh aw widder hut der shwartz der Frank ferleicht awenich shtar aw gaguck'd im dunkla un os sel k'holfa hut os sie die shtross ferfail'd hen, un hen um g'shmissa hen.

Aenicha waig, so wie die Fegelcher gapifa hen, wil der Frank nix may wissa fon shpotzierra gae mit ra mashine. Er is galoffa eb mashina doh worra, un er secht 's sot 'n glaenie shwartzie gluck 'n picka won er net aw now noch lawfa kent, un lawfa dade, noh maichts gae wies wot.

LODWARICK ON DORNEY PARK: Yar bei jupps sis now nimmy long gebts lodwarick on Dorney Park. Labor Dawg des yohr kumt free — uf der airsht dawg im September, un sel maint os es aw des yohr free lodwarick gebt on Dorneys. Allas so tzu sawga is in arder fer die tzwae grossa dawga om kumma — Sundawgs die schnitzerrei, un Mondawgs die lodwarick kocherrei.

Wie aw in onnerra yohrra tzaila m'r fer des yohr widder 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit tzu howwa sellie tzwae dawga, un sin shure os ol woh kumma, 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit hen. Lodwarick kocha is 'n alt g'sheft, un aw 'n g'sheft woh immer blenty g'shpass bei da arwet wor, 's same wie immer der fol won die lodwarick kocher tzomma kumma on Dorney's iwwer Labor Dawg.

Sis wunnerbore won m'r so rum har kumt wie die leit ol iwwer blauderra fon da Pumpernickle Lodwarick party on Dorney Park. Monicha leit gaina 'n gons yohr net noch Dorney's, net bis Labor Dawg kumt, noh sie sie darta die tzwae dawg— kumma free un bleiva shpote. Net long tzurick on Ocean City, Marylond, hen leit gablauder'd fon da socha — hen g'sawt sie hetta shun oft galaisa fon unserra Schnitzer un Lodwarick par-'S wor die Beulah Reinhard fon Bedlahame os gawunnert hen der Hudson nuf, wos Hexa Kimmel wear — der pilla un bloshdermon Larry Kelchner wots wissa.

Hexa Kimmel is nix shunshd os wie der darna obbel, odder wie der English mon secht, "thorn apple, stramonium, odder jimson weed.

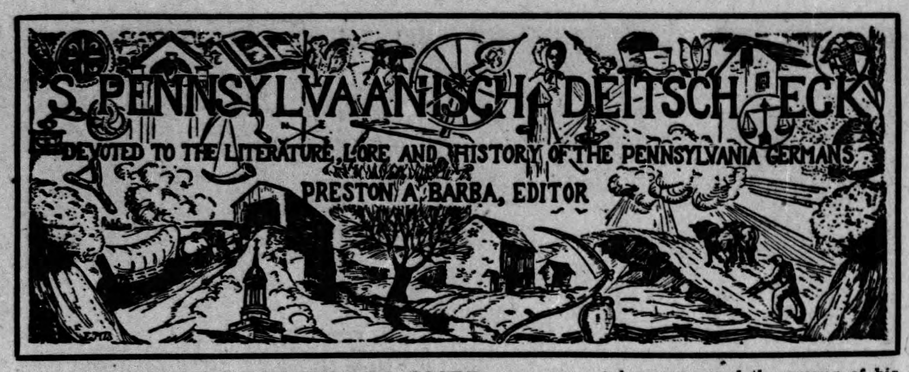
Die blons wert gayus'd fer angichkate kura, odder ewwa asthma, un hut die socha drin woh wenich maint tzu uns — alkaloids, atropine, hyoscyamine un scopolamine.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 2:9-10

Our salvation is not of works that we have done, lest any man should boast. We do not work to be saved, but we are saved so that we may be able to do good works, which, as laborers together with God, we may be able to do to His glory and to help our fellowmen, even as Jesus went about doing good, Acts 10:38. (Someone commented on this statement that most people merely 'go about'). Quite in contrast with our inability to save ourselves by good works, we are the product of His work, 'His workmanship', as Paul says in v. 10, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained (prepared, in the reference column) that we should walk in them.' The Greek word translated as 'workmanship' is poiema, our English word 'poem', from the Greek verb, poiein, to make (same meaning as the Latin verb, facere.) The subject of this verb would be, poietes, our 'poet', but not suggestive of poem and poet in literature. 'Maker' of heaven and earth in our Creed is poietes. The new creation in Christ is the second 'poem', God's workmanship mentioned in the New Testament. The first one tomorrow.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

CHAPTER XVI

In the meantime Mr. Schmul hastened northward from the Mohawk. Unfortunately the people did not believe the greatly excited man. It was reported that the people in the Catskill had been lately deceived. Why did the pastor himself not come? If there were any truth in the report Rev. Resig would certainly show himself. All explanations on the part of the Jew were useless. Truly the men examined their flintlock and powder and prepared themselves, but they did not prepare as a body to repulse an attack. They continued to work in the fields.

Nicholas Herkimer assembled his people south of the Mohawk. He waited in vain for the English troops.

On November 11, 1757, the French and Indians without any hindrance moved to the immediate vicinity of the settlement on the other side of the Mohawk. They hid in the forest. In the morning at three o'clock they attacked the peaceful Germans. With wild yells the Indians burst into the houses, dragged the sleeping inmates from their beds and scalped women and children. It was a cruel slaughter. In the beginning the men were brave, but all resistance was vain on account of the superior forces of the enemy. The French captain, Velletre, ordered the houses and barns to be burnt. From my log cabin I saw the flames leaping skyward. I heard the shrieks of the murdered and the captive women who were carried off. O God!

The Mohawk Valley, the granary of the state of New York was changed in one night into an ash heap and a desolate wilderness!

When the enemy, drunk with victory, attempted to cross the Mohawk, Herkimer with his men disputed their passage. He drew up his men beside his well fortified house, and the cowardly bands of Frenchmen dared not risk an engagement.

Where is the English general? It is reported that he said: "A blood-letting will not harm the German blockheads." Therefore he remained quietly at Albany. This is the recompense that forty years of faithful service in England's colony brought. I wonder whether they promoted the English general to a higher rank at the close of the war. Scarcely, because Sir William Johnson brought a grievous complaint against him in London. The Germans have no influence there, but Sir William Johnson can not be ignored.

The distress of the settlers can not be described. One may scarcely inquire concerning some who were captured which is worse than death. Forty were killed and one hundred and two captured. The loss is tremendous, as the people through industry and thrift had attained some degree of comfort.

Several days later Sir William Johnson rode into camp. I could not refrain from reproaching the English for their inactivity. Quoting Homer, I cried:

"Soon the day will come when holy Troy shall be destroyed, Priam himself and the people of the king skilled with the spear."

"You are not from Boston," said Johnson. "There people indulge in such traitorous talk. But it is not suitable for a preacher. The Bible uses a different language."

I answered him boldly: "Our Lord says: When the salt has lost its savor it is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. This applies also to the government."

He attempted to reply when we came upon the body of a woman. Upon closer examination we found her lying upon two children. She tried to flee to the woods when the scalping knife of the savage struck her down. Even in death she tried to defend her children with her life. The girl was dead, but the boy still showed signs of life. Sir Johnson poured wine on his lips. After several minutes he opened his eyes, but he could not talk. Part of his tongue was gone. Anger seized me anew. Whether it was suitable at present or not I cried out "This the general-in-chief calls German blood-letting your government has been on this wise since the days of the elder Weiser."

Johnson did not reply. I added: 'It is a German boy. I baptized him several years ago and I will raise him. His name is Adam Bauer."

Thus I acquired a family in the evening of my life, — a deserted girl and a mute boy, — besides a forest preacher and we have life in the forest illustrated in these three persons in one house.

Further information of the destruction of solitary farms kept reaching us. Each house had its own story of brave deeds done, but the bravest of all occurred at the home of the Schells.

Since Jonathan Schmul pronounced that fine blessing at their wedding, he was regarded as a special friend of the families who were wedding guests. To them he hastened with the news of the uprising of the enemy.

Christian Schell determined to let matters come to a fight. His log house is well built and well prepared for defense against a sudden attack of the Indians. The beams of the first story have no openings besides the massive doors and loop holes through which the besieged could fire upon the attacking party. The second story extended over the first and had loopholes in the floor whereby one could prevent an enemy from approaching close enough to set fire to the house or force the door. Mr. Schell was at all times well prepared with weapons to ward off an ordinary attack. He was in the field with his family unsuspicious of any danger when suddenly the enemy rushed out of the forest close by. On account of his speedy flight to the house the two sons of Mr. Schell, the twins, playing at the edge of the forest were captured. They were his youngest children.

The enemy numbered forty-eight Indians and sixteen Frenchmen under the leadership of Captain McDonald. It was about two-o'clock when the enemy attacked the house. While Mr. Schell and his four sons were firing, Mrs. Schell loaded the weapons. Not a shot missed its mark, and the enemy met with a bloody repulse. Again they renewed the attack, and again were repulsed with great loss. At last McDonald sprang rashly toward the block house. With a lever he tried to force the door. While he was engaged in this a shot struck his foot. Quick as a flash Mr. Schell unbarred the door and dragged the wounded captain into the house. This act saved the besieged from the danger of fire as the enemy would have burnt its captain if they had set fire to the house. At the same time he brought them more ammunition. For a moment the enemy was struck dumb, but they renewed the attack on the house with the courage of desperation.

The Schells were prepared for this last attack. While the father and his sons prepared their weapons to resist this attack the mother began to sing the song of triumph of the Reformation which was sung at her wedding. The evening breeze wafted the strains to the ears of the enemy in the forest:

By us alone naught can be done.
Well nigh lost we mortals are.
There strives for us a Holy One
Whom God Himself has chosen.
It is our Saviour, Jesus Christ.
The Lord of Sabaoth.
There is no other God,
He alone must own us.

The song had scarcely died away when the enemy with long leaps rushed towards the house and pointed their guns through the loopholes of the besieged house. But Mrs. Schell was not bewildered. She was at hand with the ax, and with a few powerful strokes bent five of the enemy's weapons. In this way the men gained time to take aim at the enemy and repulse them.

The enemy withdrew. Twenty-three dead and wounded lay on the field of battle. The Schell family suffered no injury. Both eight-year-old boys were exchanged for the captured McDonald.

French rule in the West was ended. Reliable information reached us that they were beaten on every side. It is reported that the death of General Wolf was the price paid for the capture of Quebec. Besides our people boast of a young Virginian on our side, named George Washington.

Just as the troops of Melac ravaged our fatherland so do we suffer at the hands of the same people in the new world. Therefore the settlers rejoice at the defeat of the French and I am required to hold a service of thanksgiving. I also wish that the English likewise were driven out of the country.

Last Sunday the men came to church without their weapons — the first time in a long while.

CHAPTER XVII

Today the whole settlement was greatly excited. Taken by surprise, Ewald Kayser among others was carried off by the Indians as their prisoner. They usually took the captives to their camp where a pretense of a trial was held, and were condemned to death at the stake. Mr. Kayser had a unique experience. When they brought him to the Indian camp an old fat squaw sprang with a wild yell toward him and cried, "My husband did not return. The paleface slew him. This man must now be my husband."

Thereupon the slovenly Indian woman fell upon him and pulled his hair out. They only left the scalp lock, as the law of the redskins required, and he must marry the woman or die. At the close of the war the watchfulness of the Indians ceased, and he watched for a favorable opportunity and fled. "Where are the other captives," he was asked.

"A pestilence broke out among the savages and carried off most of the whites," was his answer. Thank God, they must have welcomed death as a happy release from their sufferings.

Recently I had my sixtieth birthday. I never celebrated my birthday, because I could not compreend why any one should rejoice as long as I was still living. I have accomplished so little. I was greatly surprised on my sixtieth birthday. Herkimer, since the last campaign he has been promoted to the rank of general—came, and from Pennsylvania Conrad Weiser and with him half the congregation. Herkimer presented me with a coal black saddle horse and Weiser handed me a fur robe, the most beautiful that the thirteen colonies possessed. Others brought other gifts. The panniers in our kitchen which held the edibles are spacious. The aged Urschel was quite beside herself and darted hither and thither about the house. It was amusing to watch her. Little May clapped her hands for joy and ran from one to another. She is a little charmer.

Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Weiser delivered addresses in which they praised me and my work among the settlers. They were too effusive in their praise. It was indeed torture for me to listen to all of it. I was expected to reply. But tears dimmed my eyes, and my voice had an unnatural sound. I could not say more than, "With joy I am ashamed of myself."

It was a stupid speech but I could not pretend and the people knew their old pastor sufficiently well. After the church is once completed, then, the men said, a suitable parsonage must be built. It was indeed a shame, that nearly all the church members lived in properly furnished houses but their pastor still lived in that miserable log house. A stone house must be erected near the church. I dared not oppose it, but in my heart was the wish: "You may never live to see this, you and the log cabin belong to each other."

My mute Adam is a singular boy. As a rule he is obedient and obliging. As soon as Indians are mentioned he is a changed boy. When he was on his way home from school he met Black Eagle, a civilized Indian. When he saw the man he picked up a stone and hurled it at him. He foamed at the mouth and his eyes flashed. In the evening the boy was carried into the house in an exhausted condition, and the following day he was confined to his bed. Otherwise he is a gifted young man, but he suffers from a mania. What can I do for it? Recently the sawyers at the mill were talking during the noon hour of the Indian massacre, and Adam listened. Immediately he seized a weapon, rushed out, ran around a tree in a rage and tried to shoot into the bark. Without a doubt hatred toward the savages bereft the unfortunate one of his reason. I never mention Indians in his presence and I always found him obedient and well behaved.

The wife of Sir William Johnson, Katharine Weisenberg, had died. She had not been well since my last visit to his house. Sir Johnson wanted to send for me but she was opposed to it. An Episcopal clergyman read the prayer of his church at her burial and her body was placed in the family vault which was built close to their house. She did not wish to see me again. It is well that I know it. The words of praise of Mr. Weiser and Mr. Herkimer at my recent birthday must have gone to my head. A little check from time to time will do the forest preacher no harm.

Besides Sir William Johnson soon consoled himself by taking to wife Mollie Brandt, the sister of Brandt, the Indian chief, also a full blooded Indian whose connections with the Germans wrought the greatest injuries in the valley. Was this marriage in accordance with rank? Certainly. Sir Johnson inherited miles of territory which belonged to the Indians. We live in the new world, where gold decides everything. How long — and our daughters buy European princes just as the Indian squaw bought Sir Johnson.

CHAPTER XVIII

At last the new church is completed. We dedicated it at Easter time. Many a year has passed since I preached the first sermon on the Schoharie hill. That time as a young man, today I am old and gray. We would have had a church long ago if I had not determined either to erect a large church as a monument of the church spirit of the fathers to their children or none at all.

Everywhere in the country there are small houses of worship. A few pillars were driven into the ground, several timbers were put across, then it is covered with shingles; the sides are nailed up with boards, and the church is completed.

The landlord remarked appropriately:

"If a farm horse neighs before the church on a Sunday or a dog howls, the entire church shakes." Such a church is quickly built but the whole undertaking is a mistake. Fifty families or less belong to such a congregation, not enough members for a well educated and talented man to serve a lifetime.

About 4000 Germans are living in our valleys. They shall have a house of adoration. I preached this to them time in and time out. The Germans divide off too easily in religious matters. A minister who wishes to build up a large congregation here must possess a large portion of humility and discretion. Positiveness is the root from which sects spring. After the money for the structure was placed at our disposal, a quarrel almost arose concerning the question where the new church should be built. Christian Schell and his numerous relatives wanted the church built north of the Mohawk. The Herkimers opposed this plan and proposed a place ten miles westward from that place. The lumbermen spoke of the shade of century old maple trees on the edge of the forest, and the ever practical landlord thought that directly opposite his tavern was the center of the settlement, and the only suitable place for a church.

"There," he declared with flushed face in a congregational meeting, "is found the largest grocery store, furthermore the only brewery and distillery in the neighborhood. There is the drug store and blacksmith shop, and the physician. A large grist mill is planned for that spot, a whole cluster of houses is found there. In the midst of these the church should stand and that you may see that I am as willing as any one in my offering, although my business prevents me from attending church frequently, I will present the place right beside my hotel. You must have a half acre, sufficient for all demands that may be made on a church." Thus spoke the landlord, and sighing heavily sat down.

The church beside the tavern! Many a dollar will find its way into the pocket of the landlord. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

A minister must learn to remain silent in a congregational meeting. During these many years of my labors among these farmers I never disputed with them, and yet carried my point. What many of my colleagues in America complained of as the stubbornness of the farmers is in fact the hotheadedness and inaptitude of the ministers themselves. They can not sit still when any one expresses an opinion which they consider preposterous. So they speak too soon. They have not learnt to wait. One harvests the wheat when it is ripe. I declined to occupy the chair in the business meeting, because on the seats beside the farmers I had more influence, than when I hold the place of honor. Thus I waited for hours and listened patiently and attentively to each speaker. Several times I was asked to express my opinion, but I always gave as an excuse, "I prefer to hear the opinions of the men" At last the speaking ceased, the chairman said: "Before we vote, let our pastor speak."

