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Editorials

Objectives Beyond Party

Although the first Republican Congress to serve with a Republican President in 20 years convenes today, few concrete proposals and little definitive action can be expected from it before General Eisenhower takes office on January 20 and reveals his own legislative program a week or two later.

After it formally opens its session, the 83rd Congress will have 17 days to complete its own organization, adopt its rules listen politely to the outgoing President who covets nothing so much as the advisory role of elder statesman, and then mark time until a new administration can swing into action.

Mr. Truman will, of course, report to the 435 Representatives and the 96 Senators on the state of the Union and will make his budget proposals. The law of the land requires that he do both. In many respects his last official messages will differ sharply from the proposals President Eisenhower will make shortly after he takes office. It is on the new President's proposals and recommendations that legislation and debate will center.

Regardless of the differences in their methods for reaching the ultimate objectives the people of this nation covet for themselves and for their fellows, the outgoing and the incoming Presidents and the political parties they represent have common goals: peace for America and for the world; solvency for the nation and prosperity for its nearly 160 million people.

Working together, the new President and the new Congress in which his party holds only the narrowest majority must find a workable means for ending the Korean War and checking the Communist aggression threatened here and in other parts of the world; for maintaining the nation's prosperity and preserving its fiscal solvency while carrying the greatest burden in its peacetime history.

No one individual, no single party or group, can reach these twin goals independently. They are goals toward which the American people, following the leadership of those they have chosen to guide them, must strive together.

It is these objectives rather than political expediency that must be the test of every proposal, the touchstone of every action, the determining factor of every vote. It is on these goals, rather than on the ballot boxes of 1954 or 1956, that the new President and the new Congress must keep their sights centered.

Those who lay aside partisanship and prejudice to courageously achieve these objectives for the American people need not fear either the verdict at the polls or the judgment of history. Their places will be assured.

Of Such Comes Progress

Every man, woman and child in Allentown has reason to be proud of Allentown's record in 1952 because just about every man, woman and child contributed to achieving it.

And the pride can be justifiably shared by all areas of the Lehight Valley that in contributing to the progress registered by Allentown increased their own prosperity, their own happiness, their own contentment.

The fact that for the third consecutive year the city's business chart showed increases beyond the billion dollar mark was neither an accident nor a mere reflection of general economic trends and conditions. The fact that its retail business increased beyond the national average to reach a new unofficial high of $171 million was not simply a matter of chance or fortuitous circumstance.

Business in Allentown was good primarily because Allentown and the Lehigh Valley have the diversified industries essential to provide and maintain basic payrolls. Those industries have been developed in the Lehigh Valley because the people of the area have made it possible for them to operate here, because they still are willing to give a fair day of their best services for a fair day's pay.

They are here because there is an increasingly adequate supply of power, because transportation is available, because housing is provided as it is needed, because there are banks that are willing and able to advance credit, because the people of Allentown and the Lehigh Valley have been thrifty and foresighted enough to invest in those facilities and services.

Those industries not native to Allentown have come here because the majority of Allentonians have a sufficient interest in their city and their county to insist on honest government, to provide good schools and educational opportunities for adults as well as for children, to take sufficient interest in themselves and others to provide cultural activities, to build and maintain modern hospitals and good colleges, to support churches of every faith and creed.

Retail business has come to Allentown from an ever increasing area not only because stores are modern, because they are copiously stocked with merchandise to meet every need of every individual, but also because clerks have been interested, courteous and understanding, because public support of highway programs have made it easy for them to come here, because community consciousness of a need has provided parking space for them.

Allentown's progress in 1953 and its ultimate development in all the years ahead will be determined by the same factors. It is the responsibility of every resident of the community not only to preserve them but also to extend them.

On Not Singing 'Silent Night'

Christmas is over; but an incident remains about which a word can well be said. The outstanding playwright, George S. Kaufman, remarked over television in one of the days before Christmas: "Let's make this one program on which no one will sing 'Silent Night, Holy Night.'" Letters reportedly totaling "several hundred" were received objecting to the remark on the grounds that it was anti-religious; and Mr. Kaufman was summarily dropped from the panel. Mr. Kaufman asserted that his protest was aimed merely against misuse and over - use of the familiar hymn; and a spokesman for the National Council of Churches has assailed the dismissal on the grounds that "the real sacrilege is the merciless repetition of 'Silent Night' and similar Christmas hymns by crooners, hillbillies, dance bands."

The spokesman for the National Council makes a strong point when he suggests that before the letter writers were accepted as the ultimate arbiters of good taste in matters of religion, "some attempt might have been made to obtain the opinion of responsible representatives of religious bodies." Somewhere, surely, a rational and objective criterion must be applied in cases of this kind. If a vocal few hundred from an audience that may reach into the millions can bar a performer, no one on the air will venture to hazard any opinion beyond the conjecture that two and two make four. In such an atmosphere there can be neither philosophy nor wit and truth itself soon becomes a victim. — New York Herald Tribune.

Who Else?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The enigma of Dean Acheson, secretary of state, in relation to Communist influence inside the American contingent at the United Nations and elsewhere comes nearest to being solved upon examining his testimony that, while disloyal Americans in the U. N. are harmful to the "national interest," they do not constitute a threat to "national security."

Characteristically, with his legalistic mind, the secretary of state has drawn a hair-splitting distinction between the activities of disloyal persons who damage the "national interest" by giving this country "a black eye and a bad reputation," and the concept of "national security" as he defines it.

"No security question is involved here," testified the secretary. "The people in the U. N. didn't handle classified matters dealing with our national defense. They were not endangering our national security."

To Mr. Acheson the only thing really harmful about the disloyal Americans in the United Nations was that they were exposed and hence gave this country and the U. N. a bad reputation. Just because disloyal Americans didn't handle military matters, they could not, as he viewed it, damage national security.

There, in a nutshell, is the whole story of how China was lost to the free world and how the intrigues inside the U. N. have prevented that organization from giving wholehearted support to the American war effort in Korea.

Devoid of Imagination

Mr. Acheson is honest, conscientious and loyal, but he is devoid of imagination. He thinks everybody else in official life is honest, too. He does not yet see the pattern of Communist intrigue as it worked inside the State Department, influencing a wrong course toward Nationalist China. By the same token, he doesn't see what harm any disloyal Americans operating behind the scenes inside the U. N. with full access to other U. N. officials and with the immense prestige of the American government behind them, can do by exerting influence favorable to the Soviets that would damage American interests.

A diplomatic policy that leads to a stalemate in Korea or a frustration of American leadership in the U. N. can mean a long list of casualties in Korea every week. This is also a matter of "national security," especially to the parents of the dead and wounded Americans.

Mr. Acheson's testimony reads as if he thinks a spy is only someone who gives away a military secret. He doesn't visualize the influence wielded by innocent-appearing citizens of the United States whose record of disloyalty has recently awakened suspicion.

Mr. Acheson argued that his subordinates shouldn't be questioned by congressional committees as to how they evaluate FBI data and why they didn't hand out adverse comment to the U. N. about job applicants there or why suspicions of disloyalty were not followed up promptly. He said the subordinates were doing only what they were told to do and that "responsible officers can be put on the stand to explain their actions."

Hillings Comment

Yet when Mr. Acheson, as a responsible officer, was put on the stand, he said he hadn't known anything about the accused individuals in the U. N., whereupon Representative Hillings (R.-Calif.) burst forth with this comment:

"I suggest you look into the case of David Weintraub. Forty-three times he was cited by the FBI in information sent to the State Department and he still occupies a high position in the United Nations."

Roy Cohn, special assistant to the attorney general, had testified the day before that Weintraub was still director of economic stabilization and development in the U. N. and had been hiring employes upon whom the FBI was making adverse reports.

It will be recalled that during the recent presidential campaign stress was laid by Democratic Party spokesmen on the fact that the FBI should be relied on to handle the whole problem of disloyalty. Gov. Stevenson, for instance, seemed to be unaware of the fact that the FBI can only investigate and report and that what happens to FBI data afterward when evaluated by State Department officials is the heart of the controversy. That's what caused Sen. McCarthy to initiate his crusade. And it is the State Department's failure to act on FBI information which caused the New York Federal Grand Jury to come out with a denunciation of the political influences inside the Truman administration which were trying to suppress the facts about disloyalty in governmental circles and even to prevent the grand jury from speaking its mind.

Acheson Statement

Mr. Acheson seems always to have had implicit faith in everybody—he does not distrust anyone or apparently take suspicious cases seriously. Yet he defends his assistants to whom he has delegated wide authority and who also seemed very trustworthy.

"I do not believe that any of my associates have let me or anyone down," he commented to a House committee. But a moment later John D. Hickerson, assistant secretary of state in charge of relations with the U. N., was testifying that there was one case in which nearly three years elapsed in checking on one doubtful employe. He spoke of it as a "mechanical slip" in the State Department and said the file had disappeared and didn't turn up until nearly three years after the subject was proposed by the U. N. Evidently the employe held on to his job in the U. N. Then the report, he conceded, was adverse.

The whole sorry mess does not, by any means, imply disloyalty at the top level in the State Department. But it does imply a credulousness, a laxity and a childlike trustfulness which has made Communist infiltration inside the State Department, as well as inside the American unit in the United Nations, easier of accomplishment.

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Public Opinion

December 30, 1952

To the Editor of the Morning Call—Sir:

Three cheers for David Lawrence for his forthright, hard-hitting column in Tuesday's Morning Call! It is high time that molders of American opinion began to tell the unvarnished truth about the Soviet threat and the inadequacy of our past and present plans for meeting it.

I heartily agree that our policy has been dominated by a gigantic inferiority complex, in that we have timidly waited for Stalin to tell us what our policy should be, thus admitting that his influence in the world is greater than ours. But I would also condemn it on even more fundamental grounds: that it has indicated a spineless abandonment of moral and humanitarian principles. If it is wrong for a hellish dictatorship to enslave and massacre 800 million human beings, then it is equally wrong for the rest of the world to permit that brutality to continue, under a gutless policy of "defense containment" or "peaceful co-existence." A regime such as Stalin's should be neither "contained" nor allowed to "co-exist." It should be exterminated by any means at our disposal, with atomic holds not barred.

I heartily agree that we should stop "asking" Stalin and start "telling" him. But in telling him, we should use the only language he and his fellow - gangsters understand: the total destruction of the Soviet regime by force, violence and internal revolution. Why we should even pretend to "consult" an openly - avowed enemy, bent upon our total annihilation, is beyond my comprehension.

The inferiority complex of our leaders is manifested, also, in their relations with the American people. Apparently regarding us as spoiled children who cannot take strong medicine, they have hesitated to tell us the bitter truth and to indicate to us the cataclysmic steps which every realist in Washington knows we must eventually take. We Americans are not spoiled brats. Given the facts and a rigorous program based thereon, we will show far more intestinal fortitude than has been demonstrated by our national "leaders" thus far.

Aurie N. Dunlap

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 1:79

We were speaking yesterday of Jesus and of His coming as light entering a dark world. Jesus was the only person who ever lived who was qualified to say: 'I am the light of the world,' John 8:12. And those, who, as Christians, have been translated from the power of darkness (Satan's kingdom) into the kingdom of God's dear Son (literally, of the Son of His love), Colossians 1:13, are commanded in Ephesians 5:8 to walk as children of light, even as Jesus had said, when speaking to those who were His; 'Ye are the light of the world,' Matthew 5:14, at the same time exhorting us to let our light shine, so that we may attract others away from the realm of darkness to Him Who is the true light, John 1:9. He is also to guide our feet into the way of peace. The Hebrew word for peace, Shalom, with which this poem closes, is one of the most important words in the Hebrew language. It is also the last word in the Old Testament High Priestly benediction: 'The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'

Horoscope

Excellent aspects are prevalent for almost all relationships and other matters. Make the most of them. Your next year should be one of steady progress. Today's child is likely to be interested in the arts and clever in them.

25 Years Ago

Take from The Morning Call on Jan. 3, 1928, a Tuesday

Judge Claude T. Reno administered the oath of office to the newly-elected district attorney, Ethan Allen Gearhart.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

"FLYING DUTCHMAN" BARICHDA: Fon ol da hunder kamps in da Pokonose, glawwa m'r net os 'n blotz is woh harsh shitz may g'shpass hen os wie bei George Bortz un seinra fraw Lessie om "Flying Dutchman" kamp, nagshd on Resica Falls, Monroe County. 'S Georga ihra blotz is uf 'm waig nunner noch Pecks Pond, un wenich yaeger fon darra gagend gaina darta nuf, mit ous ob shtopppa om Flying Dutchman."

'S Georga sin gute bakont in darra gagend, mohl fers aller airsht wor der George 'n mashina fuhemon bis sie der Bortz Eishter Bar g'shtart hen tzurick in 1922 rum, uf da Jefferson shtross doh in da shtadt. Fon darta sin sie noch 1145 Hamilton Shtross woh sie fer yohrra—uf tzu bout 1946 rum, 'n kandy un so onner g'shlecker waisa blotz garunn'd hen. Endlich sin sie die tzucht un yocht laedich werra uf da Hamilton Shtross, un sin owwa nous noch da Pokonose, woh sie der "Flying Dutchman" hunder kamp in der gong grick'd hen—'n nahma os har shtom'd fom George seim nicknahma darrich der airsht welt grieg—darta hen sie 'n immer der "Flying Dutchman" k'haisa.

Wel aenicha waig, doh darrich die ledshd hunder tzeit wor der Harley Frantz un sei boo Richard fon Greenawalts om "Flying Dutchman," un so aw der Bob Henry un sei boo David—der Bob is der ruf un nunner mon im grossa P. P. un L. gabei—runn'd der elevator. Un oh yar, noh wor aw noch der Harley Wenninger fon Greenawalts darta—des is 'm Harley F. seinra shweshter ihra boo.

Now ferol os sie gonga worra fer harsh yawga, hen sie aw 'n lot tzeit tzu gabrocht peanuckle shpiela. 'M George sei Lessie is 'n altie rot wons on sel game gait, uns hut ols shun k'haisa wie won sie shier darrich die kortz sehna kent—die uhrsoch os sie immer gawinna dade. Ow'r dessa mohl wie de Henry Frantz un der George gaeich die Lessie un der Bob Henry g'shpiet hen, hut sie die aishda nine game ferlora os es g'shmok'd hut. Wie der Bob noh Dunner shdawgs hame gamist hut fer shoffa, hut die Lessie sich 'n onnerer partner g'such'd, un widdder ferlora os es g'shmok'd hut.

'S nagshd os noh wor, is es brode nidder werra, un die Lessie hut der George noch Marshall Creek g'shick'd brode hola. Wie er brode kauft hut kotta, is es 'm ei kumma os sie aw noch kartz weara in dale onnerra soch.., un is folshter noch Shtroudsburg g'fohrra, griega wos sie breichda. Der shtore woh er drin wor, hut net yusht maid fer helfa ob worta, ow'r aw, maid fer helfa socha nous uf da kustomers ihra mashina nemma—nadierlich mit ra maining fer 'n tip griega.

Der George hut so shweara indressa ganumma in da maid os er nocha mohl brode kauft hut—hut fergessa os er shunna mohl kauft hut kot on Marshall Creek. Noh wies maid'l 'm sie socha nous ganumma hut kot, hut ers onner brode sehna hina in da mashine leia, un sie g'frok'd wies wear fer 'n labe brode nemma ols 'n tip fers socha nous drawga. Ferol os sie liever wenich wex'l kotta het, hut sie der labe brode ganumma, un der George is tzurick hame.

So wie die Fegelcher gapifa hen, huts gahairich gabrum'd wie die Lessie ous g'funna hut wie fiel brode os der George tzurick gabrocht hut. Ae labe wear ganunk gawest, un hut 'n gonsie mashine load kotta. Un ich denk 's wor ferleicht ebbes on da soch, aenicha waig, die Lessie hut g'sawt doh hetta sie mohl 'n gutie woch kotta, now dade er der brofit ol fershpritza brode kaufa os sie net breichda, un het ra evens ken cigaretts gabrocht.

Now so weit os harsh yawga aw gonga is, hut der George Bortz 'n aryer shainer g'shossa, un der Harley Frantz het aw ainer grick'd won er numma 'n bissel besserer shitz wear. Der Harley hut sei harsh ferfail'd die airshda 15 minuta os er drous im bush wor, un noch sel 'm yusht kenner may finna kenna. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina in da Pokonose—net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'm'r sin ols noch om worta fer sellie harsha g'shicht, woh die sawg is, der harsh het 'n ohra kop un feld shtivel aw kotta—die uhrsoch ferwos 'n gawisssner yeager bong gawest wear fer harsh sheesa.

EN NEIYAAHRS GRUSS

Ich winsch Eich all en glicklich Nei Yaahr,
Mit genunk Brennschtoft wie im Yaahr devor,
Un uff Eierm Offe en gut Offerohr,
Schunscht kummt Eier Haus in grossi Gfaahr.

Ich hoff die Kelt iss glei verbei ,
Schunscht geht's uns iwwel, meiner Drei;
Es rot Schtoft geht nunner im Glaas wie Blei,
Awwer halt nur Geduld, die Feggel singe glei!

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL

ZUM WEDDERMANN

O Weddermann, du dummer Mann!
Heit dutt's yo widder schwer newwle;
Verschprechscht uns Sunn, nau saag uns wann;
Die Leit, sie sedde dich knewwle.

Vum Wedder bischt mol ken Brofeet,
Du duscht's nau immer verfehle;
Die Leit, es watt ne ball verleed,
So oft do duscht sie recht kweele.

En Dunnerwedder griegge mer noch,
So hoscht du uns oft gerode;
Noh reggert's fer en gansi Woch—
Waer besser ab mit de Dode.

Nau hen mer heit en Feierdaag,
Mer meechte mol Picknick halte;
Soll waarm sei, ya, sell waar dei Saag,
Mer gehn un zittre im Kalte.

Un Grischtdaags wolle all die Leit
En wennich Schnee uffem Bodde;
Nau meen ich, des geht gans zu weit—
Mit Grie bedeckt sin die Lodde.

Uff Oschdersunndaag draagge all
Ihr bescht un feinschte Gleeder;
Was duscht du dann in so me Fall?
Mer sett dei Barzel gut dreede!

Schtatts waarmi Sunn un wilder Wind,
Do duhn die Leit schier verfriere;
Ich meen nau yuscht, es waer en Sind.
Du settscht dich mol reformiere.

Well, saag mir mol—grickscht du en Lohn?
Du bischt yo so iwwerzwarrich.
Un hoscht du gaar ken Religion?
Gehscht niemols in en Karrich?

Graad in der Biwel schteht's so schee,
Gott macht mit Noah en Barye;
Verschprecht, es gaebt ken Sindflut meh,
Un Er daet alles versarye.

Noh gebt Er aa sei Teschtament,
Im Himmel macht Er en Boogge;
Die Gschicht hot Noah noh erkennt,
Un hot sich glei weck gezoogge.

Nau Weddermann, grick's net im Sinn
Des Folk zu widder versaufe;
Un halt dei Regge-eifer drin,
Noh duhn mer all besser schnaufe.

Dass du en grosser Windbag bischt,
Des musscht du mir aa erlaawe;
Als Weddermann bischt vun meim Lischt,
Daet liewer 'm Grundseiche glaawe.

MARTIN EDW. BIRMELIN

AUSSE RUM FROOGGE

Mol ee Daag hawwich Schprichwadde gschriwwe. Eens vun denne Wadde waar: "Ausse rum is neecher wie graad zu." Mei liewi Fraa hot des gelese un hot graad gsaat, "Sell iss awwer net so!" No simmer ans Dischbudiere. "Guck mol do, mei liewe Fraa," hawwich gsaat, "Wammer graad zu geht, kummt mer ebmols in diefer Dreck, odder mer verliert sich in de Hecke. Verleicht schprengt eem en wiedicher Bull der anner Weg naus. No waer mer besser ausse rum."

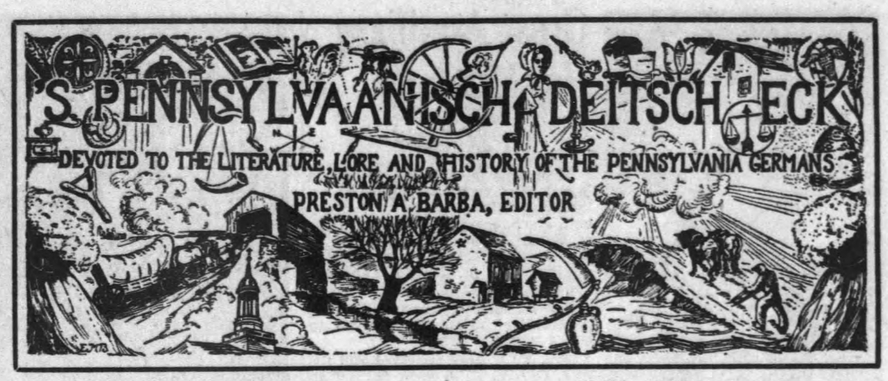
Nau, mer kann aa ausse rum ebber ausfroogge. Sell schafft net so gut bei uns Pennsylvania Deitsche. Mir welle direckt gfrogt sei un net ausse rum. Mir saage ya odder nee un net verleicht. "Geb me Deitsche ken hints," hen sie als gsaat. Besser reib ihm der Kopp mit me Backeschtee. Ich hab en Kaerl gekennt, as net so gewixt waar. Sie hen ihn mol aafange wennich zu beleidiche. Des hot ihn verzannt. Er hot gsaat, "Ich bin datt gebliwwe bis sie aafange hen Hims zu schmeisse. (Er hot "hints" gemeent). No bin ich verdolltsei graad fatt." Er hot net ausse rum gschwetzt hawwe welle.

In Rehrerschtedtel hot mir en Kaerl verzehlt, wie mir allezwee noch yung waare, wie es ihm gange iss ee Owed nooch der Karrich. Er hot en schee Meedel gsehne, siess wie en Ros. Er hett gegliche sie heem zu fiehre, awwer er hot net gewisst eb sie ihn mitnemme daet.

So hot er ausse rum gfrogt, "Mary, wann ich froogge deet fer mit dir heem denowed, was deetscht du saagge?" Nau, die Mary hot net so gschwind gedenkt un hot geandwatt, "Ich deet nee saage." "Dann," saagt er, "frog ich dich net."

En Yunger im Schtumpeschtedtel hot sei Maemm gfrogt, eb er ins Nochberhaus darreft. "Ya," hot sie gsaat, "Du darrefscht, awwer frog net fer ebbes." Glei iss der glee Walter heemkumme mit Kichlin in der Hand. "Wie hoscht selli grickt?" frogt sei Maemm, "hoscht gfrogt defor?"—"Nee," hot der Walter gsaat, "Ich hab net." "Was hoscht du gsaat," frogt sei Maemm. "Ei, yuscht des," saagt der Walter, "Ich hab die Fraa freindlich aageguckt un hab gsaat zu ihre, 'Wann du saagge deetscht, Walter, witt du Kuche hawwe? No deet ich awwer saagge, Ya!" Die Fraa hot ihm en gansi Handvoll Kuche gewwe, un der glee Walter hot gepruft ass mer meh grickt, wann mer ausse rum frogt.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL



AFTER CHRISTMAS

The Christmas bells have ceased to ring
The Yuletide fires are out;
No more the children laugh and sing,
And silence reigns about.
On the last guest we close the door,
The gifts are laid aside;
The feasting and the games are o'er—
Farewell, sweet Christmastide!

Now comes the sober second thought,
And conscience-struck we ask,
Were all the gifts we should have bought
Bestowed? Was it a task,
Or was there love behind the deed?
And of the gifts we got,
How many fill a real need
Or find a vacant spot?

Why wait until Christmas chimes
Remind us we should give?
There are no seasons and no times
When friends have ceased to live.
Why should the Christmas spirit dwell
In closets all the year
Until the annual carols tell
That Christmas time is here?

What does it mean, our joyous feast,
But that a Child was born,
His bed a manger by a beast
Forsaken and forlorn?
And what the lesson this should teach?
Sure every child can guess.
He came the humble poor to reach,
And we dare do no less.

Not when the yearly bells are rung,
The yearly songs resound,
But we should go His poor among
Through the whole year around.
He went not on a single day
To heal the sick and take
The Word of Life but on the way
He died for their dear sake.

Day in day out the saviour went,
The toilsome path He trod,
And in His footsteps we are sent
To smooth the road to God.
Let hearts and purses feel the touch
Of need at every turn,
Nor stint our offerings overmuch
When Christmas tapers burn.

The above verses were written by Louise A. Weitzel, the Moravian poetess, who wrote equally well both in in English and in the Pennsylvania German dialect.

EM BOONASTIEL SEI BUTSCHERES

Ich hab nau aa gebutschert, un es iss so schtill haer gange, ass niemand haerli ebbes ausgfunne hot—net iewens die Sei—sie waare so naegscht dod, ass es ihne ennihau net viel ausgmacht hot. Der Parre hot's awwer gheert, ass mir gebutschert hen un iss aa graad kumme. Er kummt uns sehne alle Yaahr, un er weess zimmlich gut, wann ebbes im Schank iss. Ich gleich Parre. Sie saage me Mann graad wu er schteht un tschautsche ihn nix, wu en Loiyer dich alsfatt fimf Daaler tschautsche daet. Well, unser Parre iss kumme uff der Owet, as mer gebutschert hen ghatt. Er hot mich gfrogt eb ich zum gude Mannseinere Armee gheere daet fer der Deiwel fechte. Ich hab ihm gsaat ich daet, awwer ich waer schunt edliche Mol "prisoner" genumme warre ans Hollerhecke. Dann hot er gsaat, ich waer schwach un daet mit de Gees geh uffem grosse Daag, wann die Gees vun de Schof verdeelt daede warre. Ich hab ihm gsaat, ich wisst, ass ich schwach waer, awwer wann er der Gickser so hatt ghatt hett wie ich, dann waer er aa schwach, un so weit ass unnich die Gees kumme, daet's mir net viel ausmache, yuscht so ass es net zu heess odder zu kalt waer, weil mei Gleeder net fit waere fer en grosser Wexel in der Luft. So hen mer es Evangelium rumgeglobbt bis die Polly "supper" reddi hot ghatt. Mer hen ee abaddicher grosser Wascht ghatt, un daer hot die Polly gans zugerischt fer der Parre. Mer hen uns yuscht schee anneghockt ghatt, dann saagt der Parre:

"Bruder Boonastiel, sei frei."

Nau, ich waar frei gewest. Es waar schier alles uffem Disch, as mir ghatt hen, un ich hab edliche Mol gsaat ghatt, ass ich nimmi beede kennt sidder ass ich die Reedle hab ghatt, un ennihau, wer kennt bede mit so ere Brodwascht im Aag? Ich hab ewennich ghuscht un der Polly in die Ribbe gerennt mit meim Ellboogge.

"Bruder Boonastiel, sei frei."

(Note: The phrase "sei frei," perhaps unfamiliar to many of our readers, was used, especially among Methodists, to denote, free, "ad lib", or extemporaneous prayer.—ED.)

"Demmit, Polly, bet du!

Des iss mir rausgschlippt eb ich draagedenkt hab. Ich waar so verkollebiert, ass ich nimmi nadierlich gfiehlt hab. Der Parre hot dernoh gebet, un so en Gebet hawwich in meim Lewe net gheert. Ich hett graad fufzich Daaler gewwe, wann ich so en Gebet mache hett kenne.

Er iss bei uns iwwernacht gebliwwe, un maryets hot er gsaat, mir hette so en gsunt Haus—es waer so lufdich. Ich hab gut gfiehlt, wie mer zum Maryeesse gange sin, weil ich gewisst hab, ass er mich nimmi eilaad fer "frei sei", awwer yuscht eb mir uns annehocke hen welle, hot er gfrogt fer unser Biwel fer en Kabiddel lese. Nau die "fact" iss, mir hen ken Biwel, un ich hab der Polly gsaat, ich daet Polidix schwetze mit em alde Kaerl, bis sie niwwer ans Bixlers schpringe daet fer ihre Biwel lehne. Die Polly hot viel Tschump zu der Minutt un yuscht paar zu der Meil gemacht ans Bixlers un zerick. Sie hot em Parre es Buch annegelangt un wie er es uffgemacht hot dann waar's, hol mich der Schinner—EN KUH DOKTER BUCH!

Mir hen ken gebiddel gelese. Nooch Breckfescht hawwich em Parre eigschpannt, un es Fleesch was noch iwwrich waar vun unserem Butschere ihm hinne ins "buggy" gschtellt, un ihm "goodbye" gewwe. Er hot recht blessierlich geguckt un hot gsaat, ich sett "temperate" bleiwe im Esse un im Drinke. Ich hab ihm gsaat, es waer ken Druwwel "temperate" im Esse zu sei, so lang ass die Polly lewe daet, fer es bissel Fleesch eweck zu gewwe un er wisst genunk fer kumme un 's hole.

BOONASTIEL (Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

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Editorials

He Will Accept the Challenge

Throwing down the gauntlet to the man his administration fought so bitterly to keep out of the White House, President Truman yesterday handed President-elect Eisenhower and his Republican Congress a budget more staggering than any he ever proposed before.

And then, as if to further taunt his successor who promised relief from an overwhelming tax burden, he reminded the American people that the new president soon will be at liberty to propose any changes he sees fit.

The $78.5 billion he called for is, however, in Mr. Truman's own judgment, the amount needed to carry forward this country's programs for the security and welfare of its people and for the peace of the world.

Through the clouds that for the moment portend another deficit of 10,000 million dollars to send federal debt alone to an all-time peak of $274 billion, there are at least two rays of hope:

Mr. Truman, whose judgment has proved wrong on so many previous occasions, may be wrong again and this time he won't be in the driver's seat to make certain that his will prevails against the considered opinions of wiser men.

Mr. Eisenhower put his aides to work some weeks ago in an effort to find ways and means to trim anticipated expenditures and already some of his lieutenants in Congress have been talking about blotting out the red ink in the new fiscal year while making some reduction in taxes.

To accomplish this will be a titanic task, particularly in view of commitments already made by Mr. Truman and the Congress he generally was able to control. They include, among other things, planes, guided missiles and other weapons ordered months or even years ago. They are in the making and the bills must be paid. Over items such as these — and their cost is reckoned in billions — Mr. Eisenhower will have no immediate control.

Unless he and his associates find the means to reduce other spending projected by Mr. Truman to bring expenditures within the orbit of anticipated income, every one of the 160 million men, women and children in the United States will find their share of the current bill to be $491, their stake in the total federal debt increased $62.50 to a new high of $1713. To that, of course, they must add their part in the cost of all local and state government, their per capita share of the obligations of those governments now estimated at $135 per person.

If the outgoing president intended his final budget message as a challenge, there is little doubt that his successor will accept it and that he will do as much as many man can to fulfill his pledge to keep this nation and its people both solvent and free.

Some Kind Words, Please

Commendations the Southern Lehigh School Board is receiving for cutting anticipated construction costs of its proposed high school building by eliminating frills and fancies are bound to come also to the Allentown Board of Education because of its insistence that the urgently needed Muhlenberg School addition be built at the lowest possible cost.

The new Southern Lehigh School near Center Valley will, according to initial plans and renderings, be a highly functional series of connected units, beautiful because of their simplicity against the rich background nature has provided. Practically every unit, except perhaps the classrooms themselves, will be useful outside of school hours as activity centers for an expanding suburban community. Economy has been more than just a watchword in the planning. It has been almost a fetish.

That economy also motivates the Allentown School Board is indicated by the fact that when estimates of construction costs for the Muhlenberg addition approached the million dollar mark, it ordered new studies to be made and new plans drawn to bring the costs of the building itself considerably under $750,000.

The Allentown problem is a bit different from the Southern Lehigh project, a completely new building on a new site. The construction of the Muhlenberg addition must blend, if not conform, with the existing building. In erecting the new unit on 21st St. between Tilghman and Washington, the Allentown board must at one and the same time develop a combined structure that can be used immediately as an elementary school, that will be useful in the not too far distant future as a junior high school, and that will be suitable for community purposes.

In ordering new plans for a completely functional but less costly building, the Allentown board also remembered that there are other sections of the city in which population is increasing rapidly and that it must look forward to additional facilities to serve the Lehigh Parkway, Hamilton Park, Newbridge Park and 15th Ward areas.

If all children are to be served adequately — and that is the aim of education in a democracy — the needs of all must be considered. That is what the Southern Lehigh and Allentown School Boards are attempting to do as they plan for utilitarian rather than elaborate buildings. For cutting the suit so that it will come as close to fitting the cloth as possible, they deserve something considerably more than the criticism so often pointed in the direction of these public servants who give so much of their time and their energy with no recompense except the satisfaction of service.

The Social Scramble



Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT 'N SHIER KOT: Yar, un won m'r secht "Hut 'n Shier Kot," kon m'r die socha tzwae waiga aw gucka—dawaig wie der John Kemp fon dahinna nagshd on Albany, Barricks kounty die socha aw guck'd, odder dawaig wie 'n alter harsha buck seina freind fertzailt os er der John shier kotta hut. Ow'r des so wie die barichda in da luft rum fliega, is dawaig wie die socha worra.

Der John hut seinra fraw Mamie in die hond nei fershprocha kot der net hame kumma mit ous ma harsha buck wie er farna im December nuf noch 'm Voya Barrick wor harsh yawga. 'S mocht nix ous uf wos der John druf lose gait, wons drous im bush is om shoffa falla die bame wie er maint os sie falla sotta, un won er falla shtel'd fer biskotza, ragoona, mushkrutta un mink, grick'd er wos er gait dafor. Fix sin 's aintsich'd os er so weit den winder net fonga hut kenna, ow'r laibt ols noch in hoffning fer aw paar fon sella ferwisha eb der winder rum is.

Ow'r wos m'r fertzaila hen wolla, is fom John seinra arya tzeit wie er gonga wor fer harsh. Eb er recht drous im bush wor, ferhoftich sei won net 'n alter buck grawd uf 'n tzu kumma is, un der John hut sich net long p'sunna wos tzu duh. Er hut druf g'shussa, un der harsh is g'falla. Eb der John ow'r tzum harsh gakent hut fer 'n der hols ob schneida, is 'n tzweter buck dawaig kumma, un woh gore net gaglicha hut tzu sehna os der onner buck g'shussa wor. Noh wos hut der tzwet buck gaduh, os wie der John aw gapock'd wie won er 'n lavendich ferreissa wot, un der shtawb is awfonga fliega.

War sei lebdawg 'n shpeckdawgle sehna het wolla, het um da lieva willa dabei sei solla wie der John un selar harsha buck mit nonner g'fochta hen. Der John uf kours hut die flit kotta, ow'r 's hais'd, er wear tzu arrick fershrucka gawest fer wissa os er sheesa kent, un hut yusht gabroviert fer 'm harsh 's harn nei shloga mit 'm flinta kolva. Un der harsh—da langer os sie g'fochta hen, des da wieshder is der harsh werra, un is ols uf der John lose wie wie 'n bull uf 'm hoy shtuck. DerJohn wear numma tzu garn omma baum nuf gagrodd'ld fer sich ous 'm g'fohr shoffa, ow'r der harsh hut 'm ken tzeit gewwa fer 'n baum sucha os gross ganunk wor fer draw nuf groddla.

Der harsh huts g'sheind dade net fiel froga noch 'm John seinra flint woh er gayus'd hut fer 'n hevel. 'S wor net bis 'n shuss g'falla is weiter om barrick drous, os der harsh widder draw gadenk'd hut os aw noch onnerra shitz om barrick weara hut die ohra g'shpitzt, der kup un shwontz g'shitt'ld, un is ob fert iwwer die bux un huckelbierra nous allas os er gae hut kenna. Der John uf kours hut ol die weil gadenk'd er het ols noch 'n harsh, ow'r wie er gonga is gucka dafor, miner sivatzae won selar net aw widder tzu sich kumma wor die weil os er un selar onner buck om fechta worra.

Yar, yaderer hut der onner shier kotta — der John shier der harsh, un der harsh shier der John. Kent m'r aw sawga. "Oh aeland bagrawb dich."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r Ma alta glawwa noh is es ice os m'r now, hen 'n woch tzu shpote kumma fer 'm obsht gute duh—der alt glawwa wor. 's gaibt ken frucht won die obsht bame net badeck'd weara mit ice, g'shwishich Grishdawg un Nei Yohr.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Jan. 10, 1928, a Tuesday.

Seibert U. E. congregation announced the purchase of a property at the northeast corner of 10th and Allen Streets for the site of a church building.

Apporximately 400 members of the Allentown conference of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, meeting in Hotel Bethlehem, laid the foundation for the raising of their quota of $201,036 toward the proposed $4 million ministerial relief pension fund of the United Lutheran Church of America.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At the end of an 18 - hole match with his client, Marshall Field, tax expert and mathematical wise J. K. Lasser announced, "I've figured a way to save you $200,000 in taxes" — when M. F. interrupted with, "You've added up your score incorrectly. You had an 89, not an 87. That means 20 cents more, please." The dollar - devastating J. K. L. paid up.

Lasser has just moved into a lavish new country home where he expects to do most of his work, explaining, "Business men have no idea how much office rigmarole interferes with their work" . . . His present obsession is the advantages of so-called "spin-off" corporate setups. (He's explained them to me three times, but I still don't know what he's talking about.) J.K.L. was so engrossed with them that on the morning of March 16 he discovered he had neglected to mail the check covering his own income tax.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

BROTHERHOOD

When someone does a daring deed
To serve another's hour of need,
He's never asked his form of creed.

Who hurries to the left or right
To share another's desperate plight
Is welcomed, be he black or white.

When peril strikes, by night or day,
The narrow barriers fall away;
We're brothers all, howe'er we pray.

(Copyright 1953)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Truman's farewell message to Congress, in which he pictures the Presidency as a tremendous job for one man, emphasizes a question that he doesn't undertake to answer, but which sooner or later must be answered by the American people.

It means simply that government by council has to supersede one-man government.

For the truth is America in recent years has had a dozen little presidents — concealed presidents without responsibility to the people but acting with full power and authority.

Mr. Truman himself has been a kind of puppet. Behind him has been the "palace guard" which has pulled the strings. The real decisions and the carrying out of the decisions have been by officials who, of course, kept the President posted, but he couldn't as a practical matter analyze their recommendations or the merits of their actions.

It is next to impossible for any President, even with the best of intentions, to master the thousand and one problems that come to him for final decision. He must necessarily adopt the viewpoint of trusted advisors.

Parliamentary System

Under the parliamentary system in vogue in Canada and other English-speaking democracies, responsibility isn't fixed in one man but in a Cabinet which itself is part of the national legislature. When the people vote for or against the record of the government on public policy, they are then passing judgment not on one man but on a group of men who comprise the leadership of a party.

The handicaps of the American system have not yet come under severe criticism because the people have not understood or known much about the real workings of their national government. They have been content with the fiction that a presidential action is actually something a President himself does. They do not know how many messages — including Mr. Truman's message this week — are not penned by him at all but are the composite of a half-dozen memoranda furnished by others and usually put into final shape by what are known as "ghost writers."

It is argued that this isn't deception because, after all, the President, when he signs his name, is approving of all that the document contains. But the truth is there are many insidiously written paragraphs which find their way repeatedly into presidential statements that would never get in there if subjected to a Cabinet's full discussion and examination.

Only when a Cabinet is responsible to the people as a whole is there a chance to argue with a President about what he says, presumably in behalf of his whole administration. It is not uncommon nowadays to find Cabinet officers who disagree with a President's statements of policy, but more often than not they never had a chance, even on the inside of the government, to express their dissent and argue for modification.

In the absence of any form of Cabinet responsibility, the only solution that can be offered now to such an anomalous situation is to set up Cabinet meetings on a council basis and give the Cabinet a voice in policy-making. Likewise, the Cabinet officers, who exercise powers delegated to the President by Congress, should have councils — not just of assistants and administrators in their own departments but of men gathered from outside the government — so that policy-making will not be a haphazard affair or a one man affair. The saying that two heads are better than one is especially true of policy making and, while council sessions can sometimes produce delays, the end result is usually better when there is time for deliberation.

Various Viewpoints

Already there are signs that Gen. Eisenhower, in the field of agriculture, for example, is calling in men of various viewpoints to shape policy in the Department of Agriculture. He would find it equally valuable in the field of labor-management relations and in the field of foreign policy. It is unthinkable that one man — even the secretary of state — should be asked to make economic foreign policy and diplomatic foreign policy. The two are related and have been administered by two different agencies of government. They could be administered by a single department provided such a department has a policy-making council.

Mr. Truman points out how tough the presidency is as a job. That's because no man in recent years has ever measured up to its real requirements of leadership. The President cannot be an executive or an administrator in the sense of a general business manager. He can't even make policies by himself. But he has to provide the leadership which will get others to help make policy. He has to have enough sense to recognize the difference between a good or a bad recommendation. He must determine whether the recommendations of his advisors are in the public interest, and this requires only intellectual honesty, common sense and courage.

Gen. Eisenhower looks like a man who can provide that kind of leadership — and he has already started out with the conference or council idea.

(Copyright, 1953)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A man who is past 80 has just sent me as nice a New Year's wish as I have ever received.

His name is L. T. Palmer and he lives in Middletown, Ohio.

He addresses me "Dear Erich" and justifies this address with "if anybody has a divine right to be a bit familiar, it is the octogenarian holding a neighborly mien toward all men, particularly those who have disclosed the fact that they sense what is most worth while in living."