I arose. I was careful to avoid the appearance of an agreement with any one present. The minister in a free church dare not take the part of any church member, no party must be on his side. He must rule them. Then I spoke briefly. "Many good and suitable places have been mentioned for the new church. The whole question is such a weighty one that I am not surprised at the fact that we have different opinions. I am surprised at one thing, namely, that no one has mentioned a place which involuntarily comes to my mind every time when a location is mentioned That is the place where more than twenty-five years ago we held our first religious service, where also our departed ones rest, and where I never pass without experiencing the feeling: How holy is this place. Here is nothing else than the house of God, here is the gate to heaven."

"A church on Schoharie Hill can be seen a long distance, the pealing of the bell can be heard at a still greater distance. There we not only buried our dead but also a part of our history, yes, our very hearts. With awe I saw it. There rest the Herkimers and Weisers, the Gerlachs and Kreiskorns, the Helmas and Heyses and hundreds of others whose deeds were great and heroic which, if they had been done in the service of a prince would have been exalted to the skies. But they lose none of their merit because they were wrought for the well being and happiness of the settlers. Forty bodies we buried there recently. The graves are still as fresh as the flowers that you have placed upon them. Beside the graves the church, which shall extend the call through the Schoharie Valley! How excellent it is to be a Christian, one sees Heaven open and not alone the tomb."

Stillness reigned. No one spoke after I did. Young Mr. Gerlach, the chairman, had the ballots distributed. After they were counted, the vote stood 387 in favor of Schoharie Hill and only one for the spot offered by the tavern keeper. It was his own vote.

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

New Weapon for Pests

With the caution proper for and characteristic of true scientists the men who have been experimenting upon destruction of insect pests by luring them with electronically created love calls refuse to claim that the end of mosquitoes and flies can be brought about by any communities which wish to rid themselves of these and any other bothersome insects.

However experiments in this general direction command attention. They will spur hope that something more effective than draining a small percentage of marsh land and cleaning up a few breeding places can be developed by our modern scientists.

From Ormond Beach, Fla., comes the story of a Cornell medical college professor who did a good job on mosquitoes in that resort. The mayor of that city had appealed for help when mosquitoes during the best season for tourist business mercilessly were chewing the vistors and chasing them home.

The Cornell scientist with his assistants and interesting kit of tools went to Ormond to set up shop. On the scene mosquitoes of the various local species were captured. With a recording device of special design to capture sounds that man's ear does not hear, the love calls of the females of the various species were captured. Then the recorded love calls were played back into a loudspeaker which blared into the insect world by day and by night. Near the loudspeaker, which was luring the insects, was an electrically charged grill to kill the insects instantly on their arrival in answer to the love calls.

Strangely enough the scientists report that not only did the male mosquitoes wing their way for miles to their death but with them came the females as well in what may be believed to have been the competitive spirit. At any rate, mosquito population in Ormond Beach area was greatly decreased, repeating the success of experiments which are said to have been made in Cuba and Africa.

Just what must be done to make the idea practical the scientists have not indicated. Whether it be the cost of the apparatus or the enormity of the job of disposing of insect life, whose numbers must run into astonomical figures, they do not say. But there is good reason for hope that the way has been opened to relief in many quarters. Cities and towns which are pestered and which have enterprising boards of health may tackle the problem in this new, scientific fashion if they can have only some slight assurance of succuss, even of temporary nature. Although the mosquito can wing his way from breeding place to victim even if the distance be as great as forty miles (greater, if there be highly favorable wind) it may be possible to alleviate local conditions by use of this new method, if and when the scientists build the necessary machinery for public installations.

A Good Citizen Passes

There is sadness today in the many circles of civic-minded persons in this community who were associated during recent decades with Calvin J. Radman and who knew the many noble qualities of mind and heart of him who passed away yesterday.

Though a native of Bethlehem, Mr. Radman was identified with the business, civic and social life of Allentown and Lehigh County for the past thirty-five years, except for a brief period during which his company had assigned him to important posts in Delaware and Florida. There was much satisfaction when he returned to this city from those assignments almost twenty years ago.

Always the intelligent and sympathetic service of Cal Radman could be commanded by civic enterprises. For more than three decades he could be found in the front ranks of those groups of leading citizens who were keeping good institutions moving and improving their usefulness. All who ever were associated with him in any of these enterprises know the ardor and energy with which he assumed and carried out any task. And all these sincerely mourn the passing of a conscientious and highly useful citizen of this community.

In Vortex of Inflation

No householders who meets the domestic bills, keeps the refrigerator filled and a family housed and clothed need be told that prices in general are higher than ever. Each and every one needs little argument to be convinced that inflation is increasing at a rapid rate.

However, Uncle Sam conveniently entered the American scene this week to tell everybody just how big this rise in costs has been, and to leave everybody know that the increase is affecting the entire nation and is not peculiar to any single area.

According to these figures, the national price index was 190.8 on July 15. That was more than one point of increase during the preceding month. Since the base for this index figure represents the average of prices during the 1935-39 period, it can be seen that prices now are practically double those of just a little over a decade ago.

Everybody knows that inflation is in progress. Inasmuch as increase in prices has been permitted for steel and various metals, and inasmuch as many wage scales will rise automatically with the increase in the Consumers' Price Index, the movement inevitably will continue.

All the talk about controlling inflation has been just so much idle prattle. The nation is in the vortex of the spiral and it will be fortunate if we can effect halt or retardation without demoralizing effect upon the national ecnomy.

Need for C. D. Program

We do not know whether the people of Bakersfield, Cal., had developed an extensive Civil Defense program in anticipation of "sneak" military attack against the United States. If they did so, it must be a blessing to the city now that it is in the throes of the second most violent earthquake in California's history.

While our community was enjoying dinner early last evening, the tremors were in progress in the Bakersfield area. Structures large and small, toppled and fell. One of the eye-witnesses, a newspaperman, reported from a point of vantage that it appeared the entire city of about half Allentown's size in population, was tottering and tumbling to the ground.

It is likely that fires broke out to add to the confusion and multiply the problems of the men trained by the Department of Public Safety. That the streets were clogged with debris which interfered with public transportation and movement of fire-fighting equipment can be taken for granted.

A situation that is developed by an earthquake is very similar to that which comes about from the fall of a blockbuster. German and Korean cities which have been bombed stand in ruins like cities that have tumbled when their foundations were wrenched by earth's violent contortions.

If Bakersfield had an adequate Civil Defense program and adequately prepared citizens to handle it, physical harm to its population as a result of yesterday's earthquake must have been held to a minimum. If not, there will be reason for wide regrets in the community that it was not better prepared.

Finally the Bakersfield tragedy well may be a lesson for every community in the United States. Not one city or town can believe that it is absolutely immune against all calamity. Fire, flood, earthquake, chemical explosions and other calamities of man-made origin plus the chances of savage military attack from the air may come at any moment to any city.

Civil Defense, as planned by our authorities, contemplates each and all of these hazards. Civil Defense, if developed, will be ready to aid communities in the event of trouble from any of them. Unfortunately, public cooperation with Civil Defense is weak and disinterested. The public in large measure thinks only of A-Bomb attack and smugly believes "it cannot happen here." What the public does not recognize is the fact that Civil Defense is planned to meet any and all emergencies and the further fact that no one can tell when or what type of emergency may afflict any community in this land.

Hold Still for Me, Colonel–



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Each election, the politicians talk about getting out the vote. Yet, voting is in a decline that has been continuous since, at least, the Willkie campaign in 1940.

Actually, in 1940, 1944, and 1948, there was little reason for the independent citizen to vote. He had no great choice either on issues or men. Partisans usually vote out of duty and habit, but in 1948, even that required a great stretch of the imagination.

In those days, enough voters boycotted the election to make their sentiment noticeable. For instance, the Democratic vote fell from 27,200,000 in 1940 to 24,100,000 in 1948 — a loss of 3,100,000 while the population actually increased. The Republicans lost 400,000 votes in that period. But then, the Republican vote had been decreasing steadily since the 1936 campaign and probably rachd rock bottom in 1948.

51 Pct. of Vote

It is for this reason that President Truman is so angry that the Americans produced only a 51 per cent vote of those eligible. In a statement on the subject, he said:

"In the last general election in France, 75 per cent of the eligibles voted; in Italy, it was 89 per cent; in Canada, 75 per cent; in Japan, 71 per cent; in Israel, 72 per cent; in Sweden, 80 per cent; in England, 83 per cent, and in the last election in Belgium, 90 per cent of the voters went to the polls."

To pass this by with the casual comment that Americans have so degenerated that they love only fun and have lost all civic virtue is superficial. If the American people had something to vote for, something to vote against, real alternatives, they would vote.

At stake in this election in the year 1952 could be war or peace, the continuance of a capitalist economy, the permanent militarization of our country, the dominance of the nation by Socialist pressure groups, etc. The voter has to believe that the differences between the parties are sharp and sincere.

The evil of "me-tooism" is apparent in the unwillingness of so many Americans to bother to go to the polls. "Me-tooism" represents not only negation but an unawareness of public dissent and discontent. It is a politician's technique to play safe. It vitiates the opposition and lessens the effectiveness of the two - party system which is designed to produce a debate.

Tendancy of Era

Not only are the politicians to blame. The tendency of the era is to glorify and to debase personalities. Frankly, it is of no more importance that Eisenhower can cook or that Stevenson has a problem in his family life than that somebody by the name of Zsa Zsa should be in a row with somebody by the name of Corinne over the measurements of that part of the human body which, except among some tropical tribes, is kept covered in public.

This playing up of the trivial and even vulgar tends to interest and amuse and divert attention from the issues. Also, it has driven out of political life many of our most substantial citizens who decline to submit to the indecencies of a campaign or to subject their families to a permanent avoidance of personal privacy.

I could not help thinking of that in relation to the non-political affairs of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, two minor characters whose private lives are really none of our business. At a time when we are actually losing a war in the Near East, to say nothing of the Far East, when Iran is in the same peril that China was in 1947; at a time when the American dollar has fallen to 97 cents in Canada — why give huge quantities of expensive space and time to their silly affairs?

Yet, the truth is that few personalities in public life stir the interest and imagination as much as these two do. Eisenhower or Stevenson may prove to be exciting, stimulating, even interesting, but nothing that has yet happened in this campaign indicates that they possess such characteristics. They seem to be mild, gentle men who speak well and even charmingly but who will not arouse the nation to fervent action, to follow them not only as leaders but to accept their ideas as a cause. Only such leadership will get out the vote.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I have been wondering what kind of a father I would have made if my wife and I had had children.

It's easy enough to say how we would have brought up our kids, or to criticize other people's children and the parents.

But could we have done any better? Would we have done worse?

On the other hand, the parents of children maybe are too subjective. They don't always see their youngsters' shortcomings and little misdemeanors from an objective point of view.

So, perhaps, what we childless folk think and say about the rearing of children, may have some point to it after all.

One of the most successful presidents of a Parent Teachers' Association I have ever known was a spinster teacher in Alameda, Calif.

She had never even been as much as engaged. I doubt whether any man of any sort had ever interested her.

But she loved children and children loved her. And all the mothers and fathers in Alameda simply idolized her.

When she died a few years ago, the funeral church was filled to the doors with her former pupils and PTA members.

Many of them had attained success. Most of them had achieved happiness.

All of them were unanimous in attributing much of their success and their happiness — which after all is synonymous with success — to this woman who had never been a mother.

A couple came calling on us yesterday.

They brought their children with them — a little girl of two and a boy of four.

There isn't much to be said about the boy. He just looked around our new house, came to the conclusion that there wasn't much that interested him, went back into their car, curled up in the back seat and slept for the rest of the visit.

Whether or not that was good manners is something I don't know. The parents never said a word to him — so maybe it was all right.

But I wonder how that kid is going to act when he goes calling on people in fifteen years from now.

The little girl grabbed everything in sight. She took a handful of cigarettes out of a box. She tried her best to light a packet of matches. She put on my glasses and almost broke them.

There was constant quarreling between her and her mother. Whenever the kid didn't get what she wanted she yelled.

By the end of the visit — which was cut quite short — both the parents and we were complete wrecks.

The mother told us that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She just didn't know WHAT to do.

The father — he just looked disgusted.

In the afternoon we called on another couple, two very young people.

They have a four-year-old girl and an enormous police dog. Both of them were the best behaved individuals I have ever seen. The dog laid down at his master's feet and never moved. The little girl and a young guest of hers kept bush with a miniature washing machine.

When we arose to go, the little girl made a curtsey and said:

"I am glad you called on us."

During the visit the father took us upstairs and showed us a couple of bedrooms he had added to the house. Most of the work he had done himself.

With pride, he said:

"One of the reasons I love this house so much is because I put so much of myself into it."

Perhaps that applies to children, too.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 3:2-11

The dispensation which was given to Paul by the grace of God, and not because of any merit of his own, had to do with a 'mystery' which was revealed to him by a special revelation, explained in v. 6, 'that the Gentiles should be fellowheirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promise in Christ by the Spirit.' The word 'mystery' occurs nearly 30 times in the New Testament, Paul using it about 20 times. In Bible language it means a revealed secret, not in itself incomprehensible as we use the word today, but something unknown until it is revealed. The Church as such was unknown in Old Testament times, but to Paul was revealed God's purpose that, in Christ Jesus, Jews and Gentiles were to be saved, or, as stated in v. 10, 'to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.' No more imporant words than these have ever been written.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA KUTZTOWN FAIR:

'M Dunnershdawg owet hen 'mr die Kutztown Fair ei ganumma bei all'm raya wedder. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r hen sella dawg tzwae Fairra ei ganumma, nommy dawgs die West Penn Fair on Andreas, un owets Kutztown. Die weil os die Kutztown Fair heit noch om gae is, sin m'r shure os die West Penner uns fergewwa ihra shtick iwwer hava bis da Mondawg.

Ferol os die widdering feranderlich wor uns hut ganev'ld wie m'r noch 'm Fair grund sin, hen m'r 'n gutie tzeit kot die weil os m'r on da Fair worra. Un m'r brouch yusht noch ma blotz wie sel gae fer bakonta leit sehna — fiel dafon os m'r shun fer yohra net g'sehna hut. Eb m'r recht im grossa Fair hous worra is ainer kumma blauderra mit uns, un ferhoftich sei won m'r grawd gawist hetta woh 'n onna tzu nemma, won er hame ins bed gaduh sei het wolla. Bis es fartich wor, wors der Theodore Rickenbach fon nagshd on Mohnton, besser bakont ols "Der Prof. Schnitzel," fom WHUM Reading radio station.

M'r hen noh gaguck'd fer der Mike Heid sehna on seinra grossa ob weissing fon kicha shank, nay mashina, un onnerra socha, im Fair gabei ow'r denk er wor tzu bisy in seim glaina grossa department shtore uf da Main shtross, fer free noch da Fair kumma. M'r hen ow'r paar shluck fon seim kalta wosser gadrunka, un sin noh nous sehna wie die Call-Chronicle maid un boova aw kaimta woh ihra truck widder uf g'shteld hen nagshd om keffer bree shtand. Der Vernie Sensinger wor darta, so aw der Woody Leiby, un 'n gonser hang'l onnerra eiferich on da arwet neichkata un barichda tzomma sommla, fer da nagshda morya drucka im Call.

Ferol os die widdering net tzu awganame wor, worra die leit harlich un uf galaib'd. Die ess shtander worra bisy, so aw die onnerra bletz woh sie balla tzu rolla hen kotta, farva fer tzu decka mit bletcher, un welshkern kerna uf nummerra laiga. Gons hinna drowwa drous wohs nei gaeich da shtadt Kutztown gait, wor uf kours 's manshd lava fon ol. Darta hen sie gross tzelter kot mit glaina porcha farna riwwer woh maid druf g'shtonna hen. Ainer farna drous in ra box hut ols ebbes gagrisha fer tzettle kaufa fer inside nei gae die maid sehna donsa, ow'r der Johnny Wagner, unser nagshd dier nochber woh mit uns un da Katerinah un seinra Nellie noch da Fair wor, hut gamaint 's gaibt fendu, un sie wotta die maid ferkaufa. Der Johnny hut mit aller gawolt nei gawolt fer so'n weiss kup griega, ow'r sei Nellie hut g'sawt." Unner shtae dich yusht mohl os duh darta nei gaish'd."

Hinnich sella grossa tzelter drous is es Grange gabei, woh die shanshda bauerra socha tzu sehna sin uf 'm gonsa Fair grund. Die Kutztown Grange hut des yohr Fleetwood ob k'hank'd, ow'r airsht odder ledshder blotz, ol die Grange exhibits sin wunnerbore shae. Un grawd so shae os die grange exhibits sin, so'n shainer exhibit bauerra g'shar is darta tzu sehna. Der Harry Knittle wor eiferich om yord shtecka ous daila wie m'r ferbei sin, un der Bob Schlenker hut uf ra box k'huck'd un wor om balawdga on gross ordich wor mit paar bauer. Der Ruvie Leibensperger hen m'r net tzu sehna grick'd, un so aw net der Joe Kauffman fon Strausstown. Unnich 'm Joe seim tzelt hen m'r ow'r sei boo Warren aw gadroffa, un so aw der Elmer Yarrick fon Hamburg. Sie hen ebbes fon ra flieg mashine woh sie wissa wolla wie shtarrick os die g'shicht im gringle rum gang'd.

Noh wen sotta m'r noch aw dreffa nagshd bei da maid uf da porch, os wie der waigmocher Ollie Kressley fon nagshd on Bittners Korner. 'S wor ow'r allas ol recht, die fraw wor beim, un hut der Ollie net in die shows gae lossa. Ainer fon da Steina tzwilling fon da Shpring Krick wor aw drous ow'r sin net shure ebs der Richard odder der Morris wor. Mohl ains fon da dawga wolla m'r larna die weibsleit ousa nonner kenna, noh kenna m'r ferleicht sawga wel os wel is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'S hut aw noch blenty onnerra bakonta kot os m'r now net nanna kenna, ow'r ol huts g'sheind hetta 'n gutie tzeit kot, un wie m'r aw shure sin os ol heit hen os kumma die Kutztown Fair ei nemma.

Horoscope

Work on a project in which you can use your creative talents. Some financial gain is prophesied. An artistic and alert individual is foreseen as today's child matures.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

Continued

Now we started to build a church. Several hundred teams hauled building stones for weeks, so that Schoharie Hill presented the appearance of a vast stone pile. Soon the walls were in the course of erection. One soon notices that my farmers conduct themselves quite properly in this work.

Man has three faculties—knowing, feeling and willing. This in the spiritual realm corresponds to the true, the good and the beautiful, or the harmony of the ideal and the real. Religion is the expression of all these fundamental truths. Her highest aim is to bring man into harmony with God. I wanted to build a church that in its external appearance should symbolize the spiritual, in the shape of a cross with a lofty steeple, as a finger pointing heavenward.

The nave of the church was traversed by three aisles leading from the entrance to the altar. Directly above it is the pulpit, and back of it the organ and choir. This style of building expressed the Protestant principle, for in a house of worship not the altar, but the pulpit with the sermon on the Word of God was the central point. The altar and the choir are the prayer and the song which adorn the Word. A small gallery is placed above the entrance. The paintings on the windows portrayed scenes of the life of Christ. The people were most fond of the picture of "Peter walking on the sea." All of them had a strong faith and more than once in their struggle did they learn that with God's help the impossible became possible.

To me the picture of "Christ in Gethsemane" appealed most strongly. The garden was hidden by the darkness of night, Christ was kneeling on the ground with hands stretched heavenward whence a ray of light came. One expected every moment to see the angels appear. The consecrated Christ pleased the people. The painter put too many feminine touches in the picture to suit me. My Lord walked on earth as a perfect man who also could when the necessity arose, swing the lash.

As soon as the farmers entered, they bared their heads and devotion was expressed in their features. The building did not remind them of a theater, only of the presence of God. Everything cried out: "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."

We were two years in building it. We dedicated it at Easter time. In reality a dedication is unnecessary. The heaven and all the heaven of heavens can not contain God. Stone remains stone. Our hearts shall be dedicated to it. There one can enclose God but not in a house. The belief that a distant place is especially holy purports nothing more than: "I believe in the communion of the sanctified."

Several weeks previously we beheld a display such as only occurs in the wilderness of America. One evening in March a furious snowstorm set in. It lightened and thundered and not far from here a barn was struck by lightning and burnt. It seemed as if the whole neighborhood was in flames. In fearful splendor the church stood on the hill. When the lightning flashed through the snowflakes which filled the air, it seemed to us as if sheets of flame passed from the church to the clouds. Our church seemed to stand on a loftier elevation than usual. Indeed the building seemed to hover between heaven and earth. The people came from afar to see the spectacle, and because they thought the church was in flames. The snowflakes must have reflected the light, because after the fire was extinguished the phenomen disappeared. But the old pious Mr. Kreiskorn remarked: "It was a picture of the New Jerusalem of the city of God which shall descend from heaven to earth and in its foundations the names of the holy apostles shall be engraved."

I can not describe the dedication. I was greatly moved. Others fared little better. The saying was literally true:

"Many people and the oldest of them especially wept so loudly (it reminded them of the church in the home town of their fatherland), that the crowd could not distinguish the sounds of joy from the voices of those who wept."

We approached the churchyard. I am indeed ashamed to record it. Each one wanted to shake hands with me this morning. Sir William Johnson himself appeared. He stretched both arms toward me, as I, a bent old man, ascended Schoharie Hill. He embraced me and uttered words that I will not put down. General Herkimer walked beside me instead of the old teacher Heim who had died. At the church door stood Conrad Weiser who turned the keys to me. He could only express the words: "If only my father had lived to see this." Tears rolled down his cheeks. Conrad has aged. Times of need age people quickly.

Because it was Easter I selected the hymn "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." At the Schoharie we sing most frequently the two hymns of Luther's. "Aus tiefer Not Schrei' ich zu dir" and that other one, "Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not, die uns jetzt hat betroffen." Then began a service, beautiful and affecting. I was moved and I can scarcely describe the scene properly. At the same time we celebrated the Lord's Supper. A large number partook of the communion. It was long past noon when we left the church. Even the tavern keeper was satisfied this time with the firm preacher.

Chapter XIX

"After the church is completed, you have reached the goal of our ambition." I frequently said to myself. Have I?

I was sitting under a shade tree by the Schoharie. The spring breezes fanned my cheek. I was reading Plato's Phaedon. "You reason well Socrates! This work entitles you to a place among the multitude of immortals." What have I accomplished in the forest? I built the church and several school houses. Wholly material things. But the kingdom of God does not consist of stone or wood, it is truth and life.

"Forest preacher, what have you to show for the labors of a lifetime?" I have settled disputes, visited the sick, and gave them medicine because they were too poor to employ a physician. I often worked for justice for the oppressed. I preached the truth and instructed the children in the catechism. Have you directed them to God, have you opened their eyes that they behold their salvation, God's great act of redemption, and to whom they pray and pray, "God, wilt thou make me as good as Thou art?"

Thus I was reviewing my life when my glance fell upon a primrose. I plucked the first blossom which spring sent to the valley and as I was holding the flower in my hand I again became thoughtful. Immortality? Did I not preach of the starry heavens, and the falling dew? The wild flower of the forest in my hand? Does it not say that back of all visible things in nature there is an all prevading spirit? The flower is a work of art, a thought. Who conceived of it, who converted the thought into a living reality? Nature dies, but the Lord of nature who gives it the living principle, lives and works without ceasing.

Where are the souls of the farmers of these valleys, those who struggled with us and now sleep beside the church the long mysterious sleep of death? Is it what the Greek custom styles an "indivisible whole?" It no more dies than the active life giving principle that permeates the natural kingdom.

Whence comes this homesickness in my breast? How many years have passed since I came to my forest home? Here are my friends, here my broad fields. Why am I not content? Why am I always dreaming of the Black Forest and the grapes of the valley of the Neckar? Would I return if I could? The old home has become strange to me. I could no longer find my way around in the land of my childhood. Whence this home sickness? It is the longing for the lost paradise of childhood for the freedom and innocence of childhood's years. We seek something better, we wish for life and full competency.

How little have I taught the people in my long years of active service, how little have I striven for the permanent and everlasting. "Holy Redeemer, be merciful to me!"

This new quarrel with the Indians! We shall never have rest. I am old and my labors are ended. I would lie down and enter upon my long last sleep. But it pains me to leave my congregation to engage in another bloody strife.

Since the French were driven out of the Colonies, our old adversaries bestirred themselves anew. The aged Livingstone is dead but his children are no better than he. "Der Apfel fallt nicht weit vom Stamm." They are hatching a new scheme of knavery, and the Indians have dug up the batlle axe and are threatening our frontiers.

It must be said to the credit of Sir William Johnson that he is an enemy to any land frauds. As Indian agent he volunteered to visit the Redskins and investigate the cause of the dispute. Conrad Weiser accompanied him as interpreter and negotiator. They insisted that I accompany them as the Indians said of me: "The white medicine man is not two-faced."

They had been informed of our intended visit. They considered the occasion so important that all their chiefs were present, and besides thirty-three of their most distinguished women. Sir Johnson dwelt upon the absolute power of the governor to render binding decisions upon all subjects in dispute.

It was a picture fit for a painter. Under an old oak the chiefs sat, all of them brave men, in whose wigwams could be counted dozens of the scalps of their enemies. In the second row sat their wives richly decorated with amulets. Behind them, standing in a semi-circle, there were about 500 warriors.

Sir Johnson was surrounded by eight justices. Besides, there were the two young Livingstones with their advocates and the interpreter, Conrad Weiser.

The negotiations began when Conrad Weiser produced two bills of sale and invited the chiefs to examine them and to explain wherein they found fault with the justice of these and dug up the battle axe. After each chief had stepped up and carefully examined the documents, one, as spokesman arose and said:

"The red men turned out in great numbers, because they understood Weiser should talk to us. You have a kind word for the red man on every occasion. Even though you are a paleface, yet at all times the half of your heart belongs to the Mohawks, and the other half to the whites. We have come to know that Trachawagon' (as the Indians called Conrad Weiser) has snow on his head (has aged). For this reason we left the tomahawk in our wigwams and came to look upon your face again before you go to the hunting ground of the Great Spirit. We have examined the papers — they say, five chiefs have signed them — have sold the land toward the northwest of such length and breadth that the sun set four times before the survey was completed. Who are the five chiefs? Is it Brandt, the wise serpent? Is it Ura, the flying arrow? Is it Mango, the sharp eagle? Is it any one who sits here?" He turned around and pointed to the group of chiefs who followed his discourse with the closest attention: "No, it is none of these. I have spoken."

Thereupon he sat down.

Then Weiser began: "The Livingstones claim that they received the bill of sale from the five greatest chiefs of the Mohawks. The chiefs of the tribe are all assembled here. For this reason I ask the Livingstones to come forward and name these chiefs before the eyes of Sir. William Johnson."

"A good word," cried the Indians. Both Livingstones shook their heads. 'I ask you to answer my question: Do you see in this assembly the chiefs who have signed the document? Do you answer yes or no?"

'No, there were other chiefs," said Weiser, turning toward the Indians. The spokesman of the redskins put forward five young men and said: "These lads who have as yet no scalps, or wigwams, or squaws admit that Livingstone induced them to come into his house, gave them so much firewater that they no longer knew what they were doing. In their drunken state they sold land which did not belong to them, and Livingstone knew it."

The Indian continued: 'The law of the paleface requires that after a sale the land shall be surveyed in the presence of the seller, and, also when the sun shines (by day). Livingstone surveyed the land when the moon was in the heavens and the Mohawks slept in their wigwams. We have leased some of this land to the Germans in the valley. But Livingstone and the governor in New York want to expel the Germans from this land. For this reason we dug up the tomahawk. Two jugs of firewater given to five young men is no trade. On this account the Mohawks are angry."

This, in substance, was the Indian's speech. The usually taciturn savages showed by signs their approval of the words of the speaker. The counsel whom the Livingstones brought with them plead mitigating circumstances before Sir William Johnson.

"In the wilderness precise justice does not always prevail," said one of them. "It is difficult to determine every time who the owner of a piece of land is. Should it be discovered that the sellers, were not the lawful owners of the lands, then Livingstone must receive an indemnity and also sufficient time to restore again the lands to the possession of the Indians."

After they concluded their argument Weiser stepped forward:

"Sir Johnson," he began, "It would be an act of injustice if you were to postpone your decision. The Indians are not acquainted with all the modes of English justice. Injustice has been done them and not a man within reach of my voice dare rise and dispute my statement. Why should they not, Sir, on this spot tear to shreds this fraudulent bill of sale? By such an act we will remove at one stroke all cause of dissatisfaction, and at the same time promote the authority of the English crown among the Germans. God knows how necessary this is in the country. This bill of sale is a fraud. That Livingstone undertook the survey at night, which no one disputed, is a baseness and deception unequaled. I know that my words do not please the Englishmen who are present. But I have not lived more than 60 years to tarnish my reputation with the Indians in my old age by an act of injustice and to burden my conscience before God. Sir, use your authority and by a courageous act render void for all time this dirty deal of the land swindlers."

Sir Johnson seemed to meditate for a moment, then arose, and in solemn tones slowly said: "My statement is simple. It is personally distressing to me that I must declare well founded, that this bill of sale was obtained by fraud of the vilest kind. My official position demands that I recognize no person as judge. Therefore I declare that the sale is null and void, that the land remain in possession of the Indians. Furthermore, let no one dare to disturb the German tenants. Constable, adjourn the court."

The bailiff cried out according to the custom of the country: "The court is adjourned: God bless the king."

The Englishman glanced angrily at Mr. Weiser. The Indians thronged around him. Even the squaws insisted on grasping his hand.

Sir William Johnson had mounted his horse and ridden away. He is an honest man but like the rest of them, first of all an Englishman. When it is not contrary to his interests he is a friend of the Germans. Mr. Weiser himself admits that he is the best magistrate in New York.

The two Livingstones could not brook the lecture which Weiser pronounced upon them in his discourse. After Sir Johnson had ridden away they rushed upon Mr. Weiser: 'We will remember you in this affair," these villainous rascals began, "The governor is our friend, and we will keep the land. Johnson neither here nor there! Your father was a rebel and you are worse."

I never saw Weiser angry before. When his father's name was mentioned, the veins on his forehead swelled with indignation. With flushed face he glanced at both and said: "My father endured much at your hands. The name Livingstone, since the day that the German Leisler gave up is life in New York for the king of England is synonymous with the one the bearer of which we are certain went to hades, namely Judas Iscariot. I do not want to quarrel with you." His expression betrayed his artful nature. "I remained here in order to demand justice of you for the injustice you did to my father and for the innocent blood you shed among my countrymen. I knew long ago how shamelessly the Livingstones live. Today I will see how bravely they can die.

"Mohawks, these two men threaten me with violence at their hands and with punishment by the governor, because I spoke a kind word for the red man. Will you allow Trachawagon to die?"

The Indians had listened to the conversation, but understood nothing because it was conducted in the English language. Now they uttered their war cry. I trembled with fear. The blood froze in my veins. My God, are these men mad? The horses broke away, and galloped through the forest. The squaws screamed and drew back. Strong arms grasped the Livingstones, and the young men who had signed the bill of sale and who had been angered during the discussion attempted with bare hands to possess themselves of the scalps of both. Others had ropes and tried to hang both Livingstones between the tops of two fir trees. So quickly was it done that one could scarcely see what was going on or properly describe it.

Now they display the cowardice of the criminal. They fell upon their knees. Their faces were deathly pale. They begged for their lives. They promised everything imaginable. When Mr. Weiser pretended not to hear it, they turned to me beseeching me to plead for them. At last Mr. Weiser yielded.

"I will not anticipate the devil," he said, "but do not forget how you address me again. Go home and be ashamed of yourselves, cowardly curs."

Never before did I see men mount their horses as quickly as did the two Livingstones, the friends of the governor.

To be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

Labor Day Motor Hazards

The weekend that includes Labor Day always provides a three-day vacation for a very considerable part of our population and by reason of its length provides temptation and opportunity for millions of motorists to drive exceptional distance. Likewise, since the Labor Day holiday immediately precedes the opening of the schools, it offers opportunity for a last seasonal fling at outdoor pleasures.

The crush of motor traffic upon the highways today and until late on Monday night can be expected to be terrific. The number of motor cars on the American highway system has increased without corresponding increase in the mileage of the highways. Increase in volume of traffic has slowed down its movement. Furthermore, in the interest of public safety, movement of traffic has been slowed at many points by traffic regulations.

In addition to the exasperations of delay, motorists during this weekend are likely to be facing greater highway hazards than at any other time due of course to the abundance of traffic which will include many faulty cars with irresponsible drivers.

Predictions of the experts are that about 430 lives will be lost in highway accidents throughout the country during the three-day weekend holiday season. Many thousands of people will be hospitalized for injuries. Last year the prediction of these same engineers for the Labor Day holiday fixed the death at 400 persons, but after state cops and others had dug bodies of those killed instantly from the tangled debris they counted 461 corpses. So far this year highway casualties have been running ahead of the 1951 figures by about three per cent. So it appears the highway engineers are optimistic or overly cautious when they estimate that only about 430 lives will be lost this year. It should also be noted that last year 197 persons were so seriously injured in Labor Day weekend accidents that they died in hospitals a few days or so after the holiday. Thus the death toll in 1952 actually was 658.

No one can absolutely decree that in the course of his or her driving today, or at any other time, there will be absolute immunity against accidents. No matter how good a driver may be and no matter how nearly perfect his car may be there is always "the other fellow" and his car to be reckoned with.

But to the degree that is possible it behooves each and every motorist to take such steps and to drive in such fashion during this weekend, and on all other occasions as well, that the maximum chances of enjoying safety will be gained. National accident and death records are going to improve only when individual driving and the condition of individual motor cars is improved. Each motorist can do his bit toward the grand, over-all result and, in so doing, continue enjoyment of living and assure extension of his life-span.

Back to School

With varied emotions the little people of our American families are looking ahead to the days just ahead of us when school bells again will ring and summon them to return to their desks and studies and to their associations with their teachers and their fellow-students.

For the most part children are glad when the time for resumption of school work comes around. They not only like the life of the school but they are lonely and dissatisfied to be anywhere else during the school period. After two months and more of life with few compulsions and little routine there is a readiness to return to a program and to the pursuit of very definite objectives. All too little credit is generally given to the average child's sense of duty, responsibility, and ambition for high achievement in what is his world, the school room.

In this community the trek back to school will take place next week and it is to be expected that those children who spent a considerable part of the summer on the playgrounds and out in the sunshine and fresh air are well prepared physically to resume their studies. For five or six hours a day they will be unexposed to the health-giving sunshine and the reserves of good health which they have built up during the summer will stand them in good stead.