After 80 years of living—more than half a century as a real estate man—Mr. Palmer thinks, "It is still a beautiful world. The innocent brightness of a new born day is lovely yet."

And the New Year's wish he sends me at the end of his letter is: "Keep Sweet."

You and I and all of us are inclined to take this old world very much too seriously.

We worry and fret about our many petty troubles—when they really mean very little in the span of a whole lifetime.

I happened to come across a newspaper of 50 years ago.

Frankly, I had wanted to write an article on how awful things are today compared with those of 1903.

That sort of stuff always seems to go over well and it also seems appropriate for the beginning of a new year.

I looked through that old paper and found what I was looking for. Prices were much lower then.

For instance, you could buy an elegant pair of shoes for $3.50, when just a few days ago I paid $4.50 just for a pair of new soles and heels.

Restaurants advertised seven course meals for sixty five cents, which is less than the tip you give the waiter in a good cafe today.

There was no income tax in those days and travel was ever so much cheaper.

If a fellow made $25 a week, he took home $25 a week—no deductions in those days.

But what is THIS?

Unemployment was rampant. Crime was a terrible menace to our whole civilization (that's what it said!). Thousands of people were dying from pneumonia (today a few shots of penicillin and the danger is over). Wages were so low that the laborers couldn't buy enough to eat. There was corruption in Washington. People were running over each other with their bicycles and buggies.

So, you see, if anything, things are better today than they were in 1903.

The only real difference was in the figures. They were much smaller than they are today, because there were 75 million fewer people in the U. S. in 1903 than there are today.

And, oh yes, there were hardly any columnists in those good old days. In that respect I think people were better off.

So, taking it altogether in this very early part of the New Year, we may as well make our New Year's resolutions in good spirit. We won't keep them anyway.

Let me make on New Year's prediction: Things won't be any better or any worse than they have always been. We are the same sort of humans as we were in 1903, only more of us are on wheels.

But there is one resolution we can surely live up to: "Keep Sweet."

(Copyright, 1953)

Today's Text

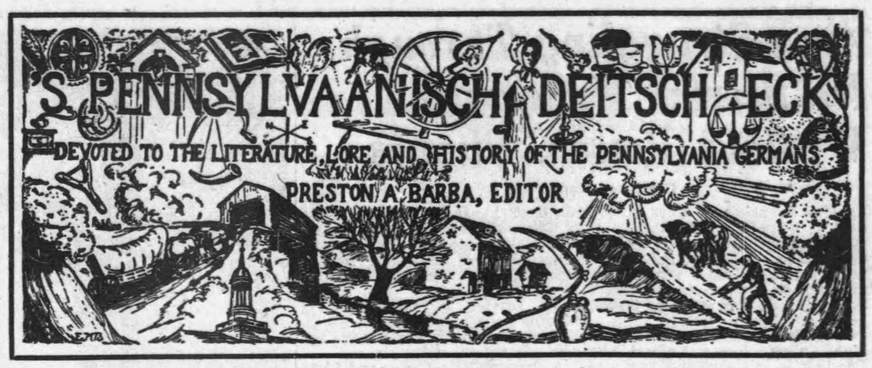
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 2:15-17

When the first Christmas service was ended, the preacher (the angel of the Lord) and the choir (a multitude of the Heavenly host) returned into Heaven. It is interesting to note that the angels themselves are interested in our redemption, as 1 Peter 1:12 declares, and surely it was a wonderful experience for them to accompany the Son of God to earth. No doubt God had more trouble keeping His angels at home that night than at any other time. But the shepherds, who night, decided to go at once to Bethlehem, to see what had happened, as had been reported to them. It is always well if a sermon is important enough to compel some one in the audience to do something about it. So they went and found Joseph and Mary, and saw the child lying in a manger. And as in the case of the Wise Men in Mt. 2:11, these shepherds worshipped Him. The next thing they did was to tell others about it, a suggestion also for the Christian group, that they be witnesses, and bear their testimony to the truth of the Gospel in their personal experience.

Horoscope

The stars in their course bring financial expansion in the months ahead. Born today a child should be fortunate in many ways.



WHO ARE THE SHAPERS OF NEW CULTURAL TONGUES?

By HEINZ KLOSS

In the "Pennsylvania Dutchman" for Dec. 1, 1950, Prof. J. William Frey had criticized the notion that Pennsylvania German might ever be elevated to the dignity of a literary language. This brought forth an answer of mine in the "Eck" for Nov. 10, 1951, which in turn has been answered by Frey in the Dec. 1, 1951, "Dutchman."

Frey puts forward two weighty arguments against the concept of having Dutch made over into a literary tongue. First of all Frey asserts that "Dutch is a folkspeech and will remain a folkspeech as long as the Dutch FOLK want it that way, no matter what a few scholars have hoped for it to be." Besides, he asserts that in every instance where other folk tongues developed into a literary standard the conditions surrounding these languages were different from the southeastern Pennsylvania milieu, and that in particular the Dutch have NEVER NEVER (the capital letters are Frey's) been a united front—as e.g. the French of Quebec who are 100 per cent Roman Catholic.

Let me first dispose of the latter argument. There are several grains of truth in it. It is true that in many other cases the revival of half-obsolete tongues was a corollary to politico - nationalistic movements for which there is no need in Pennsylvania. It is equally true that to be split religiously constitutes a considerable hinderance to linguistic unfoldment. Yet there are instances of cults (to use the sociologist's term) where conditions were strikingly similar to those obtaining among the Pennsylvania Germans. Take the West-Frisians. They are a comparatively small group of some 300,000 people in the northern Netherlands who are divided into a number of religious factions. We find liberal Protestants, conservative Reformed people, we find Mennonites (Menno Simon by the way was a Frisian), and we have a sizable number of Catholics—and you will have to admit that at least the borderline separating Protestants from Catholics does all but not exist in the Dutchland. Moreover there never was at stake among the Frisians a concept of nationalism, of political freedom and the like—never, that is until very recently, 100 years after the linguistic revival has taken place. It happened to originate among one specific sub-group, among the liberals, but gradually it spread among orthodox Protestants as well as among Roman Catholics, who today have cultural associations of their own but are working together freely with the other wings of the Frisian movement in a common desire to save and to promote the ancestral tongue.

Another example would be the Rheto-Romanic people in Switzerland. They number a mere 40,000 —less that a fifth of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen. They never were oppressed either politically or economically. They are partly Protestants, partly Catholics. And they are hampered by two handicaps unknown among the Dutchmen: their exceedingly small number and the many variations among their dialects which have compelled them actually to develop not one but four literary languages —and that for a handful of 40,000 people! So you see: cultural tongues may unfold and flourish under conditions even less favorable than those obtaining in Pennsylvania. We must of course not overlook the fact that in Switzerland the government (federal as well as state) subsidizes Rheto-Romanic publications. I do not know whether a similar gesture might be expected from the Harrisburg authorities.

But now for Frey's second argument. Only the FOLK can change the status of Pennsylvaanisch? But who is responsible for the present indifferent attitude of "the folk" towards attempts to raise the literary level? Dr. Frey himself gives the answer when in his article he speaks of "the thousands of formal attempts, emanating from school teachers, preachers, college professors and many of the other semi-literate during the 19th century to completely obliterate . . . Pennsylvania Dutch . . . And this unfortunately DID (the capital letters are Frey's) trickle down into the maases." So who wrought the present folk attitude toward Pennsylvania German? The intellectuals and the semi-intellectuals. And how can the masses get rid of this attitude? Through the help of other intellectuals.

In the very same issue of the Dutchman, Dr. Yoder tells us about a true folk-poet, a plain workman at that, about Harry Hower, who longed to bring about a come-back of his beloved mother-tongue, who even dreamed of seeing recognized "the Pennsylvania German language" as the "golden mean between the heavy but picturesque German and the liquid but light English." A naive folk-dream if there ever was one —but what did Hower achieve? Almost nothing, because workmen and farmers, i.e. the FOLK in the narrow sense of the word as a rule have neither time nor tools to effect a language revival. It simply takes two groups of people—or I would rather say: of folk—plain men and women with a sincere longing to see their mother tongue preserved and honored and elevated—and intellectuals who are of the folk too and who sense the inarticulate longing of the masses and know how to voice it and how to satisfy it.

Sure enough these intellectuals in the beginning will meet with as much animosity as applause. The founder of the Afrikaans movement in South Africa, the Rev. Du Toit, who wrote his first attempts in the mother-tongue under a pen-name, heard a farmer say he would shoot the man who wrote Afrikaans if he only knew his name. Rev. Hammershaimb, when first using Faroese instead of Danish in a religious service, met with indignation. But while Frey asserts the Dutch people would be either enraged or amused at attempts to use Pennsylvania German for religious services he should realize that they are becoming almost a custom under his very eyes—witness the Hufnagel letter on Pennsylvania German "Breddiche" in Barba's ECK for Dec. 22, 1951.

Frey, finally, makes a number of remarks which are interesting in themselves but without relevance to the issue at stake. He says Pennsylvania German cannot be purified from its English elements—but that's something I never thought of. I even hold that it would mean a loss in richness and flavor. Pennsylvania German un-Englished no longer would be Pennsylvania German. Frey calls the cultural language concept a pet notion of mine but what matters is not whether a certain alien would like to see Pennsylvania German thus raised, but whether this is a workable concept to be embraced by native Pennsylvanians. He discusses the advisability of pinning the label "Pennsylvania German" on that specific brand of High German which my friend Ralph Wood has baptized "Pennsylvania High German." However that is a problem of terminology, a mere formality without significance.

I want to congratulate Dr. Frey on the wonderful spirit with which he accepted my earlier attack. Let me disclose right here that the editors of the "Dutchman" for years have been sending me their paper free of charge, and that it would have been quite understandable had Dr. Frey treated me like an ingrate. It is my sincere hope that he will with equal generosity and indulgence forgive me for this second rejoinder which after all is motivated by what we two will, I am sure, always have in common: a deep-seated love for the beautiful Pennsylvania German tongue. And in at least one respect I think of him more highly than he does himself: I believe that Professor Frey too belongs to the Pennsylvania Dutch folk and that no linguistic rebirth is conceivable unless it is staged and shared by folk-men of his schooling and scholarship. Bill Frey, the popular singer of Pennsylvania German songs is the living example that scholarship need not unfolk a man.

(Dr. Kloss, greatest German authority on the Pennsylvania Germans, has been a frequent contributor to the ECK. — P.A.B.)

SEELE AS MER NET ESSE KANN

Der Parre Mohler meent, ich hett ihn "misrepresent" in eens vun meine letschte Brief, wie ich gsaat hab, ass er daet Gott danke, ass sei Gemee ihm sei Loh regler alle Vaddel Yaahr bezaahle daet. Er saagt mer, es waer gans wennich Geld, as er sehne daet es Yaahr rum, un vum Geld fer des Yaahrs Loh hett er noch gaar nix gsehne. Ich hab ihn gfrogt wie er dann lewe daet, dann hot er gsaat uff was anner Leit net esse welle un die paar Grumbiere un Riewe as er in seim Gaarde gereest hot darrich der Summer. Nau, es hot mich arrig gschpeit des zu heere. Ich daet meene en Mann kennt gut breddiche mit seim Maage voll Riewe. Awwer des iss oft der Fall. Die Leit meene en Parre sett lewe wie en Engel. Sie driete ihn so. Wann er um der Weg iss, dann sin sie so glatt ass en gebiggelti Wans un alles as er saagt iss recht. Sie duhne alles fer ihn, ass wie ihn bezaahle un sell iss es Haabtding. Sie misse uff barricks kaafe odder verhungere, un wann emool en Parre me Mann e paar Daaler schuldich iss un er denkt, er watt net bezaahlt, dann is em Parre sei influence iwwer seller Mann fatt. Der Parre daet's gaern bezaahle, wann er es Wexel hett, awwer sei Gemee bezaahlt ihn net un wie will er sei Schulde bezaahle?

Ich hab emool en Parre gekennt, as schier alle Sunndaag zu seinere Gemee gschwetzt hot wege seim Loh. Endlich iss en alder Vorschteher, wu als en Vaddel Daaler es Yaahr gewwe hot zu em Parre, uffgschtanne un hot gsaat er hett gmeent, sie hette ihn gedingt fer breddiche fer ihre Seele un net alsfatt fer ihre Geld. Der alt Parre hot ihn ewennich aageguckt darrich sei Brille un hot dernoh gsaat:

"Mei liewer Bruder, ich bin do fer breddiche fer eier Seele, awwer Seele kann ich net esse, un wann ich kennt, dann daet's zehe Dausend nemme wie deini fer me hungeriche Mann en reschpectable Breckfescht mache!"

So hot's zu viel Karrichegeher alleweil. Sie driete en Parre wie en Keenich, bis sie ausfinne, ass er yuscht en commoner Mensch iss un dernoh driete sie ihn wie en Sau. Die Sache sin all letz. Der lieb Gott frogt niemand fer uff Riewe lewe, so ass er seelich schtarrewe kann, un wann ich en Parre waer un sie daete mich net besser bezaahle, dann daet ich mei Abschiedsbreddich mache wie der alt Parre wie er gsaat hot:

"Geld regiert die Welt un Dummheit 's Glabberdaal! — un abaddich die G —, un denne laaft's zu de Ohre raus!" —

BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

PAELZER LEIT

Our Pennsylvania German is a persistent and tenacious dialect, indicative of the character of our people. Two hundred years and more have passed since our forefathers left their native land, and yet our distant cousins in the Palatinate, descendants of those who remained behind, continue to this day to speak a dialect not unlike our own. Most of our readers will have little difficulty in reading the following verses culled from August Heinrich's PFAELZER MUNDART-DICHTUNGEN, published in Speyer in the Palatinate, 1928. —ED.

Lache, lache, ess isch gsund,
Lache macht die Backe rund,
Lache macht das Herze weit,
Lache recht in Froehlichkeit.

Lach e bissel jeden Dag,
Lach dir Traene aus 'm Aag.
Lach dich bucklig, lach dich krumm,
Lache bringt dei Sorge um.

Lach dich krank un lach dich tot,
Lache macht die Backe rot.
Lache gibt dir widder Mut,
Lache, lache, dess isch gut.

Mer Paelzer Leit sin oft voll Witz,
Voll Luscht un voll Humor,
Doch guckt bei alle "Knepp un Schnitz"
De Ernscht aach widder vor.

Wohin uns aach des Schicksal stellt
Un wie uns 's Lewe zieht,
Mer kinn aach fiehle mit de Welt,
Henn Herz un henn Gemuet.

Doch immer kannscht nit witzig sei,
Nit immer kann mer lache;
De Herrgott duht aach Sunneschei
Un triewe Dage mache.

HARRICH GUT!

Wann ebber ebbes saagt zu eem, sett mer gut harriche, so dass mer gewiss weess, was er gsaat hot. Zu oft harricht mer en Mann net recht aa, noh kummt mer in Umgelegenheit. Ich hab schunn gheert vun viel Gschpichte, wu en Mann letz verschtanne iss warre. Er hot ee Ding gsaat, un die Leit hen ebbes schunscht rausgenumme.

Abaddich sett mer gut un scharref harriche, wann mer ebbes kaaft vun ebber. Weesscht, der Mann wu kaaft, muss sei Aagge un Ohre uff halte. Ich hab yuscht katzlich widder do draa gedenkt.

Ich hab en accident ghatt mit meim auto un hab paar Daag am garage rumghunke. Eener vun de Kaerls datt hot gsehne, ass ich wennich uffgemuntert sei sett. Er hot gsaat, "Kaschbar, kumm mol do riwwer, noh verzehl ich dir en gschpassichi Gschicht." Des iss, was er mir verzehlt hot.

En Mann hot en wunnerbaarer scheener Gaul ghatt. Der waar so glatt, as wie en Ool. Er hot graad uff de Bee gschtanne, un der Schwans graad hinne naus gschtreckt. Er waar en rechts Pikter vumme Gaul. Dem Mann sei Nochber hot Wohlgfalle an dem Gaul ghatt.

Mol ee Daag hot er ausgfunne, mer kennt den Gaul kaafe. Er iss zu dem Gaul seim Eeggner un hott gsaat, "Was witt du fer den Gaul?"— "Ei," saagt sei Eeggner, "Fufzich Daaler." Dann saagt der, wu kaafe hot welle, "Ferwas witt du den Gaul verkaafe fer fufzich Daaler?" — "Ei," saagt sei Eeggner, "Er guckt net gut." Well, endlich hot der Mann der Gaul verkaaft. In zwee Woche iss der Mann, wu der Gaul gkaaft hot, zerickkumme. Er waar so bees as en Sau. Was hot er gscholte! "Du Raawer," hot er gsaat, "Du hoscht mich awwer bschisse. Der Gaul iss yo blind." — "Nee," saagt der wu der Gaul verkaaft hot, "Ich hab dich net bschisse. Ich hab dir riwwer un niwwer gsaat, der Gaul guckt net gut, awwer du hoscht mich yo gaar net aagharricht." Weesscht, en blinder Gaul kann gaar net gucke.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL

EN PICKNICK

Wu waar ich? Kannscht net denke!
Ei, ich waar krank im Bett.
Sell waare scheene Zeide—
Ich hab's entschoit, you bet!

'S hot niemand mich gebaddert
Un gwunnert was ich duh;
Un niemand, "Meint die Diere!"
Un niemand, "Butz dei Schuh!"

Mei Tietscher, sie iss kumme,
Hot Orantsches gebrocht;
Die Memm hot gude Sache
Fer mich allee gekocht.

Ich hab mei Taeblets gnumme
Mit Tschelli aus re Bool,
Un der Daadi hot mer gewwe
E Nickel allemol.

Die Gremmemm iss kumme
Mit Pickters mich zu seh;
Un die Endi hot Kendi
Gemacht fer mich allee.

Ich hab daufe schpiele
Mit meim Grischtdaag Sach;
Un niemand hot gewatscht,
Dass ich nix letz draa mach.

Der Hund hot daufe kumme
Graad in die Schtubb mit mir;
Die gans Nacht hot er glegge
Yuscht inseit vun der Dier.

Mei scheeni grossi Schweschter
Hot Schtoris mir verzehlt;
Ich hab net brauche lanne,
Hab e gans Woch Schul verfehlt.

Un nau dass ich bin besser,
Scheint alles froh zu sei;
Ich wott's deet lenger laeste
Ich hab's entschoit. — O mei!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
(1862-1934)

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Editorials

On Top in Fast Company

Allentonians knew that business during December in the splendid retail stores of this city was good, exceptionally good. Now they know from a Dun & Bradstreet Co. survey that it was the largest business month in any year of the city's history and also that the increase over December of 1951, (the previous high year) was the highest, percentagewise, among the leading cities of the United States — greater, percentagewise, even than New York and Philadelphia and topping Dallas, Texas, our nearest competitor by ten per cent.

This is an item of business news that gets into the leading daily newspapers and the trade magazines of the country. It is an important factor in raising the city's already good reputation. Such reputation, as we have been learning in recent years, is important to industrial, and, condequently, population and commercial growth.

It is desirable to be ranked with the leading cities of the country in such matters. It is sensational when the community reaches the summit of such achievement.

They've Asked for It

Governor Fine's announcement that the Pennsylvania State Police are to be given wider powers in order that the commonwealth can be cleaned of commercial gambling is the answer to what many district attorneys, chiefs of police and constables have been asking for and now will get.

Hitherto the State Police, when acting upon complaints of citizens about games of chance, have worked according to police protocol. They have consulted with chiefs of police and district attorneys. They have afforded opportunity to them to use the information in hand or to cooperate with the State Police in getting additional and corroborative testimony and in making raids and bringing about criminal prosecutions.

All too often the trouble has been that cooperation with the State Police has been pledged by law enforcement officials but has not been accorded. Instead the immediate act of some law enforcement officials has been to call the gamblers and racketeers by phone and warn them of impending raids. The State Police have received the double-cross so often that it would be humorous were it not such a serious matter.

Nobody knows better than the State Police that there are a lot more dishonest law enforcement officers, that they are in the employe of the racketeers and that they are working in the interest of the racketeers rather than in the public interest.

Wherever and whenever State Police have moved into a community to seize slot machines and raid gambling dens it can be assumed with entire safety that previous experience with the local authorities proved the latter were untrustworthy.

Of course the local authorities in such cases promptly throw fits about the allegedly irregular procedures of the State Police and their ignoring of the local gendarmes. However they deceive nobody by their protestations. It can be known that the State Police have far too much other business to concern themselves about and only too gladly would have local law enforcement authorities keep the gamblers subdued.

This community has had so much experience in these matters that our people well can understand the pattern of relationships that must exist in any communities where gambling and gambling devices are operating and where arrests are not made, or if made are nothing but shadow-boxing.

In this connection many persons will think of the late Judge Richard W. Iobst who was an implacable foe of the gamblers and laughed in the faces of any law enforcement officers who protested ignorance of their identity and their operations. Many will remember an occasion when, after a few arrests had been made of some poor, miserable, down-at-the-heel numbers writers, Judge Iobst freed the small fry. He left it be known that he knew their boss or bosses and that he wanted them arrested after an air-tight case has been developed by honest and complete investigation of their activities. Even then the State Police were called in because Judge Iobst was suspicious of the local law enforcement officers and distrusted their ability and sincerity to do the thoro job that the situation demanded.

Wherever in Pennsylvania gamblers and gambling devices are operating you can bet your last dollar with safety that law enforcement authorities know all about them. Further, it can be known that the gamblers operate only because they feel security, a security that for a price has been assured to them. Most of them love freedom as passionately as anyone else. None of them like the thought of prosecution and a term in jail. All of them, except the veriest tyros, make doubly sure of protection before they go into business.

If raids be made by the State Police anywhere in this area, make up your mind with complete assurance that the local law enforcement authorities proved untrustworthy, that they were no law enforcement offficers but pipelines of information for the gamblers and that to get results instead of fiascos the State Police had to act independently.

A Train Gone Berserk

There will have to be much thumbing thru the records of American train wrecks to bring up any prior accident that in unusualness compares with the uncontrolled dash of a Pennsylvania R.R. train into Washington's Union Station on Thursday.

Safety devices have become so expertly developed and so reliably employed that the mere thought of a passenger train running berserk hardly could enter any one's head, particularly the head of a railroad man. The immortal Casey Jones did not have a wilder and more uncertain ride than tnat of the four hundred passengers on the train that crashed thru steel and concrete barriers and buildings and ploughed up an acre of concrete construction in the station before it finally came to a stop.

The amazing but the fortunate fact about it all was that while some sixty persons were injured, not one fatality occurred and it is not indicated that any of the injured may die. Much credit for this miracle is accorded employes who realized that their train was in a runaway and speedily gave passengers instructions on how to brace themselves against the inevitable smash.

There was a lot of quick thinking on the part of the trainmen. There was admirable cooperation by the passengers who do not appear to have become panic-striken and who acted swiftly on the expert advice that was given them and by which many undoubtedly saved their lives.

For a Former Band Director



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — The eyes of the nation might well have been focused on two men this week—neither of them a President or President-elect but each of them so influential that the course of history has been materially affected and will be affected by their acts.

One was Secretary of State Dean Acheson saying his farewells, and the other was John Foster Dulles being quizzed by a Senate committee, which then voted unanimously to recommend to the Senate next Tuesday confirmation of his appointment. Mr. Dulles' outline of proposed foreign policy was as refreshing as it was realistic.

For all practical purposes, Dean Acheson has been President of the United States during the critical period of the Truman administration. Mr. Truman was incapable himself of formulating foreign policies and depended almost entirely on the judgment and advice of Dean Acheson. The so-called Truman doctrine originated with Dean Acheson, and so did the so-called Marshall Plan, to which must be added the fact that a group of imaginative planners in the Department of State wrote the basic memoranda on which the ultimate policies were based.

Relations between President Truman and Dean Acheson have been intimate. The secretary of state was always at the Union Station or the airport to meet Mr. Truman when he was coming or going. And Mr. Truman had such an unbounded admiration for his secretary of state that he wouldn't listen to criticism of foreign policies. He used to say the critics weren't "fit to black the boots of Acheson."

Far East and Korea

But an appraisal of the Acheson policies and of his attitude while in public office will leave the historian with a query as to whether the course of history might have been different, especially in the Far East and Korea, if Mr. Truman had responded to popular demand and changed the secretary of state as he did other Cabinet officers who came under criticism.

"The Washington Post," which has more often than not supported Mr. Acheson's policies, had a rather interesting analysis of the secretary of state in an editorial on Thursday. After praising him for some of his policies, the "Post" spoke of him as having a mind "superbly equipped for analysis and finely trained for argument and negotiation," but added, "it is a mind short of conceptions." The editorial says further:

"No secretary of state in living memory has commanded more respect on the part of his colleagues for intellect and adherence to principle, yet no secretary can have left the department so demoralized. The reason is clear. At the onset of his career as secretary of state he made an error of the heart, and this proceeded, with expert GOP aid and lack of much fighting back, to engulf the department. The error, of course, was Mr. Acheson's compassionate reference to Alger Hiss. From that time on, though he refused to believe it, he was damned as a public official. Congress sought to starve him out. It refused to give the department functions that orderly administration required of it. Congress, as a Cabinet member once said, would have stripped the State Department of everything but its obloquy."

But the fact is that Secretary Acheson lost public favor because he bungled China policy. He kept on saying that the nation must go through endless years of tension waiting for the Russians to get over their "cold war" tactics and become peaceful. He intervened to prevent maximum power from being used to end the Korean War when Gen. MacArthur recommended it, and he publicly announced a willingness to end the Korean War by negotiating a truce at the 38th Parallel. It was a surrender of the objective of the war itself—to defeat the enemy.

Dulles Argument

In contrast, John Foster Dulles, who is to be the new secretary of state, while arguing also against a "general war," told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that there are things that can be done to break up the China-Moscow alliance. He promised "cold war" policies that are "strong but not reckless and which will end the peril without provoking a dying spasm of total violence."

Mr. Dulles also lamented the slipping away of European unity, which he feels at the moment is in a process of "disintegration, not integration." He mentioned new crises in the Middle East and in Indo-China and Korea. He referred to the dangers in Central and South America, where Communistic activity has been stepped up recently, and said: "If we don't look out, we'll wake some morning and read in the newspapers that the same thing has happened in Central and South America as happened in China in 1949. The time to deal with the situation is now, before it's too late."

Most important of all was Mr. Dulles' comprehensive statement about the "liberation" of enslaved peoples, which he said must have high priority in the new administration. He said again, as he did during the campaign, that there are many methods available short of war and without the need for "premature" revolts in the satellite states that would be crushed in bloody violence.

Lots of people have been saying all this is impossible — that there are no ways but the Truman-Acheson way of doing things Mr. Dulles says that those who say nothing can be done along the line of the "liberation" crusade and to break up Russia's power without going to war "just don't know what they're talking about."

So out goes a secretary of state who, in effect, says nothing can be done, and in comes one who has caught the spirit of the election landslide which says something can and must be done. It's a significant contrast.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FARM SHOW FEGELCHER:

Oy duh welt wos hen die Fegelcher net gapifa om Farm Show, die tzwae dawg os m'r drous worra Fon da arrickshda socha sin fertzailt werra, ungfare so os wie da Malaria Borneman fon fon Werley's Korner ihra arya erfohring wie sie helfa hut welshhawna shlochta ons Zimmerman's wertshous.

Die Malaria is now net ains fon denna os m'r denka maich'd dade lava uf nix wie wosser grackers un luft pudding, — sie ess'd noch wos fer sie kumt, un ferol os sie net gons 's gawicht hut fom Milt Zimmerman seinra Sadie, is ken g'fohr os der wind sie fert bloast. Wos noch mainer is, sie is aw 'n aryie gutie hond wons ons welshhawna shlochta gait, un der Milt wil ebber howwa fer die hawna hava, die weil os er na die hels ob schneid mit 'm butcher messer.

Now der Milt un sie boo Sterling, raisa gore wunnerbora grossa welshhawna — dale sin bol so gross wie ostrich. Die shlochterrei is gute doh hee garitch'd bis der Milt kumma is mit 'm aller graishda hawna os sie garais'd hen, un woh die Malaria shure wor os sie ken druvel het fer 'n hava fer sich dote gabluta. Eb der Milt 'm hawna der hols ow'r recht ob kotta hut, hut die g'shpass shun g'shtart. Die fliegel halt is da Malaria ob gawitch'd, un der ketzer hut net yusht awfonga flotcha os er der shtawb bol uf gariehrt hut im Clayton Rex seim dreshden 'n halb mile der pike drunna, ow'r er hut aw shtarta kicka un shtronla, os der Milt alla minute bong wor der sharnshtae im wesh hous maich'd um falla.

Die Malaria wor ow'r gabound os sie der hawna net shpringa dade lossa — uns sis aw wie sie gamaint hut, woh het er onna gawolt mit ous ma kup. Won er ow'r fert wear, hetta sie gore ken druvel kotta fer 'n shpoora, weil er gablute hut wie 'n g'shtochnie sow, un alla mohl os er der hols rum gadray'd hut, is 'n shtrawn blute iwwer die Malaria nei. Ow'r sie hut net gae galust om welshhawna. Der Milt un der Sterling sin gaput fer gravel, un hen sich nei hinnich 's houseck g'shteld, un die Sadie un 'm Sterling sei Florence, hen tzu da shpeicher fenshterra nous gawatch'd, sehna war der battle gawinna maich'd.

Alsa mohl wor die Malaria owwa druf, un noh widder wor sie unna drunner. Tziver, aimer, un shteel hen om galaiga, uns het net fiel ganumma, hetta sie aw noch der gross shlocht offa woh sies wosser drin hitza fer die welshhawn breea, um g'shmissa. Ow'r sie sawga ols, war aw halta dade, dade gawinna, un so wors doh. Endlich hut der welshhawna awfonga sei grafta ferlierra, un sie hut 'n gabannich'd.

So wie 'n Fegelchie uns ow'r gapifa hut om Farm Show woh die g'shlochta welshhawna worra, mus es 'n aryie tzeit gawest sei, un des da wenicher os die Malaria may hoert dafon, des da liever is es ra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die Grundsow Lodge Nummer ains on da Lechaw tzettle sin tzeitich, un soicha os ihrie noch net grick'd hen, besser halta sich on da heck odder sie maichda danava kumma.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 2:36-39

It was not only Simeon who was hoping to see the Messiah of Israel. A woman in v. 36 is mentioned as another one who was thinking and speaking of Him to those who came to the Temple 'looking for' redemption in Jerusalem. The Greek verb for Simeon's 'waiting for' in v. 25, and 'looking for' in v. 38, is the same. The name of this woman was Anna, another form of Hannah (this Hebrew name, as we learned before, means Grace). She was an aged woman, of the tribe of Aser. The Hebrew Old Testament form of Aser is Asher, one of the 12 tribes of Israel. Since there is no 'sh' sound in the Greek of the New Testament, Aser has to be written for Asher. A devout woman she was, and with Simeon indicated the existence in Israel at that time of those who believed that the time for the fulfillment of God's promises concerning the Messiah was near at hand, and they were not disappointed. Joseph, Mary, and her child return to Nazareth, where they live for 12 years until we hear about Jesus again.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A friend of ours recently moved into a new neighborhood.

"It's awful how nosey people are," she told us when we visited her the first time after she changed her address.

"They come and call on you. But the questions they ask! How they look around and inspect every bit of your furniture! They examine what you wear and seem to estimate what it costs! It's frightening to think that all they judge you by is by what you are worth."

"That's nothing compared with what is going on in Washington right now," I told her.

The nation's hostesses and society people are busy as bees right now finding out all about the new people that are going to have important jobs after January 20.

These hostesses have worked out a veritable intelligence system.

Long distance calls are made to the newcomer's home town. What is his wife like? What do they eat and drink? Are they "regular people" or stuffed shirts? Are they well mannered? Do their children go to the "right" schools?

These and a hundred other questions are asked by phone, by mail, in person and by whatever other way there is to find out about the new officeholder's social qualifications.

I told our friend her community is really no different from Washington or every community in the United States, so she cannot really blame her town folks for being that way.

I have always gotten a kick out of Lincoln's remark that all people are born equal.

Far be it from me to detract one whit from Lincoln's sagacity or has power of observation.

But all people are definitely not equal, in the sight of man as anyone can quickly find out if he tries to get into a class of society to which he does not belong. But they are equal in the sight of God.

Just the other day a minister related the case of a young couple who came to him and asked to join his church.

The husband had recently been promoted to a vice presidency in his firm.

So now, they told the minister, they had to find themselves a new country club. The one to which they belonged has as its members people of a lower degree than vice presidents.

And they also had to find a new church. Their old one was not in keeping with their new social position.

"Is that the only reason you want to join my church?" asked the minister.

They hemmed and hawed and tried to tell him that they also liked his sermons much better than those of the pastor of the other church.

But he didn't fall for that stuff. "Isn't Jesus in your old church?" he asked.

"Oh, He was there all right," said the wife. "But there were too many 'working people' in that church and, after all, her husband was an executive.

"I am sorry," replied the minister. "All I can offer you is Jesus Christ, and He was a carpenter.

"I am afraid my church won't be swanky enough for you."

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Jan. 17, 1928, a Tuesday.

Frank F. Dole, kennel editor of the New York Herald-Tribune, Monday night told members and friends of the Lehigh County Humane Society that "the cropping of ears is a cruel practice."

Local music lovers applauded a concert by the Allentown Symphony Orchestra, Lloyd A. Moll, conductor, in the high school auditorium. Soloist was John Meyers, cellist.

Owen W. Metzger was elected president of the Masonic Temple Association at a meeting Monday night in the Temple at Fulton and Linden Streets.

Horoscope

A successful year seems destined for you, one in which many of your ambitions are likely to be realized. Born today, a child should have many fine qualities.



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It has been customary to make a reduction in prices during the month of January. THIS YEAR we will REDUCE PRICES earlier than usual for the Benefit of CASH BUYERS, and shall begin to offer During the next Few Weeks
GREAT BARGAINS FOR CASH
Respectfully,
LAWFER & HARTZEL,
Opposite the Friedens-Bote

• • •

TO THE FRONT

Walbert & Henninger,
Invite the retailers of this vicinity, before purchasing elsewhere, to call at their establishment, No. 712 Chew Street
(Opposite the Liberty Engine House,)
Allentown, Pa.
and examine their immense stock of
PLAIN
and
FANCY STOCKINGS

• • •

BLACKSMITHING
JOHN J. SCHADT
has just opened a new
BLACKSMITH SHOP
on
CHURCH STREET BELOW COURT,
Allentown, Pa.
where he is prepared to do all the usual kinds of job work in his line of horse shoeing. Particular attention given to horse shoeing. D. R. Barber, one of the best fancy horse-shoers in the county, is engaged for this special business. Mill picks and stone cutter's tools sharpened and tempered in the very best style at short notice. Trying my best to accommodate my customers to satisfaction, I confidently hope for a share of business.
JOHN J. SCHADT

• • •

SCHOMAKER'S
Magnificent
GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT
PIANO-FORTES
Unsurpassed for brilliancy of tone and delicacy of touch
A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR ORNAMENT
Language fails to convey a Fair Idea of the perfectly enchanting powers of the Schomaker Piano. The workmanship is of the finest order, each instrument is perfect and fully guaranteed for FIVE YEARS.
PRICES VERY LOW
Sold on easy terms. A liberal discount for cash.
HENRY D. DESHLER
736 Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.

• • •

HOUSEKEEPERS, ATTENTION!
SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR
Opposite the Opera House
CHAIRS! CHAIRS! CHAIRS
REUBEN SIEGER
The old and well-known CHAIR MAKER in Allentown, hereby announces to the public that he has now the largest, the finest and the cheapest assortment in this city at his stand, No. 812 Hamilton St., directly opposite the Opera House. This stock consists of the following varieties—all of his own manufacture, such as: Settees of various styles and patterns, all kinds of Rocking Chairs, all kinds of Arm and Easy Chairs, chairs of various styles, Children's Chairs, &. Also, Cane Seat Chairs. All of the best make. Prices low. Inspection is invited. Cane Seat and other Chairs repaired, painted and varnished at short notice.

• • •

HAGENBUCH'S OPERA HOUSE
Tuesday Evening Only—Jan. 26
Twenty-Third Annual Tour of
Duprez & Benedict's
GIGANTIC
FAMOUS MINSTRELS
Burlesque Opera Troupe and Brass Band, Enlarged, remodeled and improved.
Composed of 28 people
Most successful, complete, powerful Troupe traveling
Recognized as the superiors of minstrelsy
Seats secured at Leisenring's Book Store
Tickets at popular prices: 50 and 35 cents

• • •

PHAON HARTMAN
Keeps on Hand at 827 Hamilton Street a full assortment of manufactured
TOBACCO and CIGARS
For Chewing, the following brands: Hard, Hard to beat, Best Turpin Navy, Fish, Fine Cut of different varieties.
For Smoking: All brands of Cigars; Golden Shower, Lone Jack, Little Joker, Durham, &. Also Snuff, Pipes, Pouches, Cigar Holders, &, in great variety, all of which he will sell at Wholesale and Retail, at the most reasonable prices. Give him a call.

• • •

TAPE WORM REMOVED ALIVE
Head and all complete in two hours. NO FEE UNTIL HEAD PASSES. Seat, pin and stomach Worms removed by D. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD NEWSPAPERS

There are few things in our lives that seem so ephemeral as the daily newspapers. They are read casually and thrown aside. They accumulate. They litter up our homes. In despair we call up the Rescue Mission. We are liberated.

And yet what other contemporary manifestation gives us a more accurate picture of our times, whether for better or for worse, than our daily newspaper? Historians, moralists, economists, advertisers and statisticians, all know the values that lie imbedded in old newspaper files.

It would be interesting to know what impression the January, 1953, issues of the Allentown Morning Call would make upon readers let us say in January, 2029 A. D.

I have before me two worn and faded numbers of the **Lehigh Valley Daily News** for Jan. 13 and for Jan. 22, 1875. It was published in Allentown. Under the title I read "The Oldest Established Daily Paper in the City." The price was 12 cents per week. Cheap indeep, but it consisted only of four pages. There were many ads and little news. But who will say that these papers are not interesting to us today? In the belief that they are, I have included in the first column of the ECK for today a number of ads from these two old papers. My older readers will find familiar family names still prominent in Allentown today; still older ones may remember some of the business houses and their locations; and our younger readers will be amused at the nature of the local news, the style in which it is presented and the naive humor of those long-ago days.

From these two old newspapers I have culled at random the following small items. Under the caption "Local Intelligence":

OLIVER KECK and Frank Diehl yesterday skated over some ice on the Lehigh, that had formed the night before where the ice cutters had taken out large quantities of the substance. The ice gave way and in they went, and were lucky to escape with only a ducking.—

THE BOARD of County Auditors are still in session at the Allentown National Bank and will continue their labors until they are completed. One thing they have already discovered, and that is that the finances of Lehigh County are as carefully and wisely administered as can be.—

HEIRLOOM DESTROYED—Last evening as the Hon. Nelson Weiser was walking down the street, in company with a valuable cane which has belonged in his family for over forty years, some one walking behind him stepped on the cane and broke it. People must have some place to put their feet, but those who wear number fifteens should be careful on dark nights and look where they plant the feet, e'en though it be upon their native bricks.—

A very large cinnamon bear attracted attention on the streets this morning by its gymnastic feats and the mountain song it sings under the leadership of its very successful trainer.—

A MOVING party had a dance at Reuben Seislove's house on Eighth Street above Liberty last night, and they danced so long that Reuben fell down. At first his friends thought he had been struck dead with apoplexy, but it was soon discovered that his helplessness was due to another cause.—

NEW SLEIGH.—Mr. John Grubb, whose residence is on Hamilton Street above Ninth, has just purchased from a coach and sleigh-maker in Bethlehem a very elegant new two-seated sleigh, which he used yesterday for the first time. The sleigh makes an exceedingly fine appearance on the street and excites the unqualified admiration of all who see it.—

SLEIGHING PARTIES.—Mr. George Snyder will this evening take a party of twenty couples from this city to Fogelsville, where a dance will be indulged in.—Fifteen couples went from this city to Pleasant Corner last evening, and today they report a jolly time.—This afternoon about fifteen persons from Salisbury left their homes in sleighs and went in company to visit the Poor House.—A sleighing party was to go from Lumbertville last evening, and the sleigh, horses, driver and party were ready. But the money to pay for the fun was not forthcoming, and the utmost exertions of the managers of the affair could not raise it. So the party did not start, because those who wanted to dance could not pay the piper.—

NO GAS.—There was no gas in the Post office at half-past six o'clock last evening, something having been out of order with the pipes or the metre. The clerks had to procure oil lamps with which to distribute the six o'clock mail, and outside the apartment containing the boxes there was no light at all.—

• • •

What did Allentonians pay for commodities in 1875? Under the caption "Allentown Price Current" we read the following:

Wheat flour per barrel	$7.00
Wheat per bushel	1.15
Corn per bushel	.70
Oats per bushel	.55
Butter per pound	.30
Ham per pound	.16
Lard per pound	.15
Tallow per pound	.08
Eggs per dozen	.30
Potatoes per bushel	.65
Dried apples per bushel	2.00
Dried peacher per bushel	4.00

BOARDERS WANTED
Having taken possession of the
PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
Corner of Seventh and Linden
Allentown, Pa.
Where he is prepared to take Boarders, and give them good board, room and lodging on reasonable terms. The place has been newly refitted.
Patronage solicited by the week, day or meal.
JACOB MICHAEL

• • •

CARPETS
in the
COUNTY PRISON
JONATHAN D. WIEAND
Begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he still has charge of the Carpet Weaving in the County Jail in addition to his own weaving.
He has always on hand a full assortment of all kinds of Ingrains and Rag Carpets, and is able to furnish all who may call with good articles at low prices. All kinds of WOOL AND CARPET YARN. Rags purchased for which the highest price will be paid.