Still, there are some elements of health which playground activities and life in the sunshine have done little to affect either favorably or adversely. For example, there is the matter of teeth. If dental examinations and dental care, where necessary, were not attended to during the summer, then it should be done at once. Now is the time to effect appointments with the family dentist and take the precautionary action of caring for tiny tooth cavities and more serious dental troubles.

Then there is the matter of eyes. Visual education is assuming a bigger and bigger role each year and it is important that the child receive corrective attention if eyes be not perfect.

How about those tonsils, the child's heart, his breathing? And how about those shoes? Are they too small? Are they "cramping the kid's style?" Frequent new sets of shoes are a must if we want the child to grow properly.

Let your family doctor advise you on these matters. Don't risk your child's health. See to it that he is thoroughly prepared — healthwise—to face the winter months before school is out again. See to it that the child's ducation and general welfare are not marred by health defects which we can prevent now.

N. Korea a Scrap Pile

Systematic destruction of the industrial wealth of North Korea was continued yesterday with another mighty strike by air against Pyongyang, largest city in that section of the peninsula and capital city of the aggressors in the current war.

Yesterday more than four hundred planes from ground bases and the decks of carriers swarmed over the big city which the Japanese, during their occupation of the country, had industrailized to high degree. Most of the planes made three or more sorties so that the sum total of the strike was equivalent to the delivery of one load of bombs by 1,400 planes.

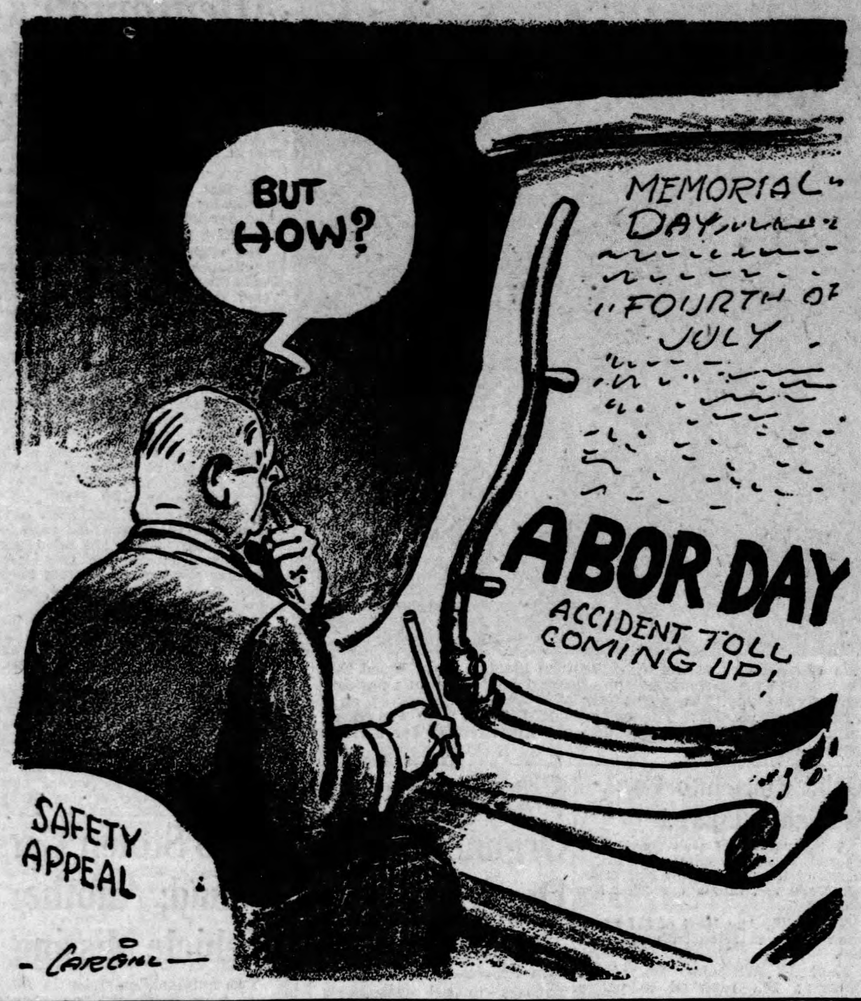
Since one block-buster can do just that — topple the buildings in a block — the effect of attack by 1,400 planes, or their equivalent, can be imagined. It is not to be assumed that every load of bombs was dropped with accuracy upon its own, sole target. If that could have been arranged a city more than four miles square would have been pulverized in an attack like yesterday's. But it can be believed that plenty of the bombs fell upon vital spots and did a maximum of damage.

The simple conclusion is that before this mess in Korea has been brought to an end, every city and sizeable town in North Korea will have been reduced to a scrap pile. The industry which had supported a vast number of its people will have been ended while the power with which the industry was operated likewise will have been destroyed.

It is a sad thing that necessity for destruction of the war potential of North Korea will bring also destruction of its peace time industrial production. In ancient days conquerors were wont to waste a land by fire and sword, destroying both property and population. The United States had such an experience during the Civil War when Sherman made his historic "March to the Sea." Out of that experience likewise came the sad but entirely truthful and sage saying: "War is hell."

War is becoming an increasing hell for North Korea. Recently a list of 78 cities was published showing which are to be destroyed from the air and affording the population opportunity to get out and save their lives. Pyongyang is just the beginning.

Time for a Change!



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 week-end 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 now 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 million treasuries.

Working closely with little Gompers was the Irishman, Peter J. McGuire. Had it not been for him, there'd be no Labor Day week-end.

Organizes Carpenters

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.

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 poets. 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.

Old Clarendon Hall shook as the "walking" delegates in bowler hats, vests and high brogans cheered the idea. Labor Day week - end 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.

Held on a Tuesday

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 Avenue. In the line were bricklayers, freight handlers, typographical people, painters and cigar makers.

They carried signs calling for the eight hour day, attacking n high taxes, and strangeq 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 Street, 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.

The next year, the Central Labor Union ran its celebration on the first Monday in September. On Feb. 21, 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.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

My wife and I just had a lively argument. Not a fight, mind you, just an argument.

It all came from that new fur-labeling law.

I am sure you read about it. Hereafter pussy cat must be labeled pussy cat, no longer "genet." Muskrat can no longer be called "river sable." "Black Marten" is out for skunk, and dyed goat cannot go under the alias of "blue Japanese wolf," any more.

I made a facetious remark about it being just too bad that the furriers would no longer be allowed to fool the dear ladies, and how the dear ladies just loved to be fooled.

Whereupon my wife, of course, stood up for her sex and said that this new law is a very good law.

"Women are known to be th shrewdest buyers in the world," she said and pointed to a statement by the president of the biggest fur processing firm in the land.

"What a woman doesn't understand, she doesn't like," said this gentleman.

"Ha, Ha," I laughed. "I think that women just love the things they don't understand, which applies both to men and merchandise."

Then I pointed out a few advertisements in the New York Sunday paper to her.

"Look at this," I said. "It advertises a 'glam-cap' made of 'activated nylon.' What, please is activated nylon?"

She didn't know.

"Would you buy it?"

Yes, she would, if she wre in the market for a "glam-cap" and if the merchant who advertised it were reliable.

I showed her another ad.

"Peplumed Suit - Dress Fanfares Into Fall" was the heading.

"You certainly won't fall for this," I said. "Nobody on God's green earth can understand it."

She shrugged her shoulders and looked at me with a pitying smile.

"You don't know what a peplumed suit-dress is?" she asked. "And you don't know what it means when it fanfares into fall."

So I came to the conlcusion that there are lots of things men don't understand but that are entirely clear and simple to women.

On the other hand I was thinking of a woman who showed me a suitcase she had bought a few days ago.

"Look," she said, and proudly pointed to the lining, "genuine synthetic leather. And guaranteed plastic cowhide on the outside, the salesman said."

I ondered whether women are really as smart as they think they are.

Why do they fall for all the these promises by cosmetic manufacturers to make glamour girls out of them, when there isn't the slightest chance in the world? Why do they fall for all the weight reducing concoctions that promise to make a Marylin Monroe out of a 250-pound tank?

Personally — and both you and my wife have, of course, a perfect right to disagree with me completely — I believe that a woman's good sense will always come second to her vanity.

There is one thing women will never understand — that youth and beauty, once gone, can never be regained.

(Copyright 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 4:11

The particular gifts of the Spirit which Paul cites are mentioned in V. 11. They do not include the gift of speaking in unknown tongues, nor the gift of healing. These were temporary, not permanent gifts. Those mentioned in v. 11 are permanent, till the body of Christ (the Church) is removed from this earthly scene. First mentioned are apostles, particularly those who were associated with Jesus, who had seen Jesus, and had been witnesses of the fact that He had been raised from the dead. The word 'apostle' means 'sent forth,' and is well translated by the word missionary. Prophets utter what they have been taught by the Holy Spirit, forth - telling rather than foretelling. 'He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort,' 1 Cor. 14:3, the function of the Christian preacher today, as he ministers to his congregation. The evangelist preaches the Gospel to the unsaved. Pastor in the Greek text is the word for shepherd, the real meaning also of the Latin word pastor. The teaching ministry of the pastor is emphasized by the word teachers, the last word in verse 11.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Painting is the favorite diversion of Prime Minister Winston Churchill. His canvases have become so professional, in fact, that several have been hung in galleries though his name was not attached to give them priority. The easiest way to flatter him is to praise his paintings — if he's convinced the flattery is sincere. "It's a delightful amusement, this spreading paint on a canvas," he admitted, "and at any rate harmful to neither man nor beast. Personally, I prefer bright colors. I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to Heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject."

Dr. Morris Fishbein rescued these two gems from the examination paper of a teen-age student in Chicago: "Natural immunity is catching a disease without the aid of a physician" and "A psychiatrist is a doctor with mental disorders."

(Copyright, 1952)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Aug. 30, 1927, a Tuesday

Dr. George T. Ettinger, Muhlenberg College dean, was re-elected president of the Allentown Free Library trustees.

Moulton L. C. Frantz, president of Iota chapter, Alpha Gamma Sigma Fraternity, called a special meeting to plan for the entertainment of delegates to the national convention to be held in this city.

Horoscope

Do not crowd your schedule. Take on only what you can easily handle. Financial success is likely in the year ahead. A sterling character and success should be the child's born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LODWARICK ON DORNEY PARK: Yar bei jupps, da Mondawg wert Dorney Park widder fershmiert mit lodwarick fon end tzu enl Nay, sis net gons so shlim wie sel, ow'r kon eich sawga os widder tzwae wunnerbora grossa dawga om kumma sin on Dorney Park. Sis allas in arder fer die graish'd un beshd lodwarick party tzu, halta os noch k'halta wor—un m'r sin shun on Dorneys may wie 'n dudsend yohr.

Uf kours won m'r shwetza fon lodwarick, nadierlich maina m'r aw die Schnitzer party woh morya k'halta wert om sama blotz, mawg die widdering sei wie sie wil. 'M ledshd yohr hen m'r unnich doch gae missa fer die ebbel schnitza, un wolla hoffa des yohr kenna m'r drous im freia bleiva—drous woh 'n yaders sehna kon wos aw gait. Un ich kon eich sawga os 'n lot aw gait on Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties.

Yader dawg sin shwetzer darta, so wohl wie aw der Aaron Rehrig un sei shpiel leit fon Lockport fer singa un shpiela, un Mondawgs aw shpiela fer der dons. Un selar dons da Mondawg gebt ebbes gons arbadiches wie yung un alt fon da Harmony grange uf der floor kumma fer donsa tzum Shtivlie Rex seinra ous ruferrei. 'M Bobby Sobers sei lodwarick dons wert aw widder gewwa ae tzeit fom dawg—sel is der dons woh sie darrich 's gons waisa gaina fon da ebbel shaila bis tzum lodwarick riehrra, un so weiter. Der lanser wert fermuthlich aw widder gadonst, un 'n lot onnerra dons mit jiggerrei wie ewwa die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha shun donsa fer yohrra un yohrra. Noh wert aw g'sunga, g'shwetzt un g'shpielt ich sawg eich 's gebt 'n gross ordichie tzeit.

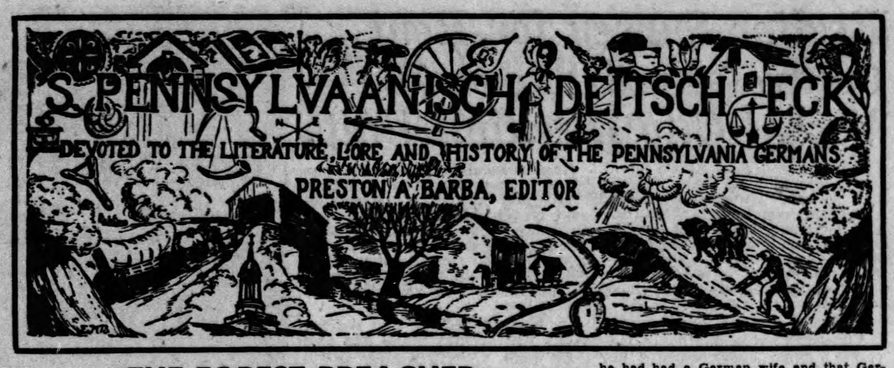
So weit os der lodwarick da Mondawg aw gait, wert widder 'n lot weck gewwa fernix mit brode un shmear kase—un dale wert aw widder ferkauft fer der park. 'S wear shae won ol woh tzaila fer lodwarick mit hame nemma, ihra aigna kans bringa kenta—bind odder g'wart, ow'r nix graiser. 'S werra ganummerda tzettle gewwa un woh hinna noh ous g'shwabt werra won die kans g'fill'd sin. Yusht seina so gute un bringa Ken alta relicks mit fon kans wie shun der fol wor. Farm yohr sin kans fertzott'ld gonga—odder so hen sie g'sawt, un woh so wertfolla kans sei hen solla weil die Mam un Grammam sie shun gayus'd hen kot fer lodwarick drin halta. Lossa sellie kans daham, un bringa yusht soicha wohs ken shawda dut won si sie ferlora gaina, odder 'n gnicker griega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r hen so fiel eisa im fire ready mocha fer die tzwae grossa dawga om kumma on Dorney Park, os m'r wariclich shtoppa missa schreiva, un sehna eich ol da Sundawg un Mondawg on Dorney Park, woh m'r yader dawg aw widder guta shwetzer hen.

Pennsylvaanischa Deitsch Eck

DEVOTED TO THE LITERATURE, LORE AND HISTORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

PRESTON A. BARBA, EDITOR



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

Continued

CHAPTER XX

"They will let us alone in the future," I remarked on the way home.

"I doubt it," Weiser replied. "The colonial aristocracy is the worst lot of bloodsuckers there is. They are worse than the German princes who sell to the king of England their countrymen as food for cannon."

"Pardon me, but the Weisers are pessimists."

"Possibly they are, pastor. My father had good reasons to be. I too in the service of the colonial governors have observed things which more than once produced a mist before my eyes. How shamefully were the Moravians treated by Governor Clinton!"

"Relate it, pray, I never fully comprehended the transaction."

"The most serious part of it can be told in few words. It was in the year 1736 that I journeyed on a mission for the governor of Pennsylvania to the Indians in order to induce them by personal influence to bury the tomahawk. On this journey of about 500 miles I experienced great hardships, because I traveled during a hard winter through deep snow, across creeks and through floods, and the comfortless wilderness with provisions on my back. Two Indians accompanied me on a day's journey. When these noticed how I almost succumbed to the hardships and my courage sank they tried to comfort me with the words:

"Be comforted, Tarachawagon, through suffering, man's sins are washed away."

These words from the lips of the savages were impressed on my heart and encouraged me to renewed efforts.

Soon afterwards I met Bishop Spangenberg of the Moravian brotherhood to whom I related the incident. He instructed me in the Moravian doctrine. They immediately decided to send missionaries to preach the gospel to these truly blind yet thoughtful heathen.

"The first missionary was Rev. Bittner, a noble pious man. Others followed him and a few years the Moravians had formed a congregation of Indians at Shekomeko. This place is situated about 100 miles from New York not far from the German settlement of Rhinebeck.

"When, after several years Count Zinzendorf himself came to America with his daughter, Bettina, then indeed the chief Tshoop was baptized in Zinzendorf's presence. This cause a great stir.

"The man, who formerly resembled a bear in appearance became like a lamb. One could not look at him without being astonished at the great power of God's word and sacrament. He had a remarkable talent to illustrate what he wished to say by means of pictures. When he wished to illustrate a wicked heart with a piece of charcoal he drew a heart bristling with spears and darts and said:

"See, this is the heart when Satan possesses it. All wickedness come from within. This made a deeper impression than the most eloquent speech."

"Are you a Moravian? Such is the report."

"No I am not. But in comparison with the itinerant preachers the Moravians are the purest angels. I must admit that the labor of love together with the childlike trust in living among the savages impressed me greatly. I accompanied Count Zinzendorf on his journey to the Indians and although I was unable to comprehend his far reaching plans still his religious zeal inspired me. The conversion of the Indians seems to me like a miracle of God."

"Have you also converts among the Indians in Shekomeko?"

"Yes. I know the redskins as well as any one in the country. The change in the savages was a complete one. In their lives there was as from night to day. Had this conversion to Christianity been a pretense, the mission would be in existence today because to hypocritical Christianity England never objected. Their conversions were indeed radical, as radical as the zeal of the missionaries. Missionary Post even married a baptized Indian maiden in order to get closer to the tribe and win the confidence of the savages in this way.

"Thus far all was well. As long as the colonized aristocrats thought that the Indians would murder the missionaries they did not raise a hand. But when trade in whisky with the Indians diminished and one could not longer buy their squaws, a storm of indignation arose.

"What insolence was this, they said, that the missionaries should teach the red men to farm, and make craftsmen out of them? Such insolence was unheard of. We make use of the land. We live to the honor of God and the king. Who are these Moravians? Foreigners, strangers in the land who do not even belong to the Episcopal Church. In all earnestness the claim was made that Count Zinzendorf was a Catholic and intends to betray the colony into the hands of the king of France.

"To be brief, pastor, the history of Schoharie was repeated at Shehomeko. All the remonstrances and explanations of the missionaries were of no avail. The aristocrats were embittered by the instruction of a better life to those baptized. Just as my father with hundreds of our people emigrated to Pennsylvania driven out by Governor Hunter, so did Governor Clinton drive the Moravians out of the state of New York. In the vicinity of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, they built a small Indian village. Not all of those baptized reached this place. Many died during the flight, others were attacked by drunken Indians and killed. All this was done by Governor Clinton and his followers in the name of civilization and Christianity.

"They persecuted the Palatines and Swabians because these did not wish to become heathen but free prosperous farmers and colonists. The Moravians were banished because they wanted to civilize the heathen. It is the same story everywhere the voice of Jacob but the hand of Esau."

"Twice the Germans were banished from New York, the first time from Schoharie, the second from Shekomeko. For this reason New York was checked in its development. Pennsylvania reaped this advantage—it surpassed New York in wealth and population.

"We will not have freedom until a free farming class is free to govern itself."

"And you are no Moravian?"

"How can I be? My eldest daughter was married twenty years ago to Reverend Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, a talented man whose friends in Pennsylvania call him the 'father of the Lutheran church.' Two of his sons are studying theology. By God's will, I will be the ancestor of a family of Lutheran ministers. That means more than the title 'Governor of New York.' God has richly blessed my children and me. When I reflect upon my past life, I repeatedly say: 'If only my father had lived to see this.'"

He embraced me, his cheeks wet with tears, then he rode away. We were agitated. Neither of us said farewell.

Soon after this event I received a letter from his son-in-law, Reverend Muhlenberg:

"It was father's last wish that I should inform you after he had passed away. He realized the end approaching. He together with his wife selected his last resting place a few days before his death. A mile below Womelsdorf toward Reading, on a little elevation he rests and awaits the resurrection morn. We erected according to his wish a red sandstone as a tombstone with the inscription:

"Conrad Weiser, Wurtemburg, 1696, died 1760."

I went to General Herkimer with the letter. As I read its contents to him he left the room. When he returned a half hour later he grasped my hand and said: "His like will never be seen again in this country." His eyes were red with weeping.

CHAPTER XXI

There is a restlessness in the country, an anxious moving to and fro in the valley. One does not know who is a friend or who is an enemy. Does freedom and justice beckon to us or will all of us perish by the scalping knife?

The elder Weiser and his contemporaries for sixty years stood submissively and tremblingly with bared heads before Governor Hunter.

Their sons and grandsons, grown to maturity in the freedom of the forest stand erect like oak-trees before the governor with clenched fists and eyes blazing with anger and indignation. They bid defiance to the king of England himself.

The storm is gathering above the heads of the colonial aristocrats. The injustice of many years' duration, barbarous oppression, long suppressed wrath broke forth with volcanic violence.

The Schoharie valley became an armed camp. We have the revolution at our very doors with all its horrors, with all its hopes.

"Liberty or death," these words of Patrick Henry uttered in the state house of Virginia became our battle cry.

We at the Schoharie greeted with loud applause the announcement of our independence from English despotism which the representatives of the thirteen colonies sent to the king of England. No one comprehends its significance better than we Germans.

The storm broke; blood flows; the cannon thunder; the oppressors tremble. Justice for all, privileges for none.

At first unauthenticated reports penetrated the valley. It was rumored that Boston had revolted. Then outbreaks were reported to have occurred either in New York or in Philadelphia and Germantown.

At last Jonathan Schmul came to the Schoharie. He had become well to do. Instead of carrying his pack he drives about with a horse and wagon.

He was in Boston when the enraged citizens emptied the chests of tea into the harbor. He heard in Faneuil Hall the inspired orators of freedom, John Hancock and Dr. Warren. He saw the doctor, one of the first to fall in battle for the freedom of his native land. The aged Schmul has since that time become young again.

"No more enslaved Katharine Weisenbergs, no exiled Weisers, no more scalped women and children, Mr. Pastor, as sure as I am a poor Jew who makes an honest living," he cried as he passed out of the room. "Have our poor people not turned the wilderness into a paradise? Why can Germans not govern themselves? German magistrates, German sheriffs — we will have it!"

The inhabitants of the valley were divided into two hostile camps.

The descendants of the seven Dutch partners sided with England and with them all those who for sixty years wished to reduce the Germans to slavery.

It grieves me that Sr. William Johnson should also have become a traitor. He is the most influential Englishman in the valley and is related to more than two hundred families. He completely separated the western end of the valley from any alliances with Albany and the eastern end of the valley. In this way he prevented the transportation of powder and other munitions of war which we so sorely needed. His brother-in-law, the Mohawk chief, Brandt is also on his side. O! the tories and traitors are shrewd. They sent Brandt to England. By a personal interview with this savage, George III won the Indians over. The scalping knife threatened the Germans again.

However, we obtained powder. Mr. Schmul, the Jew, conveyed it through the midst of Sir William Johnson's sentinels. They mistook the freight for household goods. It certainly is an advantage that Mr. Schmul prospered and purchased a vagon for himself. It is unnecessary for him to make so many trips. Every one offers all his property. In the future many will offer their lives.

Still God wills the right, therefore we will be victorious.

An assembly of all the people was held. The aristocrats. (The tories came out in large numbers) soon showed the Judas hand. They could accomplish nothing among the Germans with money or promises. For this reason the daughters of the rich aristocrats were to win over our young men. Up to this time these ladies regarded themselves of superior rank and looked upon us with contempt. On this occasion the noble fathers brought their daughters elegantly dressed to the meeting. They had planned to some purpose. It certainly was fortunate that I was present and that my seventy summers did not prevent my attendance.

What a gathering of the people! As the large hall could not hold the crowd, the aristocrats busied themselves among those in the street, in exerting their influence in behalf of the king of England. In the hall, meanwhile, an orators' battle had begun. I began to think my presence unnecessary when the tories produced their weightiest argument. Sir Johnson, old and gray, was scheduled to speak, a man who could always command the attention of his German neighbors.

In an affecting speech he reminded his friends and fellow-citizens that he had always been a friend of the Germans, that he had had a German wife and that German blood flowed in his sons' veins, that his home and his family life did not lack German cordiality. The king would always be our debtor if we would remain faithful to him. Neighbors should not fight.

I could restrain myself no longer. I stepped upon the platform. On every side I was greeted with the words: "The forest preacher of the Schoharie! Listen, Listen."

"We can discuss the matter with Sir William Johnson," I began, "Fellow citizens, with whom are we quarreling, who has oppressed us? Certainly not Sir Johnson but the governor, the English governor general, the king of England!

"Shall I relate our experiences? Is it necessary? You remember them. It is a long series of oppressions with which we were afflicted in the name of English justice and of the king of England.

"Shall I remind you of the aged Weiser? There are people present who forty years ago met in an assembly of farmers in 'Weiserdorf', who looked into the face of the aged Weiser who was persecuted, beaten, bound to the main mast of a pirate ship, cast into a debtor's prison in London, and finally driven out of 'Weiserdorf. Why? Did he not serve the king faithfully, and boldly face the enemy under England's banner as captain of the Germans during the wars with the French and Indians?

"How was he rewarded? He was deprived of his home. When he was old and gray he was exiled.

"Your governor did it, the Livingstones, the Dutch partners, the colonial aristocrats forced Hunter to it. They are the same whose daughters are today attempting to win over our sons to their side and to their faith.

"Sir Johnson even mentioned the name of his deceased wife. He may know that I shielded her from the wicked designs of a foreign prince. Who, I ask, shielded her from American slavery? Has a single German received justice under your law?

"Who refused us title to our land? Who sent into our houses the savages with fire brands?

"God demands justice and we will obtain it. You have refused it to us. God will grant it to us.

"I was a witness when our men were treacherously murdered by the Indians ten years ago, our wives and children taken captives, and our houses and harvests burned to the ground. Why? Because the English commander - in-chief at Albany said: 'A blood letting can not hurt the Germans.'

"In a moment mute Adam Bauer had stepped to my side. His face was convulsed, and wore every sign that we would behold a tremendous outburst of passion. I grasped him and cried out, — 'Fellow citizens, behold this man. This is the work of England.'

There was such an outburst of feeling that I can not describe. When at last I was able to continue, I quietly remarked:

"Sir Johnson stood beside me when I drew this young man from beneath the body of his mother who in her death agony tried to protect him. I raised the boy, and was a witness to his poverty and misfortune. Thus England rewards German fidelity. If the king of England is victorious on this occasion, I will know what awaits us. Does there not stand beside Sir Johnson his excellent brother-in-law, the Indian chief Brandt, the murderer of our men, the ravisher of our—?"

I was not allowed to continue. Such an uproar arose as threw a previous occurrence of a similar kind in Weiser's barn completely in the shade. It was a cry of pain and grief. The furious Germans threatened Brandt and would have killed him on the spot, if General Herkimer at the risk of his own life had not defended him. The tories trembled. The cowardly brood feared for their lives.

At last the confusion subsided so that I could be heard:

"No violence to-day! Calmly do we want to consider the question; 'Shall the Germans of the Mohawk and Schoharie side with George III or George Washington? I therefore, move that we express our feeling by sending the following resolution to the American Congress and George Washington: 'We Germans of the Mohawk and Schoharie disdain the slavery imposed upon us, and assigned to us by the bonds of religion, nationality, justice and patriotism and have determined to fight for freedom with our lives and our property.'"

I had scarcely pronounced the last word before the presiding officer put the resolution to a vote. General Herkimer was commissioned to present the resolution to the proper authorities. Without the crowd surged to and fro. The excitement was intense. No one dared to speak out.

For several weeks the tories threatened that in the event of a meeting for declaration of freedom, blood would be spilt on the spot. It seemed as if the shadow of death stalked through the streets. A single shot would precipitate the struggle. It was an unnatural silence.

Suddenly Adam Bauer appeared on the roof of the hall. In his hand he waved the first American flag that was raised, the stars and stripes. Men held their breath at the temerity of the young man. His bosom rose and fell, and laboring under great excitement and erstwhile mute stuttering at first, then began to sing loud and clear:

'The battle hymn sounds o'er hill and dale.
Do you hear the trumpet's call?
Eagerly rush into strife and storm,
God will grant to us the victory,
For the right
Men are striving tried and true
For the stars and stripes
We gladly grasp the sword
To fight for freedom and right.'

The effect of this hymn was wonderful. The men bared their heads in honor to the starry banner, and joined in singing:

"O Lord our God.
Look on us from Heaven above!
May we be victors in this fight.
And grant us soon our freedom.
God, protect us in the fight."

"God has wrought us a miracle," I said to General Herkimer: "I cannot explain it in any other way."

Or did the general excitement loosen the vocal chords of the mute Adam? During the night he rushed out into the forest. Since then I have not seen him.

We are on the eve of a decisive battle. I have arranged my affairs. May, who since aged Urschel's death has been my housekeeper, is betrothed to John Kreiscorn, a worthy young man. She is a good and beautiful. 'Tis better so. If I should die she has a protector. She had so many suitors, that I was frequently concerned. I never told her her mother's fate. Why should I disturb her happiness?

As for Adam Bauer, who knows whether he is still alive or not? I commit my congregation to the goodness and mercy of God.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

TELEPHONE 3-4241

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ASSOCIATED PRESS — INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Editorials

More Eyes for Police Dep't.

While the police of Allentown and neighboring boros and township have radio equipment in their cruiser cars and therefore have a tightly knit organization for the transmission of police information, their excellent system promises to be tremendously enlarged in scope and usefulness through an idea that is being developed by Chief of Police Reilly of this city.

Chief Reilly has been noting that more than a dozen large corporations in Allentown have equipped their cars with two-way radio sets. He probably said to himself, "Why should not the City of Allentown avail itself of the eyes and ears of the hundreds of privately employed men who are driving in taxicabs, newspaper and public utility companies' cars at all hours of the day and night and who are virtually omnipresent throughout this community?"

Chief Reilly has found that the various companies with radio equipment are glad to be of public service. They are happy to become adjuncts of the police department in the speedy transmission of news of all kinds that is important for the police.

Of course this cooperation has been in effect for a long time but without a definite plan of organization. Newsmen and photographers of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers have noted accidents and fires while on their rounds and have given the police information many minutes before it could have come to City Hall in the ordinary course of events. Taxicab drivers, public utility employes on their rounds and others with radio equipment also have cooperated in the spirit of good citizenship.

Now Chief Reilly is uniting all these in a system that should work all the more effectively because it will be better organized. All its elements will get a better understanding of the opportunities that may come their way to be of public service and how to meet these opportunities swiftly and effectively.

Battalion's Fine Campaign

The splendidly worked out program to get all eligible adults to register for the election virtually closes today when the last opportunity for enrollment with the panel of special registrars is provided at the P.P. & L. building from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. The impetus of the drive by the Ballot Battalion during recent weeks should and probably will carry over until next week when those still unregistered can go to the Court House during the usual office hours and attend to this civic duty.

As a result of this work by representatives of many civic organizations the largest number of persons in our county's history will be eligible to exercise the right of franchise on November 4. Because of the extraordinary opportunities afforded everybody to effect permanent registration no one will have any legitimate excuse for not being able to vote in November.

Inasmuch as there has been so much emphasis upon registration it can be understood that the same emphasis applies to exercising the right of franchise in November. One is the normal sequence of the other. And the same agencies which stimulated registration and preparation for election day can be expected to use their energies on the first Tuesday in November to "get out the vote."

'Numbers' Back Again?

That reprehensible form of gambling that for the most part tempts small change from the pockets of the poor and the lowly — the numbers business — again is reported to be thriving in this community. Furthermore it is said to be operating so openly and boldly that it is difficult to understand how law enforcement officers can be unaware of its upsurge and indifferent to its operations.

While all forms of gambling are illegal and all are amoral, if not in fact immoral in their effects upon those who engage in them, numbers particularly are to be discouraged. This is because the victims almost invariably are persons who are in the lowest economic echelons and least can afford to be veritably robbed in a game of chance where virtually all the chances are against them.

Nobody of course is required to play the numbers. But fewer persons will play them if the opportunities to play be reduced or if the temptations can be completely removed from them.

For a Mess of Pottage

When diplomats in high international standing thirty years ago sneeringly referred to treaties with foreign countries as "scraps of paper" and proceeded to tear them up just as unconcernedly as waste paper is treated, the people in the western world were shocked. They were startled because they believed in the sanctity of a man's pledged word, of a business concern's contract, of a nation's treaty.

It cannot be said that the disposition of one war and the defeat of the cynical ones who must have regretted their disregard for pledges did anything to promote wider morality. In fact, since 1945 and the ending of another war in which duplicity played such great part, the people of the world (especially the western world) have been alarmed by the ethics of another set of political philosophers who are preaching and practicing deceit, who glorify the "big lie" and who write treaties and enter into contracts only for their own advantage and deny them the instant that they seem not to be advantageous to them any longer.

It is one of the most serious facts in world affairs today that on so many hands the sacredness of the pledged word in the shape of a contract of any sort is being violated. It is a fact that makes for so much uncertainty, creates so much fear and threatens the very structure of world peace.

Certainly since Americans decry violation of contracts in the international field they must likewise deplore it in private and business affairs. Therefore there has been some concern with reports that there have been some repudiations of the contracts between local farmers and the big soup company which agreed a year ago to take their entire crops at fixed prices per ton.

In light of a generally poor yield of tomatoes this year other canneries have sent buyers into the community to get tomatoes, offering higher than the contract price. The offers have been tempting but the ethical farmer has said "Get behind me, satan." The practical grower, who knows that his crop would have commanded the same contract price if there had been a national glut of tomatoes and that he probably will want to do business in future years with the contracting company, stuck by his contract as the best procedure for the long haul.

The local hope will be that few, if any local farmers who planted tomatoes under contract broke their solemn agreements which they knew would be carried out for their benefit if the tomato season had been of contrary nature. A splendid reputation for honesty and square dealing has been enjoyed by our yeomanry of the soil thruout the years. It would be a matter for shame if the word were to go out (if true) that contracts written with Eastern Pennsylvania farmers are not worth the paper on which they are written.

It is to be hoped that no farmer has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Now, Don't Think I'm Unpatriotic—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Many people have mistakenly assumed that the Presidential campaign is just a contest between two good men. In fact, one widely heard comment is that, since both are good men, "it doesn't make any real difference who is elected."

This is a fallacy which shows a lack of familiarity with the two-party system in America. It overlooks the importance of appraising the responsibility of the party in power—the administration or the regime which exercises authority under a representative system of government.

Many voters are asking how to judge the campaign and its issues. The first principle to understand is that the contest is not between Gen. Eisenhower and Gov. Stevenson as personalities, except in the sense that each is a symbol of party responsibility.