• • •

PREPARE FOR A COLD WINTER!
Winter Campaign Now Opened!
Shoe Leather in Abundance, all bought
FOR CASH
The finest selected stock of Boots and Shoes we have ever bought; every desirable style is in our stock. Now is the time to buy your Boots and Shoes, and our store is the place.—
And we want it
DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD
that we propose to do the SHOE BUSINESS of this part of the country, and have got the stock to do it with, in quantity, quality and price, to cover the "UNDERSTANDING" of every human being for miles around.
L. D. KRAUSE
811 Hamilton Street
(Opera House Building)

• • •

LECTURE—Rev. John McNaughton of Slatington will deliver a lecture in the Court House in this city on THURSDAY EVENING, January 14th next, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the poor. His subject will be "War."

S. A. BRIDGES

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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

Mr. Truman's Humanity

The wry taste that was left in many an American mouth by President Truman's speeches made during the Presidential campaign last autumn was sweetened for many by revelation in recent days of his kindly, unsolicited and hitherto anonymous act — the recall of Major John Eisenhower from Korea to attend the ceremonies for the inauguration of his father, President Dwight David Eisenhower.

The return of the young soldier on the eve of the inauguration obviously was a pleasant surprise to his happy parents. It added another touch of Eisenhower hominess to the national scene and it was pleasing to the American people.

However there undoubtedly were some secretly invidious and carping people who may have considered the incident undue favoritism to an officer and to the son of a very important person. They may have complained that it was setting a bad example to the men in the lowly ranks who hold the trenches in the war-troubled country. It may have been thout htat, in some way or other, General Eisenhower even before he became the commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States, had exercised his incipient power to bring his only boy back home for the hour of great glory in the Eisenhower family.

But Mr. Truman, in honorable fashion, has disposed of any such invidious ideas and conclusions. In revealing his own exclusive part in the 15-day furlough for young Major Eisenhower he likewise revealed his humanity.

It became known thru a variety of incidents both pleasant and unpleasant during recent years that President Truman was extravagantly fond of his only child, the loveable Margaret Truman. It required no great amount of imagination on his part to conclude that there must be similar affection in the heart of General Eisenhower for his only son and child, Major Eisenhower. Applying the Golden Rule to his own thinking and action President Truman must have decided that, were he in General Eisenhower's place on the day that he formally became President of the United States, his greatest joy would be to have his son a witness to the ceremonies and a participant in the round of functions incident to the change in government. Therefore he exercised his supreme power as commander-in-chief to order Major Eisenhower home and to issue the order without the slightest publicity. President-elect Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower, Major Eisenhower and his wife and the American public got no more information than the fact that the young man suddenly had been flown out of Korea.

A lot of people will forgive former President Truman for a lot of things, both real and imagined, which they may have been holding against him by reason of just one, comparatively small and simple bit of evidence of his humanity and paternal spirit.

Service Above the Dollar

Placing the opportunity for and the challenge to public service high above the dollar, Charles Erwin Wilson, former president of General Motors, has announced decision to dispose of his holdings in the company in order that he can qualify under the law for the important cabinet post, Secretary of Defense.

A vast number of people must have believed that when the issue was brought up Mr. Wilson would choose to retain his several million dollars worth of General Motors stock and continue to draw the fabulous salary and dividends which the world's greatest corporation has been paying him. They judged without understanding the manner of man that a real American always proves himself to be.

Mr. Wilson has indicated he is ready to make the financial sacrifice which will be involved in sale of a great block of stock and payment of more than a million dollars to the United States in capital gains tax. He will also quit the top of the General Motors payroll which will mean more than half a million a year.

As Secretary of Defense he will receive $22,500 per year, or not enough by far to live in Washington according to the importance and dignity of his position, let alone entertain in the fashion to which he has become accustomed during the years. Almost certainly he will entertain with greater frequency and lavishness than was his wont as a captian of industry.

There is splendid illustration here of another phase of the often maligned American spirit — the willingness to place public service higher than monetary rewards. It is the spirit that is possessed not merely by many in the highest income groups but by that entire grouping of the better citizens in every community. It is these better citizens who do and give more than just their share, who think nothing of time and energy expended for any and all worth-while enterprises in their community. They seek no honors or rewards of any sort from the people and the institutions whom they serve.

You'll never get any one who is saturated with or even tinged by the envious, bitter and narrow ideas of Karl Marx and his commentators and followers to admit this truth of matters in the United States. But the living examples are all around in any and all of our communities. The national example set by Mr. Wilson should prompt Americans to survey their local scene where they will find abundance of similar examples in every economic category.

Violence Wrong Approach

Rioting at Rockview Penitentiary has ceased, following earlier complete capitulation by disorderly prisoners in the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh, and peace seems to be reigning once more in that difficult world where men languish behind iron bars and stone walls.

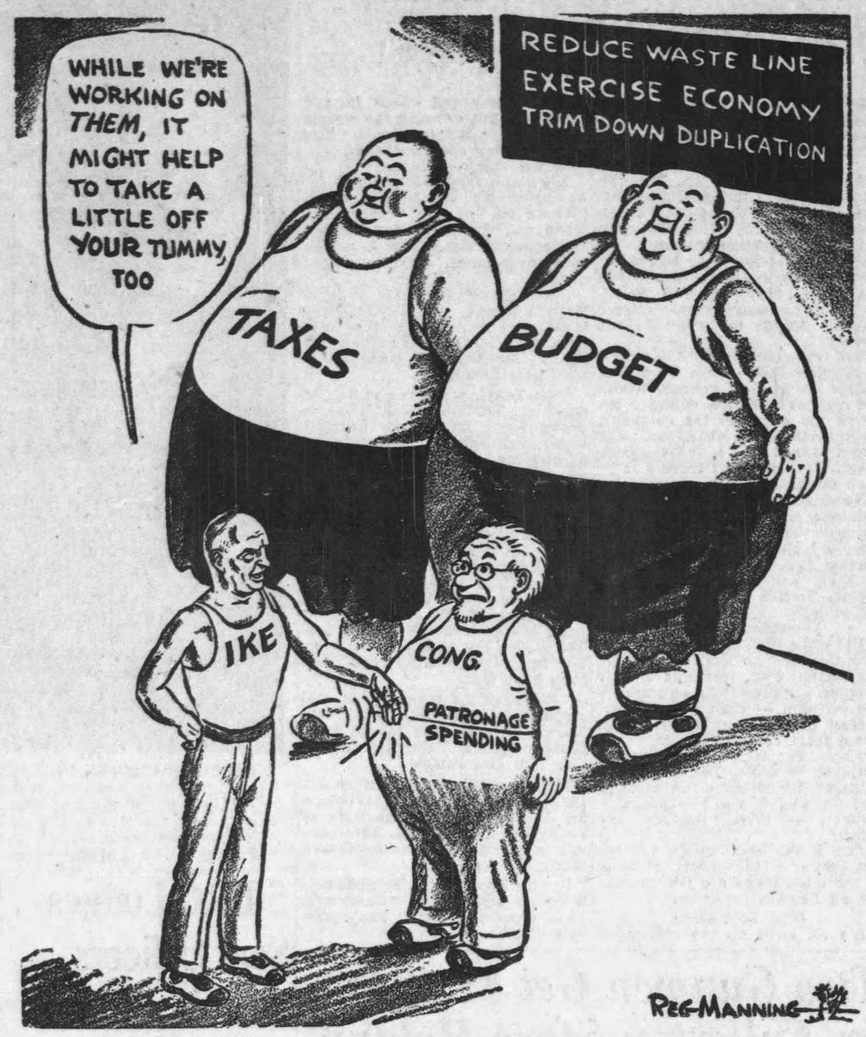
Like their brethren in every other prison men become weary of the deadly monotony of prison life. Like their brethren they have both real and imagined grievances. The real ones are the almost inevitable concomitants of life in prison. To change them would be to coddle wrong-doers and to make a prison sentence a holiday and not a period for penance.

Where there is reasonable approach in presentation of grievances there often can be partial remedy. But the approach in the two latest uprisings in this state, as well as in other states, has been violent.

Governor Fine very properly refused to permit the State to be cowed. He demanded unconditional surrender. He let it be known that the State was ready to enforce his demands with a force mightier by far than anything a few dozen prisoners, even if armed with a half dozen guns and some tear-gas bombs, could muster.

Of course men do not like prison and the deprivation of freedom, comforts and the satisfaction of normal human appetites and desires. But society, which they have offended, cannot and will not surround them with a country - club recreationa life and all the comforts of home.

Ike's Reducing Academy



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The course of events waits upon neither presidential elections nor inaugurations. The Russians have again seized the initiative in international relations, stirring up troubles for the United States, almost on the very day that President Eisenhower took office. It is characteristic of their maudlin hatred for their benefactor, the United States, that they are today not only conducting a campaign of violence against us in Europe and Asia, but that they should be teasing the new administration into an immediate declaration of policy.

The Eisenhower administration would have preferred to devote its early months, a period that is often called a honeymoon for a new President, to important domestic problems, to the reorganization and streamlining of the executive branch of the government; to adjustments and amendments to the Taft-Hartley law; to a study and a correction of the inflationary economy of the Truman administration; to a consideration of the problem of restoration of sound money; to to a reanalysis of the immigration law; to a rectification of the relations between the federal government and the states. All these and other matters require considerable legislative action.

These are but a few items on the agenda which need urgent congressional and executive action after 20 years of the New Deal and the Fair Deal. A large number of "emergency" measures, adopted to solve some particular problem in a period of a falling economy, have been continued permanently and have established a creeping socialism that has burdened our people with high and inequitable taxation.

In the present mood of our people, the new administration is expected to approach these problems with a new look and a new answer. Eisenhower's Cabinet has been greeted with a marked degree of approval because it introduces a different type of personality into government from what we have witnessed during the past 20 years.

Stalin Wants Chaos

But across it all, like a deepening shadow, is the figure of Stalin, who wants not war but chaos; whose policy it is to keep our government preoccupied with international relations and the preparation for war. The permanent Russian policy is the destruction of the United States without a shooting war.

In every country on earth, Stalin is now conducting a violent anti-American campaign which is producing a fear psychology that undoes the constructive work that has been accomplished since the end of World War II. This fear psychology develops a political response in "neutralism," in the desire of peoples in nearly all countries, including our closest allies, to establish international relations that will not require them to choose between the United States and Soviet Russia. Stalin's immediate objective is to leave us without allies or even friends. His ultimate objective is to destroy the American economy.

Thus far, the Russian has been successful in many phases of this program. Neutralism is growing rapidly. At the recent conference of Socialists in Rangoon, at which many important persons were present from countries which we have aided, opinion was favorable for a "third force."

In these days, ambiguous terms are employed by statesmen to fool the people. What do they mean by a "third force?" It is a phrase that has been milling around for along time and means, in effect, neutrality between the United States and Soviet Russia. But it means something more than that. It means opposition to both capitalism and socialism, to the American way of life and to the Russian way of life. Americans have to recognize the "third force" concept as anti-American.

Administration Problem

This is the picture that President Eisenhower faces and it is not too seemly. It involves him in the mazes of international relations which keep our taxes high and our money unstable. It gives him no freedom to reconstruct the federal government, which has fallen into the habit of solving all public questions by socialistic devices that give the impression of great activity on behalf of the people and end in limiting the opportunities of the people by taxing away their earnings.

The immediate task is to take the initiative away from Stalin. He gained it at Teheran in 1943 and has held it since then. Neither Roosevelt nor Truman nor their secretaries of state found any means to wrest the initiative from the Russian. If Eisenhower and Dulles can do that, they will have strengthened this country beyond anything else they could do.

(Copyright, 1953)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There were two important last pieces of news out of Truman's Washington.

The Agriculture Department ordered that the holes in Swiss cheese must be made smaller.

In Grade "A" cheese the holes must be reduced from three quarters of an inch to half an inch. Corresponding reductions were ordered for the "eyes" in the other four grades.

Hereafter there will be only four grades of Swiss cheese instead of six. No reason was given for the action.

I mention this particular order to refute the statement made by some people that our government, under the Truman administration was inactive.

I assure you that the preparation and enactment of this cheese order must have taken months of work and the full time of many dozens of government employes.

Let me now go to the second piece of news out of Washington.

Sen. Olin D. Johnston, (D.-S.C.) returned from a visit to Europe and North Africa.

He told reporters that more than 250,000 people are employed by the U. S. government over there. More than half of them have nothing to do except to duplicate each other's non-activities.

These people are all civilian employes, mind you, and have nothing to do with the military establishment.

Sen. Johnston is chairman of the Senate Civil Service Committee and had several of the other members along with him.

They were astonished — and infuriated — at the luxury in which our employes lived over there.

Many government workers lived in expensive apartments or houses with three or four domestic employes, including maids, cook and butler.

Even average stenographers make $6,000 a year and have their own personal maids.

A number of American officials have their European girl friends on the payroll as stenographers clerks or secretaries. When they go on "official" trips from country to country, they take those girl friends along at government expense. (This means, of course, at your and my expense.)

In addition to their regular salaries, government employes abroad collect "cost - of - living" allowances amounting to from 10 per cent to 25 per cent of their salaries, plus living quarter allowances ranging from $1,500 to $3,000 a year.

Sen. Johnston reported that not one single employee he interviewed expressed any desire to return to the United States, but all showed delight at their good fortune to be permitted to live in countries where there is no regulation as to the size of the holes in Swiss cheese.

I don't blame that fellow in Richmond, Va., for getting so mad at himself that he threatened to punch himself in the nose

After a New Year's hangover he went to the mirror, looked at himself and said, "You bum! I'm going to let you have it."

Then he swung at his image and hit himself square — in the fist.

Several stitches were taken at the hospital and he was booked for disorderly conduct.

In the meantime, those $6.000 stenographers in Europe were having a high old time with their bosses.

Welcome, President Eisenhower!

(Copyright, 1953)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 3:7-11

John the Baptist evidently realized that the 'sins of society' at all levels were gradually but surely leading his nation to destruction, designated as 'the wrath to come', v. 7, which actually received its primary fulfillment on a more universal scale in the end-time. People were impressed with the positive and serious tone of John's message, so that groups of people asked him the question: What shall we do then?, v. 10 as in Acts 2:37 and 16:30;. He answers their question, v. 11, after he had warned them not 'to harp on the old boast', that they were children of Abraham, v. 8. The prophets had warned them that privileges without duties were no protection. Faith in God, and the expression of it in good works in a very practical way were necessary. 'He that hath two coats or tunics should give one to him who is too poor to own one'. Paul so taught; James also in 2:15-17, and John in 1 John 3:17, they having learned this spirit from Christ. The word 'meat' in v. 11, in the language of the King James Bible, means 'food'.

Form crumbs of the butter, sugar, flour and nutmeg, by rubbing mixture through the hands. Line a 9-inch pie tin with pastry and place crumbs in the bottom of the pan. Pour the molasses over the crumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. for about 35 minutes.

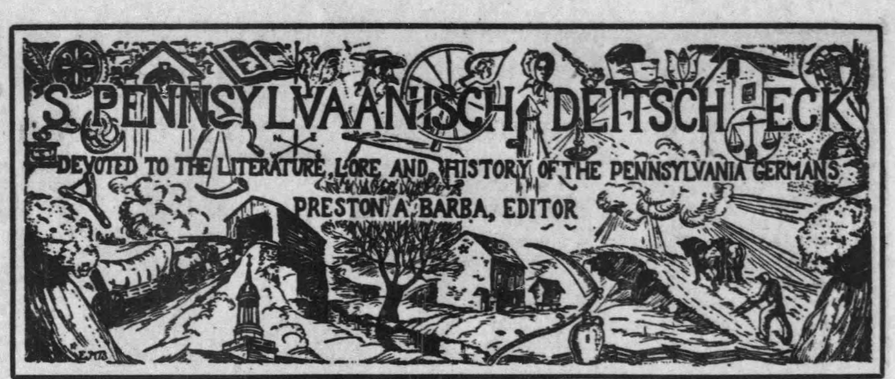
Shoofly Pie IV

This was the favorite recipe of Milton S. Hershey, "the chocolate king," who was a Pennsylvania German born and bred.

5 cups sifted flour
2 cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1½ cups boiling water
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon baking soda
Pinch of salt
3 recipes Basic Pastry (see Cookbook Index)

Combine the flour and brown sugar into a crumbly mixture. Mix together the butter, water, molasses, soda and salt until thoroughly blended. Line 6 9-inch tins with pastry. Place a layer of liquid mixture in each pastry shell, then a layer of crumbs, until pastry shells are filled. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 45 minutes. Makes 6 pies.

For further details see PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY. A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. BARBA, Schlechters, Publishers, Allentown, Pa.



DER BLO BERG

This idyllic poem about the Blue Mountains appeared anonymously in that rare little book, Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale, Allentown, Pa., 1880-86.

O, Bloer Berg! O, Bloer Berg!
Ich gleich dich arg, du alter Berg;
Ich gleich dich allegebot zu seh,
For schur, du bist gar ewig schee.

Wann morgets ich vum Bett steh uf,
Guck ich for's erst hie zu dir nuf;
Sell is schier alsfort so mei Weg,
Eb owets ich mich anne leg.

Guckt morgets hie, wie schee is sell!
Sehnt, wie sei Top is klor un hell!
Doch drunne tief, im ganze Dal,
Leit noch der Schatte iwerall.

Guckt noch mol hie: Nau runner schleicht
Die Sunn, mit Fusz gar weech, gar leicht;
Sie macht kee Laerm, sie nix verschreckt,
Doch hot sie alles ufgeweckt.

Die Buwe fittre schun das Vieh,
Die Maed gehn melke schun die Kieh;
Der Schmok steight hoch zum Schornschtee raus,
Die Fraa macht Breckfest schun im Haus.

Ihr Leit, is sell net wunnerbar?
Die Sanftmut rult, meent mer schier gar;
Sie hot's am End wie's ihr gefellt,
Werd rule mol die ganze Welt.

Blo Berg, en gwaltig Macht bist du,
En Pauer vun unstoerbarer Ruh;
's mag dowe um dich, wie es will,
Hockst du do ruhig, grend un still.

Horch! horch! wie wild der Stormwind braust,
Wie ferchterlich 's Gewitter haust!
Es siemt, es waer en bsonders Werk
Dich zu verstoere, alter Berg.

Du gebst nix drum. Der Wind verweht;
Dunner un Blitz voriwergeht;
Die Luft spielt froehlich um dich her;
Bist frischer als du warst—nix mehr.

Wenn ich dich so bestoermet seh,
Denk ich glei an mei alte Gmee,
Mei liewe Kerch, die Stormumweht,
Umdunnert un umblitzt do steht.

Die Freind der Kerch, sie dowe laut,
Un kreische, sie waer letz gebaut;
Seh'n Fehler do, seh'n Fehler hie,
Un moechte gern verstoere sie.

's bat nix! Die Kerch steht ewig fast;
Ken Storm kann stoere ihre Rast;
Wie du, Blo Berg, so bleibt sie steh,
Bis mol des Erdreich werd vergeh.

Dann nemmt sie Christus zu sich nuf
Un setzt die Siegeskron ihr uf;
Dann fuehrt er sie zur ew'gen Ruh,
Wo ihr ken Feind kann Schade duh.

Blo Berg, oft aa verwunner ich mich,
Wie zierlich du duhst kleede dich;
Ken Maedel uf der ganze Welt
Is mit so scheene Kleeder bstellt.

Dei Bonnet is en wahre Lust
Un deckt dei Kop ken paar Zoll just;
En Wolk, em Owetrot sei Glanz,
Bedeckt ihn recht, bedeckt ihn ganz.

Vum Fruehjohr frueh, zum Spotjohr spot,
An scheene Bluemcher host kee Not;
Un Trauwerank umfranzle dich,
Dei Rocks un Beem, gar zimperlich.

Im Fruehjohr host en neues Kleed
Vum zartste Grueh, en Aageweed;
Im Summer aa so; doch mer meent
's waer eppes vun der Sunn verbrennt.

Derno im Spotjohr, o, wie schee,
Wie praechtig bist du anzuseh!
Dann is in bunster Farwepracht
Dei Kleed vun Kop zu Fusz gemacht.

Zur Winterszeit dress'st du dich weisz,
Glitzerst alsmol mit Perle-Eis;
Doch sell werd mir gar bald verleed;
Gleich besser dich im Summer-Kleed.

Gut bei, Blo Berg! Doch nee, ich geh
Nie fort vun dir nach Eiowe;
Aa nirgets sunst. Do, do bleib ich,
Wu ich kann alsfort sehne dich.

Gedicht in pennsylvanisch deutscher Mundart von einem hiesigen Buschpfarrer.

Who was the country parson who expressed so charmingly his devotion to the Blue Mountains?

SHOOFLY PIE

This, one of the triumphs of the Pennsylvania German kitchen and unknown elsewhere, is in reality not a pie, but a cake baked in a pastry shell. The connotation of the word "shoofly" is not clear. It has been suggested that it is a corruption of the French choufleur, cauliflower, since the texture of its crumb-besprinkled surface resembles a head of cauliflower. Since the Palatinate borders on France and other French words have crept into our dialect, this explanation were plausible enough if the shoofly pie were known there. Perhaps the philologist will detect in it a distorted form of the dialect word Schubel, diminutive Schubli or Schufli, signifying a small part of a larger whole, here the surface crumbs commonly scattered over the surface of other German coffee cakes. It is called by various names in different parts of Pennsylvania, such as shoofly cake, molasses crum pie, molasses crumb cake, molasses shoofly pie and molasses pie, to name a few.

More important than the name is the baking. There are several schools of thought when it comes to baking shoofly pie. Some Hausfraas insist that the finished product should come from the oven with a distinctly damp zone at the bottom, which appeals particularly to the male members of the family; others claim that it should be dry and cakelike throughout. Some cooks put the liquid portion in the pie shell first, with the crumbs sprinkled evenly on top; others fill in the crumbs and pour the liquid over them; still others fill the pie shell with alternative layers of liquid and crumbs. There are numbers of recipes, each differing slightly. The four recipes given below will illustrate the various methods of procedure.—P.A.B.

Shoofly Pie I

¾ cup flour
½ cup sugar
¼ tablespoon butter
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup molasses
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 unbaked pastry shell

Mix together with the hands the flour, sugar and butter. Mix well until a crumbly mixture is formed. Combine the water, molasses and baking soda. Beat until foamy. Pour into unbaked pastry shell and add crumbly mixture, stirring well. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F. for about 30 to 35 minutes.

Shoofly Pie II

2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon baking soda
1½ cups hot coffee
2 cups brown sugar
½ recipe Basic Pastry (see cookbook index)
1½ cups flour
2 tablespoons butter
Pinch of salt

Combine the eggs and molasses and add the soda which has been dissolved in the coffee. Add 1 cup of the brown sugar. Line a 9-inch pie tin with pastry and pour in the mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs made by rubbing together with the hands the flour, butter, salt and remaining brown sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F. for about 45 minutes.

Shoofly Pie III

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar (scant)
1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ recipe Basic Pastry
2 tablespoons molasses

BOOK REVIEW

BLUE HILLS AND SHOOFLY PIE in Pennsylvania Dutchland. By Ann Hark. Drawings by Oliver Grimley. 284 pp. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1952.—$3.75.

National consciousness of regional values in art and literature was only slowly directed to eastern Pennsylvania in the early years of the 20th century. But such consciousness grew steadily and was followed by a veritable inundation of magazine articles and books setting forth the ways of life of the Pennsylvania Germans, popularly known as the Pennsylvania Dutch. The years of the Thirties and



Forties witnessed an all-time high of such publications. Some of them were plainly the efforts of writers eager to ride into commercial harbors on the high tide of subject popularity. Their works illuminated the horizon for a short moment and then again vanished into obscurity, as for example, E. V. Mitchell's Its an Old Pennsylvania Custom, numerous pamphlets on folklore and arts and crafts, and beautifully illustrated juveniles.

The more serious works devoted to the history, lore and literature of our people had little sales value and found a secure but hidden resting place in the non-commercial publications of the Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. The general public, if aware of them at all, found them both profound and tedious.

Once in a while such works were wakened from their slumbers by the magic wand of the novelist or the writer who understood the art of synthesizing the parts into an entertaining and readable whole. Among works that offered a more substantial presentation for the general reading public were Cornelius Weygandt's The Red Hills and The Dutch Country, Elsie Singmaster's novels, A High Wind Rising and I Heard of a River, Mildred Jordan's One Red Rose Forever, Ann Hark's Hex Marks the Spot and Frederic Klees' The Pennsylvania Dutch.

A recent publication to be added to this latter list is Ann Hark's Blue Hills and Shoofly Pie. Published at a time when there has been a general letup in this field, Lippincotts, who also published Ann Hark's Hex Marks the Spot, must have felt sufficiently assured that the significance of subject matter and treatment warranted publication.

Although the author does not consider herself a Pennsylvania German, she comes very nearly qualifying for that honor. Her interest in the people of eastern Pennsylvania is hers by rightful heritage. Ann Hark was born in Lancaster, Pa., the daughter of the pastor of the Moravian Church there. Her father, the Rev. Max Hark, later became the President of the Moravian Seminary at Bethlehem, the first boarding school for girls in the American Colonies. He took an active and scholarly interest in the Pennsylvania Germans in whose midst he lived, wrote numerous historical articles, translated the Chronicon Ephratense, that notable chronicle of life at Ephrata, from the German into English and added a number of fine poems to our dialect literature. Ann Hark grew up in the fine Moravian atmosphere of Bethlehem.

Blue Hills and Shoefly Pie is a hearty book, radiant with warmth and enthusiasm — an intimate book, at times, if anything, too personal and lyrical. We accompany the author and her chauffeur on her many visits, covering thousands of miles, in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania. Like many others who have written in a popular vein, she stresses the life and customs of "the plain people," among whom she has many devoted friends. Surely they must be delighted with the sympathetic and understanding treatment they have received at her hands. Of them she writes, "Without a doubt they were the kindliest, most generous and straightforward folk I'd ever had the great good luck to meet." No doubt quite true, but one wonders what the charactristics are of the rest of the 500,000 Pennsylvania Germans, of whom the Arish and the Mennonites are but a small number. We admit that their picturesque garb and quaint manner of life make a greater appeal to writers than that large body of Pennsylvania Germans, who are members of the Lutheran, Evangelical and Reformed, Moravian and Methodist Churches, and who have long ago been absorbed in our national culture. Unfortunately their history and their contributions to our American life are less transmutable in the alembic of literary art. Occasionally, however, the author ventures beyond the immediate realm of the Amish and Mennonite folk to include narratives of historical subjects omitted in her earlier work: the Kentucky rifle, "The Gun That Won the Revolution"; Christopher Ludwig, "The Baker-General of the Continental Army;" and Mountain Mary, the hermitess who left the seclusion of her Oley Hills to nurse our wounded Revolutionary soldiers.

In her chatty and informal style the author presents the activities of "the plain people" through the annual round of the months and the seasons, beginning with July and ending with June. These activities are naturally not of equal interest. The author treats with special fervor October, the apple-butter month, November, the Amish wedding month and the Christmas season in Bethlehem. Recurring themes, now rather worn and familiar, are the Gargantuan appetites of the Pennsylvania Germans and their many superstitions. As the readers may surmise from the title she has scattered throughout the book some recipes illustrative of our unusual cookery. It is a field in which she is at home, but at the end of the book we find Ann Hark still searching for a solution of the enigma of the barn signs and for the Erdspiegel, that magic mirror with which hidden treasures are revealed. We like to think that, unknown to her, she has all this time herself possessed an Erdspiegel of her own with which she has found hidden treasures among the people whom she loves.

Nothing in this very readable book is finer than the author's own introductory verses:

So blue my hills, so misty blue,
So tender sweet the skies above,
So old my hills, so ever new,
So rich with life this land I love.

Here on its warm breast let me lie,
By hex-starred barns and ancient mills,
Where distant heaven bends close by—
Here in my everlasting hills!

—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IM MARRICK FER 'N HUTE: Won aenich ebber rum is os 'n hute odder paar iwwerich hut, die Annie Backenstose fon Macungie is om gucka fer ainer. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hut shun gons Macungie, Emmas, Topton un Kutztown ous g'such'd un kon yusht kenner finna os sie recht boss'd. Sie wor evens noch Nei Yarrick un is darta aw tzurick kumma mit ous aim, un is ols noch om sucha grawd wie dafor.

Niemond wil ow'r recht wissa ferwos os es die Annie so long nembt fer 'n hute griega—dale maina sie dade die neia mushderra net gleicha, un onnerra, sie het 'n fier eckicher kup un sel dade feruhrsocha fer wos sie sich noch naryads suita het kenna. So long os der grubschmidt Harry Olbrecht in bisnis wor, wor gore ken druvel fer heet griega os gabos'd hen —der Harry hut sie tzu arder gamocht.

Sis uns noh ei kumma 's maich'd ferleicht sei os leit alta heet hetta os sie nimmy wotta —dale hen die garret fol hanka, un woh dabei sei maichda os die Annie bossa dada. Wons aw heet sin paar yohr alt, 'n bond shlipchie odder tzwae, paar shtrise blumma, un etlicha farvicha fedderer, un aenicher alter hute guck'd widder wil nei. Wos noch mainer is, so heet kent die Annie noh grawd ihr'm kup noh dricka, un won sie net recht glicka dada wear nix ferlora.

SHNELL OB GONGA: Fon ol da leit os os m'r wissa os noch Florida worra, glawwa m'r net os sich ebber shneller p'sunna hut fer gae, wie der Sterling Zimmerman un sei Florence fon Werleys Korner, un der painter Arthur Kehm un sei Meda fon Siegersville. 'S wor Grishdawg owet noch 'm Grishdfesht os es Arthurs' ob g'shtopt hen ons Zimmermans' wertshous. So im gablauder is noh ebbes g'sawt werra waeich noch Florida gae, un der Sterling — dubblemisich wie er ewwa is, hut so droashdmeedich g'sawt, er un die Florence dada da nagshda morya ferlossa fers warm lond.

Bis darta hee hut niemond fon na gadenk'd kot fer gae, ow'r der Arthur hut grawd g'sawt sel wear 'n blotz os er aw shun gaglicha het tzu sehna—un hut die Meda g'frok'd eb sie mit gang'd. Wie sie g'sawt hut sie dade, is der Sterling nei in dei onner shtub woh die Florence k'huck'd hut so halver im shlofe, un hut gawunnert wos sie denka dade fer da nagshda morya noch Florida gae. Sie wor aw grawd ready, un ihr maiga 's glawwa odder net, da nagshda morya om 10 uhr hen sie ferlossa, un worra in Miami bis Somshdawg owets uhra siva. Won sel net shnell gonga is, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S wor shier so'n aryer uf ruhr in Miami wie der Sterling shwimma gonga is un die leit hen gamaint der sae dade iwwer lawfa, wies aw wor in Georgie wie sie gamaint hen 's darft yaders yusht ae buddle keffer bree drinka, un der Sterling un der Arthur hen shun yaders sex odder siva buddla tzu sich g'shoft kotta.

Die Forence woh net yusht hame wae kot hut fer die glae Gloria un der Kennie, ow'r aw ongsht kotta hut 's gelt maich'd net ous longa, is shnell gute werra wie sie k'hoert hut wos die keffer kosh'd in Georgie.

So wie der Sterling secht, hut die Florence aw blenty urhsoch kotta fer onsght tzu howwa waeich 'm shpondulix — der Sterling shtaid druf, sie hetta g'shar gawesha in Chambersbarrick uf'm hame waig, fer ihra ledshdie eems essa batzawla.

Tzu wissa os der Sterling die socha g'sawt hut, is ow'r ol os m'r wissa brouch, tzu wissa os die socha net nagshd so shlim worra wie die Florence gamaint hut os sie weara—wil wetta os sie rum draya het hetta kenna in Chambersbarrick, un die gons trip iwwer mocha mit ous denka on g'shar wesha.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Jan. 24, 1928, a Tuesday.

Interest in aviation caused by the visit to Allentown of Clarence D. Chamberlin, holder of aviators' long distance record, brought about the organization of the "Chamberlin Aerial Club of the Lehigh Valley," which hoped for the establishment of an airport in this city.

Upwards of 300 members attended the fifth annual banquet of New Temple Lodge 720, F. and A.M., known in Allentown lodge circles as the "baby blue lodge."

Lehigh County commissioners, in discussing the proposed 1928 budget, agreed the tax rate must be raised from 3 mills to four mills. $175,000 for maintenance of the county poor district was included in the fund.

Horoscope

Do not take misfortunes too seriously; but use them to avoid future mistakes. Your fortunes should revive rapidly. Born today a child is likely to be exceptionally fortunate.

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Editorials

Jobs for Big Names

Almost daily reports of offers by big business to ex-President Truman support the expectation since Mr. Truman went out of office that he would not long be idle or, at least, would not be long without the regular arrival of a paycheck.

American business, which has many elements that can afford the luxury of association with a big name and can derive value purely from the jointure of its own name with that of the celebrity, could have been expected to do some strong bidding for the services of the spunky and often fiery former chief executive. So it is likely that he will become employed at some fabulous sum for a period over which his influence can be expected to be beneficial.

Decision to capitalize upon national fame was not so long delayed in the case of former Vice President Alben W. Barkley. That colorful figure, who came to be known as the "Veep," will become a television commentator. Furthermore the title he gained as an official will be permitted to cling to him even tho he has moved out of the office whose initials lent themselves easily to the formation of the nickname. Vice President Nixon who has succeeded Mr. Barkley already has disavowed the title. He has indicated his desire that it continue to be associated with the man who made it famous.

The likelihood is that Mr. Truman also will turn up in some public communications job where his uninhibited reactions to a great many persons and ideas can become highly interesting even if not always quite so safe and free from impunity as when he was President.

Business will do for them what many persons have urged Congress to do, namely provide jobs with substantial salary for outgoing presidents and vice presidents. The idea has been that their experience and knowledge should continue to be available to the Government even tho their powers to act have come to an end.

As representatives of business both Mr. Truman and Mr. Barkley can be of national benefit if their attitude be that of constructive statesmanship instead of partisanship.

Motoring's Deadlines

Today is that annual double deadline on which all 1952 drivers' licenses expire and on which the right to drive upon the highways with 1952-53 semi-annual inspection stickers comes to an end. It is self-evident that drivers without 1953 licenses must remain away from the wheel until Harrisburg has sent them a new card. Likewise it is self-evident that unless a motor car has one of the new inspection stickers upon its windshield it should not be moved a foot until it has been put into condition, has been examined and has been found fit and safe to drive upon the public highways.

It is important for motorists to know that the Bureau of Motor Vehicles has made no extension of time in either of these matters. It has been indicated several times that extensions are uncalled for inasmuch as inspection stickers could have been secured at any time during the past three months while drivers' licenses have been procurable during the last two months. It also is true that this year weather has been open and has not interfered with motor traffic. Everything has favored early and prompt inspection. Extensions of time merely put a premium upon laziness and carelessness. They do not benefit even those who may clamor for them in their self-imposed difficulties.

Newspapers Go Right On

Because the televising of the inauguration of President Eisenhower was witnessed by a record number of the American people the impression may have been gained in some circles that newspaper circulation fell off.

The marvellous truth of the matter is that after millions of people had sat before their screens for hours to see and hear the story of the inauguration, they went out into the streets and bought tremendous numbers of newspapers — in some cities amounts nearing sales that resulted from startling news.

Only a week after the inauguration the survey was made in all the great cities where street sales make up the bulk of circulation. Cities like Allentown and Bethlehem, and towns like Emmaus and Northampton, did not enter into the surveys because in communities like ours just about everybody has a paper delivered to his door. Street sales, except for the most unexpected and most sensational events, therefore are modest and fairly steady in number.

Almost without exception the survey showed that special editions which were brought out to the street corners from about noon until 3 p.m. had small sale. But special editions that came out in the late afternoon and early evening sold like the proverbial hotcakes. And when the final count was made it was demonstrated beyond any measure of doubt that, while the people saw the inauguration ceremonies by television, they supplemented the information thus gained by reading newspapers.

It has been one of the odd phenomena of our day that every advance in communication has been accepted by the prophets of doom as replacement of the daily newspaper. Yet every such advance has been accompanied by increase in newspaper sales far out of proportion to population increase. The American people are wedded to their daily newspapers and neither radio nor television has been able to step in as a glamorous third party to effect a divorcement.

Will Hitler Also Turn Up?

Ever since 1945 there is periodic revival in some part of the world of the rumor that Adolf Hitler did not die in the Chancellery in Berlin during the final days of the war but managed to make escape to some foreign haven.

Almost all the stories have sought through various circumstantial and other alleged testimony to convey the belief that Hitler, probably accompanied by Eva Braun, effected escape through or over the Russian cordon, took a submarine at some Baltic port and headed for South America or Antarctica.

Two of the submarines which might have effected such an escape to South America have had their stories told fairly well and conclusively in recent months. Neither seems to have had any association with the Fuehrer and his party, supposed to have included Martin Bormann, Goebbels and Werner Naumann, who was State Secretary in Goebbels' propaganda ministry.

But a recent episode suggests that if Hitler be alive, he may have hidden himself securely somewhere in Germany. This suspicion has developed during recent days and follows the arrest last week of Naumann in West Germany, along with six other veteran Nazis who behaved obnoxiously toward the West German republic.

It was startling to the authorities that in making the arrests one of the men closest to Hitler, a man believed to have been dead more than seven years, suddenly was revealed to be very much alive and still an insolent and dangerous Nazi.

After all the body of Hitler never was found. Neither has any trace of it been accounted for. The history of his last days has never been told in a way that could be corroborated.

Since Naumann is alive, it is possible that Hitler and Bormann also are concealed somewhere in the vast country where almost any German would have felt highly honored to be permitted to hide and then guard them and their whereabouts.

Wait a Bit, Harry!

Harry has done it again! Mixed the sudden and superlative faux pas with the often equally unexpected right moves. After contributing his share to the smoothest transfer of power in American history — even adding a touch or two, such as deferring the Van Fleet replacement — and after deporting himself as an ex-President should all the way home to Independence, Harry Truman opines publicly that he doubts the factual basis for one of his own administration's (and his successor's) major policies.

He says he doubts the Russians have yet produced an atomic bomb!

Now, Mr. Truman's intuitions could be nearer correct than all the "intelligence" gathered and evaluated by the agencies once under his direction. But he himself sponsored a whole national policy based on the assumption that this evaluation must be presumed correct. President Eisenhower is proceeding on the same assumption.

An ex-President is entitled to private opinions, of course. But just ten days out of office, he simply can't proclaim them if they create confusion on so important a matter.—Christian Science Monitor.

Gone, But Not Forgotten!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

John Foster Dulles, the new secretary of state, is going to Europe not a moment too soon.

For the tragic fact is that, despite the sugar-coating of high-sounding diplomatic phraseology in recent months about allied solidarity, there is no effective alliance in existence today as between the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany.

All the talk about the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and its growing pains, and all the discussion about the European Defense Community do not erase the sad truth that the European allies give the impression they really intend to go their "separate ways," precisely as Mr. Dulles phrased it in his warning speech last Tuesday.

The failure of the European defense pact to be ratified and the failure of Britain and the United States to see eye-to-eye on Far Eastern policy have resulted in such a breakdown among the allies themselves that the secretary of state is setting off for Europe even before he has a chance to organize his own personnel situation in the Department of State. For he knows that the problems abroad are critical.

Administration Change

What the Europeans, and particularly the British, don't seem to understand is that there really has been a change of administration here. Even some Washington observers who are thoroughly imbued with the policies of stagnation of the previous administration do not understand what has happened, and they look askance at the Dulles' speech of last Tuesday and ask for a blueprint to tell them in detail how a "cold war" can be won. They still echo the artificially stimulated fears of European foreign offices that a "war of liberation" to help the peoples under the Russian yoke in the statellite countries or a bigger propaganda drive are about the only instrumentalities left for the Eisenhower-Dulles administration to follow.

But the situation really stands our clearly. Stalin, like Hitler, sees the free world broken up instead of firmly allied in the "cold war." The so-called alliance in the free world, whether it be through NATO or the special pacts for a European defense army, isn't worth the paper it is written on today. Until a new and stronger alliance is built, Stalin will continue to win in the "cold war." There is no use thinking of applying moral force to persuade allies behind the Iron Curtain when moral force isn't having the slightest effect on this side of the Iron Curtain among the free peoples supposedly bound together by an alliance.

Some idea of the weakness of the alliance of the free nations can be gained by looking at the behavior of Britain and other countries in still sending strategic materials to the countries behind the Iron Curtain at a time when American boys are being killed and wounded by Communist-supplied armies in Korea. To Britain, the affair in Korea apparently is a matter of "collective security" in theory only. It doesn't seem to apply to sacrifices of pounds sterling for its merchants and traders.