The real contest is between the "Democratic Party in Washington" and its opponents outside of Washington — the Republicans and Democrats who disapprove of what the Democratic Party has done in Washington. This contest is to determine also how many Democrats and Republicans outside of Washington will vote to approve the "Democratic Party in Washington." Virtually every appointment to a post of responsibility in every department and agency of the government, excepting employes in civil service, in the last four years — even the appointment of the Director of Defense — has had to be "cleared" through the Democratic National Committee's office.

Must Stand on Record

If the record of four years of the Democratic administration were brushed aside and only the proposed record of the Democratic nominee, as reflected in his speeches, were made the basis for judgment, it would not be fair to either the outgoing Democratic President or the Democratic nominee. It would not offer any mandate for the conduct of future administrations.

If that were to happen, it would mean that hereafter any President in his second term—for his re-election for a third term now is barred by the Constitution—could be as reckless and irresponsible as he pleased and even could tolerate corruption among those around him in public office, and all the party in power would have to do would be to select some other candidate and everything would be forgiven.

When a cashier in a bank steals money, he isn't allowed to go unpunished just because an honest cashier is at hand to take his place. In the matter of party responsibility, if the party in power is guilty of failing to do its duty or of having made tragic blunders, will the American system of party government be helped if it is voted another four years of authority? Conversely, if the Democratic nominee can show by his arguments in public speeches that the record of the past four years has been a good one and deserves to be approved at the polls, then the vote of the people means vindication for President Truman. Truman certainly would be entitled to the claim of vindication if the majority of the voters upheld the Democratic Party, and it would be proper to continue and even enlarge upon his policies by following the same line.

American Tradition

The basic idea which has been an American tradition is that the party in power shall be held strictly accountable for what it does. The people every four years must say whether they approve what has been done or whether they want the party in power ousted and another party given an opportunity to make the necessary changes.

Lately, some Democrats have argued that a change to Gov. Stevenson, admittedly a good man, is enough. The implication has been that there would be a different personnel in Washington. There has been a hint, moreover, that some Truman policies might be changed, too. But this doesn't establish any clear-cut basis for responsible party government. If a party in power can escape punishment when it is bad or if any party which has made a good record is not to be given a vote of approval by the people for what it has done just because a good man has been nominated on the opposite ticket, then the whole structure of party government collapses. Gen. Eisenhower is a good man but, if the people really want the Truman record upheld, they cannot get their wish by voting for the Republican nominee.

The Democrats are, of course, saying that the alternative—the Republican Party—may not be any better or that the Republicans in the past have also had their scandals. This assumes that it is a proper defense against wrongdoing to argue that others have been guilty, too. The sound principle is that every party must be held strictly accountable and that, if the opposition party wins the election, it will have thereby received notice that at the end of four years it will be removed, too, should it fail to serve the people.

Only by pressure on both parties — by punishing one or rewarding the other — can good government be assured.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

If you have read the latest report by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, I wonder whether like me, you would not have wanted to send it to the late lamented Benjamin Franklin at whatever address it may reach him today.

Old Ben, as you will remember, was an ardent advocate of THRIFT.

It was his idea that to get rich one must always spend a little less than one earns and then take the surplus and invest it wisely:

That, plus keeping your nose to the grindstone, was his prescription for wealth.

But now comes this Bureau report to tell us that the average U. S. urban family spends 6 per cent more than it earns—which, in Franklin's day, was a sure road to ruin and, if my mathematics are correct, still is.

I had this quite clearly demonstrated to me just last week.

My wife had a very bad cold, so I offered to do the shopping for her.

She made out a little list with the amounts I was supposed to spend for each item. These amounts were exactly the same as they had been the week before.

Nothing much, just a pound of chopped meat, some cream, milk, some butter, a pound of coffee, bread and a few plums and pears.

The few things added up to exactly five dolars.

But when I got through with the grocer, he said:

"$5.30, please."

Just exactly 6 per cent more than I had in my pocket!

Had Mr. Bonsignore (that is my grocer's name) seen the report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics? Or was it just a coincidence?

I have the utmost respect for the B. of L. S., and particularly for its head, Ewan Clague, in whose house in Laconia, N. H., I had a very excellent dinner a couple of years ago.

But I do believe that, perhaps to suit the government, it manipulates its figures quite a bit.

For instance it says that the average "urban" family's income today is $4,300.

Does that so-called "income" include all the deductions? Is it net or gross? etc., etc.

How do people manage to spend 6 per cent more than they earn?

"They dip into their savings, increase their debts or rely on some other source," says the Bureau.

What does that mean? "Rely on some other source."

In my opinion it's just double talk.

The Bureau took such towns as New York, Newark, N. J., and Hartford, Conn., for the "survey."

The families studied spend 30 per cent of their income for food and beverages; 15 per cent for housing, fuel, light and refrigeration; and 11 per cent for automobiles, television sets, refrigerators and other household appliances. Gifts and contributions take 4 per cent, insurance premiums 4.5 per cent, and taxes 7 per cent says the Bureau.

The balance in the average family goes for such luxuries as shoes, clothing, doctor's bills, medicines, newspapers, magazines, books and many other little et ceteras.

Maybe I'll tell you all another fairy story soon if you promise to be good little children and don't ask about the 43 cent dollar.

(Copyright, 1952)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 5:6-10

The vices mentioned in verses 3-5 yesterday were commonplace practices in heathen lands and cities, such as Ephesus, to the Church in which city Paul is writing. The worst of it all was that some of them were associated with the rituals of their heathen religion and worship! Against all this Paul exhorted the young Church, as also the one in Corinth, where immoral conditions were probably worse. And if people tried 'with vain words,' verse 6, to minimize the viciousness of such practices, the Christians were to give them no hearing. The judgments of God would surely fall on those who were guilty, for which reason they were not to be partakers with them. They should recognize that in times past they too had lived in the darkness of heathenism, but, having been transferred out of that environment into that of light, they were now to walk as children of light, living the life of goodness, reighteousness, and truth, verse 9, a life acceptable unto God.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA LEHIGHTON FAIR:

'M Dunnershdawg owet hen m'r die Lehighton Fair ei ganumma un wos huts gawiv'ld mit menscha. Onnerra yohrra sin m'r nommy dawgs gonga uns worra so wenich leit rum. Fer mainer leit sehna sin m'r owets gonga — un ich sawg eich 's hut batzawlt. M'r kenna now net sawga os es tzu iwwer maesich fiel bakonta g'sehna hen — ow'r fremma, whee, 's wor tzeita weiss g'shtopta fol.

Unser 'm gawissa noh is des die beshd Lehighton Fair os m'r noch g'sehna hen — un m'r nemma sie ei shun fer finf-untzwonsich wohr. Sis fiel socha tzu sehna, die Grange exhibits sin wunnerbore shae, un shows un ess shtander huts fon alla orta. Sie hen evens tzwae bingo shtander, un woh m'r uns aw wenich ferweil'd hen welshkern kerna uf nummerra laiga. Un m'r hen aw glick kot, sin airsht rei kumma mit nummer 69 uf 'm O, ow'r besser sawg nix may weiter odder 's maicha uns dale in der kom picka, fer uns ob gewwa mit so socha wie bingo.

Os m'r ow'r driwwer denk'd, is es net grawd ous tzu dum fer so'n gagrish mocha waeich ma game wie bingo. Shure kons ungehrlich g'shpielt werra, ow'r sel is aw der fol mit "cake walks," un onnerra waiga os kerricha, lodga un fairra hen fer gelt uf mocha. Fiel fon unserra beshd, un graishda kerricha worra gabout mit gelt os kumma is mit ludderrees halta, un wenich sin die bletz woh net ae tzeit odder die onner, 'n rawd 'gshprang'd is werra, odder weishkern kerna sin uf nummerra galaig'd werra, un ebber hut gagrisha "bingo." Fairra, Fire Kumpanies, so wohl wie 'n lot onnerra socha kenna Sie worra darta fer supper, un hen net aenich werra kenna war die bill batzawla dade, 's same wie sie aw net aenich werra hen kenna eb er odder sie, batzawla mist fer uf der Grandshtand gae 's owets show sehna.

Der Cal Fenstermaker fon Pennsville hut shlechta barichda gabrocht wie er noch 'm Call-Chronicle truck kumma is woh der Bill Teily un der Kennie Kostenbader in hond kotta hen. Der Cal hut die airshda barichda gabrocht, os 'n maid'l g'shloga wear werra mit ma windshiff propeller.

Ol in ol wors 'n grosser owet, un ol tzu g'shwind tzeit fer hame gae. Unser hute is ob tzu da Lehighton Fair — un woh des yohr die beshd Fair hen, os m'r uns erinnerra kenna os noch wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

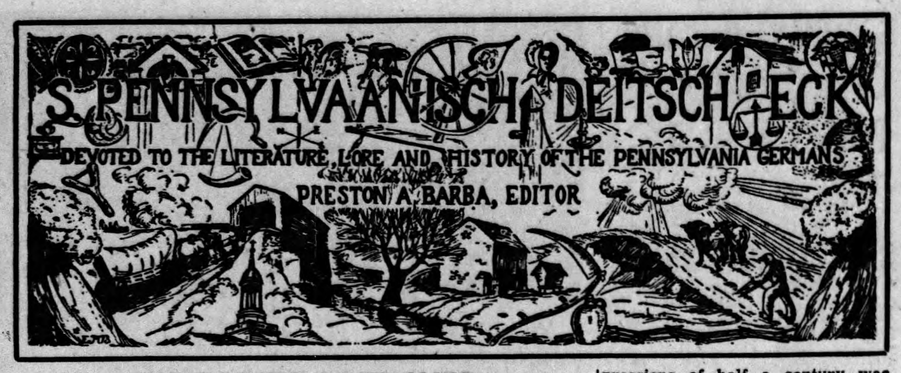
Sis ols noch tzeit fer die Lehighton Fair heit ei nemma, un morya uf kours tzaila m'r ol tzu sehna on Dorney Park, woh die uf g'shova Lodwarick Party k'halta wert, os m'r 'm Mondawg net howwa hen kenna.

Horoscope

Go ahead and work now for your personal goal, and seek help from friends. If you feel such need. Normal progress should be made for you in the next 12 months. Look for an industrious, ambitious and energetic personality to develop for today's child.

25 Years Ago

James B. Garman, 622 Washington St., a former warden of the Lehigh County jail and for many years a well known insurance agent in Allentown died in Watkins Glen, N.Y., following a stroke of apoplexy. He was 66. Word of his death was received here today, but death occured yesterday.



THE FOREST PREACHER ON THE SCHOHARIE

An Historical Tale of the Life and Customs of the German Americans of the Eighteenth Century

By FREDERICK MEYER
(Translated from the German)

TO THE READER

With this issue of the ECK we bring the last installment of The Forest Preacher on the Schoharie (begun June 28). Critics will hardly pronounce this narrative a masterpiece, but its author has succeeded in presenting an admirable picture of a phase of 18th century German emigration to America little known in our generation. It concerns us here in Pennsylvania because of our kinship with early pioneers. The Weisers, the Rieths and other families whose descendants are now widely distributed here in Pennsylvania, broke away from the settlements in the valleys of the Mohawk and the Schoharie, floated down the Susquehanna and established themselves in the fertile valley of the Tulpshocken. It concerns us further because those early settlers in the province of New York, like ours in Pennsylvania (as the reader has witnessed in this narrative), played such a valiant part in the great struggle for freedom and the founding of a new nation.—P.A.B.

NOTE: The Editor of the ECK, who is now in Europe, herewith announces that for the immediate weeks to come the ECK will not be published. In its stead the Editor will again write a series of European Travel Sketches.

CONCLUSION

CHAPTER XXII

How sultry the August night rests upon the valley! Will morning never come?

Westward from us where the little Oriskany flows into the Mohawk our soldiers are stationed and are on guard for any enemies that may creep stealthily from the forest.

At last the long night is ended. The rays of the morning sun light up the forest. The day will be hot.

General Herkimer formed his troops in battle array. All of them are German volunteers. Here stand the sons and grandsons of the Palatines and the Swabians, weapons with bayonets in their right hands. The horsemen carried rifles. All of them were six feet tall, strong and sinewy. The eyes of the Prussian king would beam with satisfaction at sight of these stalwart troops.

The English General St. Leger entered the Mohawk Valley from the west. He had orders to join forces with the Indians under Brandt and the Tories under Sir William Johnson, defeat the Germans, ravage the valley, the granary of America, and unite with Burgoyne at Albany. Then to descend the Hudson and to attack Washington's troops.

The first part of this plan of campaign was about to be carried out in the Mohawk Valley. For this reason the German settlers were stationed here to repel the intruders. It was no longer a question of right and freedom, but of home and family, of property and church.

Every one knows that the enemy concealed in the forest awaits our advance. Nicholas Herkimer hesitates. Under his command there are barely 800 men, while the troops of St. Leger, including Tories and Indians outnumber him three to one. General Herkimer sent a messenger, Adam Helmer, to Fort Stanwix, six miles away with an order to commander Gansvoort to make a sally from the fort at the same time. Three cannon shots were the signal for commencing the fight, whereupon the Germans would at once begin the attack.

The Germans await the signal. The messenger was detained on his roundabout way and did not reach the fort until noon. Many a one suspected treachery. Should they wait until the enemy took them by surprise? The women prepared couches to care for the wounded. They prayed: "Almighty God, let us not fall into the hands of the Indians."

Why am I more than seventy years old? In Pennsylvania Conrad Weiser's uncle Reverend Peter Muhlenberg announced to his congregation during the service: "There is a time to preach, a time to fight and a time to pray." Thereupon he removed his priestly robe and stood before his congregation clad in an officer's uniform while they began to sing with spirit the hymn: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (A mighty fortress is our God.) A drum beat in front of the church and in a short time Peter Muhlenberg has enlisted 160 members of his congregation as soldiers.

The officers and soldiers were becoming impatient. General Herkimer could scarcely control them. Still no news from Fort Stanwix. The heat of the sun was intense, so was the anger of the Germans.

At last General Herkimer gave the command to advance. When I wanted to take my place at his side, he said: "Pastor, you place yourself needlessly in danger. Go to Hawes Hole. There are our children and our sick ones. They need your services." Then he dismounted, knelt before me and said, "Give me a blessing." I placed my hands upon his head.

A moment—the storm broke. The cannon roared. The Indian war cry sounded loud and shrill. General Herkimer put spurs to his horse and dashed toward the enemy at the head of the column. The forest was alive with the enemy. The fight was terrible.

In Howe's Hole they were kneeling and crying out, "Oh, our field, our homes." The conflict came nearer. Our men yielded to the superior force of the enemy. In the cave we prayed aloud:

"Out of the depth of our misery we cry unto Thee O Lord, hear our prayers."

I heard a groan beside me. It is Jonathan Schmul. He was in the agonies of death. He knew me. Slowly he said: "I wanted to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. They have stationed guards at all the important places in the forest. As I was returning an Indian shot me." The blood was flowing from a wound in his breast.

"Beneath my bed is my money. Send it to General Washington. He needs it for our righteous cause. No more women will be sold into slavery like Katharine Weisenberg." He stopped. After awhile he said: "Bury me (I was an honest man) with my head toward the East."

I prayed: "O Lord, Thou art our refuge for evermore." His lips moved. He tried to speak. I held my ear close to him but could not understand him. It sounded like "Jerusalem."

The cannon thundered. Nearer came the battle. I could not remain in the cave any longer. In the midst of the forest the conflict raged. The Indians, painted and almost naked darted out from behind the trees. The chief Brandt, gave the commands. Their force outnumbered ours.

General Herkimer at once recognized his dangerous situation. "There is only one way of escape, to fight and resist to the last," he called to his officers. He himself fought in the first rank. A terrific hand to hand fight was taking place between Germans and Indians. In the evening after the battle one could find the dead, — the one hand grasping the other's hair while the other hand held a knife.

Our situation grew desperate. The superior numbers of the enemy were overpowering us. The flames from our homes were already leaping skyward. The harvest fields were on fire. Black clouds covered the sky as if the sun was hiding its face from the terrible carnage.

Louder grew the tumult. The cries of the wounded, the groans and curses of the combatants were frightful. Besides the heat and the roar of the flames from the burning fields added to the horror.

The women and children in the cave were kneeling down. All believed that their last day had come. They sang psalms and hymns. Shall the results of the labor of our settlers be destroyed in this way? I again went to the scene of the battle. If we are defeated I want to die with my congregation.

The forest grew darker. Lightning flashed from the dark clouds. The thunder of the skies, the shouts of the soldiers, the roar of the flames were louder than the noise of the cannon.

The Indians and Tories attacked us with renewed effort. They want to win the battle before the storm breaks. The redskins discover General Herkimer. Their chief, Brandt, Sir William Johnson's famous brother-in-law pointed our leader out to them. With shrill cries they rushed towards him. I too was drawn into the fight. I grasped a weapon to protect General Herkimer.

Still, my brave Germans noticed the danger which threatened their commander, and strove to protect him. O God, how the brave youths fall. There the youthful Peter sinks beneath a tomahawk. He leaves a young wife and five little children. There Gerlach's youngest son falls, there — O, would that I could close my eyes. How desperately the Germans fight. Soldiers are continually falling under the blows of the battle axe. A bullet struck General Herkimer in the foot. We are lost.

At this moment my Adam Bauer dashed like a madman from the underbrush. He rushed straight toward Brandt. Wielding his sword to the right and to the left he struck down the Indians. For a moment they hesitated and retreated. Then Brandt's voice was heard giving the command to advance. The savages uttered their war cry and my Adam falls beneath a tomahawk. My senses well nigh leave me.

A fearful clap of thunder — the storm broke. Heaven opened its windows and the rain poured down in torrents. The combatants weary with the conflict were resting, the fire was extinguished, and a fresh hope seized our ranks. At last the rain ceased.

General Herkimer, although wounded, refused to leave the battlefield. His wound was bound, his saddle was taken from his horse and put at the foot of a tree. On this he leaned. "I want to look the enemy in the face," he replied as I besought him to protect himself better.

He gave the command to reform the battle line. Herkimer had noticed in the morning how the Indians would kill with the tomahawk the soldiers; hidden behind trees after they had fired and before they had an opportunity to reload. He stationed two men behind each tree. These tactics worked, and the savages fell in large numbers.

The carnage of our arms was fearful. The redskins began to waver. With a loud hurrah our men charged. I was already thinking that we were the victors. But the savages received unexpected assistance. There appeared on their side a regiment of Tories organized by Sir William Johnson and called the "Royal Greens," on account of the trimmings and decorations of their uniforms. True to their character the faithless and treacherous men turned their mantles so that the "Royal Green" was not at once distinguishable. We thought at first they were our own men.

These men were for the last fifty years our neighbors in the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys. The sons of Katharine Weisenberg were among them, also the Livingstones and the descendants of the seven Dutch partners. The crowd consisted of our former oppressors and recent traitors in the valley — it was the aristocracy and at the same time the misfortune of the colonists — our neighbors advanced openly to meet us and truly, with weapons in their hands in league with the savages. It was clear to me that something unusual would occur. The Germans had scarcely caught sight of these traitors before their anger was aroused to the highest pitch. As in the early part of the fight it was necessary for our men to face the Indians and to sell their lives as dearly as possible, so their anger smouldering from the oppressions of half a century was aroused to fury at sight of these traitors. The Indians were the wild beasts whom one slew in self-defense; the former neighbor was an object of hate and abomination while he was in league with the enemy.

Our men had endured injustice too long. When they caught sight of the traitors they threw their weapons away. They picked up stones and clubs and hurled them at the men of Johnson's regiment. They (the Germans) grasped them by the throat and literally choked them to death. A shocking contest, a more bitter hand to hand fight possibly never occurred as the one at Oriskany. We are victorious. The enemy is completely conquered, their leader killed, Johnson's own brother-in-law severely wounded, the rest are in full flight.

The day of the battle was a day of settlement of old scores and became a day of reprisals. Five English flags and all the selected presents for the Indians fell into our hands.

We have won, no more scalping of women and children, no more executions by Livingstone and the Dutch partners. The land is ours, forcibly obtained from the forest by German industry, protected from the enemy by German blood.

But, oh! the dead! Every home at the Schoharie has lost at least one loved one. A fourth of our men lie dead on the field. The Schell family lost nine of its members, the Wohlleben, Kreiskorn, Bauman and Gerlach families, each lost two.

Among the dead is General Herkimer. Several days after the battle he succumbed to his wounds. He was cheered by a letter from George Washington in which he rendered a well merited acknowledgment to his services and that of his brave troops in the battle.

When he felt his end approaching he asked for a Bible. His brothers and sisters were at his bedside. As his voice failed him I read at his request the thirty-eighth Psalm: "Lord, punish me not in thine anger, nor chastise me in thy wrath." When the death struggle was approaching we prayed: "Christ, thou Lamb of God, who bearest the sins of the world, have mercy on us." Then he passed into his everlasting sleep.

On the 17th of August, 1777, a long funeral procession moved toward the Schoharie hill. More than two hundred coffins were carried thither. Every man in the congregation became a pallbearer. The coffins were placed side by side. Each one was decorated with an American flag and a crown of oak leaves. I took for my text the words: "The bravest have been killed upon Thy hills. How the valiant have perished!" Alluding to General Herkimer I uttered the words: "I am filled with sorrow, for thee, my brother. I had great joy and happiness with thee."

The chorus: "Jesus, my refuge," was played. No one could sing today. We are overcome with grief and lamentation.

CHAPTER XXIII

It is Christmas Eve. May with her young companions went to the church to decorate for the Christmas festival. Writing becomes difficult for me, my eyes are growing dim, my breath fails me. Tomorrow I will preach my last sermon.

We have entered upon a new era, another generation has grown up, my work is finished. I will withdraw. May will be married after Easter. Then I will pass the rest of my days with the young couple. I am poor. Even the log-house belongs to the congregation. Still it is hard for me to lay down my work.

We intend to have a beautiful service tomorrow. We have great need of the Christmas spirit in the midst of our sorrow for the dead. I had sent to Germany for a certain hymn composed by one Gellert. It began:

"Dies ist der Tag, den Gott gemacht,
Sein werd' in aller Welt gedacht!
Ihn preise, was durch Jesum Christ
Ihm Himmel und auf Erden ist."

The sermon followed the singing of this hymn. A happy feeling possessed me. Peace on earth, peace in our country, peace and liberty for our people. We accomplished everything for which we strove. Washington, the president, is our friend. A monument to General Herkimer shall be erected at the expense of the government. Both the judge and the sheriff at Schoharie were at one time my pupils and catchumens. The pastor Muhlenberg, the grandson and great-grandson of the two Weisers is the president of the American Congress and next to Washington the most influential man in the country. When I think of the last time Conrad Weiser parted from me I must repeat again and again the words: "If only Conrad Weiser had lived to behold this."

Sir William Johnson is dead. Many say he died of a broken heart. We have the same rights as the other people. Hail to our men!

I am ready to die. I have always been a stranger in my new home. Not a day passes that I do not think of the old home. I am longing for the home my Father has prepared for me. The forest preacher, too, shall some time go to this home. Still, we men at the Schoharie have done farly well. Praise be to God on high.

Thus far the preacher wrote on Christmas eve. When May came home with her betrothed about 10 o'clock in the evening she found the pastor seated at the table.

"O uncle," she said, "to-morrow you will celebrate the most beautiful Christmas of all. We decorated the church beautifully."

He gave no reply. As she drew nearer she saw that the pen had dropped from his hand, his hands were folded, his face raised toward heaven as if in prayer, a picture of profound peace. Life had fled.

The flag used in celebrating peace still waved from the top of the church tower. It was put at half mast. Next day the door of every house was decorated with mourning crepe. The women wept at the mournful news. No one forgot this Christmas at Schoharie.

Two days later we carried him to his last resting place. The deacons of the congregation, the district judge and the county officers were the pallbearers. The school children sang his favorite hymn, "Christ, Thou art my life."

Not a member of the church was absent. As the coffin sank slowly into the cool tomb, there was buried at the same time a portion of the toil and suffering, yes, the history of the German colony at the Schoharie.

THE END

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

101 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa.
Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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

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Subscription: 1 Year $15.35; 6 months $7.68; 3 months $3.84; 1 week 30c.

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National Advertising Representatives, Story, Brooks & Finley, Inc.
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Editorials

We Won't Be Fooled

Even Joe Stalin sang "Peace on Earth" as the chimes of Christmas stirred the hearts of men of good will the world over.

It wasn't a new tune for Joe and there was no change in the accompaniment.

He sang it while the largest force of slave-built Communist jets to sweep south in many months came within 40 miles of Seoul before they were turned back by Americans who sang their carols as they streaked through the skies in their U. S. Sabres.

He gave voice to it through one side of his tained moustache while through the other he toasted his hatchet men in the United Nations who had just finished slaughtering the latest proposal looking toward peace in blood-soaked Korea.

He shouted it lustily for all the world to hear, while quietly whispering commands to the black-hearted traitors who continue to implement his plotting and scheming in this and other lands where men still covet nothing so much as peace and freedom for themselves and for all people everywhere.

But Americans were not fooled. They had heard Uncle Joe speak from both sides of his mouth before. They know that when he steps out of character to use honeyed tones, he either is serving notice of a new offensive to strengthen his empire or launching a carefully calculated propaganda barrage to serve the best interests of the only master he knows—Joe Stalin.

Once he decided to recognize the questions poised by an American newspaperman through the Russian Embassy, his answers scarcely could have been different.

Certainly he wouldn't be expected to admit that war between Russia and the United States is inevitable—even though he might have the order written to launch it the next moment, as did the Japanese a decade ago. Propagandawise, to hold out the olive branch with one hand while stealthily concealing a dagger with the other could throw some Americans off guard.

Just as certainly, he wouldn't openly reject a proposal that the heads of two powerful states sit down together to find a way toward peace for all nations so long as he still holds in his hands the means of actually avoiding such a meeting and passing along the blame to some one else. In this instance the scapegoats could very easily be the diplomats who, according to the phrasing of the question Stalin answered, would set the stage for the suggested conference. Under instructions, the Kremlin diplomats could make very certain that the stage was never set.

No one is more anxious for peace than a man who has seen war at its worst. General Eisenhower is such a man. But the next American president also is a man who has had experiences with Stalin and his kind. He will not readily be booby-trapped.

His secretary of state designate lost no time in announcing publicly that if Mr. Stalin has any concrete proposal to make they will be sympathetically and seriously received by the new administration when it takes office next month. Normal diplomatic and United Nations channels are always open, he made clear, for exchanges of views looking toward peace and good will among all nations.

Certainly, Americans and their fellows in all parts of the world want nothing so much as they want peace with honor for all. Certainly, they hope that this nation and Russia can avoid a conflict that would make all other wars look like mere dress rehearsals. Certainly they are anxious to explore every means to that end.

Like General Eisenhower, however, they must and will remain on the alert to avoid the booby traps of false optimism skillfully planted by those whose only previous goals have been ruthless agression and oppression.

Their Record Is Deserved

For those who have had recent opportunities to visit shopping districts in both larger and smaller communities, it is not surprising that Allentown's shops and stores broke all records with a Christmas shopping season somewhere around the $40 million mark.

There are a number of factors that are responsible for the increasing popularity of Allentown's retail stores, beyond the normal economic determinants.

For the most part, Allentown merchants long have been a part of the Lehigh Valley community they serve. They know their customers. They know the kind of merchandise they want to buy not only at Christmas time but throughout the year. They make certain that they have a full range of that merchandise and have it in abundance.

They know that the great majority of their customers are thrifty and that thrifty customers insist upon values. It is values that they offer.

And while Allentown merchants respect and honor traditions, they are not bound by them. Their buyers constantly scour the markets of the world to bring into their stores the newest in fashions, the latest in vogues—and to have them there first.

They know th in..ortance of keeping their stocks wide and deep with quality merchandise in every price bracket from the most modest to the most luxurious.

Their stores, whether large or small, are modern and attractive, manned with trained and courteous sales personnel, skillfully arranged to make shopping pleasant and easy.

They have provided ready access to their stores by investing nearly $2 million in convenient off-street parking, cooperatively through Park & Shop, individually and through the Municipal Parking Authority.

They have learned the importance of advertising their merchandise through the media that holds the attention of the widest possible clientele — the Call-Chronicle Newspapers.

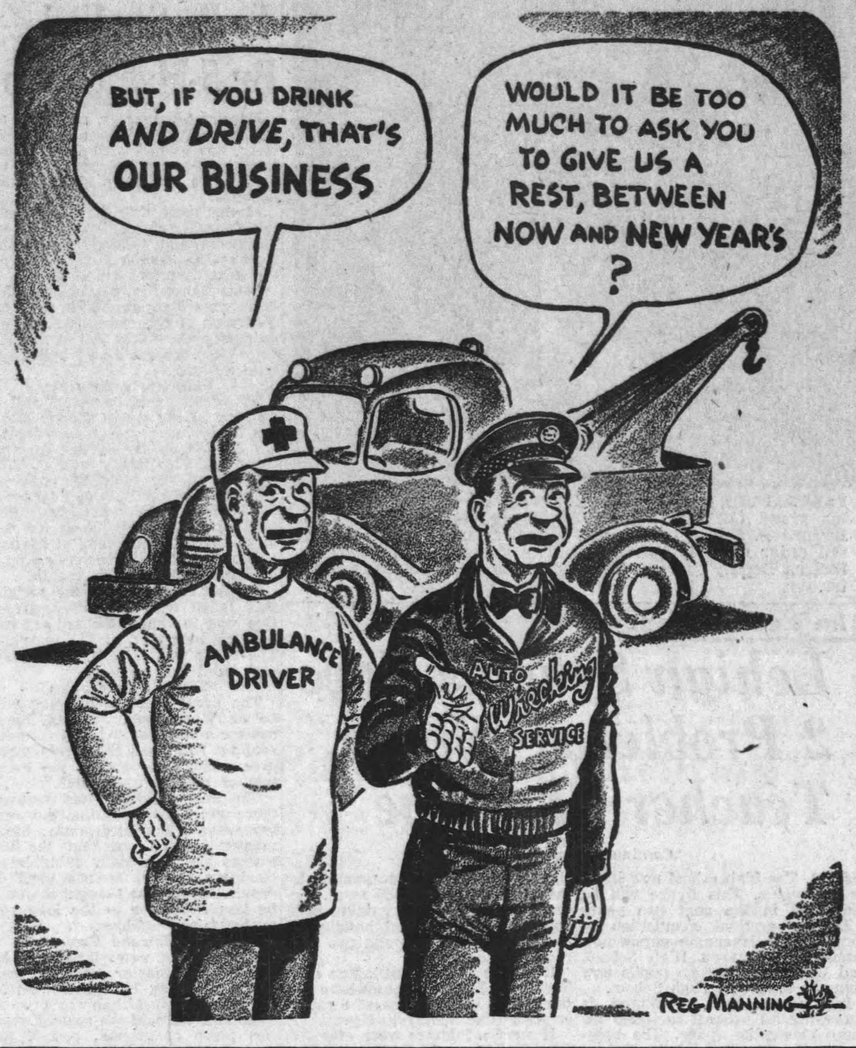
They have reversed the trend of going to "the big city" for special shopping needs and have brought the shoppers from the big cities and the small ones, from the towns and the villages and the countryside to their counters.

They have proved that what can be bought in any store in America, in any market place of the world, can be bought in Allentown.

Allentown's merchants are a very real credit to the community, a bulwark in its progress.

During this Christmas shopping season the community again evidenced its faith, its pride and its confidence in them.

If Y'Wanna Drink, That's Your Business



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Peace — uppermost in the thoughts of everybody in the holiday season — is attainable, but it will take a complete change in American psychology to achieve it.

It involves, first of all, a change in attitudes toward new proposals — the change from a defeatist point of view which says, "it can't be done," to an attitude of mind which says, "it can be done."

It involves, secondly, a complete change in the attitude of the Western Allies toward one another. The only reason there is a Korean War and a threat of a bigger war is because the alliance forged in World War II began to deteriorate in 1945 and has become worse ever since. Inside the alliance has come an infiltration from the Communists which thwarts unity and prevents a solid front toward the Soviet imperialists who now threaten to keep the world in a state of continuous tension.

Neither Great Britain nor France, for example, has shown an awareness to the inroads made inside their own governments, inside their own press, and inside their own political parties by a far-flung Communist organization which now has fomented rebellion or taken advantage of conditions of unrest to threaten in the next few years the peace of the Near East, the peace of Asia, and the peace of North Africa from its topmost border to its southernmost point.

Interracial frictions nationalistic ambitions, international hatreds and rivalries already have been exploited to weaken the western alliance, most of whose governments have been asleep at the switch as the Communists have moved into every front of unrest — diplomatic, political and military.

'Fifth Column' at Work

The so-called "fifth column" which wrecked France and caused her defeat in 1940 is at work again in all the western countries, only this time it is protected by cries of "hysteria" and "witch hunting" or "illiberalism" expressed by naive "left wingers" and Socialists who will not be convinced of the truth until the Moscow foreign office conveniently furnishes them with affidavits testifying not only to the names of the Communist agents abroad but giving complete memoranda on their insidious activities.

Only in the United States, where there has been a drive against Communist agents and sympathizers in our own government, is there an awareness now that the "cold war" is growing in its scope and that it is being fought in Washington, in London, in Paris, and in Rome, and in all the Near Eastern capitals as well, by energetic agents who are misusing and abusing the processes of democracy and representative government everywhere to paralyze action and prevent the allies from meeting in unison the Communist threat.

The shopworn cry about "thought control" and alleged imitation of the Russian police state is raised by well - meaning but unrealistic theorists. It also is raised by Communist agitators. It seeks unwittingly to prevent governmental authorities from taking measures of self-protection. What isn't realized is that conditions during the "cold war" are just as dangerous to the state as they are in a "hot war" whereas agents of a hostile foreign state, whether they come in the guise of diplomats or press representatives or in some other pseudo - civilian capacity, are never permitted to roam outside of a concentration camp during "wartime," they are permitted complete freedom during a "cold war" and thus can carry on their sabotage and their subversion under the protection of free institutions and a misguided acquiescence that ignores national safety.

Peace will come when the allies cease to regard physical strength and armament as the only bulwark of strength against a common enemy, and when they begin thinking of their internal weaknesses and the debilitating techniques which are used by enemy strategists to weaken representative governments and keep them from exercising their full moral power as allies.