No better illustration of this sentiment could be given than is to be found in the remarkably frank article in the Saturday Evening Post's Jan. 24 issue by E. L. Hauser, who writes from London as follows:

"Moral scruples? This fall, when a London purchasing agent for the Peking government (Red China) sent form letters to over 1,000 British firms asking whether they would like to be in on the China business, only nine replied they did not favor the idea. And at a social gathering of Britain's most prominent motorcar manufacturers the other night, a wistful chorus could be heard: 'The China market! The tractors and the trucks we could sell!' The implication was all too obvious: 'If only Uncle Sam would let us!'"

British Aid Reds

On top of this comes the British Board of Trade Survey the other day which shows that Britain exported $140 million worth of rubber and other goods to the Communist world last year, and, of this total, rubber alone accounted for about $98 million of Britain's total sales. Rubber is a strategic item. It can be used in military supply vehicles like trucks and in airplanes. It has countless other military uses. Russia needs rubber badly.

Now, entirely apart from Britain's own trade, Ceylon, a member of the British family of nations, has just concluded an agreement to sell 50,000 tons of rubber a year to Red China for the next five years.

The recent report of Averell Harriman to Congress shows that an attempt to blackmail America was first made by Ceylon, which demanded a $50 million-a-year aid program and refused to sell the rubber to the allies at world market prices unless this was granted.

Ceylon isn't a member of the U.N. but has trade ties with Britain that could be used to bring it into line. As it is, the Ceylon incident is no different from the trade being carried on by Britain herself with Iron Curtain countries.

Mr. Harriman made this significant recommendation:

"The solution of Ceylon's new relationship with Communist China must remain a matter of critical concern to the United States. Controls over shipping and the fueling of vessels calling at free world ports may provide one salutary course of action."

This is a form of blockade. It would provide a realistic solution. Ceylon cannot send the rubber to Red China except by seagoing vessels. It is in the interest of the American boys dying in Korea that trade to Red China in strategic materials be stopped by one means or another.

These are some of the problems that face Secretary Dulles —how to convince our own allies that we are really allied in Korea, too. The secretary might tell the European statesmen, incidentally, that, so far as the American people are concerned, there is no more reason for American boys to die in Korea than to die in Europe, and that the converse is true—the American people will not go it alone in the Far East and will not go it alone in Europe.

Sooner or later an isolationist political sentiment may develop in both the Republican and Democratic parties to urge that the U.S. get out and stay out of both Asia and Europe altogether if the other nations of the free world are really not interested in a firm alliance. Each nation in a true alliance must exhibit the utmost fidelity instead of trying to retain commercial advantages while blood is being spilled supposedly for the cause of "collective security."

That's the essence of the Dulles mission to Europe. It is a good sign that Europeans already are being shaken out of their complacency by the Dulles speech. They will not like what the secretary will tell them. But that's the objective of his trip—namely, to build a firm alliance and present Stalin with a stronger free world combination than we have had heretofore. It's the way to avoid World War III.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WEAR SHIER FERSOFFA: Golly reich wos wors 'm Bobby Strauser fon Macungie nagshd, os er da onner dawg net fersoffa is—un des noch so gore grawd on da neia heiser os er om baua is. 'S wosser hut sich aina waig odder da onner in der kaller g'shoft, un der Bobby hut gamaint fer 'n grawwa mocha, fers wosser fom hous weck lawfa mocha. Sumbich wie der budda is, is er awfonga unner gae —'s airsht mit aim bae, noh mit 'm onnerra. Wies wosser 'm awfonga is in die shtivel lawfa, hut ers linx bae in die hae garissa, un noh is es rechts ferarnsht awfonga unner gae.

'S wor noh net fiel tzeit fer denka, un der Bobby hut nous galong'd fer sich fonga om hous eck, ow'r hut sel ferfail'd, un is miner sivatzae grawd kups feddershd tzum dreck nei g'falla, mit 'm rechtsa ohr im dreck bis on die hols onkle. Die barichda sin, er het gayohl'd os sie k'hoert hetta uf da gonsa Race shtross, un tzu all'm glick hut der Warren DeLong 'n hoerra yohla. 'S airsht hut der Warren gamaint der Bobby wear yusht om narhata mocha, doch hut er net gamaint os 'n mon fon seinra elt, sich ob gewwa dade dreck kucha mocha.

Won der Bobby airsht drei fier yohr alt gawest wear het ebber denka kenna er wear om dreck shpiela, ow'r so hut der Warren ous gamocht er breich'd hilf, un is hee g'shprunga un hut 'n gagrabb'd im gnick un on da hussa sitz, un rous gatzoga. So wie m'r fershtaina, wil der Bobby die socha ow'r aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

HEN SICH MOHL SOT GESSA: Ich denk 's fergait 'n gutie lang bis die Gertie Reppert fon da Noble shtross Kutztown, un der Jim Conrad fon Lyons, widder hunger griega fer "fried" eishters. Die Gertie, widfraw fer dale yohr, un woh in da bockabicher facktory shoft in Kutztown, hut da onner dawg 'm Jim g'sawt, er sot gae "fried" eishters hola fer supper. Sie hut 'm g'sawt er sot 14 bringa, un der Jim is fert.

Die weil os er gawist hut os sie so guta eishters mocha ons Kemps wertshous, hut er ous gamocht sie darta griega, un hut da dish ob worter'n g'sawt, sie sot 'm 14 dudsend "fried" eishters mocha fer nous nemma. Die barichda sin, die koch het 'n gahairich g'sich gamocht wie sie die arder grick'd het, ow'r darta wors uf bobier, "14 dozen fried oysters," un sie hut 'n grossie roasht pon ganumma fer die eishters drin mocha.

'S hais'd da Gertie ihra rota hoar hetta kartza grawd in die hae g'shtonna, wie der Jim kumma wear mit seinra pon fol eishters, un denk 's wor ken wunner os sie gamaint hen ons Kempa wertshous 's het hochtsich gewwa, un wot da maid in da bockabicher facktory ei eishter supper mocha. Eb sie fon da maid ei galawda hut fer kumma helfa die eishters essa kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r won sie hut, werts fermuhlich gawest sei uf 'n hochtsich hee — yusht kenna uns gore net ei bilda wem sei hochtsich os es sei maich'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis ken onnerer waig, mohl ains fon denna dawga missa m'r die Katerinah un ihra rote shtraimicher "Croten" blumma shtuck woh sie grick'd hut in Pinecraft Florida, tzurick nunner nemma, fer 'n blumma shtuck Florida suna shein gewwa.

In blotz fon rote shtraimich rous kumma, kumma ol die neia bladder grawsa gree rous—denk der shtuck kon unser widdering net ferdrawga — net mit ous die socha annerra sich won die Grundsow hous wor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 4:1-2

We now come to the account of the temptation of Jesus at the beginning of His ministry. Milton, who wrote the greatest poem in our language, Paradise Lost, also wrote a shorter one, Paradise Regained, which is a poetic account of the temptation of Jesus. Would that more people took the time to read the worthwhile classics in our own language. A guest on a television quiz program recently could not name Bunyan as the author of Pilgrim's Progress, one of the most important books ever written. On another program, a couple, when asked to name as many books of the Old Testament as they could, could not name one! The account of the temptation is given in Matthew 4:1-11; in our lesson today, and merely hinted at in Mark 1:12-13. In the latter account, the Spirit is said to have driven Jesus into the wilderness; to be tempted of the devil, according to Matthew. As the first Adam lost out in the temptation, as recorded in Genesis 3, so the 'last Adam' wishes to meet the tempter to recover by perfect obedience that which Adam and Eve lost by disobedience.

Horoscope

Be patient and open-minded now. Splendid influences are rife for your next year. Today's child should be lucky, happy and healthy.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Jan. 31, 1928, a Tuesday.

Lehigh Valley shivered under the worst cold snap of the winter as temperatures went down to zero. It was 11 a.m. before thermometers showed any signs of going above the zero mark and high for the day was a frigid 16 above.

The fifth annual Police Ball was held at Mealey's auditorium from 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Two orchestras, Klingler's Municipal Band and the London Criterion Orchestra, played.



Die Grundsau kummt gewehnlich raus am zwedde Daag im Hanning;
Vum Wedder wees sie meh wie mir un hot doch gaar ken Lanning!
Nau wann sie do ken Schadde sehnt, dann watt des Wedder schee,
Doch scheint die Sunn, dann weess sie schunn, mer griegge widder Schnee.
—JOHN EIRMELIN.

DER DAX

Weescht du, was des fer en Gedier is? Die alde Leit hen ihn immer der Dax gheesse. Mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche heesse den kleene Dingerich heitesdaags die Grundsau. Die Englische heesse ihn "woodchuck." Mir hen als in Englisch gsunge, "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood." Nau wisse mir, was der Dax iss.

Der klee Ketzer iss en ordlicher guder Schport. Er macht de Bauere nix dod, wie die Wisslin. Es schlimmscht ass der Dax dutt, iss Lecher in die Felder graawe fer sei Heemet nei mache. Er iss gemeenerhand deheem in arriye hiwwliche Felder, wu mer schier gaar net bauere kann. Doch iss es net so leidlich fer die Lecher zu hawwe uff re Bauerei.

Summers sucht der Dax sich alle Sadde gude Watzle un esst sie. Bis Harrebscht iss er so fett, ass wie en Maschtsau. Noh, wann's kalt watt, schluppt er in sei Loch nei, macht sich en schee Bett mit daerr Graas, un schloft de gense, liewe langer Winter.

Es macht nix aus wie es schneet un blost, der Dax finnt nix aus devun. Vun was lebt er? Was fresst er? Gaar nix. Er lebt der Schpeck uff, wu er summers uff sei Ribbe gsammelt hot. Bis friehyaahrs sehnt er ordlich maagger aus.

Uff der zwett Hanning kummt Lichtmess. Des iss en Karriche-Feierdaag. Fer alters sin die Bauere als in ihre Scheiere gange uff Lichtmess un hen ihre Schtroh un Hoi bedracht. Un wann sie yuscht die Helft Schtroh un Hoi verbraucht ghatt hen, noh hot's iwwrich Schtroh un Hoi gelangt bis die neegscht Hoiyet un Aern.

Die alte Leit hen aa als gsaat, uff Lichtmess deet der Dax als aus seim Loch kumme un rum gucke. Wann's drieb iss un er sehnt sei Schadde net bleibt er haus un 's kalt Wedder iss verbei. Wann er awwer sei Schadde sehnt, geht er schnell widder nei un mer hen noch sex Woche Winter. Brrr! sell macht eem ziddere. Weess der Dax was es Wedder sei soll die neegschte sex Woche? Well, loss uns waarte, bis uff der Pattys Daag, uff der 17te Maerz, noh wisse me's.

Wann ich der Dax waer im Yaahr 1953, deet ich gaar net aus meim Loch kumme. Ich deet mich alsnoch weider nunner vergraawe, so dass die Atom Bomb mich net griegge kennt.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL

VERHEIRATHET

Under the above caption the German weekly, **Der Morgenstern,** published in Doylestown, Bucks County, during the early decades of the 19th century, announced recent marriages, with homely verses attached, some of doubtful humor. Some of the notices are in High German, others in the dialect. The latter are among the earliest examples of our dialect in printed form. The following appeared in **Der Morgenstern** for Jan. 15, 1845. They appear here by courtesy of Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach of Royersford, Pa.

— — —

Am Neujahrs Tage in Philadelphia durch den Ehrw. Hrn. Biwighaus, Hr. Jacob L. Moyer, von Franconia mit Miss Anna Detweiler, von Hatfield, Montgomery Caunty.

Man kann kaum denken
Dasz Schrot so hart krachen koennten,
Und der Schall von Philadelphia brachten
Dasz manche weinten, die andere lachten,
Jacob und Anna habens fuer recht eracht,
Den Bund zu schieszen in einer groszen Stadt,
Die Buschleut verstehen es ja nicht
Zu machen einen Bund der nimmer bricht.
Auch zu halten eine Hochzeit draus
Ist was man kein Hunsfut heiszt zu Haus.
Herr Biwighaus ist der Mann
Der sein Amt verrichten kann.
Ach Jaeci wie bist du mir doch so lieb,
Ich bin ja gar ueberaus gepliest.

Am letzten Sonntag von acht Tagen Hr. Israel Creszman, von Franconia, mit Misz—Loh, beide von Montgomery Caunty.

Der Creszman hat nau a e Frah!
Kotz Kuttelfleck was gebt es da?
Sie sagen er sei entsetzlich froh,
Weil er gefangen eine Misz F-Loh.

Am 5ten dieses, durch den Ehrw. Hrn. Miller, Herr Jacob Ruth, mit Misz Elisabeth Anderson, beyde von Schippach Taunschip, Montgomery Caunty.

Triumph Victoria,
Die Betze ist mein Hura!
Ihr Buben weinet nun
Und thut euch besser um,
Es hat sie weg genutzt!
Ich hab sie weg geputzt!
Ich mag nun schlafen oder wachen
So musz ich immer lachen;
Potz Tausend was doch Sachen,
Bald faengt es an zu krachen.

— — —

From Der Morgenstern, Feb. 5, 1845.

Am vorletzten Dienstag, durch den Ehrw. Hrn. Jaeger, Hr. Henry Person, von Ober Saucona, mit Miss Rebecca Keck, von Salzburg.

Es ist ja zu bedenken
Was der Her mir hat geschenkt.
Gleuck zu unserm unternehmen,
Dass sich keins von uns braucht schaemen.

Am 19ten Januar, durch der Ehrw. Hrn. Kemmere, Hr. Peter Daniel, mit Miss Fanney Bossler, beide von Friedensville, Lecha Caunty.

Hurah! Hurah! zu Friedensville
Ihr Leute seid doch nicht so still,
Ich bin so froh, ach glaubt es doch,
Wir machen ja ein schoenes Joch.

Am 19ten Januar, durch den Ehrw. Hrn. W. B. Kemmerer, Hr. Aaron Miller, von Springfield, mit Miss Lovina Kunstmann, von Nieder Saucon Taunschip, Northampton Caunty.

Ihr Schmarotzer koennts nich kommen
Die Lovina habe ich genommen,
Das Maedchen so munter wie ein Lerch
Fand ich auf dem Schwobenberg!
In dem hochberuehmten Thal
War dieses meine erste Wahl.
Ich bin jetzt stolzer als ein Zwerg,
Und mein ich sey Herr ueber ganz Schwobenberg.

Am 26sten Januar durch den Ehrw. Hrn. Kriebel, Hr. George Kriebel, von Gwynid Taunschip, mit Miss Suzanna Kriebel, von Hereford Taunschip, Berks Caunty.

Wie sonderbar das Glueck der Welt,
Auf innige zarten Herzen faellt;
Nicht laenger wollt ich ledig sein,
Und Sie ging auch die Heirath ein.
Wir schlossen dann den Heiligen Bund
Mit zarten Herzen, Hand und Mund.

Am 2ten Februar, durch den Ehrw. Hrn. W. B. Kemmerer, Hr. Johannes Schnable, mit Miss Rachael Angelmoyer, beide von Hilltaun, Bucks Co.

Viel, viel, viel! Glueck und Segen a,
Wuensch ich doch diesem Ehe Paar;
Vieles Glueck wunsch ich ihnen auch,
Als er gezogen nach des Pfarrers Haus.

WANN ALLES IN DIE ZEIDING KUMMT

In fufzich Yaahr, wer weess wie's geht,
Wann unser Welt noch so lang schteht;
Esel un Gaul braucht nix meh ziegge—
Wann Mensche in der Luft rum fliegge;
'S gebt Regge wann un wu mer will—
Un Narre, net nur im Abrill;
'S kennt sei, die Zeit isch net meh weit,
Dann sin sie aa die gscheitschte Leit;
Mit Schiff ball in der Luft rum geh,
Mit Schtiem-kaers iwwer die grosse See;
Im Luftschiff, wagend Halsebruch,
Faahr Uncle Saem zu Mond uff Bsuch;
Wann Mondmann net zu Hause isch,
Legt "Saem" sei Kaart yuscht uff der Disch,
Biegt sich, Kopp blott, zu Mondmanns Fraa;
Die bitt ihm, "Saem," ruf widder aa—
Der Mondmann geht ins Schiff hinein
Un faahrt mit dir darch Allegemein!"
"All recht," secht Saem—"'s isch net meh weit
Vun Aerd zu Mond, in unsere Zeit—Adee!"

So kann's noch geh, wann's so fatt macht,
Mit progress immer uff der Yacht;
Doch was sin Weisheit, Werk un Kunscht,
All nix, wann's net in die Zeiding kummt!
Der Hochmutsgeischt fiehrt nix so hoch,
Das Gsellschaftleit net mache nooch;
Im Summer gehn sie an die See,
Im Winter geht's zu Florida;
Un wann's Geld langt, dann gehn sie aa
Iwwer die See zu Europa;
Anschtatts vun koche, schpinne un zwanne,
Misse die Meed Franseesisch lanne—
'S ischt gschwind gelannt—parlevous Francais?—
"Schwetz Deitsch, die Maemm kann's net verschteh."—
Mit Hochmutbrill die Naas verpetzt
Un darch die Naas Franseesisch gschwetzt—
So watt's Franseesisch Lewe gfiehrt,
Un's Englisch schlecht gebuchschtaawiert.

Es macht nix aus yuscht was mer duht,
Isch's ehrlich, braaf un noch so gut;
Maagscht hasse was isch bees un schlecht,
Liewe un lowe was isch recht;
Mer saagt un schreibt yuscht was isch waahr,
Un hot fer Falschheit gaar kee Ohr—
Mer halt sich frei vun Luscht un Liegge,
Un losst sich nie vum Rechte biegge;
In Sackduch un in Esch sich kleede,
Faschte un in seim Schtiwwli bede;
In Heimlichkeit Almose gewwe
Un allzeit fromm un heilich lewe—
Gans fleissich, niedrich un gedrei—
So maag mer heitesdaags wohl sei—
Isch 's all umsuncht un gaar nix waut,
Wann's net vum Hausdach grische watt;
Un wann's aa uff em Schauschpiel schteht
In helle Farwe, hoch un breet,
Isch's alles nix—net meh as Grund,
So lang as's net in die Zeiding kummt.

Excerpts from the longer poem "Der Pessimist" in H. L. Fischer's KURZWEIL UN ZEITFERTREIB, 1896, York, Pa.

BLUE MOUNTAIN DEER

(As related by Arthur D. Graeff, editor of SCHOLLA of the Reading Times)

Harry Gelsinger lived at the foot of the Blue Mountains, a few miles north of Strausstown. For years he had been having a feud with Joe Windowmaker of Shartlesville. The original cause of the trouble was long forgotten as new incidents and altercations arose between the two men. They just didn't like each other and as if by mutual agreement they even resorted to imaginary affronts and scores. But when Joe Windowmaker was made a game warden for the district in which Harry Gelsinger lived, eruptions became more and more frequent as the newly-appointed official sought to catch his arch-enemy in some violation of the game laws.

Gelsinger was very fond of hunting. When Windowmaker was elevated to the position of warden, Harry took it as a personal affront; he irked under the restraints which Joe's watchful eye imposed upon him.

Now Gelsinger owned among other livestock a fawn-colored goat named Claribel. Claribel's doom was sealed early in August when she chewed away the canvass covering of the binder on the Gelsinger farm. There were some members of the Gelsinger household who argued that Claribel should be dispatched at once, but Harry, the boss, had other plans. "Not until December," he declared.

With the month of December came the deer-hunting season. It was an open season for bucks with five or more antlers. The shooting of does was strictly forbidden by the game laws.

One evening a shot rang out in the Gelsinger barnyard and Claribel was no more. Working quietly and alone Gelsinger carried the carcass to the running board of his car; then he trussed up the goat as hunters tie deer to their cars when returning from an expedition into the woods. That done, Harry drove to an inn in Strausstown. It was a dark December night, but in the lighted halls of the tavern all was gay. There Gelsinger related with great gusto how he had shot a deer near his farm at the Blue Mountains. The tipsy patrons went out into the darkness to see the quarry.

"Ei, sell is yo en doe!" exclaimed one man. "Selli dauf mer yo net schiesse."

Unabashed Gelsinger then drove to Bernville and repeated his story there with much the same result. Then he went home and awaited developments.

It was after midnight when Gelsinger was awakened by a rap on the farmhouse door. He got out of bed, dressed, and opened the door to find Joe Windowmaker, the warden, standing there in all of his glory.

"Harry, ich hab gheert, du hettscht en Harsch gschosse," he proclaimed stentorially, charging Gelsinger with shooting a deer.

"Nee, ich hab net," Harry denied it vociferously.

"Die Kaerls am Wattshaus hen mer's gsaat. Nau verlegel's net. Sie hen mir aa gsaat, es waer en doe. Sell dutt dich mol nei schtecke fer paar Monet."

With this threat of a jail sentence hanging over him Gelsinger spoke: "Kumm emol raus an mei Maschin. Ich weis dir, was ich gschosse hab."

Taking a flashlight with them, both men went to the shed where the laden automobile was stored for the night. There in the beam of light lay the dead Claribel. Gelsinger laughed so loud and heartily and Windowmaker let loose a train of expletives so sulphurous and thunderous that all the cattle in the barn were wakened.

It is said that even now, when Joe Windowmaker walks along the streets of Strausstown or Bernville, somewhere in the background, but within his hearing, come taunting sounds of "Baa-a-a."

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Editorials

City's Top Paving Job

In no uncertain fashion Allentown's citizenry expressed its desire that Hamilton St. be repaved and made a thorofare to dignify the city when, a year ago, they voted to float a million dollar bond issue to pay the cost. Now this extensive project of nearly four miles of paving gives promise of early beginnings and there will be high satisfaction thruout the community.

It is understandable that the task is going to be a tedious one for so many factors are concerned in the improvement. Trolley tracks will have to be removed thruout the entire course of the improvement. Two bridges, those across the Jordan and Lehigh Rivers, will have to be resurfaced. And when ever and wherever repairs are in progress plans will have to be made to close the street to motor traffic for a minimum period of time.

That the City can do this job satifactorily is attested by recent experiences when N. Eighth and N. Ninth Streets were rebuilt and resurfaced. This was done in a manner so thoro that it would seem nothing need be done to these streets in the next half century no matter how heavy motor traffic will be.

Beginning at Twelfth Street and working eastwardly plans contemplate rebuilding and repaving of the main thorofare two or three blocks at a time, thus reducing the distances of detours. It is likely that in some stretches one-way traffic will be possible while repairs are in progress on the remainder of the street.

In a word, the Highway Department is planning a thoro job but is not forgetting the everyday needs of a big and a busy community. It is evidenced that a keen eye is being kept open to discover ways of effecting savings. Thus those sections of trolley tracks which were staunchly built only a few years ago will be undisturbed except as to removing the rails and resurfacing the former track area.

The job is expected to begin on June 1. Thus we can look forward to a summer of considerable disturbance to traffic in the central city area. But it can be expected that all possible speed will be achieved and that all possible means for easing the movement of traffic will be adopted. Whatever the difficulties and inconveniences that may have to be experienced, the end will have justified the means.

End of Useless Controls

Elimination of many controls upon prices, as announced yesterday by President Eisenhower, promises to have little effect in this community at least for the existence of controls has all but been forgotten by all except the wholesalers and retailers who have had to keep books for Uncle Sam.

The fact is that in many lines controls have come to mean little or nothing. Since the controls have merely been "ceiling" and not "cellar" prices, there has been nothing to prevent the pricing of articles below the ceiling prices. Any one who has priced pre-war, second-hand motor cars has learned that. Every businessman in almost all other lines of trade has known it full well. So the retention of controls for some time past has meant little except that it was a necessary, legal nuisance for those who had to keep records for report to the government and, for inspection at any time.

Release of controls indicates that President Eisenhower does not fear ill effects upon the national economy. It is indicated that he believes production and demand have arrived at a fairly balanced state and that the laws of supply and demand can be permitted to operate without restrictions.

That not all controls have been lifted may indicate some caution in approach to a policy that has governed so much thinking and action during and since the war. It may be that the inflationary process will be encouraged by removal of some controls or that it would be hastened by removal of all controls in one sweeping action.

The next few weeks should tell the practical story as against the current theory that controls no longer are necessary and are in fact harmful. Because controls are not of the essence of American thinking and of American principles it can be certain that President Eisenhower is eager to get rid of all irksome controls providing it will be in the national interest to end them.

An Undeserved Snub

Because the British themselves make so much of protocol and because Mr. Anthony Eden has always been most courteously and most properly treated in the course of his visits to the United States, the American people will not overlook the calculated slight by Mr. Churchill's right hand man to Secretary of State Dulles and Harold E. Stassen, Mutual Security Administrator, in the course of their visit to England early in the week.

When Mr. Churchill visited this country only a few weeks ago he was accorded the most courteous attention altho his visit ostensibly was unofficial. But when Messrs. Dulles and Stassen got to England they were deliberately snubbed by Mr. Eden in the subtle fashion which diplomats of the "smoothie" type know so well.

The slur was not directed against the two men. It represented Mr. Eden's (and perhaps Mr. Churchill's) disappointment and disagreement with the President's decisions about Formosa, Chiang's armies and the American 7th Fleet.

The British have been fairly well satisfied to have a long-drawn-out war in Korea as long as they can sell goods to China thru Hong Kong. It has not mattered to them that the stalemate in Korea is costing the United States billions of dollars annually and that a million and a half veterans of that war already are on the American records. It has not mattered to them that China undoubtedly has been able to continue the war in Korea thru the receipt of war materials from British sources and that these materials kill British soldiers as well as Americans.

It is going to matter a lot to them if the 7th Fleet blockades China to cut the importation of the sinews of war. It is going to matter a lot to them if they can no longer dictate American policy toward the Chinese Reds as they did during Mr. Acheson's regime.

President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles have indicated American weariness and discontent with affairs in China, Korea and Formosa. It is pretty certain that Mr. Churchill does not like the change but got nowhere in any attempts during his recent visit to alter the Eisenhower viewpoint and decisions, of which in all courtesy they received advance information. But it was unnecessary for Mr. Eden to be downright uncivil to Messrs. Dulles and Stassen, and, in turn uncivil to President Eisenhower whom they represented. More than that, he was uncivil to the American people who support and have the highest confidence in President Eisenhower and in his appointees.

'Just Like Good Old Hitler Days'



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy is a reversal of the Marshall-Acheson policy pursued by President Truman and the Roosevelt - Hopkins policy pursued by President Roosevelt.

When Roosevelt came into the presidency, he tended to be isolationist in the sense that the United States stood alone, judging the conduct of the Europeans and Asiatics and adopting attitudes independently. The object was to avoid entanglements. This policy was pursued from the London Economic conference (1933) to the quarantine speech (1937).

In the quarantine speech, Roosevelt denounced the wicked, meaning Japan and Italy, and set up moral standards which he hoped all would adhere to. From then on, the United States was deeply involved in European affairs. Ambassador Bullitt in Nov., 1937 visited Poland and Germany to test the possibilities of peace. British policy was fluid, hopeful that a way could be found to placate Hitler. The way turned out to be the Austrian anschluss and Munich.

It is now known that on the eve of Munich, the principal military and political leaders led by Gen. Ludwig von Beck, chief of staff, were engaged in a heavy plot to get rid of Hitler. Hitler was saved by British appeasement, a policy in which Chamberlain was supported by Roosevelt.

The American people did not know that Roosevelt was involved in the pre-Munich negotiations. We do not yet know whether Roosevelt was informed of the Molotov - Ribbentrop negotiations which produced the Stalin-Hitler alliance. But it is clear from the evidence now available that Russia was instigating a war between the United States and Japan, utilizing pro-Communist forces within the United States to stimulate a violent anti-Japanese public opinion.

From this time on, Roosevelt developed a role for the United States as the moral arbiter among nations, this country deciding which nation is good or bad, with which country "good nations" may do business. Despite the Stalin - Hitler alliance, of which he may not have known, Roosevelt favored Russia. This policy not only involved us in war but ultimately made the war our principal responsibility, no matter how it started or why. The United States led the world and paid the bills.

The Marshall-Acheson policy was theoretically designed to maintain a peace that had been won after World War II. It was known as early as Teheran (November, 1943) that Stalin had adopted the air of a conqueror, assuming the right to dictate terms, and basing his assumption on the Molotov - Ribbentrop pact. In spite of that, at Yalta and again at Potsdam, Stalin was permitted to take the initiative and to continue to hold it until Eisenhower was elected President.

The Marshall-Acheson policy was given the formal name of a "containment policy," which was incorrect, because Russia was permitted to conquer the whole of China during this period. In fact, as President Eisenhower said so dramatically, even the Seventh Fleet was used to protect Communist China.

The entire China policy was based upon a plan to co-ordinate American with British policy, with Great Britain taking the lead. As the British had recognized Soviet China with unseemly speed, our State Department did not know which way to go and therefore the American policy with regard to China was snarled beyond solution. Its contradictions confused the world.

The Eisenhower-Dulles policy discards both the Roosevelt-Hopkins policy and the Marshall-Acheson policy. The repudiation was stated by Eisenhower as follows:

". . .We shall never acquiesce in the enslavement of any people in order to purchase fancied gain for ourselves. I shall ask the Congress at a later date to join in an appropriate resolution making clear that this government recognizes no kind of commitment contained in secret understandings of the past with foreign governments which permit this kind of enslavement."

This is a new policy. It repudiates the past even to the extent of the non-recognition of secret agreements improperly made. It offers to captive nations of Europe and Asia the hope that movements for freedom will be recognized and even supported. It seizes the initiative in the east of Asia and notifies those who advocate neutralism that their attitude will be resented. The new policy leaves no loopholes, for those who are doubtful whether they are for us now know that we regard them as against us.

It is a wholesome policy that will clear the air of uncertainty.

(Copyright, 1953)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Human nature being what it is, the motor vehicle departments of most of our states are certainly having their headaches just about this time of the year.

In the state of New York more than 200,000 persons have made applications for low license numbers. The motor vehicle department has long closed its books for such applications. They have run out of low numbers.

Why on earth anybody wants a low number is beyond me.

It must be just another indication of the inferiority complex which is so prevalent among so many people.

I must apologize for mentioning my wife so much in this column.

But I think that she is so very typical of the average American woman, and so naturally I use her as my most valuable guinea pig.

Once upon a time I, too, wanted a low number.

"Don't be a fool," my wife said to me. "I want to get as complicated a number as I possibly can. It makes it so much harder for anybody, including the traffic police, to read it."

My wife is a criminal who is trying to elude the police. But you can never tell.

The wise virgins prepared for eventualities.

Here in Connecticut we have a system whereby for an extra $5 you can get a license plate made up entirely of initials.

You see the strangest combinations running round the highways.

There are such as "Elsie"-"Hiya" - "Nuts" - "Mimi"-"Bum" - "XXX" - "Oleo" and many other such fool plates.

And for those they have to pay $5 a year extra!

However, the motor vehicle department doesn't really care.

If they can make a couple of hundred thousand dollars extra — so much the better.

A state policeman told me some time ago that they watch the people with such license plates more than the others. Anybody who is crazy enough to tack a crazy plate on his car is crazy enough to exceed the speed limit or commit other traffic misdemenaors.

I just hear of a fellow by the name of Ole Lee who lives in Faribault, Minn.

He applied for — and got — license number 337-370. He put the plates on his car upside down. If you will turn this paper around you will see that this figure spells out "Ole Lee."

The authorities will still have to rule on whether it is permissible to have your plates on upside down. There doesn't seem to be any law at present which forbids it.

Here is another human idiosyncrasy.

The Stallard's son of Whitesburg, Ky., enlisted in the Navy a few days ago.

"What is your full name?" asked the yeoman.

"Hugh Alexander Morris Gene Saul Ralph Giles Gilbert Motoer Marquis Miles Marion Mayo John Charles James Gordon Bennett Adams Christopher Columbus Elijah Green Eversole Bradley Kincaid Robert Jefferson Breckenridge Kincaid Stallard."

"You will hereafter be known as Bennett (NMI) Stallard," said the officer. "NMI" stands for "No Middle Initials."

Young Stallard explained that the doctor told his mother when young Bennett was born that she could have no more children.

So he got the 29 names that he, plus the other children, would have gotten if she had had 28 more.

And all the 29 names are recorded in the family Bible.

(Copyright, 1953)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 4:22-30

Perhaps the very tone of the voice of the Messiah ('anointed' in V. 18), as well as the comforting words of the message of the Gospel, Vs. 18-19, which He read in the Nazareth Synagogue, caused His audience to testify about, and to wonder at, the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth, 4:22, for He came to His people full of grace and truth, John 1:14. And yet, in a short time, all they in the synagogue turned on Him, V. 28, after He reminded them that only one woman in the days of the famine in Elijah's time, and only one leper in the days of Elisha understood and gave heed to the prophets of God, and were blessed. So, in the face of growing opposition to Jesus, John could say in 1:11 of his Gospel that 'He came unto His own, but His own received Him not'. Naturally Satan was on His track, and would fain get rid of Him. So we are not surprised that they thrust Him out of their city and led Him to the edge of the hill on which the city was built, intending to throw Him down headlong. But He passed through their midst and went on His way.



IN DIXIE LAND

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, a frequent contributor to the ECK, is a veritable sleuth in tracing the vestiges of Pennsylvania German emigration and its cultural influences beyond the confines of Pennsylvania. Dr. Graeff, editor of SCHOLLA, a lively column appearing thrice weekly in the Reading Times, has generously contributed the following material, the results of his recent Christmas holiday tour of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. We are duly grateful.—ED.

Our search in recent years for trails that would lead to a more complete story of the migrations of the Pennsylvania Germans beyond the confines of their settlements in eastern Pennsylvania has led us to many faraway places. This time we shall follow their trail through Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. Our immediate concern is with the Moravians at Winston-Salem and other areas in western North Carolina; with the Lutherans and Reformed who populated the Piedmont as their families spilled southward through the Shenandoah; with Daniel Boone, the Berks County lad who built his cabin on the Yadkin; and the clear impress which the Pennsylvania Germans have left on western Maryland.

There are several ways of going about the type of venture upon which we are embarking. The book of rules would require that reservations and appointments should be made in advance; that maps should be marked and every available piece of literature studied before setting forth. Ours is a different method, however. We take the story as we find it. We want it told by living people; books can be read in the comfort of our study. We want to explore the geography and not be told about it in advance. If we find the mountains and the foothills, the rivers and the caves, the valleys and the ridges we shall experience what the early settlers themselves experienced.

If we were engaged in a detailed study designed to be the definite account of some historic event we would be forced to adopt other methods, more careful procedures and more painstaking preparations. Ours is a jaunt designed to recapture some of the vestiges of a story which others may wish to explore more thoroughly. We hope to bring to our readers some of the thrill of rediscovery and some of the flavor of adventure. If, in the course of such pursuits we manage to retrieve a fact here and there, or to open a new avenue of thought and study for those who follow us on these expeditions we will have accomplished our purpose and will have had a lot of fun for ourselves.

What happened to the Pennsylvania Dutchman when he went down into Dixie Land? Does he still have trouble with his v's and w's? Has he lost his folkways and his lore? Perhaps we may find the answers.

* * *

RICHMOND, VA.—A Richmond newspaper, conscious of the approach of the Christmas season, devoted several columns to the discussion of Christmas cooking. In the course of the essay the authors mentioned the frequent feasts to be found among the "Pennsylvania Dutch." "To these people good eating may take place any and every day of the year, and yet they developed special Christmas delicacies such as the cookies molded in the form of animals, fishes and birds."—We pay tribute to the courtesy of the newspaper and its discriminating politeness. In the course of the article referred to there were several idiomatic expressions which in some quarters would have been used to poke fun at the "Dutch," but the Richmond paper qualified each statement by such phrases as "the Dutch used to say" or "the custom once was." There was no attempt to ridicule us.

* * *

OLDTOWN, N. C. — Nestled in a snug valley northwest of Winston-Salem is the ancient village of Bethabara, a Hebrew word meaning the "House of Passage." Oldtown is a regional name given to the valley in which the first settlements of western North Carolina were founded. This is a geographical clue which the wayfarer must have if he hopes to find this tiny Moravian settlement which will celebrate its 200th anniversary in this year of 1953. And that is old indeed for anything west of the tidewater.

A stone monument bearing the names of Bishop Augustus Spangenberg, Timothy Horsefield, Henry Antes, Joseph Miller, Herman Lash and John Merk was enough to arrest the interest of any one who knows something of Pennsylvania's early history. What were these names doing in North Carolina? Then, nearby, there was a marker telling the wayfarer that one Jacob Loesch had built a fort at Bethabara during the French and Indian War, 1756. Nearby stood an ancient church, its foundations crumbling, but otherwise in fairly good repair. It was Bethabara Moravian Church.

The names on the monument were those of the Pennsylvania explorers who went to North Carolina in 1752 to select a place for settlement on lands obtained by purchase from the Earl of Granville, one of the Carolina properties. Bishop Spangenberg had selected the spot as the place for a temporary settlement, hence the name "House of Passage." To the entire area was given the name of "Wachovia" in honor of one of the Austrian estates owned by a branch of the Zinzendorf family.

The following year, 1753, a group of Single Brothers was sent from Bethlehem, to build the first houses in the new community. These were followed by others as the years wore on and the little community became a beehive of industry on the North Carolina frontier. Like all early Moravian settlements, Bethabara was a communal project, all property being held in common. The common pasture north of the church is still a cow pasture owned by the community. We were introduced to the Rev. K. Edwin Fussel, the present pastor of the Moravian community of 150 souls. The pastor showed us the sunken earth which once had served as the communal garden; the laboratory in which the provincial physician had distilled and brewed his medicinal concoctions; and God's acre or cemetery in which some of the first settlers lie under the traditionally flat tombstones.

* * *

BETHANIA, N. C.—The local folks down here call the white tubular stars which hang over the door lintels at Christmas time "Moravian Stars." The Moravians themselves call them "the Stars of Advent." We had noticed a few such stars decorating homes in the farming regions we described above as Bethabara, but in the village of Bethania, three miles to the westward, it seemed that every home was marked by these elaborate stars. The casual visitor to the Moravian settlements of North Carolina at Christmas time can discern at once whether a home is marked as Moravian or not, by noting the kind of star that hangs over the door.

From the Rev. Richard Amos, pastor of the Bethania Moravian Church, we learned that the great Moravian hymn writer, the Rev. F. F. Hagen, was once a pastor of the Bethania Church. Franz Hagen wrote that much-loved Moravian hymn "Der Morgenstern" of which the first stanza reads in English translation:

> Morning Star, O cheering sight!
> Ere Thou camst how dark earth's night!
> Jesus mine—in me shine,
> In me shine—Jesus mine;
> Fill my heart with light divine.

The Bethania congregation is only a few years younger than the one at Bethabara. In June, 1759, Bishops Spangenberg and Seidel selected the site for the second Moravian settlement in North Carolina. The Rev. M. Amos explained that the people who settled the area were members of the Bethabara congregation who wearied of the communal life in the older settlement and wanted a chance to engage in "private enterprise."

Today the Bethania congregation is twice as large as its parent church. Its buildings are modern in every respect. A devastating fire destroyed the original structure in 1942. Three years later a new church stood on the spot and today there is a very fine congregation house fully equipped with modern kitchens, an auditorium and facilities for social gatherings.

Mr. Ray Butner (former Buettner, a name well known to all students of early Pennsylvania history) had taken us to the Rev. Mr. Richard Amos. Mr. Butner gave us a bagful of Moravian ginger cookies to take home with us. They were cut out of very thin dough into designs of birds and animals, in true Pennsylvania style.

Somewhere in the recesses of the Bethania Church Mr. Butner found two beeswax candles that had been used at their Christmas Eve services. "Take them back to Pennsylvania with you," he said, "we don't mould as many of them here as they do at Bethlehem and Lititz, but ours are just as good." As for Christmas Putzes, none are to be found in either Bethabara or Bethania, but we were told there are some to be seen at Winston-Salem.

* * *

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Christmas Day, 1952, at the Zinzendorf Hotel in Old Salem, N. C.

The clerk at the desk explained that Zinzendorf "was a German Count who lived here a long time. There is a laundry and a bakery named for him also." The clerk's surname was spelled Schairer, a super-Anglicization of our own Schearer or Sherer. We did not correct her nor challenge the spelling of her name. Count Nicholaus von Zinzendorf did come to Pennsylvania and was instrumental in the founding of the Moravian churches among us, but he never visited North Carolina. To one who has studied the life of Brother Ludwig, as Zinzendorf was known to his associates, it was an odd experience to see the colored bellhops preening themselves under their green caps with the word "Zinzendorf" in bold letters above their brows.

Salem is a hundred years older than her twin city, Winston. The Central Moravian Church of North Carolina is located on a square in the southern district of the present city of Winston-Salem. There is a Brothers' House and a Sisters' House, a historical museum and the headquarters of the Wachovia Historical Society. In addition to these there are chapels, a sanctuary, Salem Seminary, administration building and a bookstore. These buildings all of native brick, form a rectangle on South Main Street. Tall trees stand in the center of the rectangle and near the tallest tree stood an outdoor Putz for all the world to see. This year's portrayal showed the manger scene, somehow for us eloquent of the setting in which Bethlehem, Pa., was named in 1741.

On Christmas Eve the Moravian Love Feast was held in the Home Moravian Church. Our readers might like to note the numbers listed on their program:

Organ music preceding the service: Puer natus in Bethlehem, by Johann Sebastian Bach; The Nativity, Jean Langlais; Offertory on Christmas Carols, Alexander Guilmant. The service: Prelude, In Dulci Jubilo, Johann Sebastian Bach; Anthem, Sleep, Holy Babe, Theodore Ganschow; solo, Gesu Bambino, Pietro Yon; anthem, There Shall a Star from Jacob, Felix Mendelssohn; Thou Child Divine, Schultz; Postlude, How Brightly Shines the Morning Star, Marcel Dupre.