Solutions for Korea

The other day Gen. MacArthur promised a "clear and definite solution" to the Korean problem. He withheld his secret. But it isn't a secret. If the American government, with the change of administration, will get rid of the weak and the craven and substitute men of resoluteness and courage, the Korean War will end as suddenly as it started. Russia will look with deep anxiety at the power of the western alliance.

Allied solidarity can be the greatest single disciplinary force to make Soviet Russia break from within, because an effective policy of economic containment and a policy of firmness in dealing with Communist propaganda throughout the world will tell Moscow that the jig is up and that her regime must become law-abiding or be destroyed by the inexorable pressure of a united world. What is needed in policy - making is the same quality of courage that is being exhibited by the soldiers, sailors and airmen in the battle zones of Malaya, Indo-China and Korea.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 1:38-46

In spite of all possible misunderstandings on the part of neighbors, friends, and relatives, Mary exclaims: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word.' Interested and excited by the words of the angel (called the Annunciation in church language), she immediately undertook a visit to her cousin Elisabeth who lived in the hill country of Judaea, many miles south of Nazareth, the home town of Mary. One of the mysterious details in connection with this visit was, that as soon as Mary had saluted Elisabeth, the babe in Elisabeth's womb leaped, evidently by way of greeting the Saviour in Mary's womb, the first sign of recognition of the Son of God in relation to His incarnation. Great indeed is the mystery of our religion, beginning with the manifestation of God in the flesh (1 Timothy 3:16 and John 1:14). Elisabeth then congratulated Mary because she of all the Hebrew women of the centuries was to have the high honor of bringing the Messiah into the world. Beginning with v. 46 we have the first of a number of poems in the first two chapters of Luke, this one called the Magnificat, from the first Latin word.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

CAPRICORN BIRTHDAY

Brother Percy, you were born
A December Capricorn.
That's the zodiac name I quote
For the fellow who's a goat.
And a goat you are, I'd say,
Born so close to Christmas Day.

Birthday gifts for you must be
Gathered from the Christmas tree.
We cannot afford the price
Of bestowing presents twice.
So—since mother taught us thrift—
Here's your Christmas—birthday gift.

This a day we'd celebrate
Had you come at later date.
If it had occurred to you
To delay a week or two—
Which it's plain that you could not—
Better presents you'd have got.

Well, dear brother Capricorn,
Here's the tie I've never worn.
Here's the usual fancy pair
Of Argyles I'll never wear.
Plus a muffler for your throat.
All from Leo to the goat.

Horoscope

An eventful year seems to lie ahead and it depends upon you to make it also a happy one. An ambitious personality is indicated for today's child.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There is a libel law in this country. There is also a law against slander.

But there is no anti-griping law. I think we need one.

I am thinking very seriously of having my Senator introduce a bill in Congress to make it a felony, or at least a misdemeanor, to start griping unless proper notice has been given to the gripee at least a year ahead of time.

Look at all the griping that is already being done about President - elect Eisenhower. By the way, I read that the proper way to say it is not "President-elect," but "President - designate." A Harvard professor said so.

Griping, of course, comes primarily from disgruntled office seekers lame duck officials and cranks.

But it is just as harmful as if the gripers were normal people.

For instance, a certain Senator griped about Mr. Durkin's appointment to the office of Labor Secretary.

I wonder whether this gripe was made after careful consideration or simply as an emotional outburst by a fellow who didn't get nominated or elected.

I myself have carefully studied Durkin's career and his qualifications. I am convinced that Mr. Eisenhower made a splendid selection.

Another gripe that came from the opposition party was Ike's trip to Korea.

Now they are raising the cry "Who paid for it?"

They are inferring that there was something crooked about the trip, that it cost too much.

In the first place, they never asked who paid for all the theivery that was going on in Washington during the past years.

In the second place, I am sure that as long as Eisenhower took that trip, the money for it was obtained from legitimate sources. If we don't have any confidence in our elected President now, heaven knows things are going to be tough for him later.

In the third place, if that trip will help to shorten the Korean war by one hour and if it will save the life of one American soldier — who may also be President some day — then I don't care whether the money came directly from wherever Al Capone may be now. It certainly was worth it!

Let us give Eisenhower a chance.

If we hire an office boy or a cleaning woman, we give them a chance to make good. We don't start to gripe at them before they have even started on their jobs.

Griping is all right if it is justified and based on facts, after due deliberation and careful thinking.

But if it is merely a matter of sour grapes and for the sake of opposition, then it is inexcusable.

I was happy to read that Adlai Stevenson said the Democratic party would give Eisenhower an opportunity to make good and would cooperate with him.

If the opposition party can say that and mean it, then it certainly behooves the men of his own party not to knife him even before he has started.

One of the essentials of good sportsmanship is to be a good loser.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N NEIIE ORT WERSHT: Won der Norman "Pappy" Hoffman un sei fraw die Bessie fon Wescosville, mohl ains fon da dawga rum lawfa mit alfalfa tzu da ohra rous hanka, brouch niemond wunnerra wos aw gait—sie hen 'n neiie ort wertsht. Tzu all'm glick wor 'm "Pappy" sei Bessie, 'n Haas eb er sie k'heiert hut, uns mawg sei os sie der alfalfa wenich drunna halt. Aenicha waig, sie hen alfalfa wersht, 'n gons neiie ort kosh'd in da Wescosviller gagend.

Der "Pappy" shoft ons Macka, un dade net maina os 'n yohr fartich wear, mit ous er kon sawga er het 'n sow g'shlocht. Die weil os die nochberra net sin fer si rum howwa in Wescosville rais'd er kenna, un gait un kaft sich aenie. Des yohr hut er sie widder grick'd fom Quintie Hoffman nagshd on da Harsh Ben unnich Schnecksville drunna. Noh fer allas shae im Hoffmas' nahma halta, hut er aw 'm Quintie sei Pap der Irvie fon nagshd on Rising Sun, uf da Laurys shtross, grick'd fer die sow shlochta.

Der Irvie is 'n altie rot wons hais'd shlochta, un fershtaid net yusht wie wersht tzu mocha os aw shmocka wie wersht, ow'r koch'd ponhaws mit brucka drin, un die laver wersht sin so tzort wie budder, un shmuntzla wie g'shleckda sees kucha. Der Irvie is weit rum bakont ols 'n butcher — die uhrsoch ferwos der "Pappy" howwa hut wolla os er sei shlochterrei duh sot.

Sie hen die sow g'shlocht beim Quintie, un allas is gute gonga bis es ons wersht mocha gonga is. Darta ow'r huts noh aeland im haichda grawd gewwa—un ol darrich 'n glainer sock alfalfa sawma os rum g'shtonna hut. Wies tzeit wor fer sols, peffer, un der kayonner ins wersht flaish duh, wor allas handich os wie der kayonner hut g'fail'd. Der Quintie is noh gonga selar griega, un der Irvie hut der sock gagrabb'd os der Quintie gabrocht hut, un hut mohl 'n grossie hondfol iwwers flaish nei gatzott'ld. ..oh hut ers flaish nocha mohl aw gaguck'd, un g'sawt, "Des kon noch 'n hond fol ferdrawga," un hut nocha mohl driwwer nei gatzott'ld.

Yusht wie ers ledshd mohl "kayonner" ufs flaish gatzott'ld hut kot, hut der Irvie sich mohl wenich hee g'shteld un gakunsider'd —noh g'sawt, "Hey Quintie, des guck'd yoh libehoftich wie alfalfa sooma."

Un shure ganunk wie sie gaguck'd hen, hut der Quintie 'n letzer sock ferwish'd kotta, un 'm alfalfa sooma gewwa in blotz fon kayonner. Tzu all'm glick wie bol ol die alta butcher ols hen, dut der Irvie ol sei gawartz waisa iwwers flaish tzottla eb ers flaish maul'd. Fiel maula 's flaish airsht, ow'r net der Irvie, un woh in dem fol aw gross glick wor. Noh hen sie g'shwind 'n tzuver fol wosser g'rick'd uns flaish gawesha eb sies gamaula hen, un sin sella waig 's grebshd dale fom alfalfa sawma lose werra. Doch is noch dale in die wersht kumma, un woh wie m'r shun g'sawt hen, ferleicht wenich druvel mocha maich'd won der sooma keima sot, won sie die wersht gessa.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Irvie die socha ferleicht aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may weiter, so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Clarence Rupp un sei Eva fon nagshd on da Ziegels Kerrich hen arya Grishdawg kot—hen grannie acta missa tzu tzwilling, des noch so gore, tzwilling kelver.

Sie hen shunna mohl tzwilling wie des kotta, yusht darta sin die kelver un die kuh dote gonga, dessa mohl sin sie ol munder un g'sund, un niemond hut harlicher sei kenna iwwer die Grishdawg, wie der Clarence un sei Eva.



FEIERDAAGS GRUSS

Do iss en Wunsch vun uns zu Eich
Fer'n freehlichi Grischtdaags Zeit;
Un Eier Haerz wie nie devor
Voll Gsang un Haerrlichkeit.

Un do 's en Wunsch fer alles Gut,
Der Himmel immer glaar;
Un gaar ken Schadde uff Eier Paad
Darchs ganse Neie Yaahr.

RALPH S. FUNK

THE NATIVITY

The following was written by the late Louise A. Weitzel, the gifted Moravian poetess, whose Pennsylvania German dialect verses have often graced the ECK in past years.

The days are filled with quietness,
The nights are white and still,
And a mantle of crystal brightness
Covers valley, field and hill.

The sunlight glimmers through a mist,
The stars gleam pale and cold.
On such a night the infant Christ
Was born, as seers foretold.

Although the hills of Palestine
'Round ancient Bethlehem
Were covered with the sheep and kine,
And shepherds watched by them,

Judea's plains were green and fair,
Judea's hearts were cold;
Judea's ears were slow to hear
What herald angels told.

The very oxen in their stalls
The new-born King adored,
While haughty men in palace halls
Nor knew nor sought their Lord.

Thus it is ever. Nature sings
One ceaseless song of praise,
While man alone no tribute brings,
Steeped in forgetfulness.

Two thousand years have rolled away
Since erst the Lord was born,
And are our hearts as cold today
As that first Christmas morn?

The grass on Judah's hills is green,
Our fields are white with snow,
But the Lord Christ may still be seen
Where warm the heartfires glow.

Then quickly ere it be too late,
While winter winds blow keen,
Open the door, unbar the gate,
And let the Christ Child in.

And though He come in garments old,
Come tattered and come torn,
With Him the Sybil's Age of Gold
Within your heart is born.

Within your soul a reign of peace
His entrance there shall bring,
A joy that nevermore shall cease
The while the angels sing.

This poem first appeared in The Moravian, Dec. 20, 1899. It was included in Louise A. Weitzel's collection of poems "A Quiver of Arrows," Lititz, Pa., 1908.

SPINNING ON WINTER NIGHTS

The following narrative is from Dr. W. A. Helffrich's remarkable autobiography "Lebensbild aus dem Pennsylvanisch Deutschen Predigerstand: Oder Wahrheit in Licht und Schatten," published in Allentown, Pa., in 1906. This extract was translated from the German by his son, the Rev. W. U. Helffrich.

MY manner of living this winter (1841-42) differed materially from that of former days. Instead of sitting in the Kneipe (home study) of an evening, as formerly, and passing the time in conversation with our tutor or with one another or in reading, with Griebler's explanations, from the German classics, I spent the evening with the family in the sitting-room. My father, who had often visited us in the Kneipe, also joined the family circle and passed the time by reading. Thus we all sat together. The beautiful ideal existence over in the study had passed away and the change was most prosaic. Mother sewed or knitted. Old Freny sat behind her spinning-wheel, spinning away monotonously, and when the bearings got dry, as they often did, her wheel droned the bass to an often too pronounced prosaic stillness.

Spinning was still the custom in those days. Everybody spun and had all their white and colored linen stuffs, Schemperin and flannels woven to order. Every fourth and fifth house had its loom. In many a house a half dozen spinning-wheels were kept buzzing. The daughters spun their own marriage dower. There was plenty of noise when half a dozen wheels were humming and droning, and plenty of dust too, especially when flax was being spun. This was usually spun first from the distaff, before the skeins of finely hatcheled flax; finally came the wool.

A farmer's spinning-room in those days presented a strange sight. The boys sat or lay on the wood-chest behind the stove. In the center of the room, suspended from the ceiling, hung a wooden contrivance to which was fastened the old-fashioned fat-lamp, about which the mother, daughters and hired girls, clad in homespun, homemade, tight-fitting dresses, often so covered with dust as to be unrecognizable, sat at their wheels night after night, spinning and talking. The father, usually idle at this time, sat in the armchair before the stove, resting comfortably; only on Sunday, when all was quiet about him, he would read his newspaper.

This, to be sure, was not the custom in our home. Old Freny alone did the spinning, and she was not allowed to cover too much space with her wheel, if she wished to avoid being called to order, or, as ocasionally happened, when she fell asleep, having the almost empty distaff roguishly set on fire by some one to awaken her.

Everything has its day, even spinning, and to the great delight of the farmers' daughters there came a time when spinning ceased. All kinds of cloth could be purchased cheaper than they could be spun and woven by hand. Thus spinning passed quickly out of fashion. In about eight years after the time of which we write, one could hardly find a spinning-wheel in use anywhere.

Note: The word Schemperin, used in the narrative above, is said to refer to a fabric used for trousers. Perhaps some one can throw further light upon the origin and meaning of the word.—ED.

TO OUR READERS

With this issue the editor of the ECK returns to his desk after an absence of nearly six months. During that time Dr. Barba's travel letters, mailed to us from Luxembourg, Denmark, Sweden, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Spain, have appeared regularly on the editorial page of the Saturday Morning Call. These letters, fifteen in number, have entertained many thousands of our readers. They may wish to know that reprints of them on book paper can be purchased at five cents a copy by addressing The Circulation Department of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Allentown, Pa.

The Circulation Department.

EN GRISCHTDAAGS GSCHICHT

Was gebt's so gude Leit uff daere Welt!
Die menschte kennt mer net un 's iss en Schand;
Sie geh'n ihr heislich Weg mit wennich Geld;
Zufridde sin sie doch gemeenerhand.

Am End vun unser Schtadt, en gleeni Lehn
Laaft nunnerzus, graad neegscht am Miehledeich;
Do wuhnt en alder Mann, un wie ich sehn,
Es fehlt an alles, ya, er's mol net reich.

Datt eegent er en gleeni Glabbordhitt,
En Offe un en paar Schtick Hausrot aa;
Un geht mer weider, so baut zehe Schritt,
Do sehnt mer'n gleener Gaarde newedraa.

Paar Hinkel un paar Haase in re Benn,
Des halt ihn oft in Fleesch un in Gemies—
So oft do muss mer duh mit was mer hen—
Des iss dem aarme Mann sei Paradies.

Nau summers iss die Aerwet net so raar,
'S iss immer Graas zu meehe un dernoh,
Paar Keller butze, weisle un sogaar
En weenich Scheier schreinre hie un do.

Des bringt en Iems un aa paar Daaler rei;
Mer watt aa gut bekannt mit neise Leit;
Mit Geld im Sack vergesst mer Aarmut glei,
Sell macht em besser fiehle fer die Zeit.

Un winters fer en Lewe mache dann
Verkaaft er Zeidinge. Sell bringt am End
En Wennich Geld fer Kohle dann un wann,
Un noch fer Gleeder brauch er aa paar Cent.

En Weil zerick, do waar er in der Schtadt,
Beguckt die scheene Grischdaagssache all;
Was war's en Kelt, doch hot er noch net satt,
Wann aa die Hend un Fiess verfriere ball.

Datt in re neie Abbedek am Eck,
Do hen sie Peife un aa Duwack gehatt;
Er schiebt die Hend noch weider in sei Seck
Un findt paar Cent, die hen ihn nix gebatt.

Noh secht er, "Ya, so'n 'briar' Peif waer schee—
'S waer 'n scheeni Bressent fer en aarmer Mann—
Yuscht mit me 'income' all zu schwach un glee,
Do muss mer ebbes schpaare, wann mer kann."—

Nau laaft er weider, geht die Main Schtross naus;
Salvation Army Meed, die schtehn am Eck;
Un hoscht paar Bense, kannscht wull duh mitaus—
Dann schmeischt sie in der Haffe un laafscht weck.

Fer aarme Leit, do sammle sie des Geld;
Sie gewwe Kohle un aa Essach weck;
Des macht die Grisahdaag frehlich in re Welt,
Wu viel in Not sin—'s en feiner Xweck.

Der aarm Mann schteht Weil rum, bedracht die Gschicht;
In Aarmut lebt er aa, die Gleeder dinn,
Doch gebt er Geld un meent, es waer sei Pflicht—
'S muss sei dass ann're viele aarmer sin.

Noh baad er darrich Eis un diefer Schnee,
Kummt endlich widder an sei gleeni Hitt;
Was fiehlt sei Haz so gross, so waarm, so schee—
Im Mondlicht schleicht sei dinner Schadde mit.

Was iss es doch so schee un waarm deheem!
s Feier in seim Offe ziegt un brummt;
Un drauss rauscht kalter Wind darch daerre Beem,
En Kessel uff em Offe peift un summt.

Er hockt sich langsam anne un er lacht:
"Die alde Glieder waare aafangs schteif;
Un fer Blessier—ich weess net was es macht—
Do geht nix iwwer'n aldi Grutzepeif!"

November, 1952

MARTIN EDWIN BIRMELIN