We call especial attention to the prelude. In 1742 the Moravians at Bethlehem, Pa. sang In Dulci Jubilo on the banks of the Lehigh River. Because many Indians were in the group which attended that service the song was sung not only in several European tongues but also in the Indian tongue.

(To Be Continued)

SHOOFLY PIE

WU KUMMT DER NAAME BEI?

(A rhapsody inspired by our article in the Eck for Jan. 24, 1953)

Der Zucker un die Meed,
Un alles was nei geht,
Sin all so siess gedreht—
Die Micke hen ihr Freed.

Yeder Grussel, yeder Grimmel—
Es Sgrafitta un 's Grafimmel—
Die Micke hen en Himmel
Mit Geschlecke un Geschlimmel.

Sie schlecke an de Meed,
Sie schlecke an em Deeg;
Un wu der Pie hie geht,
So schlecke sie der Weg.

Vun Schissel noch em Marrick,
Vun Dreiville noch Nei Yarrick—
Ich saag der—des iss arrick—
Sie schlecke Schtor un Klarrick.

Sie schlecke an de Wend,
Sie schlecke an de Hend;
'S iss en Schand—en Elend—
Sie schlecke yeder End!

Sie sin gaar net verscheecht,
Sie schlecke links un recht,
Alles was der Pei aareecht,
Vun Vieh un Menscheg'schlecht!

Der Pie hot gaar ken Ruh,
So heesst es ewwe "Schuu! Schuu! Schuu!"
Un kummt en Englischer dezu
Un secht dann "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo, fly!"
Der Deitsch, der lannt es glei—
So iss es ewwe "Shoofly Pie'"
Was kennt dann besser sei!

En Fedder vun de BUSCH AMSCHEL

RECHELE

Wie unser Daadis in die Schul gange sin, hen sie drei Sache gelannt. Die waare Lese un Schreiwe un Rechele. In Englisch saagt mer "reading and riting and rithmetic." Sie hen oft Fitzeel grickt, bis sie die drei Sache gelannt ghatt hen.

Alleweil lanne die Yunge dutzende vun unnerschiddliche Sache. Awwer des iss oft der Haabt fehler. Unser Daadis hen net viel underschiddliche Sache gelannt, awwer die alder Kaerls hen lese un schreiwe un rechele kenne, ass der Schtaab gflogge iss. Heitesdaags wisse die Yunge en Latt Sache, awwer net viel vun yederm. Sie kenne verdolltsei nimmi rechele. Frog mol en Yunger was acht Pund Zucher koscht an sechzeh Drittel Cent es Pund, no gehne dir die Aagge uff. Der Yung nemmt sell so "by guess," wie der Eirisch gschwore hot. Uffkors die Wog rechelt alles aus iwwerm Wiegge. Ferwas set er sich bloogge? Er dutt aa net.

Mir hen als gegliche nanner zu fange mit "catch questions." Do waar eeni: ee End un zwee Gens hen drei Schwens. No waar en anneri Frog: en Mann hot en Drupp Ende ghatt. Es waar ee End vanne an zwee Ende un ee End hinne an zwee Ende un ee End zwische zwee Ende. Sell waar nau en verdollte Latt Ende. Wieviel waare in sellere Drupp? Wei, graad drei!

Es hot mol en zaami Gans an der Grick ghockt. No iss en grossi Drupp wilde Gens owwich ihre darrich gflogge. Dann frogt die zahm Gans, "Dihr hunnert Gens, wu wett dihr hie?" Es waar en grosser, alder Gansert vanne an der Drupp gflogge. Er waar der General. Er hot nunner geandwatt, "Mir sin ken hunnert Gens. Awwer wann mir nochemoll so viel waere un halwer so viel un vaddels so viel, un du waerscht aa noch bei uns, no waere mir en hunnert." Wieviel wilde Gens waare am Fliegge? Glaabt es odder net, es waare sexundreissich wilde Gens in der Drupp.

Wann en Mann viehisch dumm waar, un hot net rechele kenne, hen mir als gsaat zu ihm, "Ox mol Ox iss sexundreissich." Sell waar net arrig schee, awwer es iss als gut wedder gflogge. Dann un wann hot eener 's als widder zerick gschmisse.

Ich hab en gutgelannter Mann gekennt as Yaahrelang en Professor waar an re University. Er waar der elscht in re grosse Familie, un der eensicht vun de Gschwischter as Lanning ghatt hot. Die annere sin paar Yaahr ins glee rot Schulhaus gange, hen net viel gelannt, un hen glei gschtoppt in die Schul geh. Loss uns saagge em Professor sei erschter Naame waer Jeck gewest. Der Bill, sei Bruder, waar en Bauer. Er hot gaar net rechele kenne. Ee Daag hot en Mann gsaat zu ihm, "Des iss awwer gschpassich. Dei Bruder, der Jeck, hot die gross Lanning, un du hoscht gans wennich Lanning."—"Ya," saagt der Bill, "Ich brauch aa ewwe net viel Lanning. Ich bin yuscht en Bauer." No hot der Mann gsaat zu ihm, "Es waer awwer arrig wautvoll wann du en besseri Lanning hettscht. Ei, du kannscht yo net ausrechele was dei Weeze waut is."—"Sell macht nix aus," saagt der Bill. "Wann ich wisse will, was mei Weeze waut iss, gehn ich an die University un frog der Bruder Jeck. No rechelt er mir's aus." Sell waar net so dumm. Der gscheit Mann iss der, wu weess wu mer ebbes ausfinne kann.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

EI G'SHLUPT MIT DA GRUNDSOW: Ihr maiga 's glawwa odder net, ow'r wohrhoft won m'r net ei g'shlupt sin mit da Grundsow. Wos die onnera Lodges denka fon uns wase Gott un die alt kuh. Wohrhoft Norman Zendt Hennie Detweiler un Raymond Andrews, m'r hen die socha so wohr os allas net ferheeda kenna. Sis uns gonga wie unser uhr gross mutter Helena Boyer ols g'sawt hut, won 'n g'soffner dawaig is, uns hut 'n um gamocht. "Wos kon fer Gottas gawold won der wind em um bloast."

Der grib hut uns in die glubba —hen 'em Mondawg shun gamaint der kup dade fiela wie 'n bushel karrab, un hetta uns net field dafon gamocht, un weara middawgs ei g'shlupt mit da Grundsow. Ow'r 's worra tzu fiel wichdicha socha im wind fer owets—die gross fersommling fon da Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw woh m'r so weit noch net aenie ferfail'd hen —ferol os es paar mohl nagshd wor.

Won m'r so long shwetza hetta missa wie dale alsa mohl shwetza on so bletz, glawwa m'r wohrhoft os m'r un g'falla weara. Doch so slecht os m'r g'fiel'd hen, hen m'r ols noch in hoffning galaibt fer Dinshdawg owets die Grundsow Lodge Nummer tzwae fersommling ei nemma on da Shibbach, in Telford, ow'r der Dr. Merkle hut nommy dawgs glei onnishder g'sawt, wie m'r ob g'shtopt hen in seinra offis, un hen 'n hitz kot fon ebbes wie 'n hunnerd un ains. 'S wor darta os m'r tzu da Grundsow g'shlupt sin, ow'r net bis der Porra Brendle fon Egypt fershprocha hut fer owets mit unser 'm neia Habtmon Dr. Bob Oplinger noch Telford gae, un unser blotz nemma, un duh wos mier duh hen solla on selra fersommling.

Der Porra is mit, un sie kenna net sawga wos 'n gutie tzeit os sie kotta hen—'s same wie aw owets danoh in Quakertown on da Grundsow Lodge nummer fier ihra fersommling, so wohl wie geshtrovet in Kresgeville. Sis so wohr os allas 'n shond, ow'r 'n yohr tzurick worra m'r aw unnich 'm wedder wie die boova dart drowwa ihra fersommling kotta hen ols Grundsow Lodge nummer sexa. Der Shtroudtsbaryer pilla un bloshder mon Harold Waidelich hut uns 'n yohr tzurick glei tzurick uf da fees kot mit kotza grout tae — ow'r wohrhoft won der tae dessa mohl halt aw g'shloga hut—ferleicht hen m'r der tae aw net g'shwind ganunk ganumma war wase.

Ow'r tae odder net, 'm Dr. Merkel sei pilla un bree hut guta grava garissa, un sin now widder om gae mit da hilf fom kotzrr grout tae. Ow'r eb m'r recht ous 'm neshd worra, hut di Katerinah shun so sheb iwwer die oxel gaguck'd, un is aw ei g'shlupt. 'S airsht hut sie uns ob gawort, now worta mier ihra ob-so wies ewwa har gait won ains noch 'im onnerra der grib grick'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Ferol os m'r don die drei guta

Public Opinion

SOME BETTER WAYS TO SPEED TRAFFIC

Dear Sir-

Having driven a car in Allentown for 30 years, I find that the half-streets (or alleys) are fine thorofares when they are kept open. So I believe that moving the monument would not relieve traffic congestion as much as (1) enforcing the parking and unloading laws; (2) removing sidewalks on half streets; (3) require large vans to unload inside buildings or use of smaller trucks.

I hold no brief for keeping the monument, but I believe that removal of trolley tracks will speed traffic somewhat; also building a bridge across the Little Lehigh will channel more traffic up 15th St.

If "they" have to move the monument, put it upon a peak of the Lehigh Mt. where it will serve as a beacon like the Star of Bethlehem. Above all, let's have a dispassionate approach to this problem.

Sincerely,
Ruth Rogers Farr,
Alburtis, R. 1.

Horoscope

Your future should be rosy. Look for a generous, kind, sympathetic nature to develop in today's child.

Robert de Sorbon, a French theologian, founded the Sorbonne, celebrated college of the University of Paris in the 13th century.

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Editorials

No Joy to Spread Filth

While New York newspapers are chafing because their reporters have been barred from hearing testimony in a highly salacious criminal case, there is little that it seems the reporters will not learn about what has been going on behind the court's closed doors. There is much disposition on the part of the attorneys for the defense to tell everything, outside of the court. From the standpoint of sensationalism, the newspapers are really able to capitalize upon the secrecy thrown up around a youthful witness. Suggestions as to what was testified can be made even more intriguing than the matter-of-fact statements which a young person is likely to make. Furthermore, it is indicated that when the defense begins its case, the doors will be thrown open wide to the naturally curious press and to as much of the curious public as can jam its way into the court-room.

To local newspapermen and lawyers, as well as to our judges of the Lehigh County quarter sessions court, it will appear that a mountain has been made out of a molehill.

In fact, Lehigh County methods could be recommended to the New York court whose judge took the position that public morals were not going to be served faithfully by widespread publication of filth and that a minor girl should be given some protection from vultures feeding upon her disgrace.

In Lehigh County there have been a considerable number of instances where testimony could be expected to be filthy. A crowded court-room has attested to a public appetite for shocks. In such cases, the Court has summoned attorneys and jury to a huddle around the witness upon the stand. Testimony has been given to the people, thru their representatives, the jury, to the Court and to the attorneys concerned. If any persons, even in the front row of the court-room, picked up the slightest inkling of the testimony they must have been persons with phenomenal hearing.

There is no instance in which the general public has suffered or has been deprived of any essential information thru such conduct in the court room. There has been no instance that we know where the Court has not served the public welfare thru such a system. The newsmen themselves have generally been glad that they were not required to handle the dirt and spread it out in their writing for the public, and particularly for young, impressionable people to read.

Making Tickets Stick

The purpose of issuing tickets to motorists who overstay their leave in parking meter areas is to impose and collect fines and thereby prompt motorists to be careful in the future when they park their cars in such places.

When the late George F. Erich was mayor of Allentown, one of his first acts was to decree that not one parking ticket should be "fixed," that is to say, torn up and forgotten upon plea of the motorist for release on the grounds that he was a "very important person" (in his own imagination) or upon some other equally lame excuse. When it became generally known that a ticket meant a trip to City Hall and the payment of a dollar, there were few repeaters of traffic violations and not many new ones either. The word went around that "the Police Department means business."

As far as we know, ticket "fixing" is being done at this time either upon very small scale or not at all. At least it has not become a local scandal as it had been before Mayor Erich blasted the practice. But there is a new turn to the attempts of some motorists to violate the regulations deliberately or to escape results if violations occur accidentially. This is to toss the tickets away and try to forget all about them and make no appearance at City Hall.

Now Chief Reilly is tired of the accumulation of tickets in his department. Some of these are singles. Others show repeated violations. Some are out-of-town motorists who probably think all interest will be lost in them.

The Police Department has been indulgent. There is no joy on its part to make out the tickets and keep the records. There is no satisfaction in requiring motorists to make a trip to City Hall and pay fines. Much less is there a desire to serve warrants that will saddle motorists with several dollars of additional costs. But —

The order is out: Pay for those parking tickets or expect prosecution that will cost many times the dollar fine.

Better Spellers Coming

When President Mohr of the Allentown School Board spoke some time ago of the desirability of encouraging the young people in our schools to score "academic touchdowns" she expressed the feeling of that vast number of people who believe that the schools' primary function continues to be education in the "three R's" and, after that, development along the many lines that the modern world and modern life demand of young people when they enter the business and professional world.

There is no question that many critics of the educational system believe the "three R's" do not receive as much attention as they should, even to the point of neglect. Particularly is the critiqism sharp against training in spelling, ability in which is difficult of concealment in a world where just about everybody must do some writing but where figuring may easily be limited to dealing with amounts under $100 per week.

So the Call - Chronicle Newspapers are particularly pleased to be able to offer a stimulant to better spelling in our schools and for the third time, annual spelling bees are going to be in progress thruout this entire section of the state during the next few weeks.

The bees began yesterday in home rooms and will continue during next week. For example, 2,300 students of the Allentown High School stood up yesterday in their rooms until they were spelled down by their fellow-students. When the bee had ended 94 champions had fought their way to the second round of the big contest.

Ultimately champions from schools thruout this entire area will meet each other. Excellent prizes will be awarded to winners in all the classifications by grades.

Many hundreds of good spellers will be revealed in this process. But even more important will have been the fact that thousands of children — practically the entire school population in this area — will have been stimulated to become good spellers thru the prospect of competition and thru participation in the preliminary contests.

Here is a contest as conducted by the Call - Chronicle Newspapers which already has shown results. Teachers thruout the system note the results for better spellers come to them from previous grades. And in a few years as the young people, stimulated and improved by a succession of years of competition, go out into the world, this community, particularly the employers of young people, will note the desirable improvement.

Sassy Valentines



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Public opinion, informed and mobilized, is so powerful an instrumentality in world affairs that when John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State, decided to go on the radio and television to explain his recent trip to Europe, the step was immediately recognized as of profound importance to the success of the mission itself.

For the Eisenhower administration has come into office with a mandate which the American people understand but which Europeans, fed as they are with prejudiced and slanted statements in their press about the new regime here, have not been sure is supposrted by the American people.

"In each of the seven countries we visited," relates Dulles, "we found good will and friendliness on the part of the governments and most of the people, but we also found some fear that the United States is not qualified to give the free world the kind of leadership which it needs at this critical moment.

"It is conceded that we have the material power, but it is questioned whether we have the accumulated wisdom to make the best use of that power."

Dulles was stating a truism—it's the way Europeans have have been reacting to the United States actions ever since the Korean war began. There's a feeling in Europe that America is impulsive and irresponsible and inclined to plunge into war recklessly or to spend its funds on Asia instead of on Europe. All this was being said in Europe under the Truman-Acheson regime, too, so Dulles was really excusing it politely as just something merely related to the change of administration. He continued:

"They are particularly concerned because they now have to deal with a new Republican administration, after having worked for 20 years in war and peace with a Democratic administration. To them, as to many Americans, a Republican administration is a novelty, and the unknown always carries a certain amount of fear."

Europe's Real Fear

The only real fear in Europe — if Dulles had dared to be blunt about it — is that America will dry up the stream of billions of dollars which have been flowing so freely to Europe in recent years. It's a fear, too, that America may seek to take care first of the 350,000 American troops caught in the Korean trap instead of sending those troops to become permanent garrisons in European territory where the local populace benefits by millions of dollars a week in soldier payrolls resulting from the many bases now being built and manned overseas by the Air Force.

Dulles was meticulously diplomatic. He nevertheless did deliver some implicit warnings. He pointed out that in the last seven years $30 billion have been contributed by America to Europe, and said America had done so "because the security of Europe vitally affects our own security." In saying this, however, he may have accentuated the feeling too many Europeans have that America does not for its own sake dare to cut down the money flow to Europe no matter what the continental nations do by way of raising armies.

The Secretary of State did meet this argument part way when he added:

"Nothing that the United States can do will ever be enough to make Europe safe if it is divided into rival national camps."

Dulles rightly followed it up by the comment that the European defense community, with its defense army, "is needed to give the North Atlantic Treaty Organization a stout and dependable heart."

Ties Projects Together

This ties the two projects tightly together and warns Europe that America may become less interested in NATO if the European defense army treaties are not ratified soon by Germany and France.

The Secretary of State emphasized that, while America carries a "tremendous responsibility" and "any false step could mean disaster not only for us but for our friends," there must be no shirking. His final warning was pointed as he said:

"Indecision, weakness and vacillation are the qualities which most often lead to war."

This is good advice to persons here and abroad who, the moment any decision of importance is made, immediately consult their fears and telegraph to the enemy their timidities and their apprehensions about risking large-scale war.

Dulles said President Eisenhower "is accustomed to carry heavy responsibilities and calmly make grave decisions." That's the way to talk to the American people and to the European peoples after the eventful trip just completed by Dulles and by the Director of Mutual Security, Harold Stassen. It was an opportunely delivered address which will have even more significance in Europe than in America.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the most popular subjects in letters from my readers is, "How can I acquire culture in a hurry?"

There is hardly a week that someone does not ask me what to read in order to be able to impress people. But the inquirers haven't much time to spend on the subject. They have to get their cultural education in a hurry.

Wasn't there some kind of a song some time ago about Madame La Zonga and her nine easy dancing lessons? I forgot just how it went, but it was something about becoming popular in a hurry by learning how to dance.

Anybody who wants to learn dancing can do so in a hurry. One—two—three—dip or something like that, that's really all there is to it.

But culture is something else again. There is no one—two—three—dip to culture.

I was recently invited to come to one of those thousands of "book clubs" that have sprung up almost everywhere in the country.

The members are mostly ladies who have some extra time between the ham and eggs and the pot roast and use that time to acquire culture.

I went to the meeting and listened in awe. They were discussing a certain very ordinary book in the most extraordinary language.

From the way these ladies talked, one would have imagined that the author was a sort of cross between Shakespeare and Sophocles.

In reality he is a guy who lives right near me and who composes his "immortal" prose (immortality in this case meaning about one year) strictly for money.

When his creditors dun him too much, he goes to his publisher, suggests another book to him, collects his advance royalty, pays his bills and gets drunk with the balance, if there is any —and sits down to write his book.

When the meeting was over I was asked to join the club.

I didn't.

Culture is not something that can be acquired like dying your hair or using mascara or rouge.

A famous German scientist, Justus von Liebig, said, "Soap is a measure of the prosperity and culture of a nation."

What he meant, I think, was that a clean nation is a cultured nation.

And by "soap" he meant not only cleanliness of body but also of mind.

In the last decade of the 19th century there as a certain culture society in Chicago. The members were mostly the wives of wealthy industrialists and a sprinkling of the dirty-fingernail-intelligentsia.

Its motto was "We'll make Culture hum."

They didn't—because culture just cannot be made to hum.

So I answer my correspondents who want to become cultured in a hurry with two quotations.

Thomas Carlyle "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."

Mary Pettibone Poole -"Culture is what your butcher would have if he were a surgeon."

(Copyright, 1953)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 5:1-9

The scene in today's lesson is located on the shore of the lake of Gennesaret. Bible readers know this body of water by three other names: Galilee, Tiberias, and Chinnereth (Num. 34:11). A crowd of people had assembled, hoping that Jesus, Who was there at that time, would speak to them. There were two empty fishing - boats near by, the men on the shore washing their nets. So Jesus stepped into Simon's boat, and asked him to push it out a short distance from the shore, so that He might use it as a sort of platform from which to address the people, a true 'rostrum,' a word which originally meant the beak of a ship. Having finished His addresses. He suggested to Peter (Simon) that he launch out into the lake to do some fishing. But Simon said, 'No use; we were fishing all night, but caught nothing. But since You say so, I'll let down the net.' He did so, and brought up a large draught of fishes — in fact, the net showed signs of tearing under the strain. Simon called to his partners, and to the astonishment of all, together they practically filled both boats upon emptying the nets into them.

Dilcher seinra kourt hous offis, shpaiter nous in inshurance arwet. Der Sol wor fer yohrra chemist on da Fogelsville cement meal. Alla bait hen ihra ledshda yohrra tzu gabrocht in da ruh — odder ewwa wie der English mon secht, in "retirement." Der aintsich'd unnershit wor, der Jimmy is fom lond rei noch da shtadt gatzoga ordlich yohr tzurick, un der Sol fon da shtadt nous ins lond. Yaderer hut tzwae kinner hinner lossa — der Jimmy tzwae boova, der Melville fon da Hoch Shule, un der William, 'n Allentown mailmon. Noh hut der Jimmy aw ae kinds kind, un etlicha kinds, kinds kinner. Er hut sei ledshda tzeita tzu gabrocht in seim boo Willia mseinra hamet uf da Wahneta doh in da shtadt mit seinra Hattie fer'm ob worta. 'M Sol sei tzwae kinner, sin der David fon Nei Yarrick, un die Mary Jane Fountain, fon Michigan.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis kayose won m'r driwwer denk'd os doh tzwae nagshda Granges ihra "charters" tzu gleich badeck'd hen in drauer, un in yader'm fol, fer 'n glaed beim nahma Boyer.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER SOL, UN DER JIMMY BOYER: Kayose wies sheina mawg, ow'r tzwae Boyer'ra, der Solomon J. Boyer fon Rockdale, un der James O. Bover doh fon da shtadt—free'r fon da Neffs gagend, sin nagshd nonner noh in ihrie ledshdie ruh. Der Jimmy, wie m'r 'n 's beshd gakent hen, wor hoch in da yohrra, sei karaber hut yusht nimmy langer uf halta kenna mit ma guta hartz un willa fer lava—noch nine wocha im bed fon blose shwochichkate hut er die onner nocht ferlosa. De Sol, ken nagshdie freindschoft so weit os m'r wissa tzum Jimmy—nix wie fer yohrra guta freind, hut ferlossa fier un tzwonsich shtun dofor.

Der Jimmy hut sei elt g'fochta da beshda waig os er gakent hut —' same wie der Sol woh noch fiel shaina yohra howwa het maiga, hut aw sei druvel tzu fechta kotta. Ols 'n glaina boo wor er ous ma hammock g'falla, un 'n glainer shtae hut 'n naraf im rick shtrong bashaidich'd, os ae bae uf haira hut woxa, un der Sol wor sei gonsie lavens tzeit lawm.

Fer fiel yohra ken finf mile fon nonner weck—der Jimmy uf seinra glaina bauerrei nagshd on Neffs, un der Sol uf wos seim gross fodder Solomon Boyer sei bauerrei wor on Rockdale, hen immer shweara indressa ganumma in socha os tzu duh hen kot mit londsleit, un londs g'shefta. Yaderer wor 'n shule maishder, der Jimmy fer yohra on Neffs un onnerra shula, un der Sol in da Rockdale shule, yusht 'n hawna shrit weck fon seinra hamet—all bait in North Whitehall township.

Wie granges in der gong kumma sin — Laurys in 1913, un Schnecksville awenich shpaiter, worra sie fon da airshda for halt aw shloga, un yaderra grange hen — der Sol ols Master, un der Jimmy ols Schreiver fon ihra granges. Noh wor der Sol aw der airsht gelt haver fon da Lehigh Northampton Pomona Grange, un der Jimmy shun fer yohra historian fon da sama drup. In da freea yohrra worra ken grange fersommlinga fartich, mit ous der Sol un der Jimmy worra darta, yaderrer mit gutie rote, un now hen sie so tzimlich nagshd mit onner ferlossa — ols noch Grangers.

In politicis worra sie alla bait Demagrawdish — hard Demagrawdish wie dale leit alsa mohl gamaint hen — 'n doch net so hard, os sie fergessa hen freind tzu sei tzu onnerra os socha net immer ihra waiga g'sehna hen. Kenner hut ken tzeit gabroviart sei glawwa hail-tzu-halta, odder wies gutebuch secht, sei helling fershtechkle unnich ma bushel mose. Ow'r won allas g'sawt un gaduh wor, wors feriwwer, un sie worra ols noch freind tzu denna won net mit na ei g'shtonna hen in ihra glawwa.

Sie worra alla bait gute galarnt—der Jimmy hut sei larning grick'd on da Keystone State Normal shule Kutztown, un der Sol is darrich Muhlenberg. Ow'r shule larning wor yusht der awfong — sie worra alla bait arya laiser, un hen ken tzeit ferlora gae lossa wohs miglich wor tzu larna. Wie sie ihra shule maishder g'shefta iwwer 'n side galaig'd hen, wor der Jimmy fer etlicha yohr klerrick im Cyrus

25 Years Ago

The hotel of former County Commissioner James S. Peters, Washington Township, was the scene of the annual dance of the court house attaches, lawyers and a number of other people whose business brings them in contact with court work. Deputy Prothonotary Arthur B. Seidel was chairman of the affair attended by more than 50 guests.

Horoscope

Unexpected good fortune may be looked for. Success in life is probable for today's child.



IN DIXIE LAND

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

Revolution Put Coffee in Love Feast

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—An article which appeared in the Winston-Salem Journal under the by-line of one Lila Fisher intrigued us and we suspect that some of our Pennsylvania readers will wish to ponder upon some of its allegations. The caption of the article was "Revolution Put Coffee in Love Feast." Employing considerable license we bring together two events which occurred in the year 1789, without attempting to show any relationship between the events Lila Fisher arrives at in her article.

One event of that year was the beginning of the French Revolution, an earth-shaking chapter of history, it is true. It is likewise true that much of the world's subsequent history was shaped by the French reforms between 1789 and 1815. Just what bearing all of this had upon a decision made by the Congregational Council of the Moravian Church in 1789 is not clear to us. In that year the Council decided that:

"Coffee shall be served at the Christmas Love Feast instead of tea hitherto used. The Coffee Love Feasts shall be on Great Sabbath, on August 13, on November 13, at Christmas and at the close of the year." If desired sangaree could be substituted for coffee during the hot summer feast. Sangaree is a concoction of red wine and water with sugar and spices.

It appears that tea is still the favorite beverage for Moravian Love Feasts in European Moravian churches, but coffee continues to hold full sway in the American version of the Moravian Love Feast.

* * *

The Piedmont Valley

SALISBURY, N. C.—Wherever the soil is good and nature is friendly you will find descendants of the Pennsylvania Germans. In many sections of this broad land they pioneered the settlements and gave them character. The most fertile areas of Dixie are the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and the Piedmont region of the two Carolinas. From Salisbury, N. C., to Spartansburg, S. C., the traveler will find the imprint of Pennsylvanians who migrated southward during the second half of the eighteenth century.

The dialect is gone. Only the faintest vestiges of it remain. Surnames have undergone some remarkable changes. The name we know as Kreitz has become Krites, a far cry from the original Kreuz, meaning a cross. There are 54 Clodfelders in the telephone directory of Winston-Salem alone. We know the name Gladfelter, or originally Glattfelder, meaning smooth fields. The change in the South has put clods in the fields! Heinz has become Hines; Hahn, Haun; Hunsicker, Hundseger; Klee, Clay; Weidner, Whitener; Lentz, Lents; Boehringer, Barringer; and Eyrich, Irigh.

A comparison of names currently in use with the originals is made possible by the tombstone inscriptions in such ancient burial grounds as those of the old Organ Church (Zion's Lutheran) near China Grove, southeast of Salisbury. There one finds the older tombstones carrying such Berks names as Trautman, Dewalt, Heilig, Ketner, Lins, Seifert, Hartlein and Holshauer. The later burials include such non-Pennsylvania names—surnames as Kluttz, Overcash, Fesperman, Josey and Kimmerich.

The same situation holds at Shiloh Reformed Church in Faith, N. C. Near Rockwell is located Nazareth Orphans Home, one of the eleemosynary institutions of the Reformed Church. In Berks County we have Bethany, more than five times as large as its counterpart in the south. Nazareth, like Bethany, has its great Anniversary Day each August, but in North Carolina the celebration takes the form of a giant barbecue. Mr. Edward Kerr (pronounced Carr), custodian of Nazareth (near Rockwell, N. C.), told us that more than a ton of meat is consumed on such occasions.

While we were in North Carolina the state released the average income per person in each of the 100 counties of the state. It is very interesting to note that the first nine counties, in the order of large incomes, are all in the region we were visiting. Mecklenberg County, settled almost entirely by early Germans, led the list. The fertility of the land and the character of its people has given the western Carolinas their stability.

* * *

Mecklenberg County, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—"Keep the Queen City Clean" is the civic slogan of Charlotte. What queen? Charlotte of the German principality of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, the wife of George III of England. Known as the "Hornet's Nest" of the Revolution, Charlotte was not bound by ties of loyalty to George III. It was in the center square of the present city that the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence was issued. This was more than a year before the Continental Congress got around to such agenda at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776. The good burghers of Mecklenberg proclaimed their position to a "candid world" on May 20, 1775.

Here we seek the indulgence of our readers for a moment to insert a personal note. Thirty years age we matriculated in a seminar course at the University of Pennsylvania. The instructor was Dr. George Souissat, now the Head of Manuscripts at the Library of Congress in the nation's capital. The seminar was devoted to searching for fallacies in American history. The first assignment was to prove a statement which had appeared in the "Cape Fear Mercury," North Carolina, to be false. The statement was in effect that the people of Mecklenberg County, N. C., had issued the declaration immediately upon hearing the news of the battles of Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775. The question at issue was whether the news of the fray near Boston could have reached western North Carolina before the 20th of May. The investigation we made did nothing to clinch the facts of history and there is still doubt in some quarters as to the reasons which impelled the Germans in Mecklenberg to be so bold.

However, it is true that there are two fairly large towns, close to each other, named Lexington and Concord, just north of Charlotte. It is also true that a declaration was issued. There were six paragraphs in the Mecklenberg Declaration. We submit the second paragraph as interesting evidence. Note the similarity of phrasing to that of the Philadelphia Declaration:

RESOLVED: That we, the citizens of Mecklenberg County, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselve from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection, contact or association with that nation who have wantonly trampled our liberties and inhumanly shed blood of American patriots at Lexington.

On April 12, 1776, nearly one year after the above statements, a convention was held at Halifax, N. C., to instruct that colony's delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia to vote for a colony-wide Declaration of Independence.

In the opinion of this writer it is doubtful whether water transport could have brought the news of Lexington to Mecklenberg between the dates of April 19 and May 20, 1775. However, it was possible to make such a journey overland in the course of that time. Groups travelling from Bethlehem, Pa. to Winston-Salem figured on one month for the journey in 1753. This was with all impedimenta, women, children, baggage, fording streams and weather delays. Twenty years later, with better roads, a man on horseback riding in relays, night and day, could have made the journey from Boston to Charlotte in 30 days.

To Be Continued

SPEAK KINDLY

O schwetz doch gut zum Hund, mei Bu!
Er freet sich graad so gaern wie du.
Er hot des Schelte uff em Schtrich,
Un wann er's heert, noh schemmt er sich;
Er denkt gewiss im Schtille datt,
O loss mich geh, noh gehn ich fatt!

Aus 'm JOHN BIBMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

EN GRUSS AUS DER PALZ

ZUM GRUNDSAU FESCHT 1953

Greetings from Dr. Fritz Braun, well-known genealogist of the Palatinate, arrived too late to appear in the ECK before the numerous groundhog festivities of the first week in February. We nevertheless publish here, in part, what Dr. Braun has to say in the dialect of the Palatinate, if only again to indicate how remarkably we here in Pennsylvania have retained the dialect of our forefathers. Our readers will meet with few difficulties (and no English words!). Except for a few minor changes the orthography as written by Dr. Braun has been retained. Dr. Braun is an ardent student of the history and the lore of the Pennsylvania Germans and a reader of the ECK since its beginning in 1935.—ED.

Mer dohiwwe in de Palz am Rhei, mer lewe im 'me alde Deel vun dere buckliche Welt. Mer schwetze heit noch die uralt Sprooch, wu schun unsere Voreldre gschwetzt hen, ebb's die misseraawlich babylonisch Sproochhuddlerei gewwe hot.

Mer blanse heit noch Grumbiere un Zellerich, Zwiwwele un Reddich, Gummere un Buhne—aa feedmiche Buhne, grad wie in Lecha Kaunty—mer hen Blaume un Persching, Kannstrauwe un alle Sort Obscht, mer esse Latwerg, mer hen Geil un Kieh, Schoof, Hund, Katze, Hinkel un Gens.—Un mer hen aa Sei, un was far Sei! Zwee Schtick duhn die Bauersleit alle Johr vermetzle far Schunke, Lewerwarscht, Brotwarscht un Schwartemaa. Oh, seller Saumaa vum letschte Johr kann ich net vergesse.

Awwer MER HEN KEE GRUNDSEI—far 's Wedder gucke!

Wie is das? Zidder verzeh Daag geht mer sell schun im Kobb erum. Ferwas hen mer dohiwwe kee Grundsei? Un driwwe bei Eich hot's so viel!

Deel Leit saage, as die Grundsau-Legend vun Schottland uf Pennsylvaani kumme is. Ich will's net leegle, awwer ich hab mer selwer mei Gedanke driwwer gemacht:

Mer hen dohiwwe e Buch "DIE PAELZISCH WELTGESCHICHT." 'S is vun me arich gescheite Schulmeeschder g'schriwwe, wu alles gewisst hot—so wie de John Birmelin, wu viel zu frieh hot schterwe misse. In dem Buch "DIE PAELZICH WELTGSCHICHT" hot de Paul Muench uf Seite siwwenezwanzich vum Noah un de Sintflut (guck im 1. Buch Mose, Kapitel 7 un 8) g'schriwwe:

Der Noah, ich bin gut defor,
war aa in unsrer Palz gebor.
weil er so schlau war un gescheit,
grad wie die Paelzer Leit noch heit.
Dann domols hat kee Mensch gemeent,
dasz es e Sintflut gewwe kennt
un nor de Noah hat's gewiszt,
dasz ball so ebbes kumme miszt,
dann sellemols hun uf de Welt
die Leit grad alles aangestellt,
was unser Herrgott hat verbott,
es war e Schann un war e Spott.

Un werklich! Grad so is es gang.
Uf eemol re'ents wochelang
un hat geplatscht als wie noch nie;
'es Wasser is gestie, gestie
un stei't alsfort un stei't un stei't,
bis alles unner Wasser lei't,
die Baem, die Heiser un die Hiwwel
un alsfort re'ents noch wie aus Kiwwel.

Un uf de hohe Berg stehn owwe
in Dodesangscht die Mensche drowwe,
'es Wasser awwer stei't un stei't
un kummt als naeher an die Leit;
am hoechschte Gippel eng gedraengt,
do stehn sie kumnerbunt gemengt,
sie bete nimmi, nee, sie bruelle,
de Re'e un die Flut zu stille.
Do krawwelt er eruf un droht
vun alle Seite her, de Dod.—

Un wie am naechschte Dag die Sunn
eruffstei't in der Morjestunn,
do sieht sie nor noch Luft un Meer,
kee Baam, kee Busch meh, alles leer.

Ei, guck mol do! Im Meer do draus,
do schwimmt jo ebbes wie e Haus!
Was is dann das, was kann das sin?
Mer meent, do waere Mensche drin.—

Wer war's—de Noah un sei Leit;
Der hat sich noch zu rechter Zeit,
e Schiff als wie e Haus gemacht,
jetz hockt er drucke drin un lacht.
Do ware nit nor Stubbe drin
Far sich, sei Fraa un far sei Kinn,
er hot aa for sei Viechzeig all
eningebaut e extra Stall.
Do ware Geil un Kieh un Affe
un Leoparde un Giraffe,
do Tiger, Atzle un do Gemse,
do Biene, Micke, Schnooke, Bremse;
das war e ferchterlich Gezawwel,
e Johle, Gauze un Gekrawwel.
So is de Noah lang geschwumm
uf dere Sintflut owwe rum;
uf eemol merkt er, wie die Flut
so nochenanner falle duht.
Do sa't de Noah: Ich meen als,
mer schwimme mitte uf de Palz,
dann do waer ich doch arrich err,
wann das de Dunnerschberg net waer.
(The Donnersberg is the highest mountain in the Palatinate)
Na, korz un gut! Es dauert noch
so ungefaehr e guti Woch,
do is de Noah frisch un munner
mit seine Leit de Berg enunner
un was er dann noch hat getribb,
is in de heilig Schrift beschribb.

Wer sei heilich Schrift gut gelese hot, weess, as es so gewesst is. Wann awwer sellemols alles Viehzeich uf de Walt veroffe is, misse aa Grundsei uf' Noah sein're Arche gewest sei. De Noah is in de Palz an Land gange un so missee aa die Grundsei 's erscht dohiwwe bei uns in de Palz gewest sei. Wie sin die Grundsei awwer nochderhand niwwer kumme uf Pennsylvaani?

Do is net viehl hie un her zu rode. Des war so! —Zwischisch 1700 un 1750 sin arich viel Leit vun der Palz niwwer uf America. 'S menscht vun dene Paelzer hen sich in Pennsylvaani aangeseddelt. Wie das die Grundsei inne worre sin, hen sie sich uf de Weg gemacht far aa niwwer gehe. Die Leit wollte awwer die Grundsei net uf die Schiff losse un's hot en groszer Druwwel gewwe unnich de Grundsei—sie waare vergelschterd un zarnich. No hen se sich dief in de Grund neigefresse un sin unnich 'm Atlantik darrich, bis sie driwwe in Pennsilvaani rauskumme sin. Wie sie gesehne hen, as es dort armsdicke Welschkornkolwe gewwe duht, hen sie all die annere Grundsei zammegerufe, bis die letscht Grundsau driwwe war.

Die Grundsei hen gut zu lewe g'hat un hen sich unnich de Leit aus de Palz heemisch g'fiehlt. Sie ware froh un aus Dankbarkeit strecke sie so frieh im Johr de Kopp aus'm Grund, far de Bauersleit zu saage, ob sie noch sechs Woche mit de Aerwet waarde misse, oder ob 's wunnerbare Sunneschei gebt.

Ich denk, sell is wert, as mer in der Versammling vun de Grundsau Lodge driwwer schwetzt.

Mer hen do bei uns kee Grundsei meh. Awwer mer wolle aa wisse, ob mit gudem oder schlechtem Wedder zu rechle is. Mer hen en Weg g'funne: Mer gucke noch der Katz. Wann die vor'm Offe hockt far de Schwanz zu waerme, no is es noch langi Zeit kalt. Wann die sich awwer die Pote ableckt, no wisse mer, as mer mit Sunneschei rechle kenne—in unsere sunniche Palz am Rhei.

—FRITZ BRAUN in Kaiserslautern in der Pfalz.

IM VERBEI GEH

Ach! Wie schee sin doch die Bisch
un Felder do—
Mit Schnee bedeckt!—Es iss karyos
Wie ruhich sie sin—wie friedlich so—
Die Aerd, mit Friehling in ihrm Schooss!

En Fedder vun der BUSCH AMSCHEL

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Editorials

Baseball Hope Re-Arises

Hope that "springs eternal in the human breast" again is stirring the heart of the Allentown baseball fan with the prospect of retention in this city of a club in organized baseball.

With encouraging precedent (that of Col. Jacob Ruppert, for years the owner of the New York Yankees and the man who basked in the atomic brilliance of George Herman "Babe" Ruth) Augustus Busch Jr., president of Anheuser-Busch Inc., has purchased the St. Louis Cardinals. If he gets only half the fun and satisfactions out of a great ball club that Col. Ruppert derived from his world-beaters, he'll find his new deal cheap, whatever the price.

Local interest lies, of course in the fact that purchase of the ball club includes all the rights and properties of one of the best and largest organizations in the American game, including the Allentown property that is Breadon Field. While it has seemed likely, (almost dead certain at times) that no one would take up the white man's burden of sustaining a local team in organized baseball, with or without working agreements with the Cardinals, change in ownership may alter the picture swiftly and completely.

While the hour is late there still may be time to salvage something out of the wreckage that presently is the situation of the Allentown Cardinals. Certainly the enthusiastic lovers of high class baseball hope that favorable change will come.

Salve for One Sore

Because outbreak of war almost anywhere in the world in our day can and almost certainly will bring involvement for the United States thru our association with other nations and membership in the United Nations, whatever troubles are settled in peaceable fashion bring the American people much relief from anxieties.

Thus there has been irritation in Egypt where rising nationalist sentiment has been causing the British many a headache during recent years. Inasmuch as the future of the Suez Canal and its control is at issue in any dealings between Egypt and the British and inasmuch as that waterway is important for the free world, it is important for us that the Egyptians and British seem to have composed one of their most important differences—control of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Under recent arrangements, the people in this area are to be given the right of self-determination. They are going to vote on the question of being an element of Egypt—an up-the-river state—or of being a self-governing unit or an autonymous state under British influence.

The new Egyptian strong man, agreement for a plebiscite. He appears to be confident that Egypt will get a vote of confidence in the elections. And he appears to be so well satisfied with general conditi ns in Egypt as well that he has announced an early trip to see the United States.

Here he will be welcomed for he appears to be like a breath of fresh air in international affairs since the removal of that miasma, King Farouk, whom he ejected from office.

New Crisis in Berlin

Conditions in Berlin, where about two million West Germans constitute an island in a sea of Communist - controlled millions, are worsening by the day. It will be exceedingly fortunate if they do not erupt into serious conflict.

One of the most serious blunders in the conduct of the war was permitting the Russians to move in on the punch-drunk Germans near the close of the war. Although General Patton could have made the "kill" and was entitled to enjoy that honor, he was restrained in order that the badly mauled Russian armies could collect a little glory. And to top it all off, the Russian border in Germany was set up 110 miles west of Berlin and a third of the capital city was placed under their control.

Never perhaps has the insolence of conquerors been exhibited so flagrantly and tyrannically as in the consistent policy of the Russians toward the Germans since 1945. It is almost five years since they isolated Berlin from the west by closing the frontiers. They would have starved the West Berliners had it not been for the relief afforded by the famous "Air Lift" through which the two million marooned persons were fed, their factories were kept in operation and their homes were maintained in minimum comfort.

During all this time however, Berlin has been a doorway, not a wide one it is true, but a doorway nevertheless by which there was some communication between the west and the iron curtain area. This was because it suited the Reds' purpose in some ways to be able to move their agents and black market operators back and forth. Always there was the expectation that all Berlin would be taken over or perhaps would be ceded by the Berliners themselves.

But the Reds have not deceived the West Berliners. In addition they have not deceived thousands of East Berliners who lived amongst them and under them. As a result the open door has been crowded with people moving westwardly instead of eastwardly as the Russians undoubtedly had hoped.

For five years the movement has been steady and fairly strong. During the past year it has been equivalent to a mass migration with an estimated average of a thousand persons a day sneaking away from their homes in Red areas, moving into West Berlin and thence to West Germany. There they have joined nine or ten million refugees from Eastern lands.

As a result of this disappointing situation, the Russians now have set up a no-man's land between their own area of Berlin and that under American, British and French control. The threat is that all West Berlin again will be cut off from its few outlets through Red territory to the west. Another Air Lift may become necessary as a peaceful but highly costly method of saving the lives of the West Berliners and of averting the open clash which the Reds tactics invite.

The very first pronouncement by our new high commissioner to Germany, Dr. James B. Conant, early in the week plainly informed the Reds that the United States will not abandon Berlin and is determined that western communication with Berlin shall be kept open. It remains to be seen what the Russians will do in the face of such declarations of intended firmness, issuing as they do from President Eisenhower's appointee — a man who but a few weeks ago was briefed in the White House before departing for his present assignment.

Our Thousands of Guests

There are very few business enterprises which welcome the visit and the movement thru their plants and among their employes during busy hours of hosts of people. The Call-Chronicle Newspapers do exactly this, as thousands of people know thru pleasant experience and as many more thousands are going to learn as they make similar educational tours.

During last year, a record was established in the matter of the number of visitors so entertained when 2272 persons toured the entire plant of these newspapers under the direction of a staff of well-informed guides which has been trained for this sole purpose. In addition there were other groups which were interested in and made tours of but a single or a few departments.

Since the establishment of a system whereby visitors are formally received and escorted by especially trained guides more than six hours and persons have heard the story of The Morning Call within sight of and in the midst of the operations by which more than eighty thousand subscribers are served daily. Newspaper production is understood to some small degree at least by many thousands of our readers. In the learning of it a contribution has been made to wider understanding by the public of a profession and an industry that touch its life at so many important points.

Don't 'Start Something'

Arthur W. Cowley, executive director of the alcohol research and educational council of churches, offered to Fairview Baptist Church congregation last Sunday night some advice that bears repeating.

Mr. Cowley, speaking at a service for young married couples, emphasized that the example of parents is more important than any other form of alcohol education.

When intemperance is tolerated in a home how can the children in that home help but develop a philosophy that condones intemperance? Mother and Dad are the fountainheads of knowledge, the arbiters of human conduct. What they do must be right and proper. Their conduct is, in the childish mind, the highest expression of adult behavior.

How many parents realize how carefully their attitude toward drinking is scrutinized by their children; how the whole adult philosophy of those children toward alcohol is conditioned by the parents' behavior.

Mr. Cowley points out alcoholics don't become alcoholics all of a sudden. They are first "social drinkers." Then "problem dinkers."

If parents don't want their children to be intemperate the parents should practice temperance. Even childish reason is revolted by recepts that are ignored by the teacher.

Parents who submit intemperance in their homes run the risk of starting something. — Vancouver (B. C.) Province.

25 Years Ago

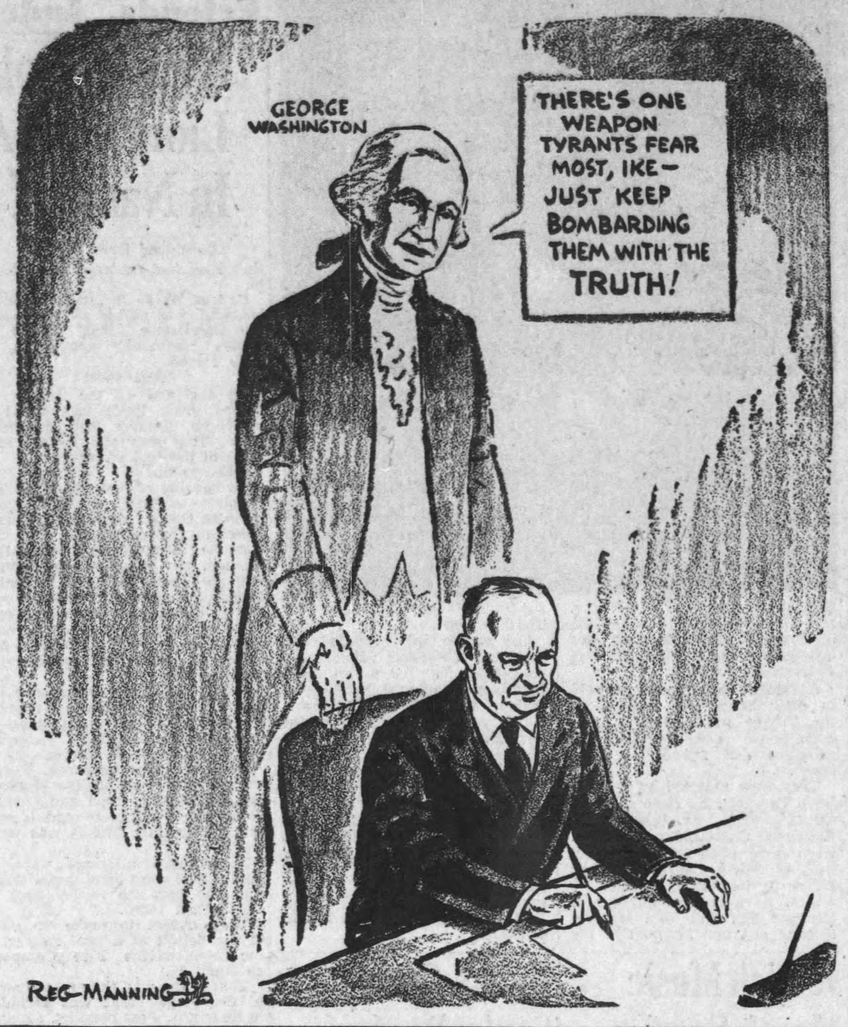
Taken From the Morning Call Of Feb. 21, 1928, a Tuesday

Superintendent of Schools Hiram W. Dodd warned members of Allentown's School Board that unless more classroom facilities are provided it will be necessary to place senior high school pupils on part time by September, 1929.

Three officers of the national Staff Young Women's Christian Association were guests in Allentown at the annual membership tea in Hotel Allen. More than 100 women attended.

A team of eight workers came to Allentown to prepare for an extensive canvass of Lehigh County voters to determine their attitude towards modification of the Volstead Act.

Mightier Than Sword or Pen



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The crusading Screen Actors Guild, whose new president, Walter Pidgeon, won real stardom in "How Green Was My Valley," is hereby nominated for a new kind of "Oscar" for discovering how Red is a valley not too far from the Los Alamos Atomic Proving Grounds.

Those grounds also prove one inexorable law of modern politics — that where you try to hide secret weapons, you find concentrations of Communists. So it is with little Silver City, New Mexico. The quiet town would never have been put on the un-American circuit had it not been for the sudden influx some weeks ago of former Hollywood actors, writers and the technicians they hired for a new kind of "shooting" war.

There in Silver City, near vital zinc concentrate mines, this band of movie people—few of whom will ever find work again in Hollywood—is shooting a propaganda movie produced, managed, written, acted and edited by men and women who have been charged by Congressional witnesses with being part of the pro-Soviet secret apparatus in this country.

The film is being financed by the pro-Communist Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union — an outfit whose national lawyer is Nat Witt, friend and Communist cell mate of Alger Hiss, according to Congressional testimoney.

Directly in charge as regional commissar is one Clinton Jencks, representative in this area of the mine union. He is the gent who was asked by Senate probers in Salt Lake City on Wednesday Oct. 9, 1952, to deny or confirm a witness' charge that he (Jencks) was preparing to damage our Korean war effort. The witness had just said:

"The substance of the conversation (with Jencks) was that Mr. Jencks was a Communist Party member and that the union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers would take action in working against our efforts in the Korean war by attempting to stop copper production through a strike."

Senate investigator Don Connors, ex-FBI agent, then asked:

"Do you deny that conversation, Mr. Jencks?"

"I decline to answer your question under the grounds of the Constitution and the Fifth Amendment to it that provides me the right to decline the question," Jencks retorted.

At the moment he was being counseled by guess who? Nat Witt, that's who, the man who was in the original Communist cell which sent its agents, including Alger Hiss, into the government.

Pro-Communists Arrive

Well, early last month, Jencks was told the pro-Communists would arrive in Silver City from Hollywood. And they did. In charge of the band was Paul Jarrico, the studio writer who has been identified as a Communist Party member by 13 witnesses before Congressional committees.

As business manager Trovarisch Paul brought two carloads of Negroes into the mining town. Soon they were deployed for their first shooting — a sequence which starts with mob violence against them.

By this time the crews had spread out. The dingy Fierro Night Club, scene of many of the lefty's liquid discussions, was improvised into a sound stage. Sets were put up. Over on a local ranch Mexican hovels were erected. The film company of 38 soon had some 400 people running through the sequences — most of them Americans of Mexican descent.

They were being skillfully handled by Herbert Biberman and Gale Sondergaard, identified members of the apparatus — and, in fact, led by tovarischi drawn in from all over the nation. Obviously, hundreds of thousands of dollars were being budgeted by the lefties on this picture — so no ordinary film is this one.

The "big names" don't just waft themselves over the New Mexico sagebrush to film any union quickie. The answer is clear. The picture is being hot to "portray the lives and struggles of people of Spanish descent."

Driven from Hollywood

It is being handled by the Hollywood crowd which has been driven from the industry by intelligent anti-Communist unionists such as the followers of Walter Pidgeon and Roy Brewer, movie colony representative of the AFL International Alliance of Stage Hands.

So the Mine, Mill and Smelter Union, long pro-Soviet, apparently has been chosen as the first to experiment in a new Russian-line maneuver. The union's money pays for a film. It hires those whom the studios won't employ, so the lefties now have a new kind of pork barrel.

This maneuver transfers from Sliver City to the silver screen just the propaganda which the Soviet loves most — portrayal of so-called abuse of the foreign born in the U. S. Then prints are made for exhibition in Latin America, Red China and India. We are turned into ogres who exploit the peoples who are not all-Caucasian. And we lose allies on all continents.

The uncovering of this newest propaganda technique should win an Oscar for the Screen Actors' Guild for its "outstanding supporting role" — in support of democracy.

(Copyright 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA KRUMSVILLE AUCTION: 'M Dunnershdawg owet hen m'r fer 'n kartzie tzeit ob g'shtopt on da Krumsviller auction—'s airsht mohl in mohneta os m'r darta worra. 'S mocht nix ous won m'r hee kumt, 's hut immer bakonta leit darta—'s wunnert em wohrhoft alsa mohl wos sie ol darta wolla. Fiel uf kours kumma fer die sama uhrsocha wie mier ols ob shtoppa — fer bakonta leit sehna, un fremma leit bakont werra.

'S hut uns g'sheind wie won die socha wenich longsome weara. Der blotz woh oft tzeita fol fee is fon alla orta, hen m'r yusht tzwae shticker g'sehna—ae alter aisel, un 'n shlocht ux net tzu gute in arder. Eb sie grossa si kotta hen kenna m'r net sawga, allas os m'r sehna hen ferkaufa, worra glaina witzelcher. So wie m'r fershtaina, hen sie ow'r ginnie hinkle tzu ferkaufa kotta, un woh der Curtis Berg fon Nei Schmidtsville un der groyer Welder in partnership kauft hen. Fermuthlich wert der Welder 's gelt fohr g'shtrack'd howwa, un der Curtis gebt ocht uf die ginnie hinkle.

Soe wie m'r fershtaina, worra 's kadoonicha ginnie hinkle, un woh sie mohl ebbes gons neias brovierra wolla. Der Welder hut aryads galaisa imma alta kalanner, 's wear nix in da welt besser fer blumma shteck woxa mocha wie ginnie hinkle misht, un sel is now wos sie tzaila tzu duh — wolla die ginnie hinkle halta fer der misht, un woh der Curtis noh shroda wil uf ra koffie meal, un wolla 'n in dutta duh un ferkaufa, fer blumma shteck recht arrick bleea mocha. M'r winscha da boova glick.

Wie g'sawt, sie worra om glaina sicher ferkaufa die weil os m'r on da fendu worra, un die grundniss gallery hut g'shtopta fol k'huck'd, wie won sie aw om rins fee ferkaufa weara mit goldna ring in da nase. Die "reserved" sitza worra g'shtopta fol fon unna aw woh der Bill Mabus fon Nazareth uf da ainta side k'huck'd hut, un der Charlie Strausser fon Springside uf da onnerra, bis owwa nous unnichs doch woh m'r der Jay Claude Frantz fon Egypt, un der Paul Kuhns fon Rising Sun sehna hen hucka.

Der Bill un der Charlie wissa m'r os uf guta barya ous worra in rins fee, ow'r wos der Jay Claude un der Paul darta gawolt hen is mainer os m'r ous mocha hen kenna. M'r hen sie net sehna beata, uns hut aw net g'sheind wie won sie ungruich weara om worta fer ebbes gons arbadiches nei gabrocht werra—wolla sawga wie 'n wogga load monkeys, odder ferleicht 'n glainer aisel. Ow'r 's hut aw blenty onnerra kot os da sama waig rum k'huck'd hen, ungfare, 'm auction aigner Edgar Wehr sei shwieger'n, die George Balliet'sn hut aw tzimlich weit farna drous k'huck'd, un sich wunnerbore blessiert un net aw mohl gabutta. 'M Edgar sei partner John Weber wor aw darta un hut 'm ringmaishder Phaon Zettlemoyer helfa die si in arder halta bis sie ferkauft worra.

M'r hen moh fer 'n weil gaglawbt der Herb Mertz fon nagshd on Wescosville maich'd shtarta groyerra — er hut uf ra groyer kons konsel g'shtonna, ow'r glawb now os er aw yusht darta wor fer wunnerfitza, 's same wie der George Rabenold fon Schweidys, un der Herb Zimmerman fon Trexlershteddle.

In da grossa shtub woh die shtore kipper, huckshter un graimer immer alla hond garaidschoft tzu ferkaufa hen, wor ebbes neia om gae—hen ebbes fon ra tzeit ferdrei kotta woh sie sich ferweil'd hen welshkern kerna uf nummerra laiga. Ols 'n eiwohner fon Lechaw kounty, hen m'r gore net ous mocha kenna wos sie om duh weara. Om onnerra end fom gabei wor der Allie German fon Andreas, eiferich on da arwet, finger ring un brusht shpella ferkaufa — hut g'sawt 's wear da fraw un dochter ihra shtand, ow'r sie weara alla bait gronk, un darft die bisnis net tzu nix gae lossa. Bisnis wor gute, un der Allie kon sich 'n aryer guter g'shick gewwa da weibsleit hols karalla un finger ring aw messa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Cal Flicker fon Farmington hut shier net fartich werra kenna fertzaila fon da wunnerbora guta tzeit os sie kotta hen heit 'n woch tzurick, ins Flickers' garage, in Maxatawny.

'S wor 'm Cal sei 72d'r gabutzdawg, un er un sei Manda hen gadonst os der shtawb g'floga is, bis es foss aw g'shteck'd is werra — noh hut die Manda der Cal nimmy fom foss weck griega kenna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 6:1-5

Since no one knows what the second sabbath after the first means (the Greek has one word here, "second-first"), we may read with Matthew 12:1, on the Sabbath Day, as also in Mark 2:23. The corn fields and ears of corn mean grain fields and heads of wheat. Passing through such a field, the disciples plucked some heads of wheat and ate them. The law in Deut. 23:25 allowed this, but the Pharisees, who were alwasy critical of Jesus and His disciples, charged them with threshing, that is, working on the Sabbath Day. But Jesus said that David, under similar compulsion of hunger, did what under ordinary circumstances was not allowed. In defending His disciples, Jesus was not sanctioning the violation of the Sabbath, but did defend works of necessity and mercy—not of money-making, business, pleasure - seeking, and amusement. As "lord of the Sabbath," He protects it from peculiar tradtions and superstitious views which arose through the years in connection with the fourth commandment. The sad thing about the Lord's Day at present is that it is being almost completely secularized.

Horoscope

You should be able to make some money right now, and during the months ahead. A remarkable personality is prophesied for today's child.



IN DIXIE LAND

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Conclusion

Divided Loyalties

KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C.—How did the descendants of the Pennsylvania Germans fare in the various political controversies which plagued the South? It is always difficult to generalize in ascribing virtues or blames to large groups of people. Yet it is of considerable interest to note how the Pennsylvania Germans lined up on the sides of the issues that confronted the colonies of the South.

John Fiske, eminent historian, declared that "the Pennsylvania Germans, wherever found, were always on the side of liberty." He was speaking about the Revolutionary War. In North Carolina this statement is open to some question, however. The situation in that province was complicated by several factors which are not found in Pennsylvania at the time of the struggle for independence. They must be considered before making an assessment and the terms Whig and Tory need careful defining in that part of the world.

* * *

In 1768 there was an uprising in western North Carolina known as the Revolt of the Regulators. This was an insurrection against the royal governor, Governor Tryon. Those who opposed the provincial authority were Whigs, and, according to some accounts, the roughest element of the colony. Governor Tryon's troops won a single victory at the Battle of the Alamance and royal authority was restored. Most of the Germans were on the side of the governor in that conflict. When the clouds of revolution against the Crown of England appeared in 1775, there were some of the Germans who were still loyal to the provincial governor and were known as Tories. One of the early skirmishes of the Revolutionary War was fought at Ramsour's Mills, north of Charlotte. In this encounter the Germans were divided, but the preponderance of them were on the winning side, the side in favor of independence.

But a Tory in 1775 might very well have become a Whig by 1778 when the issue was one of survival. It was the Pennsylvania Dutch who defeated Colonel Ferguson and his British forces at the battle of King's Mountain. Local tradition has it that it was Daniel Weidner's gun "brought from" Pennsylvania that killed Ferguson. The gun had a barrel six feet long and fired a one-ounce bullet. Daniel Weidner, the son of Henry Weidner, who was the first settler west of the Catawba, declared after the battle that he had taken aim at Ferguson "as carefully as I would aim at a buck." Ferguson had seven bullet wounds when he fell.

The severest trial came during the War Between the States, known in the North as the Civil War. Most of the descendants of the Pennsylvania Germans were loyal to the Confederacy. Some of them owned slaves. There were some outstanding exceptions, however. In some quarters it is felt that one reason that the German churches, Lutheran, Reformed, Moravian and others made slow progress in the South was because of their lukewarm support for the Confederacy.

The great mass of Pennsylvania emigres went to North Carolina before the 19th century. They were not influenced by political party loyalties to either the Democrats or the various parties which have since evolved as Republicans. Political parties did not exist as such prior to 1800.

* * *

A FAINT TRAIL

HICKORY, N. C.—If it had not happened that a Womelsdorf lad, Harry D. Althouse, had found his way to leadership in North Carolina about 20 years ago, this account could not have been written. The Rev. Dr. Harry D. Althouse, first president of the Southern Synod of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, has been alert to the traces of Pennsylvania German lore in North Carolina for many years. Kindly, in the warmth of his fireside, he and his wife, also of Womelsdorf, shared their observations and knowledge with us.

With an assist from John Regan, now a resident of Gulfport, Miss., who was visiting the Althouse parsonage, we pieced together some of the linguistic survivals of the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect as it colors the speech of North Carolina. Prior to our visit to Hickory we found no one who could speak the dialect. Mr. Robert Pou, for 30 years farm agent of Forsyth County, could suggest only one person, a 90-year-old lady who might still know some "Dutch."

In the course of his rounds Mr. Pou had known all of the farmers of the central area we were studying. But Pou himself is of Spanish extraction and lacks the background necessary to detect Germanisms in English speech. But Doctor and Mrs. Althouse are to the "manor born" and also Mr. Regan could recall that his grandmother frequently quoted Pennsylvania Dutch proverbs.

Strikingly the things which seem to have survived in this diluted speech area are the proverbs and articles of food and play. To this observer it is somewhat surprising that religious terms such as "Nachtmahl," "Pingste," "Bekehrt" and "Leicht" (funeral) have given way and that words relating to farming have disappeared.

But "riwwels" and "riwwel soup" are still so called and enjoyed; "snitz" is the universal word for slices of dried apples; hot slaw is still a favorite dish. A few old-timers still remember Belsnickel and the word "rutsch" is extant today in describing a child's restlessness in a chair. The use of the adverb "still" as a terminal, "knew him still," is still a part of the speech idiom and now and then one hears the word "schusslich" to describe an awkward action.

Strange things have happened in the pronunciation of surnames. The name Hauser is still spelled as it should be but it is pronounced Huser; Worlick on the other hand is given its old German pronunciation "Wahrlich." The North Carolinians of the Yadkin, Catawba, Mecklenberg, Forsyth and Guilford counties have lost all trace of the "chust" for just, "veet" for wheat and the peculiar morphology which marks the dialect Dutchman. But, and this is a big but, they have not fully acquired the southern drawl and their speech is devoid of the plantation idioms.

* * *

DANIEL BOONE ON THE YADKIN

MOCKSVILLE, N. C.—Squire Boone and his wife Sarah left Berks County, taking their fourteen-year-old son Daniel with them to the Yadkin River Valley of North Carolina. This was at mid-century, 1750-51. The cabin in which the family lived was located six miles northeast of Mocksville. Mr. C. F. Stroud and Mr. George Daniel, of Mocksville, the former, editor of the Davie (County) Record and the latter an official of Davie County, became our mentors in our pursuit of the elusive Daniel.

"Squar," as Stroud pronounced the name, and his wife Sarah, were not difficult to locate. Their graves are in the old Presbyterian cemetery at Joppa two miles outside of Mocksville. The old soapstone tombstones are replaced at the graves today. For many years the stones had to be removed because too many vandals chipped pieces of stone as souvenirs. The stones were removed and stored in a bank vault in Mocksville, but now, encased in an iron sheath, they have once more been replaced.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD IN DOGGEREL

(The Names are Fictitious)

Old Ritz was sick, yes, sick abed,
Had a pain in his old grey head.
Doctor came, made a diagnosis,
Said in German, "Ich weess was los iss!"
"Old man Ritz, you are going to die,
Couldn't save you if I'd try."—
"Get Parson Grim," said poor old Ritz,
The thought of death gave him the fits.
The Parson came, a godly man,
To aid old Ritz as best he can.
"What shall I do Hell to escape,
For I am in a terrible state?"—
Forgive your enemies, everyone,
Or in death you'll be undone."—
"All my enemies will I forgive
But not Jim Held while I live."—
"Then to Hell you sure must go,
For the Bible tells us so."
Reluctantly Held was brought
And from him forgiveness sought.
A line-fence suit they oft had fought
And neither had done as he ought.
"We'll shake hands and I'll be your friend."
"Thus," said Ritz, "I can face the end."
Held turned to go, got hold of the knob,
Glad that he had finished the job.
But Ritz called out in accents faint,
"Des Ding iss alles recht gemeent—
Awwer wann ich gsund kumm aus dem Bett,
Dann zeehlt der Barye verdollt sei net."

Moral:

Forgiveness must be freely given
To win approval from high heaven,
Not with an evil disposition,
But heartily without condition.

(This little broadside without any denotation of imprint is printed here by courtesy of Prof. Harold K. Marks)

But Daniel—how to find that peripatetic gentleman constituted a problem. Of course we know that he died in Missouri, as late as 1820, and we know, too, that he achieved his greatest fame in Kentucky, but his life in the Yadkin Valley has always remained something of a mystery. Finally, after much devious traveling over dirt roads, we came upon "Boone's Cave," a promentory overlooking the Yadkin at the point where it widens. It was there that Daniel had built himself a lookout and a fort.

Some historically-minded persons erected a monument and built an arbor to mark the spot. But today the marker lies on its back and the bronze plate is removed. The work of vandals is to be seen on every hand. Certainly the folks of North Carolina have in their midst some people who show little or no reverence for things historical.

DUTCHMAN'S CREEK

Between Mocksville, North Carolina and Salisbury, N. C. we crossed over a bridge which spans "Dutchman's Creek." The term is in general use among the natives but none could suggest an origin other than the obvious one—that some Dutchman had settled there in colonial times.

* * *

A PRECIOUS DISH

Somewhere from a treasure chest in her Hickory, North Carolina, home Mrs. Harry D. Althouse produced a prized possession. Without any preliminary explanation she handed us a deep dish of chinaware. To our surprise the bottom of the dish had imbedded in it a picture of the Brothers' House of the Cloisters at Ephrata, Pa. The Brothers' House was destroyed by fire nearly fifty years ago. We had never seen anything like it. On the reverse side we read the inscription:

"Miller China—made in Austria, expressly for F. Winger, M. D., Ephrata, Pennsylvania." How did this dish get to North Carolina?

The story was given us. An antique dealer from South Carolina had gone to Boston, Mass., to pick up a truckload of wares. The dish found its way to an antique shop in Bennetsville, South Carolina. There it was noticed by a Mrs. John Guitner, formerly from Lititz, Pa. Mrs. Guitner, knowing of the Althouses' interest in Ephrata, purchased the dish and presented it to the former residents of Womelsdorf. Ephrata — Austria—Boston—Bennetsville—Lititz—Hickory—Womelsdorf—these are a few of the points on the map touched by the picture of the Brothers' House of the Cloisters in Ephrata, Pa.

* * *

BLUE RIDGE FOOTHILLS

WESTMINSTER, MD.—We have on various other occasions featured the Pennsylvania German settlements of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. This time we will hurry through the apple kingdom of the east and, via Harper's Ferry, explore the easternmost extremeties of West Virginia and the heart of Maryland.

To anyone accustomed to think of West Virginia as the Mountain State or the seat of the Wier steel works of Wheeling and Wierton, the beauty of the farmlands north of Charles Town will come as a surprise. One is not accustomed to think of West Virginia as one of the states in which the Pennsylvania Germans played a part. However, if one remembers that the eastern counties of the Mountain State were a part of Virginia's Shenandoah, the German-sounding names on the letter boxes, the cleanliness of the towns, the excellent repair of the farm buildings and the stable character of the "landschaft" will be convincing.

Maryland is entered through Frederick, another spot of interest to students of the Pennsylvania German lore and history. Frederick was the scene of Barbara Fritchie's heroic act. Barbara Fritchie's maiden name was Hauer, and the family had migrated to Frederick from Lancaster, Pa.

In Westminster we sought out the Rev. Dr. Miles S. Reifsnyder, a native of Wernersville, Pa., now for the past 22 years a resident near Frizzelburg, a suburb of Westminster. For a number of years Dr. Reifsnyder was the dean of Blue Ridge College. He was one of the founders of the hobby magazine called "The Spinning Wheel." His greatest service has been as pastor of the Baust Memorial Church. Dr. Reifsnyder is the author of several plays, notably "Upsign" and the more elaborate "Three and Thirty Angels." These plays, written in English, feature various elements of our Pennsylvania German folklore. Somehow, Dr. Reifsnyder finds time to engage in many civic activities in Maryland. On the wall of his study hangs a citation from Governor McKelvin of Maryland, commending Miles S. Reifsnyder for his exemplary citizenship, a token of appreciation seldom awarded to a private citizen.

The land is lush in Maryland, and especially so the gentle rolling land between Westminster and Taneytown. Soon after Taneytown, named for the judge of Dred Scott Decision fame, we enter York County and are once more back in Pennsylvania. Actually, northern Maryland is nothing more or less than a spilling-over of Pennsylvania land and people into the region allotted to Lord Baltimore when the Mason and Dixon line was surveyed in 1763. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Blue Ridge area of Maryland is as Pennsylvania Dutch as is Pennsylvania—except, again, for the disappearance of the dialect. The Swiss type barns are there; the culinary arts are the same; the churches are the same; surnames are the same; and the fields bespeak the kindly husbandry of Berks, Lancaster and Lehigh.

On the fringes of the Pennsylvania German settlements it appears that Pennsylvania German folklore, agronomy and religion have survived. But the dialect, most distinguishing characteristic of all, has evaporated. How long will it survive at the core—in Womelsdorf, in Kutztown, in Emmaus?

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Editorials

Baseball is "Out"

The ancient adage about "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" has sorry example for this community in the vicissitudes faced by the city to have organized baseball this year.

For almost six months the people of the community, expecially the baseball fans, have teetered. Some days they have been up. Oftener they have been down. Some days the sun of hope has been strong. On most days the dark skies of disappointment have been experienced.

Finally, it seems, we have been plunged into gloom. Arrangements satisfactory to potential new promoters have not been arrived at with the St. Louis Cardinals, owner of the baseball field and anticipated source of a lot of promising young players. Without Allentown, the projected league cannot be formed. So organized baseball during the coming season is out of the question.

If one were inclined to be as laconic as an apocryphal railroader who achieved fame with a single telegram, we could sum up the history of six-months history of the struggle to get baseball with the few words that the conductor addressed to his boss "Off again. On again. Away again. Finnegan."

Merger in Anthracite

Living as we do next door to the anthracite coal region, any proposals which are made to improve the health of this industry and promote the welfare of the people in the communities built around this industry receive immediate attention.

So ears went up when Glenn O. Kidd, vice president of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co. recently suggested that the entire anthracite industry be merged into a single company to produce the entire output required by the American economy.

Mr. Kidd is of the opinion that such consolidation would effect savings sufficient to reduce the price of household fuel by $5 a ton — a statement that immediately commands respectful attention.

Mr. Kidd is of course mindful of the many difficulties to be disposed of before a merger could be effected. He knows that there would have to be a great deal of legislation by Congress and by the Pennsylvania General Assembly before many of the moves could be made.

He knows that many business units with varying personalities will have to be dealt with and persuaded about the merits of the program. He knows that every community in the area will be concerned about the effects of a merger upon themselves and their people.

The idea has been thrown out for consideration and discussion. Because the industry has been declining and because population has decreased throughout the coal region during the past decade, it will be evident on all hands that something should be done. If markets have been lost to cheaper fuels, then there should be hope of regaining them if price of the best fuel yet can be substantially reduced.

Mergers are not necessarily successes and conducive to higher efficiency. However this entire section of the State had an excellent example of the value to service provided by merger when the late General Harry C. Trexler conceived and carried out the idea of combining all the independent phone companies from Philadelphia to the anthracite coal region with the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania. The efficiency achieved and the savings effected were surprising even to the theorists who had resisted merger on the grounds of the creation of a monopoly. It was an example which illustrated that in a lot of activities a controlled and regulated monopoly is not to be feared but it is to be desired for it beneficial effects.

Counting Gold Hoard

When during last year congressional investigating committees uncovered a variety of thefts from Government storage places and what appeared to indicate wholesale looting of Uncle Sam, the question often arose and sometimes was asked in fun or seriously: "Have the thieves been able to carry off the gold that was stored at Fort Knox, Ky.?"

Many persons believe that just as grave-robbers in all ages from the Pyramids on down have been able to pry into and remove wealth from the stoutest manusoleums and deepest graves so modern thieves, working in more subtle fashion than yeggs with nitroglycerin and men with sensitive finger tips, must have found a way to remove from Ft. Knox gold bars worth $14,000 an ingot and a million dollars a ton.

Not because of any suspicions, but simply as a matter of routine in the change of administrations in Washington, a count of the gold hoard now is in progress. The new authorities naturally demand to know the value of the gold stock for which henceforth they will be responsible. The outgoing authorities wish to leave with a clean and clear record.

Soon it will be known whether even so much as a grain of gold is missing from the hoard of about $23 billions, the greatest volume of the yellow metal anywhere in the world.

Epochal 20 Years

Twenty years ordinarily does not seem long in the passing, except of course to very young people but what a score of years can encompass is immediately suggested to almost any one when it is brought to attention that yesterday was the 20th anniversary of the destruction by fire of the Reichstag in Berlin.

Blamed upon the Communists (who were of course capable of such a crime) it was a deed undoubtedly committed by the Nazis themselves. It was used by them as a means toward elevating themselves and putting down their rivals.

But the significant thing is that from the day of the Reichstag fire, Nazi power expanded without challenge. The year 1933 quickly brought the elevation of Hitler to high command as chancellor, to be followed the next year upon the death of President von Hindenburg by the assumption of all authority for Hitler, the Reichsfuehrer. The first steps which ultimately resulted in the massacre of six million Jews occurred within that first year.

For twelve years the Nazis were in power in Germany, succumbing only in the face of a defeat after they had wrecked half a dozen countries and in turn had been wrecked themsleves. For five years there was a restless peace while since 1950 there has been trouble equal to war in the police action in Korea.

Almost the entire population of the world has been agitated to some degree during the past twenty years by calamitous events. Almost every country has been affected both adversely and favorably by the events of the past twenty years.

It is almost certain that no similar period in world history has packed so many epochal happenings. When the Reichstag went up in flames it was the symbol that Germany, Europe, Asia and much of the rest of the world were going to be consumed in flame. Rise of the Nazis made World War II inevitable. World War II brought the atomic bomb. The Reichstag fire continues to be the symbol of the history of our time with its emphasis upon destruction.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A rather scientifically inclined friend of mine complained the other day that when God created man he overlooked one very important bit of equipment.

"He did not provide a stabilizer," he said, "and every human being should have one."

He went on to explain. In aeronautics, a stabilizer is a mechanical device to stabilize the motion of an aircraft—to hold it in balance, so to speak.

I looked the word up in the dictionary and I found that there is another definition of it. "A substance added to an explosive to render it less liable to spontaneous combustion."

You may apply it either way.

I disagreed with my friend about God's oversight.

"God does not overlook little things like that," I said. "If Man had created himself he would probably have installed a permanent stabilizer, and those contraptions would be heavy, and who would want to carry one around with him all the time?

"So Man has been given a stabilizer that works only when it is needed."

"What is that?" my friend asked. "Who ever heard of Man having a stabilizer? What is it? Where is it?"

"The common cold," I answered. "That is probably the best stabilizer in the world—and when I say 'in the world,' I mean in the world. Common colds are prevalent in America, in Asia, in Europe, in Africa, in Australia. And when one strikes you, believe me, it stabilizes you — but plenty!"

My friend didn't quite understand what I was talking about. He is a very smart fellow, but sometimes the smartest fellows are very dumb about the simplest things.

So I told him about an experience I had just recently.

The newspaper delivery men were on strike, so we did not get our papers—and without newspapers I am practically living in an ocean of ignorance.

Every morning I went outside to look for my paper, hoping the strike was settled.

One morning the weather was practically raw, and when I came back into the house I was hollering my head off about the strike, about strikers and the crazy world in general.

Suddenly I sneezed. "Those darn fellows make me..." I sneezed again and I had a chill.

I forgot all about the world and went upstairs to get me a couple of aspirins. They didn't do me much good. I felt worse and worse. I took my temperature. 101.

My wife made me go to bed and offered me some magazines to read. I declined with feeble thanks. She turned on the radio. A woman was blaring my favorite tune. "Turn if off," I cried. "How about the news?" she asked. "That'll go on in a few moments."

Who wants news when he is burning up?" I said and turned over, ready to die.

A little later my wife came up to tell me that Frank, a dear friend from the Coast, whom I had not seen in three years, was on the phone.

"Tell him I am sick," I said in a weak voice. "I'll call him when I get better."

And there I lay—caring about nothing, nothing meaning anything to me—I was completely stabilized. A few days later I was up and around again.

The first thing I did was to holler, "Where is that gosh darn newspaper?"

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Love and business are strongly favored today. Make every effort to profit under these positive influences. Your next year may seem trying, but you'll win. Today's child should show much promise.

Excelsior is made from fine wood shavings.

Perpetual Motion



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — There seems to be quite an effort promoted by the "Left Wingers" here to try to drive some kind of wedge between the Eisenhower administration and Sen. McCarthy.

It not only pops up at the press conferences, but it seems particularly to be fostered in State Department circles among some of those officials who remain from the Acheson regime.

The President is not likely to fall for these tactics. He wisely told his press conference that it wasn't up to him to make the rules for the conduct of congressional inquiries and that he would dislike to see any curtailment of the power of investigating committees.

Some published reports have tried to make it appear that Sen. McCarthy is displeased by the new appointments in the State Department, when the exact opposite is the truth. The Wisconsin senator has every confidence in the attitude of Secretary Dulles and his new associates in ferreting out the security risks and the disloyal, if there are any left in the State Department. But Sen. McCarthy is also interested in getting at the truth of what has happened in the past 20 years inside the government.

People Not Told

The importance of this effort is obvious — for the "Left Wing" is trying to make it appear that the whole agitation about Communists and Communist sympathizers is just a "witch hunt" or a "hysteria." The American people have never been given the facts about the cover-up practiced heretofore in the Department of State in protecting Communist sympathizers from exposure.

Nor have the facts been revealed as to the manner in which the Department of State virtually hamstrung the military men in fighting the war in Korea. Thus, a congressional committee has a right to find out how it happened that an order given by Gen. MacArthur to bombard the bridges at the Yalu River over which the Chinese Communists were pouring into Korea was countermanded within three hours from Washington. Also, how did it happen that the Chinese Communist commander was so confident of his opportunity to put an army across the Yalu that he knew the bridges wouldn't be destroyed by the U. N. air force?

The President is represented as unfamiliar with Sen. McCarthy's aims in his present inquiry. The purpose, of course, is not to cast aspersions on the new regime in the State Department, but to get at the record of the past which has been suppressed by one pretext or another. This involves a chain of circumstances that not only hampered the fighting in Korea but previously caused such a serious delay in the furnishing of military aid to Chiang Kai-shek as to lead to his defeat by the Communists.

Would Stop Inquiries

The "Left Wing" is trying desperately to stop all legislative inquiries here into communistic activities. But the overwhelming vote of 315 to 2 in the House of Representatives when the House Committee on un - American Activities was granted $300,000 to continue its investigations, is a sign that the American people have not been swayed in the least by the cries of "hysteria" which have come from the "Left Wing."

The story of Klaus Fuchs, who stole the secrets of the atom bomb and gave them to Russia, is well known now, but the story of the propaganda campaign in behalf of the Rosenbergs, who helped Fuchs — an organized movement of Communist sympathizers — evidently doesn't interest the "Left Wing." It is well known that the Rosenbergs can have their sentences commuted if they tell what they know, as many another prisoner has done. Soviet Russian agents are financing the demonstrations which are certainly a suitable subject for legislative inquiry.

Then there are the college professors, 99 per cent of whom are as bitter in their denunciation of communism as the anti-Communists in any other field. But the truth about the 1 per cent or less who were mixed up with the Communists ought to come out, if only as a warning to others lest they innocently join the various Communist - front organizations. It isn't primarily a question of teaching or of academic freedom, but a question of honesty and dishonesty in admitting or concealing conspiratorial connections.

Guilt by Association

The common outcry of the "Left Wingers" is that the McCarthy inquiries constitute a "guilt by association" doctrine. But on that subject Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson, in a concurring opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in May 1950, said:

"Guilt by association" is an epithet frequently used and little explained except that it is generally accompanied by another slogan, 'guilt is personal.' Of course it is, but personal guilt may be incurred by joining a conspiracy. That act of association makes one responsible for acts of others committed in pursuance of the association."

The congressional investigations have uncovered conspiracies that the courts and the FBI were unable to detect — notably the Teapot Dome scandals in the 20's and the Alger Hiss conspiracy at high level in the Department of State in recent years. Small wonder that Congress has voted again this week, as it has a score of times in the past, to give adequate funds to investigate communistic activities inside and outside the government.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ALLA ORTA TZEIT: Der Palmer Hess un sei Clara fon Seemsville, hen net alla orta tzeit kot wie wenich rechdie, die drei wocha os sie in Florida worra. Der Palmer hut 'n orange bungert on Weirsdale, net so arrick weit aweck fon Silver Springs. Sie hen ihra aiga house im bungert, un woh sie'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit kotta hetta won sie ols gawist hetta was tzeit os es wear, un die Clara het ihra luft bilder mashine kotta fer ol die fiela programs sehna woh sie dahame immer ob lauert.

'S Palmers' shure hen ihra druvel un aeland kotta so weit os ihra watcha un uhra waisa aw gonga is. Mohl im airshda blotz, hen die kinner da Clara 'n iwwer rousie shaenie watch kauft for 'n Grishdkind'l die ledshda Grishdawg. Die Clara wor so shtoltz os sie die watch bol immer gawora hut —'s hut nix ous gamocht wos sie om duh wor, shoffa, odder hee hucka TV watcha. Uns sis aw leicht tzu denka os sie die watch aw kotta hut for noch Florida gae.

Da dritta dawg fon hame, is da Clara ihra watch ow'r holshtarrich werra, un ken gute un ken baisa werta hen bodda wolla for sie gae mocha. Uns hut aw nix ous gamocht wie arrick os sie die watch g'shitt'ld hut, sie is yusht net gonga, un der Palmer hut gamaint 's wear ol recht — sie hetta ols noch sie watch woh er sich immer druf ferlossa kent. Sellie watch hut er immer gawora won er noch da kerrich gonga is, yusht die weil os er net so oft gonga is, is die watch aw net oft gonga, un hut net tzu gute tzeit k'halta. Sis selra watch gonga wie da Clara ihra alta watch, un woh die kinner uf der shlowder gabrocht hut for ra 'n neiie kaufa for 'n Grishdkind'l.

Wel aenicha waig, 'm Palmer sei sock watch wor ken pieca besser wie aw da Clara ihra neiie ohrm's watch, un hen sich noh ferlossa missa uf die uhr in ihra 1950 mashine. Die weil os druvel nee mohls gleich aeletzich rum tzu kumma, hut ers Palmers aw net badroga in dem fol, un is drei draidich kumma — eb sie recht in Florida worra is die mashina uhr aw nimmy gonga, un darta worra sie in ra fremma gageng mit ous tzeit.

So os sie doch wista wos tzeit im dawg os es wear, hut der Palmer nohn 'n wolflie wecker uhr kauft, un woh ol recht gawest won der ohr 'm drup 'n tzwilling shweshter kotta het. Der Palmer hut alla meesichie tzeit tzu gabrocht drous in seim bungert, un die Clara wor drin im kabin 's essa rishda. So os er wist won hame tzu gae for essa, hut er die uhr immer mit nous in der bungert, un die Clara hut dahame k'huck'd un net gawist won tzu shtarta essa mocha. 'S hais'd, sie het 'n shteif gnick grick'd drous shtae die sun watcha.

Doch darrich ol der watcha un uhra druvel os sie kotta hen, hen sie sich gore wunnerbore blessiert, un der Palmer hut aw 'n lot tzuwaiga gabrocht im bungert. Wos er ol gaduh hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r fermuthlich ungrout un graws garubb'd, keffer g'fonga un also onnerra wohl - tae - tich - a - tzwecha gadriva os 'n mon tzu duh hut brovierra 'm millionaie werra oranges raisa in Florida.'S Palmers' sin now widder dahame, un werra wol mohl ains fon da dawga rei noch da shtadt kumma ihra holshtarricha watcha un uhra fixa lossa, un aw noch 'n halb dudsend odder so neia datzu kaufa, so won sie mohl widder noch Florida gaina, os sie net ous tzeit kumma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

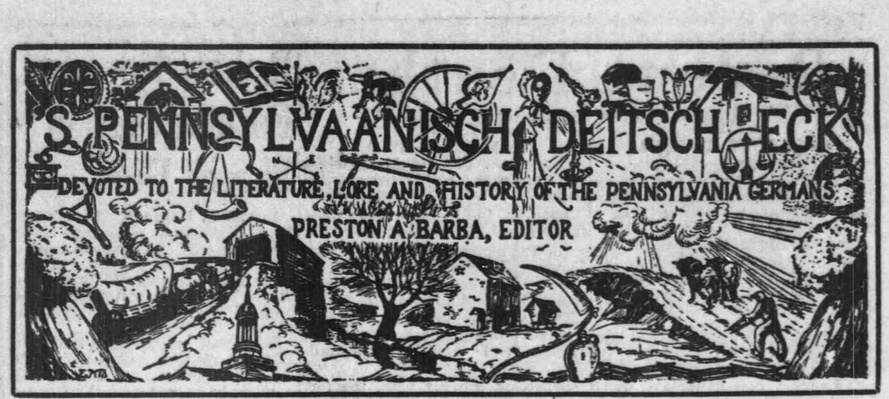
Der fendu groyer Lee Pillsbury un sei Hilda fon Bedlahame worra shier fier wocha in Florida, un so wie m'r hoerra, grabb'ds die Hilda alla weil noch, os sie net mohl nochts nous in die Everglades sin, for die mushkeeters sehna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 6:39-40

Verse 39 warns us against false teachers, a warning frequently repeated in the New Testament Epistles. James in 3:1 says: 'Let not many of you become teachers, my brethren for you know that we who teach shall be judged with great strictness.' Blind teachers are those who not the truth, but who presume to teach others, and there are many doing so in these 'latter days.' How important it is to use the 'light of the Word,' so that we do not with them 'fall into the ditch.' False teachers always discourage the reading of the Word. The statement in v. 40, that 'a pupil is not above his teacher, but every one , when he is fully taught, will be like his teacher,' seems to show very emphatically that if a person listens to false doctrine as taught by false teachers, he will be no better than the teachers, and both will 'fall into the ditch.' How foolish, therefore, to follow 'blind leaders.' So 'beware of false prophets (Matthew 7:15) who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves,' preying on the flock of Christ, which is Satan's business.



THE OLD CHAIN BRIDGE

By WILLIAM CRAIG

In the Sunday Call-Chronicle for Feb. 8, 1953, appeared an article about the old chain bridge which for 105 years had spanned the Lehigh River at Lehigh Gap. It brought to the memory of the Editor of the ECK a poem which appeared in the Pennsylvania German Magazine for June, 1909. Despite his Anglo-Saxon name the author seems to have known the dialect very well. In a note he informed the editor of the magazine: "The writer of the following lines was born and raised in romantic old Lehigh Gap and naturally has an ineffaceable attachment for the place and all its attributes." The author resided in Blue Springs, Nebraska.

Through the courtesy of Annie Roeder Craig of Lehigh Gap we have recently learned that William Craig, author of the poem, was the fourth son of Thomas and Catherine (Hagenbuch) Craig, and born presumably in 1837. An older brother (b. 1835) was the Hon. Allen Craig, onetime judge of Carbon County. Another older brother, John, (b. 1831) was the father of H. T. Craig of Lehigh Gap, now in his 80th year and Secretary-Treasurer of the Lehigh Water Gap Bridge Co. from 1900 until the company disbanded after the fire of 1934. In 1882 William Craig sold his interest in the store at Lehigh Gap to his brother John and removed to Nebraska.

The poem, first published in the Pennsylvania German Magazine, also appeared in the Carbon Advocate for Nov. 5, 1909. The manuscript copy with which Mrs. H. T. Craig kindly furnished the editor contains three more stanzas than appeared in the Pennsylvania German Magazine. It also differs considerably in the text. We have followed the original text both in orthography and content.—ED.

Die Alt Ketta Brick—Lecha Wasser Kaft

Dort in der Lecha Wasser Kaft,
doh spannt en alte Brick
Den schaena Lecha Rever
gebaut feel Yohr zurick.
In derr ganz United States,
du maugst sucha wu du witt,
Doh finsht du gor ken Gleichniss
zu der alta Ketta Brick.

Enn Fremling daeht gewiss laut lache,
mit seinem ershta Blick,
Won unverhuft in siner Reis,
err kumpt zu der Ketta Brick.
So g'spassich iss see doh hegestelt,
so keryoss sehnt sie yoh auss,
Guckt frilich wie enn Wauga Brick
un etwas wie enn House.

Ganz weit un braet iss see bekannt
als dee Lecha Ketta Brick,
Wiles gonz Gewicht uff Ketta ruht
onstatt zwee drotna Strick.
Ach, wos schwaer Holz war doh gebraucht
die Brick zu constructeera,
So monn kon feela Ton Gewicht,
safe druff aund drever steera.

Die Piler och wee solid gmacht
by dee alta goota Maurer—
Ich glaub gewiss dess shtae-werk maecht
noch hunnert Yohr lang daurer.
Wuh sinn now don dee Arbites Lite,
dee Krefta henn gevva dazu,
Die Mutter Aerd bedekt sie lang
in sonft un seesa Ruh.

Mitt Flice henn see yoh all geschaft,
un dorrich dee taeglich Hitz,
Doss meeta Gleeder hut gemacht,
eer Kaerper befeicht mit Schwitz.
Dee Bau-meister auw fon deeser Brick,
shure weit un braet bekonnt,
Schon "long ago" hen Abschied gmacht
for enn shaenes besser Lonnt.

So dinkts mich wile die Arbeit schwaer
fon freeh biss ovets spaet,
Yaeder Daug see mootich zuhgestickt
un mitt der graesta Fraet.
Ich behaupt wee alles fertig war,
yah alles gonz "complete,"
Hen't Bau-meister shure enn Daug bestimmt,
un dee Lite henn oll "gemeet."

Yah yung un alt, Buva un Maet,
mitt Gike un Banjo gspeel,
Henn fraelich Zite imm Daug gemacht,
mitt Hurrahs in yaedem Reel.
In sella alta Dauga Zite war'n
kenn Brass Bands in der Gaegent,
Sonst het dess Fulk denn Blesseer Daug
mit Band-musick gesaegent.

Well's war gwisslich recht der Waert,
enn Fire Daug zu maucha,
Denn grosser Foreshritt now zu ehra,
inn de "improvement" saucha.
Fur by oll dem Fulk der Gaegent room,
war ess gonz hoch getracht,
Enn Wunderbaures Bisniss Hielf
for dee Lecha Wasser Kaft.

Zu all dem Fulk in Haedelbarrick,
was war dee Brick en Saega,
Den Rever mon now crossa kon,
zu Foos unn auw mit Waega.
Un geh noch Upper Lecha Kaft,
dort by dem Stage Line Waig,
Wuh mon Lumber un Store-sach kauffa kon
foom Captain Tommie Craig.

O Ketta Brick, O Ketta Brick,
gebaut sehr lang zurick,
Imm gonza Lehigh Valley bisht
du dee elshta Brick.
O wann du yusht sprecha kensht
mit Mund udder mitra Fetter,
Schrecklich kensht du uns ferzehla
fon Fluth, Blitz un weeshtes Wetter.

Longs om Rever nunner henn
sich feela Bricka gstreckt,
All sin yetz obgerissa
un onnerra ufferweckt.
Our du stehst noch gorr braechtich doh,
in dinem alta Glite
Un draugst dee Lite sicher hee un haer,
biss uf dee onner Site.

O Ketta Brick, O Ketta Brick,
wee fergneecht unner dinem Dach,
Hen Faegel funn der fria Luft
eer Haemet by deer gemacht.
Un dee shaena zauma Dauva,
hen hipsh neshta drinn gebaud,
Wile Speckmice un noch Rotta,
henn sich auw doh nei gecrowd.

Wile drunna um dee Piler,
ge-rip-rapped schwaer un guth,
Dess Fundament zu staerka,
witter dickes Ice un Fluth,
Hen Shill-grutta un Bullfrocka,
won der Rever needer lauft,
Sich herrlich uff dee blotta Shtae
eehr Kaerper sonft gedauft.

O Ketta Brick, O Ketta Brick,
wee uft huts meer gelunga,
Als Yingling binn ich frisch unn schnell,
ivver dee roplicha Blonka gsprunga.
Och monicher g'sposs huts meer gemacht
un monicher grossa Frite
Zu springa schnell im rauschend Wind,
biss uff de onner Site.

O Ketta Brick, O Ketta Brick,
long husht du doh gestonna,
Un for Stockholders Yohr noch Yohr
feel gelt eigenomma.
Dess Yohr dee Brick gonz fertig warr,
steht ochzeh hunnert drisich,
So all dee Zite for ochzich Yohr
war see recht schmaert un flisich.

O Ketta Brick, du olter Helt,
olt frankishes Gebite,
Du gucksht now sheer wee enn Gemach
before der Sinfluths Zite.
Long woll mer dich behalte,
long geb uns noch dine Dinsht,
Doss unser Kints-Kinter dich sehna maega,
hov ich yoh oft gewinsht.

WATERLOO COUNTY SUPERSTITIONS

Related by J. William Braun

Of interest to the folklorist are the superstitions that still linger among our Pennsylvania German cousins in Canada, descendants of those pioneers who migrated from Pennsylvania to Ontario in the last years of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries.—ED.

ES WESCHWEIWLE
(The Washerwoman)

In the early days of the settlement, during the last century, there was a large swamp near Josephsburg, between Bamberg and St. Agatha. Often on clear nights an old women could be seen standing at the edge of the swamp busily engaged in washing her laundry. People were afraid to use the small road close to the swamp and made long detours to avoid her.

One night however a group of young men in a tavern heatedly discussed the existence or non-existence of the "Weschweiwle" as they called her in their native dialect. While some of them went so far as to swear that they had seen her with their own eyes, others just made cheap jokes and called their companions fools.

Among this merry company there were three young men who boasted that they were not afraid of the "Weschweiwle" and that they would start out right away to find and challenge her.

Amidst laughter from one part of the company and serious admonishment to desist from others, they departed pronouncing contemptuous words about the old woman. However, the closer they came to the swamp, the quieter they became. Especially two of them seemed to have lost all their courage as it is so often the case with youth when execution is to follow a rash oath made in frivolous mood.

Finally they reached the swamp and there was the "weschweiwle" standing before her wooden tub. How fast she worked rubbing and soaping her laundry on the old washboard, rinsing it, soaping, rubbing and rinsing again, and so on for minutes, while the young men stood and watched hesitantly.

Two of them felt an irresistable fear grip them. All their tavern courage was gone and they started to retreat. The third man however, a sturdy fellow, seemed not at all afraid and went straight forward to the old woman, saying:

"Weschweiwle, Weschweiwle, wesch aa Mei Pelt!" (washerwoman, washerwoman, wash my hide too). He had hardly finished his words when the old woman seized him, flung him on the washboard and rubbed him until he was dead, while his two companions fled in terror.

* * *

THE CHILD AND THE SNAKE

Snakes were plentiful in the early days of settlement in Waterloo County and no wonder that dozens of stories are connected with them.

People of the district of Bamberg, St. Agatha and Heidelberg enjoy relating the following story with much insistence on their part upon its truth.

On a small farm there lived a little girl with her parents. This girl had the peculiar habit of taking her plate of soup at dinnertime to the garden, where she used to sit on the steps of the porch. She steadily and stubbornly refused to eat her soup at the common table.

One day her mother went out to the garden to make sure that the child was eating the soup and not just throwing it away. How terrified was she when she saw a big rattlesnake standing before the child with its head bent, eating the soup! She heard the little girl quietly saying:

"Net nur Brieh fresse, aa Brocke fresse!" (Don't just eat the broth, eat the solids too!)

The mother was unable to utter a word or to move towards the child. She seemed paralyzed by fear until she saw the snake slowly creeping back once the plate was cleaned.

She told neighbors afterwards that she thought that young children have special protection from their guardian angel or that they have their own way of getting along with wild animals.

* * *

THE SHADOW

A peculiar custom was once practiced in the district of St. Clements, Heidelberg and Bamberg.

On New Year's Eve, at the stroke of midnight, people used to walk around a table anxiously watching their shadows reflected on the wall by the light of candles.

It was believed that a person whose shadow was seen complete would still live another year, while one without a head would die before the year was over.

One night, in a small village, a large company had celebrated New Year's Eve and at the stroke of midnight they got up and started walking around the table. The light of the candles clearly pictured their shadows on the wall. How terrified they were when they distinctly saw the shadow of a man without a head while all the other shadows were complete!

It is said that the man died before the year was over.

I asked an 84-year-old lady if she really believed in this unusual custom and she answered me smilingly: "Well, I still do it just to see if I still got my head."

This custom seems highly interesting since it has obviously its roots in old and secret artifices known to only a few who are initiated into the art called cabala, a system of occult theosophy of mystical interpretation of the Scriptures among Jewish rabbis and medieval Christians.

In his famous work "Spinoza, ein Denkerleben," 7th edition, Hesse and Becker, Leipzig, 1871, p. 108, Berthold Auerbach, German novelist, describes the initiation of the famous philosopher into this secret art. His teacher, Rabbi Aboab, returning with Spinoza one night, in the moonlight, from the synagogue, suddenly arrested his pace, repeatedly shook his head while closely watching the long shadow which followed each of his movements. Then turning his eyes toward heaven he pronounced the following prayer which was usually only said when awakening:

"I thank Thee, living and eternal King, that through Thy veritable and great grace, Thou hast given me back my soul."

At that time Auerbach relates, Rabbi Aboab didn't tell young Spinoza that the cabala teaches: "Whosoever sees his shadow in the light of the moon during the night of the "sign" (approximately September 27) will not die during the following year.

Rabbi Isaak Loria, Auerbach adds, had seen his headless shadow during the night of the sign and had died before the year was over.

WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED THE LAND

Der Keenich Arthur, seiner Zeit—
En rechter guder Keenich—
Er schtehlt drei Beck vun Gaerschtemehl,
Mol graad fer sich alleenich.

En Pudding hot er dann gemacht,
Un fillt en gut mit Blaume;
Un noch dezu paar Klumpe Fett
So grooss as wie zwee Daume.

Er laad sei gansi Freindschaft ei,
Vergesst aa net sei Fraa;
Der Keenich hockt net lee am Disch,
Do essen annre aa.

Der Pudding, hen sie all gemeent,
Waer arrig gut gerode;
Sie hen, was oweds iwwrich waar,
Am naegschte Daag gebrode.

* * *

BIRD, OH, BIRD, COME UNDER MY BONNET

Nau Feggelche kumm, kumm unnich mei Hut!
Noh gewwich der Brod un Hunnich so gut;
Ich geb der aa Zucker un Kaffi un Tee,
Noh schpielscht du mit mir un meim Bobbel so schee.

* * *

AT EARLY MORN THE SPIDERS SPIN

Was schpinne die Schpinne schunn maryets so fei,
Dann kumme die Micke un schtoppe mol nei;
Die Schpinne sin freindlich un saagge ne graad,
"Nau macht eich deheem un bleibt mol fer'n Daag!"

* * *

Aus 'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

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Editorials

World in Uncertainty

Josef V. Stalin is dead and what was said of Abraham Lincoln 88 years ago: "Now he belongs to history," can be said of this ruler of all the Russias, but with entirely contrary implications.

While one may be considered almost sacrilegious for mentioning the name of the Great Emancipator with that of the Great Enslaver in the same breath, the fact is that Stalin does now belong to history. In a manner similar to the passing of President Franklin D. Roosevelt almost eight years ago, the people of the entire world have been startled by the closing of a life that affected directly or indirectly just about everybody on this planet. Stalin easily may be succeeded by personalities even meaner, even tougher, even more unscrupulous than he was as the successor to Lenin.

When history is written, free of controls and tyranny for the western world, the name of Stalin properly will be included with names like those of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Attila and Alaric, all Asiatic tyrants and despots, as well as Stalin's more modern counterparts, Napoleon, Hitler and Mussolini. As history will be written inside the Iron Curtain, the associations will be with a far different group of rulers and political philosophers and the appraisal of deeds will be performed with an entirely different kind o fscales or balances.

But the fact now appears to be assured that Stalin is dead and the world, (for it can do nothing else), is accepting the reports that come out of Russia. These may include enormous fabrications as to details. It is difficult indeed to imagine that the propagandists and those surrounding Stalin in his last days could and would act out of character and tell the plain, unvarnished truth for it has been established repeatedly that the truth is not in them.

Dark as Stalin made the western world during the past decade, fears are that his successor or successors will make it even darker. If anything, the gang that has surrounded him has seemed to be made up of nastier men than the near demi-god of the Communists worldwide who lies dead in the Kremlin. This would seem to be indicated in the report that Andrei Vishinsky, who has distinguished himself in sessions of the United Nations for his vitriolic, lying tongue, has already been demoted. His ambitions to be the foreign minister have been denied to the man who was the Soviet lawyer in the famous trials attending upon the pre-war purges.

In all the uncertainties attending the inevitable changes that must come in Russia as a result of the death of a leader for almost thirty years, there is pause in all the chancelleries of the world and in much of public thinking.

No one can tell what the morrow will bring forth. Neither our fears of a more dangerous regime even than Stalin's or any optimistic, wishful thinking and desire for another revolution in Russia and in her satellities will affect the issue in the slightest manner.

Stalin's name has gone into the black and bloody history of our times. The world's future is veiled in mystery and will be determined very largely by what Stalin's successors do or fail to do. But always there is the consolation that altho "the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

They Saved Our Boy

It was a sad commentary upon public indifference to the war in Korea and its sad impact upon the soldiers who are fighting it that when the Red Cross bloodmobile came to Allentown this week only five volunteers gave advance information of their readiness to appear upon the appointed day and give a pint of blood each to save the lives of wounded and sick men.

In striking contrast with this story of public indifference and lack of willingness to share indirectly in the Korean struggle of democracy to survive was the story given yesterday to the Red Cross campaign report meeting by James W. Snyder Jr. of this city.

This young man lost both legs by amputation after wounds from a 75 mm shell, and has returned home to recuperate. He told his audience that he is alive today only because 16 pints of blood were poured into his veins to take the place of that which he lost on the battlefield and during the amputations.

So somewhere and some time there must have been sixteen people who gave the blood that Allentown's son might live. If Snyder had been languishing here in Allentown on Wednesday when the bloodmobile was here and if his life had depended upon the assured blood donations on that day — only five pints in all — we'd have another gold star upon some memorial banner and a new Gold Star Mother instead of the happy, smiling Jim Snyder, who cheered his audience yesterday, and his happy mother.

The visit of the bloodmobile here on Wednesday was almost a fiasco. It should be an experience that will not be repeated when the bloodmobile makes future visits to this city.

'For the Least of These'

It is a high tribute to the wide and ever-expanding program of the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society that delegations of people of similar organizations in this state are coming here to see and get ideas from the clinic for cerebral palsy victims, which has been set up here, and to study the work that is being done to help those with speech and hearing defects and those who suffer from a variety of deformities due to cleft palates and hare lips.

The word has gone around that the Lehigh County Society has gone far and is really doing much for an almost incredible number of little children, 573 according to a recent report.

If that group were to be assembled in one place at the same time, they would quite comfortably fill a 16-room school building with an average of 36 children per room.

To help all these is a mighty undertaking, especially for a group of citizens as against a public organization supported by taxation. But it is a work that goes on every day and during every week of the year.

Naturally it requires the support of our people, personally. This has been accorded splendidly by the members of a number of service clubs. More particularly it is supported thru the single campaign of the Society in the course of the year — the Easter Seal campaign, which has just begun.

Thousands of sheets of such seals have gone out to the many friends of the work who contributed to the cause through the purchase of seals in other years. It has gone out to additional thousands who have not previously contributed.

If each and all will help the campaign this year, even more children can be reached. Even more operations to make children happier, less self-conscious of their handicaps and deformities can then be made. Children suffering from deformities, which are not now handled because it has been imprudent to expand the program too rapidly, can then be sought out and assisted.

Allentown's program is large and good. It can be made still larger and better with greater community support.

U.N. Censure Deserved

At the heart of Mr. Vishinsky's recent display of rhetoric is one hard, clear fact: The Soviet Union openly admits supplying Red China with arms which have been used in the latter's war against the United Nations.

The Russians may argue that they were not a party to the Security Council decision which first lined up the UN against aggression in Korea. But they are a party to the UN Charter, which obliges members to "refrain from giving assistance to any state against which the UN is taking punitive or enforcement action."

Moreover, it was not the Security Council minus the USSR but the full General Assembly that on February 1, 1951, labeled Communist China an aggressor and called on "all states and authorities" to "lend every assistance to the United Nations action in Korea" and to "refrain from giving any assistance to the aggressors in Korea." And it was the Assembly which, the following May, voted an embargo on shipments of arms to North Korea and Communist China.

Even if the Soviet Union honestly believed its own charges about the Korean War, it would still be legally obligated to refrain from furnishing arms to the Chinese Reds so long as it retained membership in the UN. And even if its own 1950 treaty of friendship with Peking would permit it to supply arms, the UN Charter declares that where obligations under a treaty conflict with obligations under the Charter, the latter "shall prevail."

Under these circumstances the least a self-respecting Assembly can do — and the most that can realistically be expected at this time — is to censure the Soviet Union formally for its open defiance of the UN. Moscow's flat rejection of the Indian truce terms should surely have cleared the way for such an irreducible minimum of forthrightness as this.—Christian Science Monitor.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of March 7, 1928, a Wednesday

Lady Lincoln Lodge 72, IOOF, celebrated its 33rd anniversary with a banquet in Odd Fellows Temple attended by nearly 300 persons. Atty. James F. Henninger was the principal speaker.

Realization of the dream of Allentown clubwomen for a home of their own was assured with announcement that construction of a clubhouse at 1112-16 Walnut St. would get underway within 10 days.

Nine new members were added to the Allentown Police Department by City Council. This will make possible inauguration of 8-hour shifts starting April 1st.

One out of five persons in the United States changes residence each year.

The Dictator



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Back in 1917 and 1918, I was in charge of a little newspaper, published in Petrograd (now Leningrad) called "The Russian Daily News." The Bolehsviki had taken over a girls' school, the Smolny Institute, where they made their headquarters and from which they conducted a dual government until the October Revolution, when they seized power in Russia.

The big men of the day were Kerensky, Lenin, Trotzky, Chernov, Tseretelli, Kamenev, Zinoviev. As a reporter, these were the men I sought out for data, for explanations of events to come. Among the lesser folks were J. Stalin, then head of the Commissariat for Nationalities of the Bolshevik Party.

Stalin was an obscure personality who rarely spoke at meetings. In fact, although I would see him about — Koba, his intimates called him — he made little impression. In the Smolny, he was one of a great many active and fierce-looking figures. His pock-marked face, his short stature did not add to his attractiveness.

Such figures as Madame Kollontai, who was as beautiful and striking as Clare Luce and who afterwards became an important Soviet diplomat, excited interest and attention. The sailor, Dybenko, looked heroic. Trotzky was full of life and significance. Bukharin and Lunacharsky were philosophical and pedantic. But Stalin seemed to be stolid, quiet, distant. One did not pay too much attention to him. This is before he became general secretary of the Communist Party.

Nothing About Stalin

I have a file of my newspaper, "The Russian Daily News," with me, having saved it all these years. A hurried glance does not show that even there on the spot, I ever wrote anything about Stalin in the news, although a more thorough check may show that he did provide some data on the smaller peoples, the Kalmuks, Uzbegs, Kazaki and the Jews and Ukrainians, with whom he concerned himself.

John Reed was a contemporary in those days in Russia and he was so absorbed in it that he finally went over to the Bolsheviks and was buried in the Kremlin wall. As I write this, I am thumbing his book, "Ten Days That Shook the World," but I do not run across Stalin's name except a mention in the appendix. Although I had a pass to the Smolny and moved about it freely — but with decreasing freedom as the Bolsheviki rose to power — Reed was a big man among them and advised them on their diplomacy. Yet, in his book, he did not find it important to note the incidence of Stalin.

In later years, when Stalin rose to power, I tried to recall those early impressions and what I remembered best was his black, handlebar mustache, which made him look, to me, like a Rumanian I once knew in Greenwich Village whom we called "The Terrible Turk," and that Stalin's fanatical eyes were unforgettable.

No Stalin Speeches

In looking through my material on the Constituent Assembly, which was the last attempt to establish some kind of a democratic government in Russia and which was attended by all the leaders of all parties in Russia, I do not find that Stalin spoke. He may have been there, but all attention was upon Lenin.

The Bolsheviks were so fractional in the Constituent Assembly that when they walked out they hardly left a visible sign of their absence. Yet their retirement from it killed this notable assembly. I was able to stand close to the stage in the Tauride Palace and to watch all that happened. Lenin sat on the stage and seemed amused all the time. He was a simple person, who might have been taken for a schoolteacher or a small businessman. Trotzky was the fire-eater, the mass orator.

If Stalin was there, he was in the crowd. During the months between September, 1917 and March, 1918, when the world was being changed by the Revolution, Stalin remained a minor figure, recallable only by challenging one's memory and searching through one's material. It was later that he rose to power, killing on the way most of his old colleagues.

But he does come back to memory as the man who even then could say that minority nationalities are important and from whose lips I once heard the names of the small peoples who made up what became his empire.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT LOUD GAROCHA: So wies uns fohr kumt, fergait 'n gutie, longie tzeit, bis der Bobby Miller un sei Eva fon ewwer Egypt, nagshd ons Schaffers shtore ihra hous hund widder owets laenich nous lussa fer frishie luft. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der Bobby, die Eva, un dochter Marlene, hen selwar frishie luft gabreich'd wie er da onner owet tzurick ins hous kumma is.

Alla owet eb sie ins bed gaina wor der gabrouch fer der hund nous lussa sich abissel ous lifta eb er shloga gang'd. Uns sis noch so'n aryer shainer hund—gons hel gailer kocker spaniel—denk sie haisa sellie farab champagne—maint so'n hel gail-braunlichie farab wie guter alter pisabet wei. Wel aenicha waig, 's Bobbies' denka die welt fom hund, un sin net yusht arrick ochtsome fer 'n immer shae sarwer gawesha halta, ow'r so grullich os er immer is, dades uns ken pieca wunnerra won sie 'm net alsa mohl grulla dada.

Ewwer Egypt is g'saigend mit alla orta socha—dabei 'n gadierts os fiel guck'd wie 'n kotz, alsa mohl 'n kotz k'haisa wert, un efter wie net, weissa shtraima der buckle nunner hut. Yar, sel is recht, biskotz is der nahma fon dem gadierts, un woh gawainlich nochts drous rum shteer'd, sehna wos tzu finna is in hund un kotza shissla on hinnerra dierra.

Now 's Bobbies' sin m'r shure dada net denka fer ihra hund drous fressa mocha—er hut sei blotz in da kich, un woh die biskotza net onna kenna, sehna wos er leia lust. Ow'r nochbers hund un kotza sin net so glicklich—fiel fon sella missa drous fressa, un die biskotza hen ihra fig mit wos iwwerich bleibt.

'S Bobbies' hen den gawissna owet die biskotz grawd erblick wie der hund iwwer die hinnershd porch nunner is. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die biskotz hut net gatzailt kot fer sich uf aenicha waig ob gewwa mit 'm hund—sei shissel wor im hous, un denk net os sie gamaint hut os 'n grimmel darta tzu finna wear. Ow'r der hund, wie er die biskotz erblick'd hut, is er druf lose wie sie ols sawga, 'n bull uf der hoy shtuck, un die biskotz is g'shprunga os die hussa bae gawock'ld hen.

Drunna shier om end fon da lut is der hund da biskotz noh kumma, un noh ferol os es Bobbies' drin om hous gayohl'd hen ganunk os es Normie Klina sie hoerra hetta kenna in Drumloch, huts der arrickshd biskotza un hunds shtride gewwa, os shun fer yohrra wor in selra gagend.

In paar werta, die biskotz hut gawunna wie sie gawainlich duhna, un der hund—wel, sel kon ich eich sawga wor 'n aeland unna lebdawg wie er tzurick nei ins house kumma is. Noch da grollers woh so grawd worra wie offa pokers, hetta sie net so fiel g'frok'd danoh, ow'r so'n g'shtonk.

Die dochter Marlene is grawd nochs Schaffers shtore fer 'n buddle "airwick" fer der dunshd weck nemma. Sel hut ow'r so fiel gabot wies finf'd rawd om wogga, uns nagshd hen sie der Dr. "Habtmon" Bob Oplinger fon Northampton garufa, sehna wos tzu duh wear fer der biskotza garuch weck griega mit ous der hund paar wocha lavendich bagrawwa.

Bis darta hee, hen sie der hund uf kours aw shun 'n dudsend mohl gawesha kotta, un 'n ei gariva kotta mit alla orta powder un perfume os sie in fermaiga kotta hen. Der Dr. Oplinger hut na g'sawt, sie sotta paar konna tomats bree griega im shtore, un der hund darta mit wesha. Sie hen, un so wohr os glaina grumbierra aw runslich werra, won sel net der hund gareinich'd hut fom biskotza garruch, os es widder 'n blessier wor fer 'n im house tzu howwa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Morya owet om halver ochta sin m'r on da Yardonner Refamierta kerrich on Walberts, fer unser Florida farab bilder weissa on da "Young Peoples' Society" fersommling.

'S kosh'd nix fer nei, un ol os wolla, sin ei galawda kumma die bilder sehna.

ONS SHAFER UN LOHRMANS SHOE SHTORE — 43 N. 7d shtross doh in da shtadt sin Oshter shoe alla weil drump —sel maint os ol die neia free yohrs shtyle shoe hin sin. ADV.

Public Opinion

MORE ARGUMENT FOR A LOCAL WAGE TAX

To the Editor,
Morning Call-

Last week I read the reply from one "Mr. Outskirter" who wishes to know if I would advocate that the City of Bethlehem should adopt the Wage Tax law if Allentown were to do the same.

I certainly do.

No matter where a man works, he should help support that city in which he earns his living. If an Allentown man works and earns his living in Bethlehem, let him help support Bethlehem. The same applies for any one from Bethlehem who works in Allentown. The people we really should be after are the "Outskirters" who do not pay their share of taxes in either city. For your benefit, Mr. Outskirter, I think every city in the State should adopt the pay-roll tax.

Do you know that the City of Philadelphia collects over $3 million every year from the "Outskirters?" Why not Allentown!

We still have lots of people who are looking for something for nothing. Next time you could use your name instead of a nom-de-plume. We are not living in Russia.

Here is hoping again that Allentown City Council will adopt a pay-roll tax.

J. M. Arnold
36 N. 12th St.

Horoscope

Some revival of fortunes will probably come in the next year if you are cautious. A fortunate and happy individual is foretold for the child born today.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 7:11-16.

The authority and power of Jesus were manifested in various areas. His stilling of the storm on the sea of Galilee, His healing of diseases in the human body, and His control of the evil spirits (demons) are illustrations. Most wonderful of all were the three occasions when He brought those, who had died, back to life. One of these incidents is the story as related in our lesson today. Coming out of a town called Nain, in the northern part of Palestine, was a 'procession of death,' a funeral procession, the only son of a widow being carried out to burial. But a 'procession of life' was approaching the town, Jesus and His disciples. He at once stopped the funeral procession and commanded the young man in his coffin to arise. He sat up and spoke, to the amazement of all who were there. The widow thus recovered her son alive, to her great joy. 'A great prophet is risen up among us,' said the people, 'for God has indeed visited us.' Jesus is indeed the resurrection and the life, John 11:25.



DER JIM BRENASEL

John Wesley von Neida (1853-1939), who wrote under the pen-name of Jim Brenasel, was one of the most versatile of our dialect prose writers. Students of our literature had despaired of ever having access to his many novels, stories and sketches. The author wrote only for his day and without any ambitions for the future. Thanks to Mr. Guy F. Reinert who has long been occupied with the task of discovering Jim Brenasels works as scattered through the various newspapers of his day, we are able to bring to our readers many of the long-lost works of this prolific Pennsylvania German writer. The following story appeared in the Schuylkill Haven Call for Sept. 7, 1900. — ED.

EM MAWNY SEI CURE

Wie der Dokdor Eisenhart der Mawny completely gekyurt hot vun ere wieschdi Grankheet—Em Dokdor sei simpli remedy.

Ich glaab net ass ich eich noch selli Schtori verzeehlt hab, wie der Mawny mol so gut gekyurt iss warre vun ere Grankheet, as seinere Eldre yuscht ebaut viel Druwwel gemacht hot fer en paar Yaahr.

Em Mawny sei Grankheet waar vun sellere Aart wu yunge Buwe oftmols griegge—pleen Faulheit. So gschwind as sei Paepp odder sei Maemm ebbes zu schaffe ghatt hen fer ihn, dann hot der Mawny uff eemol farrichterliche Schmatze iwwer die Niere grickt un iss ab noch em Bett bis die Aerwet gschafft waar.

Sei Paepp hot oft gsaat, ass er glaawe daet, ass der Mawny yuscht Bassem aeckte daet, awwer sei Maemm waar schur, ass em aaremme Mawny sei Niere aus fix waare, un ass der Bu net fit waar fer ebbes zu schaffe.

Un was hot der Mawny 's drum als entschoit wann seinere Maemm ihre arguments ihm en Tschaens gewwe hen fer nuff in sei Schtubb zu geh un fer datt en ganser Daag uff em Rick uff em Bett leie un Insching Schtoris lese, die Weil ass er farrichterlich getschaat hot.

Budder drehe, Gaarde graawe un die Schtell ausmischte waare drei partickleri Sache, as der Mawny ghasst hot wie der Gretz, un so schur ass die Zeit rumkumme iss ass die Arrewet gschafft sei hot misse, dann hot der Mawny promptly sei Niere Schmatze grickt un iss ab noch em Bett. Der Mawny hot des Ding so fei drunne ghatt, ass er als oft schunn der Daag devor die Schmatze grickt hot.

Awwer der Mawny hot sich doch mol vergesse ghatt, un es vergesst mer net so long ass ich leb, wie sei Paepp ihn so schee gfange hot un wie der Mawny so farrichterlich bees waar.

Es waar mol ee Owed en Show im Schteddel, un ich un der Mawny waare yuscht ebaut eigenumme mit de Saache wu eens vun de Kalls geduh hot uff so emme trapeze bar. Mer hen graad ausgemacht ass mir aa en trapeze bar uffduhne un lanne die Bissniss duh.

Der naegscht Marye hemmer schunn die trapeze uff ghatt im alde Waggeschopp im Hof un waare aa graad am Lanne. Der Mawny hot sich schunn gut rumgschwunge, hot an de Fiess ghunke un waar yuscht am "Katze schinne," wie sei Paepp newe ans trapeze kumme iss un saagt:

"Mawny, ich sehn du fiehlscht arrig gut de Marye. Du kannscht der Budder drehe, un wann du faddich bischt mit em Budder, dann kannscht die Schtell ausmischte un dernoh sell greescht Schtick datt im Gaarde rummache fer blanse. Ich muss noch der Schtadt geh fer en Lood Kohle, un wann ich zerickkumm den Owed, dann muss die Aerwet all gschafft sei."

Un dihr hett sehne selle wie er dernoh sell Budderfass datt uff der Porch rumgerisse hot, un wie er als mit de Feischt druffgschlagge hot, wie der Budder so lang net kumme iss. Der Mawny hot nau yuscht ebaut wiescht ge-aeckt.

Un dernoh hot er gewinscht all die Kieh in der Welt daete die Kollick griegge un gingte dot, so ass die Leit ken Budder meh mache kennte, un hot gewinscht der Schrief daet sei Daadi ausverkaafe, so ass er ken Geil odder Land meh hett. Do kennt dihr denke, ass der Mawny so ordliche miene Noshuns ghatt hot—yuscht weil er zu faul waar fer ebbes zu schaffe.

Un was hot der Mawny drum so wiescht geaeckt wie er dernoh ans Ausmischte gange iss. Er hot widder wiescht Schtee gschmisse un hot nau yuscht ebaut mien gschwetzt.

"Des iss zu haddi Aerwet mit em Schubbkarrich, un ich denk ich browier en annerer Plan," saagt der Mawny, wie er die aersch Lood Mischt nausgfaahre hot ghatt.

Er hot der Mischt dernoh all zu der Dier nausgschmisse, un dernoh hot er der Sulky Reche beigrickt un hot browiert der Mischt mit em Reche vun datt naus uff der Mischthof zu schleefe. Awwer des iss aa zu hatt gange.

"Wann der Daadi doch yuscht eens vun de Geil do gelosst hett; dernoh hett ich des Ding gut duh kenne," saagt der Mawny, wie er sei Kopp gegratzt hot.—"Ya, en Gaul kennt sell gut ziegge," saag ich.—

"Ich hab en anneri idea;—mer duhne der grooss Bul eischpanne!" greischt der Mawny, wie er arrig excited iss warre.

Ich hab net viel Glaawe ghatt in dem Plan, awwer der Mawny waar schur, ass der Bull gut ziegge daet un ass alles gut schaffe daet.

Mer hen der Bull dernoh glei vum Feld in seim Schtall ghatt. Der Bull hot so ordlich wiescht gebrummt un gekickt, bis mer endlich es Gscharr uff em ghatt hen, un hot's awwer net geduh, ass er's Gebiss vum Zaam ins Maul genumme hot.

"Ich denk mir kenne ihn mennitsche an der Halfter," saagt der Mawny, wie er der Bull dernoh geeich em Sulky Reche gfiehrt hot. Ich kann heit noch net verschteh, wie mir's gemennitscht hen fer seller Bull eizuschpanne, awwer mer hen's geduh. "Sell iss first rate; now come along, Kino," saagt der Mawny, wie er der Bull an der Naas fescht grickt hot.

Ich hab uff em Reche ghockt, un der Plan waar, ass ich's dumping apparatus operate-e sett, die Wéil ass der Mawny der Bull vum Mischthof hie un haer fiehrt.

Der Bull hot awwer net gschwinder gschpiert, ass ebbes hinne an ihm fescht iss, dann blost er farrichterlich darrich die Naas un schlenkert der Mawny kopps vedderscht seitwegs in en Haufe weecher Mischt. Die seem Segund hot er en Tschump genumme un iss ab darrich der Scheierhof naus uff die main Schtross, un die Schtrooss nunner geeich em Schtedtel wie en Schtraahl! Ich hab net gedraut fer zu tschumpe, un's gans Ding is aa really so gschwind haergange, ass ich ewwe an nix denke hab kenne except fer mich gut zu hewe mit de zwee Hend am Sitz, wu ich druff ghockt hab. Mei Hut iss abgeblose un mei lange Haar hen graad hinnenaus gschtanne, wie mir wie en express train dernoh darrichs Schtedtel nunner gange sin. Un was hot des drum geglebbert un gemacht, un was hen die Leit gegrische un gelacht wie sie die gschpassich rig gsehne hen! Un de meh ass die Leit gegrische hen, desde wieschter hot der Bull gebrummt un de schtarrigger iss er gschprunge.

Es muss nau yuscht ebaut comical geguckt hawwe, awwer ich hab net gfiehlt fer zu lache. Es waar mir dotangscht un ich hab net gewisst welli Minutt ass verleicht alles zu Schtickere geht un ich warr dot uffgepickt.

Ich hab noochderhand heere saagge, ass der alt Schgweier Reddich so affect waar, wie er des Ding gsehne hot, ass er sich flat nunner uffs Peefment gelegt hot un hot gelacht bis sei dicker Bauch schier verschprunge iss. Iewen die alt Betz Hutzel — en Weibsmensch, as ken Mensch im Schtedtel sei Lewe sehne hot lache, hot hell nausgegrische un hot sich an de Fens hewe misse. Sie hot in faeckt so arrig gelacht, ass sie schier die Gichtere grickt hot.

Die Leit kenne ewwe yuscht gaar ken idea forme wie des gemacht hot. Es waar nau farrichterlich!

Graad uff der annere Seit vum Schtedtel hot der Bull browiert en Fens zu tschumpe un iss uffkors henke gebliwwe. Die Leit sin beikumme un mer hen der Bull losghatt un hen ihn un der Sulky Reche heemgenumme. Die Lann waar es eensich Ding, as verbroche waar.

Em Mawny sei Paepp hot farrichterlich gedobt, wie er seller Owed heemkumme iss, awwer ich hab aa heere saagge, as er sich schier gaar dotgelacht hot, wie die Leit im Schtedtel ihm es ganse Ding expleent hen.

Es hot der Mawny ebaut en Munet genumme bis er der flavor vun sellem Mischt vun seim Kopp ghatt hot.

BOOK REVIEW

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEHIGH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Volume Nineteen. Allentown, Pa. 1952. Pp. 178—$5.00.

THIS latest publication of the Lehigh County Historical Society offers a rich repast not only to its members but to all those who are interested in the historical backgrounds of our local scene.

Mr. David G. Williams, whose work "The Pennsylvania German Settlement of the Lower Jordan Valley," published in the Eighteenth Volume of the Proceedings of the Lehigh County Historical Society, won high praise, has contributed the following valuable items:

1.—"A Wooden Water Pump Used in the Lower Jordan Valley" is a careful study of the wooden pump which was once so useful a part of every homestead throughout this locality. Few remain today to bear witness to the fine craftsmanship both in wood and iron required in the making, and but few of the old craftsmen remain today to offer information. Mr. Williams based his study on the pump used on the Troxell Farm at Troxell's Crossing, removed from the well about 20 years ago. He was fortunate in finding a few men who had at some time during their life helped in the construction of parts of such pumps or who witnessed the making of them. The article is accompanied by three finely drawn plates and 16 cuts illustrative of the making of such pumps, the tools required and the technique employed.

2.—"Grouse Hall. The Shooting Box of Lynford Lardner."—The location of Grouse Hall, mentioned in earlier documents, has long been a matter of speculation among local historians. Lynford Lardner was born in 1715, the son of a London physician. His sister married Richard Penn, through whom Lardner came to Pennsylvania in 1740. He assisted in the management of Penn's land outside of Philadelphia and later became Keeper of the Great Seal of the Province. Lardner secured land patents along what is now Cedar Crest Boulevard, for two groups of tracts, the northern group of which he called Grouse Hall and the other south of this he called the Grange. After Lardner's death in 1774 150 acres were cut out of these two tracts, to be called Springwood, a part of which is incorporated in the present-day Trexler Memorial Park. Through the careful study of early maps, surveys and documents Mr. Williams believes to have shown, with little room for doubt, that the ruinous stone structure located on the Martin Ritter Family Farm is a part of the original hunting lodge earlier known as Grouse Hall. This article is illustrated by four plates of line drawings showing the boundaries of the Lynford Lardner Patents and the location of Grouse Hall; a portion of Nicholas Scull's map of the improved part of the Province of Pennsylvania (1759); the surveys of David Shultz, based on Bucks County records; and a fourth plate showing vertical sections and details of Grouse Hall. In addition to these plates there are 27 photographic reproductions of details of the building as it exists today.

3.—"The Peter Blank Log House in the Lower Jordan Valley."—While this structure has no unusual place in local history, it is nevertheless of historical interest because it is one of the last log houses remaining in this vicinity. It was the purpose of the author to make a record of the construction of this house for the information of coming generations. The article is illustrated by line drawings of the gable ends, cross sections and windows and by 13 photographic reproductions.

4.—"Lime Kilns of the Lower Jordan Valley."—For the outsider who tours our eastern counties the Swiss bank barns and the stone lime kilns characterize our landscape. The former are still in use, but the old stone lime kilns, in disuse for more than half a century, are rapidly falling into decay. Always the careful student, Mr. Williams has prepared a finely documented article about the use and structure of lime kilns in the Lower Jordan Valley with 17 cuts of existing lime kilns and four plates of line drawings.

Only an engineer, possessing at the same time historic insight and perspective, could have done these articles so well. Mr. Williams has been associated for many years with the Trojan Powder Company as chief engineer.

A fitting supplement to Mr. Williams' last article is "A Story of Lime" by Paul Biery Esser, a thesis prepared for the Social Science Department of Muhlenberg College under the supervision of Professor Victor Johnson. Mr. Esser gives an introductory brief history of lime from ancient times down to the present day, pointing out with special emphasis the use of lime in the Palatinate and its relation to the agriculture of the Pennsylvania Germans as practiced in eastern Pennsylvania. But the chief burden of his thesis is the use of lime in the earlier industries of our immediate vicinity, and its subsequent use in the cement industry. It is well illustrated with 18 photographic reproductions.

This volume is a valuable addition to the fine series of volumes that have gone forth under the capable editorship of Professor Melville Boyer.—P.A.B.

Vun der Zeit ass mir der Bull eigschpannt hen ghatt, iss em Mawny sei "complaint" als schlimmer un schlimmer warre, un 's letscht waar er vun maryets bis oweds uff so emme "invalid" Schtuhl gehockt un hot ken Schtreech meh gschafft. Die seem Zeit hot er en guder Abbedit ghatt un hot aa yuscht ebaut tschaae kenne.

Ee Owed saagt em Mawny sei Paepp am Disch: "Mawny, marye Owed kummt der Dokdor Eisenbart vun der Schtadt fer dich zu exemmine un triete fer dei Grankheet."

"O, sell iss net-notwennich—ich meen ich hab net gans so viel Schmatze den Owed," saagt der Mawny.

"Der Dokdor kummt un du musscht duh graad wie er saagt — un sell settelt's," saagt der alt Bleischtee.

Der Mawny hot arrig uneasy gfiehlt der gans naegscht Daag un iss schier ummechtich warre wie der Dockdor Eisenbart seller Owed in die Schtubb gschteppt iss.

"Huh! iss des der grank yung Mann?" greischt der Dokdor in ere Schtimm wie en Leeb, wie er en lang, schwatz Inschtrument case uff der Disch gerennt hot.

Der Dokdor waar eens vun denne groosse, raubaschtiche deitsche Menner, wu nie net viel rum fule. Er hot graad sei Rock ausgeduh, un wie er Mawny e wennich exemmint hot ghatt, dann rollt er sei Hemmaermel nuff un saagt: "Mr. Bleischtee, grick mer en Kiwwelvoll sauwer, kalt Wasser, en sponge un en langer Schatz. Un du deetscht aa yuscht so gut der Kaerpet uffnemme, so as er net blutich watt."

Es Fenschter waar uff un ich hab graad outside newe amme Blummeschtock im Dunkle gschtanne, wu ich alles gut sehne un heere hab kenne. Der Mawny iss so weiss warre wie en Doder, wie der Dockdor dernoh sei case uffgemacht hot un hot en paar wieschte Messere un annere Inschtrumente uff der Disch gelegt.

Ich hab genotist, ass der alt Bleischtee ebbes vumme smile im Gsicht ghatt hot, wie er sich dernoh nunnergebickt hot un hot der Kaerpet uffgenumme.

"Ich denk ich hab chloroform genunk fer die operation," saagt der Dokdor, wie er en Boddel exemmint hot. "Du kannscht der Disch nau reddi mache, un ich duh die operation do druff performe. Es iss wennich en gfaehrlich Ding fer an de Niere rum zu schneide, awwer mir misse ewwe der risk nemme. Der yung Mann kann sich nau schtrippe un sich do uff der Disch leegge. Es nemmt mich net lang fer en schlofe mache un fer dernoh darrich nei zu schneide un fer en certainty zu sehne in was fer condition ass sei Niere nau sin."

"Ich denk owwer net!" greischt der Mawny wie er en Tschump vun seim Schtuhl genumme hot un iss wie en Schtraahl darrich's Fenschter naus un ab.

"Dei Bu iss gekyurt," saagt der Dokdor, wie sie dernoh faddich waare hatzhaftich lache.

Un der Mawny waar aa fer schur gekyurt. Er hot nooch sellem fleissich gschafft, un sei Niere druwwel iss gradually vergesse gahge.

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Editorials

Over the Iron Curtain

It must infuriate the Communists in Eastern Europe that just about everybody who can pull up stakes and sneak out of the country has been doing so while during the past week a new form of escape, by air, was found by a young Pole and three young Czechs.

In the first case, the young Polish aviator saw and took his opportunity to fly his Russian-made plane over the border and throw himself upon the mercy of the German government as a political refugee. The Poles have demanded return of the plane which they value far more highly than the pilot. It is probable that it will be turned back in the desire to do nothing that will cause their relations to deteriorate still more.

In the second case, three Czechs who were members of the air force of their enslaved country, crossed the border into Austria and asked for asylum.

Incidents like these are natural, especially for such traditional, freedom-loving people as the Poles and Czechs. There must be ferment in those countries altho kept under restraint because of the power of the police and the army who possess just about all the guns that are in their countries. And it may be observed that a gun is a mighty persuader.

Hope will be that the example of these courageous young airmen will encourage the flight by squadrons of planes westwardly from the iron curtain countries. The two incidents may give us a bit of explanation for the truculence of other Communist flyers who in recent days crossed the international boundaries and shot down one American plane in Bavaria and a British plane in northern Germany.

Lights for Safety

City Council and the traffic bureau of the Police Department are to be congratulated upon the change in policy whereby traffic lights throughout the city now are kept operating 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

A considerable number of accidents at intersections where such lights are located occurred during the hours that they were not operating. City Council wisely decided that the City had better pay out the few extra dollars needed for electricity to keep the lights operating constantly than to invite a rash of accidents.

Of course the accidents were not caused by absence of lights. But such absence was an encouragement to drivers on principal streets to step on the throttle, especially during hours of the day when traffic ordinarily is light. When two cars with drivers entertaining the same general idea about speed and the delusion that an entirely open road lay ahead happened to meet at intersections, it was just too bad for both of them.

To the degree that lights can control the speeders this safeguard now is being used by the City wherever it has traffic lights. They are being kept in continuous operation as a safety measure.

School Papers 'Tops'

Allentown's newspaper folks naturally are proud of the young people in our High School and Junior High Schools who write and make up the breezy school papers which at Columbia University this week attained some of the highest honors which such publications can be accorded.

In its particular classification the Raub school paper known as "The Warrior" topped every school publication in the United States and its entire staff has earned the community's heartiest congratulations. Every Allentown school paper in fact was right up at the top in the competitions which are conducted by the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association in New York.

Furthermore it is to be noted that the victories achieved this year are not out of the ordinary. Our budding young journalists in all phases of newspaper preparation and publication have been taking some of the highest prizes in this annual competition for a number of years past, even tho the staffs which prepare these papers have large annual turnover as classes graduate and move on from junior high school to high school or leave for college.

All this is a tribute to the value of our educational system and its inspirational teachers. The young people reflect their tutors and the public school system in which they are working. They are worthy scholars of capable teachers in a good educational system.

But it is entirely likely too that these capable young people mirror another fact, namely their constant reading of good daily newspapers. Observe the fact that exactly twenty public school papers in this Lehigh Valley, including Allentown, were in the top ranks in the Columbia University competition. And note also the fact that the children in all the communities in which their schools are located are served by excellent newspapers. They have grown up in an atmosphere of thorough, intelligent presentation of the news, a high sense of the newspaper's power for the advancement of community interests and a fair-minded advancement of opinion without extravagant propagandization. Our children in the Lehigh Valley have been nurtured by such reading. It can hardly have been without effect upon their impressionable minds.

Her's a Noble Death

She lived a humble life but Josie Hafer died a noble death and we believe the people of this community shed many sincere tears during recent days when it became known that she had been seriously burned while attempting to rescue some pet dogs and cats from her burning home and that she had lost her valiant fight for life later in the Allentown Hospital.

People in the "Kindness to Animals" movement knew Josie very well for she was a one-woman humane society. Not one animal ever was turned away from her door. Every animal that might in any way be thrust upon her was adopted into her family of pets without question.

She lived with and for her pets. And she died for them as a hero might die to save another's life. Perhaps her life was lowly and humble according to our standards. But her last hours were motivated by as noble thought and instinct as powerful as that which prompts a man to give up his life for a friend. Holy writ tells us that "greater love hath no man than this."

Josie Hafer lived a useful life and she died a noble death. What better epitaph could any person have!

Dept. of Well-Being

It has long been evident that the vast welfare activities of the Federal Government might well be united in a single department under a secretary with Cabinet rank. This much was advocated by the Hoover Commission four years ago. The proposal met with no serious objection on general grounds of principle, but failed to be carried out under President Truman largely because of political opposition to former Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing.

President Eisenhower, who yesterday sent to Congress his own proposal for a Department of Health, Education and Welfare, is certain to have better luck. He has taken care of some of the objections from conservative medical men by providing for an assistant to the department head who would be selected "from among persons who are recognized leaders in the medical field with wide nongovernmental experience." Such a person could be expected to proceed with caution in the difficult field of providing or insuring medical care.

The indications yesterday were that the new plan would not be opposed in Congress, and it was thought possible that the two houses might pass speical resolutions doing away in this instance with the ninety-day waiting period required under existing law. Certainly no one could quarrel with the President's purpose "to improve the administration of the vital health, educational and social security functions now being carried on in the Federal Security Agency." Much can be done in this direction without coming anywhere near the nightmares of those who fear "socialized medicine" or the "welfare state." Welfare, or well-being, itself is certainly no nightmare. This nation could do with better health and a pervasive coverage against want. As for Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, who now heads the F. S. A. and who would head the new department, there can be no one in Washington or elsewhere who would not welcome her promotion and wish her well.—New York Times.

Blow at Drunken Drivers

A bill passed by the Washington State Senate would impose a mandatory five-day jail sentence on any person convicted of drunken driving. Judges would not be permitted to suspend the sentence, even for first offenders.

If the bill becomes law the experiment will be well worth watching. If it acts as a deterrent to drunken driving, it certainly will be worth copying. But it is just as well to let Washington make the experiment first because there may be some "bugs" in such a law. First difficulty, of course, is in proving the charge "driving while drunk," which in actual practice isn't as easy as it sounds, although there are some good tests now.

Whether the Washington approach will be effective remains to be seen. But one thing is sure. Too many drunken drivers are getting off too easy in both Oregon and Washington. — Oregon Journal.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In a swanky penthouse there dwells a barrister who has given his heart and soul to golf. He plays at least eighteen holes a day. His wife, convinced that this ill befitted an elderly man, accompanied him on one of his rounds to see how much he was overexerting himself. Flustered by her presence, he landed in a sand trap, where he vainly smote his pellet again and again and again. His worried wife finally observed, "You see, dear, you can get all the exercise you want in one place without all this plodding around the countryside!"

A Japanese schoolboy's essay: "The banana are great and distinguished fruit. He are on same general architecture as honorable sausage. Difference being, skin of sausage habitually consumed; rappings of banana hardly ever. Banana strict member vegetable kingdom. Affiliation of honorable sausage frequently undetermined."

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The Last Weekend



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Taxes are eternal and always unpleasant. When the tax increases poverty, it becomes a menace to any society. Only those who have inherited wealth or were fortunate to accumulate wealth during the better low-tax eras, or who are now engaged in black - market or other under-the-table activities can set aside money for their old age or obsolescence or for their widows and orphans. Few others have means except insurance policies.

Of course, it is possible to put savings into businesses and benefit by a capital gains upon their sale, or to invest in oil leases and benefit by the special arrangements governing depletion. But to do that requires capital, which it is not possible to accumulate in these days of exorbitant taxes.

Actors Have Advantage

Motion picture actors have taken advantage of a gimmick in the law which is not available to those of us who continue to work in the United States. Motion picture companies have blocked money in many countries which they earn but are unable to withdraw. They partially solve their problem by manufacturing pictures in those countries, spending the money there on personnel, location and materials, thus depriving American workers of the benefits of production within the United States. Such pictures are not only manufactured in Europe but also in Africa and Asia.

American actors have discovered that if they stay out of the United States for 18 months, working abroad, they do not have to pay any income tax on their earnings.

The exception was intended for a good purpose, but like so many good intentions, they are given a wrong twist. The good intention is to encourage Americans to go abroad for trade and commerce so that the United States has skilled and knowledgeable persons available for foreign trade. For instance, American companies have large investments abroad and they need a number of Americans, from stenographers up, to do their necessary work. The income tax relief is designed to make such jobs attractive.

If the law applies to a stenographer or an oil-driller in Saudi Arabia, it also applies to a movie star, working in Africa, who gets $150,000 for making one picture. On the other hand, the same star working in Hollywood would have to pay heavy taxes. The result is that movie stars are vying with each other to get work all over the world, anywhere but in the United States.

No one can object to any citizen taking advantage of the income tax law. It is legally and morally correct to pay as little as possible although the possibilities of chiselling here and there are no longer available to most of us. Nevertheless, every time a black - marketeer or a smart chiseler reduces his payments or does not pay at all, the rest of us have to carry the load. I object to paying anything for an actor who gets $150,000 for a picture. Let him pay his own share.

Taxes and Voting

Each year, about March 15, we become increasingly tax - conscious; then we forget about it for the rest of the year. We vote for all the devils who load us with high cost of government, who waste our earnings on profligatte expenditures all over the world, and who compromise tax cases with thieves. If Election Day were March 16 each year, the vote would be very different. The fault is really ours because we select those who govern us and we generally select them without regard to our pocketbooks, which is always a mistake.

There is another point I wish to make about taxes. The other day, my colleague, Westbrook Pegler, announced that he is through giving charity until his taxes go down. Charity, he says, begins at home.

I know Pegler pretty well and a better - natured guy never lived. Had he written his article in July instead of March, he would never have said that he will give no more charity. By then, he would have been touched by dozens of good causes and he would have forked out to them willingly and, I fear, more generously than he can afford.

Actually, without private charity, we should be forced to accept the very socialism to which he and I and most of you object. Surely we are all grateful for our private hospitals, and for the work done in cancer, heart, etc. by private funds.

(Copyright, 1953)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

SONG

While we've life and friendships true
How can care destroy us?
While we've strength our tasks to do,
Why should doubts annoy us?

You and I have laughed before,
We may laugh tomorrow;
Why should we with frowns deplore
Troubles we must borrow?
'Tis not winter all the year;
Summer days are sunny.
There are countless pleasures here
Never bought with money.

Blended with the sorrows deep
Are the pleasures many.
And the richest joys we keep
Seldom cost a penny.

Life is more than gold or fame;
It is countless small things.
Who a few good friends can claim
Has the best of all things.

Copyright, Edgar A. Guest

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of March 14, 1928, a Wednesday.

Lehigh Telephone Company officials disclosed the purchase of a vacant lot at Linden and Jefferson Streets on which it will build a modern, fire - proof office building. Blueprints called for a three - story structure, fronting on Linden Street.

Dr. John A. W. Haas, president of Muhlenberg College, concluded the sixth annual series of the Busy Men's Religious Hours with an address on the subject, "Are We Really Religious?"

More than 300 persons attended the 85th anniversary celebration of Lehigh Lodge 83, IOOF. The event was held in the Odd Fellows Temple.

Horoscope

Start now on plans you have been holding for a favorable time. Everything seems to be on your side. Today's child should be courageous.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OL FER FINF CENT: Leit wolla alsa mohl glawga finf cent wear tzu fiel fer 'n tzeiting — ungfare so wie der Morning Call. Soicha os sel ow'r maina, hen gore ken ei sehnes wos es kosh'd bis 'n tzeiting ready is fer nous gae — ready fer uf gamocha un laisa fon end tzu end. 'N tzeiting is 'n bild fon da gonsa welt um die ard rum. Wos g'shain'd uf da gonsa ard, un da gonsa shtarna welt um uns rum, is tzu finna in da tzeiting, so wohl wie aw wos g'shain'd tzum nagshddier nochber.

Hunnerda fon leit — yar won m'r sie tzaila wot sin dousanda fon leit dawg fer dawg on da arwet—om sucha, om gucka, schreiva, un tzomma griega—neiichkata, barichda, un g'shpichta gross un glae, ol socha os die tzeiting laiser laisa wolla won sie ihra tzeiting moryets odder owets uf mocha. Allas mus darta sei, un allas recht, odder die laiser sin glei in da luft, un wolla wissa wos wohs fail'd. So long os allas om blotz is hut niemond ken glawk, nix wert g'sawt fon da socha os recht sin —ow'r ae glainer failer, sel is 'n onnerrie melodee.

Ow'r m'r wolla net blauderra fon failer, un aw net os die tzeiting kumpany yusht drei un sex tzaet'l cent ous yaderra finf cent grick'd os batzawlt wert omma newshtand fer die tzeiting wohs weiss bobier laenich drei un drei tzaet'l cent kosh'd. Wos m'r doh im sin het tzu fertzaila, is wos der P un R rigelwaigs konductor George N. Oberrender fon Bedlahame uns da onner dawg fertzailt hut, os 'n alla dawgs erforhring is mit ma Morning Call uf seinra train.

Der George ferlust Bedlahame moryets om 41 minuta noch da finfa, fer die North Penn nunner noch Fildelfy gae. On Quakertown kumt 'n gawissner George uf die train, un woh ragler alla morya 'n Morning Call mit bring'd fom newshtand net weit aweck, fer der Ray Crossland fon Bedlahame woh moryets ken tzeiting drowwa handich griega kon. Der George guck'd der Carl grub immer, noh gebter sie 'm Ray woh 'n batzawlt dafor, 's ledshd mohl os gelt hand wex'ld fer die tzeiting.

Der Ray gait noh shnell iwwer die tzeiting, un gebts ra fraw os in Sellersville uf die train kumt fer Fildelfy. Sie laist die tzeiting noh aw imma huddle, un gebt sie 'n shtick weiter drunna tzu ma mon os in Glenside uf die train kumt. Selar laist bis sie noch Fildely kumma, un gebt die tzeiting noh tzum konductor Oberrender woh sie bis 10 uhr da sama morya, tzurick in Bedlahame hut, un woh er un sei fraw die Lenora sie laisa. Ow'r der dawg is ols noch net rum fer sellie tzeiting woh moryets Quakertown ferlossa hut. Shpaiter im dawg kumts Georga ihra dochter noch 'm hous un nembt die same tzeiting mit hame fer laisa eb der dawg rum is.

War secht m'r graich'd sei wert net ous ra finf cent tzeiting. GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

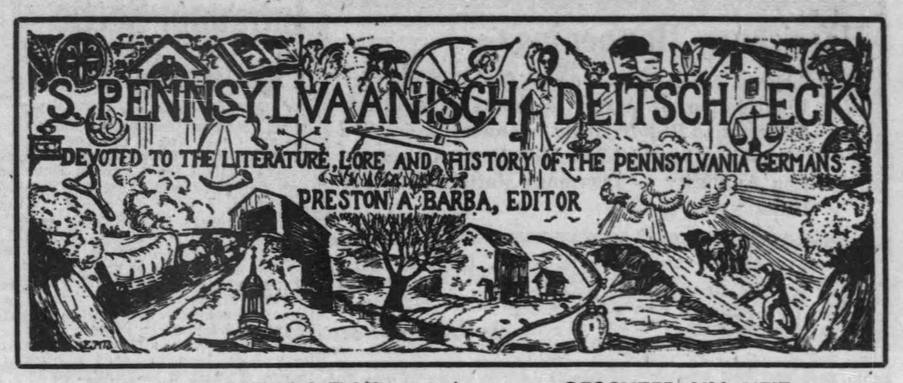
Soicha os maina der "Franc" Roth fon Ledder Eck Poshda wear ei g'shlupt mit da Grundsow, sin gross ordich badroga—fegelcher hen gapifa, er wear da onner dawg eiferich on da arwet gawest wies g'shnae'd hut, die shnae shib shmeara mit woxa, so os die Gert sich net so bloga breich'd fer uf shebba wons tzu blosa sot.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 8:1-5.

The first three verses are an interesting picture of a company of people traveling with Jesus throughout Galilee, visiting the various towns in order to bring to them the message of the Gospel ('glad tidings'), the fact that the kingdom of God was being revealed through the presence of the king Himself. Jesus' diciples were with Him, and certain women (the first Ladies' Aid Society!), who ministered unto them of their substance. They may have been women of means, glad to contribute to the support of this evangelistic ministry. One of them had been delivered from demon possession, and would naturally be particularly thankful, and therefore glad to contribute what she could to help to bring salvation to others. Crowds of people were interested enough to gather in order to hear Jesus speaking to them, words such as they had never heard before. On one occasion he spoke about a farmer who was sowing some seed and noticed that only some of the seed had a chance to grow, because of the different kinds of soil upon which the seed fell.



BOOK REVIEW

THE KEYSTONE STATE—Its Geography, History and Government. By Arthur D. Graeff, Head of the Social Studies Department, Overbrook High School, Philadelphia.—The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, 1953. Pp. 412.—$3.60.

The author of this book has been over many years a frequent contributor to our ECK. He is the author of "The Relations between the Pennsylvania Germans and the British Authorities (1750-1776), published in the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society (Vol. 47, 1939); "Conrad Weiser—Pennsylvania Peacemaker" (The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Vol. 8, 1945); "The History of Pennsylvania" (The John Winston Co., Philadelphia, 1944); and "It Happened in Pennsylvania" (The John Winston Co., Philadelphia, 1947).

In his latest work Dr. Graeff offers a very readable presentation of the geography, history and government of Pennsylvania. It is in the first place to furnish a handbook for teachers of Ninth Grade students presenting a full year's course in the geography, history and government of our state, as recommended by the Department of Public Instruction in Bulletin No. 410. But it is also more than that. It is to educate the students for the responsibilities of local, state and national citizenship.

But our older generation of readers will also find in it a most entertaining and instructive presentation of the subject matter. They would no doubt also conclude with the wish, as the writer of this review was obliged to do—if only such textbooks had been used in our schools thirty or forty years ago! How much more of our state we would know and how much more appreciative we would be of its history, geography and government.

We commend this book to our readers particularly for its understanding presentation of the part the Pennsylvania Germans had in the making of the Keystone State: the arrival of Penn and the Quakers; Penn's visits to the Rhineland and the subsequent migrations of the Palatines to Pennsylvania; the coming down the Susquehanna of those distressed Palatines who had settled in the Schoharie Valley of New York; the arrival of the Schwenkfelders from Silesia and their settling in the northeastern counties of Montgomery County; the Moravians, followers of the teachings of John Huss, who established communal settlements in Bethlehem and Nazareth in Northampton County, Gnadenhuetten in Carbon, Lititz in Lancaster and Heidelberg in Berks; the "plain sects," the Amish, the Mennonites, the Dunkards from Switzerland—all come for consideration, however brief. Our students will learn about the Redemptioners or "indentured servants; about early boundary disputes and other colonial struggles; Conrad Weiser, interpreter and negotiator of treaties with the Indies; frontier forts; the treaties of Easton; the actions of the Paxton boys; about minerals and early iron works in Pennsylvania; about Conestoga horses and wagons; Pennsylvania riflemen; early glass industries, such as those of Wistar and Stiegel; colonial religious life and the German churches; the illuminated writings of the Pennsylvania Germans; Bethlehem as a colonial musical center—these are but a few of the many subjects chosen at random from the first chapters of this remarkable textbook.

No small part of this attractive work are the many fine illustrations: maps, photographic reproductions of landscapes, of early prints illustrative of Indian life and colonial times, early industries, forts, tollgates, political cartoons, hospitals, churches, schools, voting booths, graphs of state and city government, farms of today and farm implements—nothing seems to have been overlooked, not even Governor Fine in his office in the capitol in Harrisburg!—Who would not envy a ninth grader with such a textbook in his hand!—P.A.B.

THE ROYAL DEUX-PONTS

There is a tradition, unsupported by any contemporary evidence that we have seen, to the effect that when General Rochambeau met General George Washington at Yorktown, one of his first queries was whether the American colonies had made an alliance with Frederick the Great of Prussia. The French commander went on to explain that he had noted so many Germans in the Continental Army. We wish that those who preserved this story as related had also captured some of the details or extended Rochambeau's remarks to show why he had come to such an assumption.

Certainly there were many soldiers in the Continental Army who spoke the German language; Pennsylvanians, Marylanders, Virginians, New Yorkers and some Carolinians and Georgians. But how did the fact come to the attention of the commander-in-chief of the French forces? It is hardly likely that one of his high station would have mingled among the members of the American rank and file.

* * *

ONE of the chief units of French under Rochambeau at Yorktown was the Royal Deux-Ponts Regiment. Deux-Ponts — Zweibruecken — Two Bridges, all mean the same in different languages. Zweibrucken in the Saar Basin, was one of the sections of southern Europe from which many Palatines emigrated to come to Pennsylvania. In fact the so-called "Zweibruecken Lists" secured by Bryant Wiest and published in The Valley Citizen (Valley View, Pa) 1933 and in The Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society (Vol. 1, 1936) form one of the most exact records of early immigrants to America and most of those found their way into Berks and nearby counties.

Quoting from Albert J. Halm, President of L'Union Alsacienne, New York: "The Royal Deux-Ponts was recruited mainly in Lower Alsace, Eastern Lorraine and, what is now the Saar Basin, the Duchy of Deux-Ponts. The duke was hereditary colonel-proprietor of the regiment which he organized April 17, 1757."

* * *

ON October 14, 1781, the Royal Deux-Ponts Regiment, under Viscount William de Forbach, took its position in the line at Yorktown. On the 19th of that month Cornwallis surrendered and with the surrender came the virtual end of hostilities in the American conflict.

The Victory Tablet at Yorktown records the following names as soldiers of the Deux-Ponts who died in the battle. Note the German flavor of these "French" names: Francois Hiltzenberger, Gottfried Rouffe, Andre Cheret, Nicholas Muller, Francois Scholder, Jacob Stautzer, Adam Stubert, Jean Dittzer, Paul Egre and George Merkot.

The present name of the unit which once was known as the Deux-Ponts Regiment is now the 99th Regiment of the Alpine Infantry, French Forces.

We have presented these facts in order that we may establish a reasonable basis for assuming that the Comte de Rochambeau had occasion to note fraternization between his own troops and the Germans in Washington's army.

By courtesy of Arthur D. Graeff
Editor of Scholla, Reading Times.

WER KICKT?

Mei Paepp waar als en Geilsdieler. Er hot alle Sadde Geil kaaft un verkaaft. Geil sin so schier gaar wie Mensche. Viel Geil sin ehrlich un hattschaffich, un meinde ihre eegni Bissniss. Deel sin faul, warre schtreidich, un sin fer nix zu brauche eenich aryets. Sin die Mensche nau net graad so?

Der Doktor Henry Ward Beecher waar verleicht der bescht Breddicher, as unser Land sei Lewe ghatt hot. Er hot en Bauerei ge-eeggent am Hudson Rewwer, wu er summers druff gewuhnt hot. Er hot etliche Geil uff de Bauerei ghatt. Ee Daag hot en Mann ihm en Gaul verkaafe welle. Er hot gsaat, "Der Gaul schafft eenich aryets, wu mer ihn hieschpannt."—"Dutt er des gewiss?" hot der Doktor Beecher gfrogt. "Ya, er dutt," saagt der, wu ihm der Gaul verkaafe hot welle. "Du liewer Zustand," saagt der Beecher, "Ich wott, er deet zu meinre Karrich gheere." So hen schunn viel Parre gewinscht.

Mei Paepp hot als gsaat, "Ich geb nix drum, was en Gaul dutt odder net dutt, wann er yuscht net kickt." Ich hab der anner Daag en glee Englisch Schtick iwwerzetzt do druff. Do iss es:

En Gaul ziegt net, wann er kickt,
Un er kickt net, wann er ziegt,
Des kann ich dir graad saagge;
Noh brauch mer gaar net glaagge.

Sell iss verdolltsei aa waahr vun de Mensche Wann du zu re Karrich, Feier Kumpni, Latsch, Klob, odder eenich ebbes schunscht gheerscht, dann weesscht immer, wer kickt. Net der Kaerl, wu sei Pflicht immer am Duh iss. O nee! Seller hot net die Zeit fer kicke. Der Kicker iss der faul Schlingel, wu gaar nix duh will. Er schafft nix, gebt nix, glaabt nix—sell waer zu verschtennich. Weil er sich halwer schemmt fer nix zu duh, muss er en Ausrett hawwe. Alle Beddelmann hot en Ausrett. Darum kannscht du dei Mind uffmache, ass der Kaerl, wu nix dutt, immer kickt.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL

GESCHTER UN HEIT

Sach hen sich gans verennert heit,
'S iss nimmi wie's als waar.
Wie mir noch yunge Buwe waar'n
Un Yaahre datt devor.

Fer Koscht un Kleeder waarscht gedingt,
Yuscht vleicht paar Bense grickt—
En gut Bezaahling an der Zeit,
Du hoscht dich gscheit aagschickt.

Du hoscht als gschafft an selle Zeit
Vun Maryet-hell bis Nacht;
Un 's iss viel Sach, wu heit rum iss,
Hot uns ken Angscht gemacht.

Bluugge, Eege—'s waar net leicht,
Un Welschkann hacke aa;
Der Hawwer un Buchweeze, saag,
Un Hoiyet halt em draa.

Der Baare waar als gliedich heess,
Bee gscharrt mit Danneschtemm;
Un wie hot Hawwerschprau gegratzt
Unnich em schwitzich Hemm!

'S waar'n immer frische Oier rum,
Un Millich dick mit Raahm;
Frischer Budder, eben 's Schtoosse
Macht unser Aarm als laahm.

Hen Eel-un Inschlich-lichter ghatt,
Improvements hinne drauss;
Der parlor Offe un 's Feierheerd
Waar'n unser Hitz im Haus.

Die Scheier waar aagschtriche rot,
Fens geweisst mit Kallick;
Fer Dresche in der Aernzeit noh
Macht mer als en Frollick.

Im volle Mond waar's Beschte als
Fer'n party als gelosst;
Un noh fer alle Kolwe rot
Watt en Meedel gut gebosst.

Die Meed bischur waar'n als so bleed,
Machen 's aus zu hasse;
Mir waar'n net gfuhlt, sie hen gewisst,
Wu rode Backe basse.

Schportyaahrs wann Aerwet iwwer waar,
Noh sin mir in die Schul;
Un Friehyaahrs wann's mol Bluuge heesst,
Waar's iwwer, as en rule.

'S waar zimmlich yeders ehrlich noh,
Law gebraucht gans wennich;
Em Mann sei Watt waar immer gut,
Yeders waar verschtennich.

Mir hen aa unser Gschpass als ghatt,
Groosse un die Kleene;
Un was mir Gschpass als geheesse hen,
Watt net heit aagsehne.

En Picknick—sell waar als die Zeit,
Wu yeders waart defor;
Alsmol en Dans im kleene hall
Owwich em Kreizweg Schtor.

Noh waar'n Geburtsdaag parties aa,
Alsmol en Schlidde Reit;
Bischur, es waar meh Schnee sellmols,
Wie fallt im Winter heit.

Un popcorn waar deheem gemacht,
Bei Gasch, was waar des gut,
Mit gschmolsner Budder driwwer gschitt,
Was hot des yeders gsuut.

Die Schpargerei waar different aa,
En gschtohlner Boss waar siess;
Un du waarscht's Meedel gut bekannt,
Fer sie binnt mol dei Fiess.

Heit, ach du liewer, heidesdaags,
Do iss es nimmi so;
Die Kinner bleiwen net deheem,
'S iss yeders uffem "go."

Die Schtroosse sin vun concrete nau,
Macadam bei der Meil;
Un yeders hot en automobile—
En tractor nau schtatts Geil.

Mit automobiles uff alle Schtrooss
Faahr'n sie so unverschtennich;
Wieviel waer'n noch lewendich heit,
Waer geachtet wennich!

Die Hitz kummt aus em Keller ruff,
Schtatts Eel iss lectric Licht;
In Seide dressen Weibsleit uff
Un schtreichen aa ihr Gsicht.

Die Millich iss heit abgeraahmt
Un Oier Munet alt;
Der Budder kummt vum storage Haus,
Wu Eis halt alles kalt.

Geht ebbes Neies aryets aa,
Watt's zimmlich gschwind geweht
Bei radio un telephone—
Du heerscht 's nau wie's gescheht.

Un Schreiwe musscht du hawwe heit,
Fer alles ass du duscht;
Un eben wann du Schreiwes hoscht,
Gebt's doch oftmols Verlusct.

Des yung Gedraesch, die heiern heit
Un wisse net, was es meent;
'S iss schrecklich, wann Uffweckes kummt,
Wie mer divorces sehnt.

Sie wollen gaar net schaffe meh,
Des saaggen sie dir glei;
Bluugge, Eegge—nix vun der Aart——
Schtatts Tschentelleit yuscht sei.

Sie saaggen 's iss ken Gschpass meh rum,
Ich wunner nau ferwas;
Wann mer sie frogt, warum des iss,
Dann watt yuscht gsaat: "Ferdas!"

Ich denk, sie hen zu viel devun,
So viel dass es verleet;
"Mehl iss bidder, iss Meisel voll."
Iss wie's alt Schprichwatt geht.

'S iss ebbes letz mit unser Welt,
Ich weess net was es iss;
Die Zeide sin net was sie waar'n,
Wie mir waar'n yung, gewiss.

Die Leit sin heidesdaags zu gscheit,
Un doch—ich wunner oft,
Eb mir zufridde waer'n, wann mir
Zrick missten unverhofft.

15. Maerz 1933 —RALPH S. FUNK

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Emmaus, Boro of Flowers

Emmaus, which already is distinguished for its devotion to and its satisfactory growing of chrysanthemums outdoors, is putting another flower into its municipal bouquet by a boro-wide adoption of the forsythia as its outstanding spring flower.

The idea of an anonymous citizen, who is financing the project, has won the approval of the boro's officials. The people are cooperating merely to the extent that they express a desire to have plantings of the shrub and designate conspicuous spots for them. Thereupon a professional florist will move in with the plants and set them under conditions in which they are almost certain to flourish.

Thus Emmaus can expect to open every vernal season with a riot of the golden yellow bloom of the forsythia that is so heart cheering. The people will close the year with the customary blaze of color by chrysanthemums, the autumnal contribution of the town's multitude of flower lovers to this entire section of the country.

Spring Has Come

As of last evening, 5:01 p.m., Spring arrived for at that moment in the north temperate zone in which we reside the hours of daylight became exactly equal to the hours of darkness. In astronomical language the sun had reached the vernal equinox and henceforward until the summer season the length of days will increase until June 21 or thereabouts, after which decline will set in, attaining the autumnal equinox on or about September 21.

While there is pleasure in the increase of minutes and hours of daylight, the matter of immediate importance and interest for our people when they think of Spring is the character of the weather. Since the name of the season is associated with bright skies and balmy breezes and generally warm weather, there is wide welcome and heartiest hopes for realization of all that the name of the vernal season has come to imply.

Generally this human emotion is very strong for the vernal equinox often is attained only after we have gone thru a long, a hard and a costly winter. March 20 then comes as the certain harbinger, or forerunner, of mild and agreeable weather.

This year the transition from astronomical winter to astronomical spring means little in this respect. On scarcely a day since late 1952 have we had severely cold weather. What little snow fell was melted within a few hours.

We have had what is known as an open winter, with most of the period during the past two months mild as traditional spring days.

On the old theory that weather usually "evens up" and that in the long run we get just about as much rainfall and fair and foul days in one year as in another, we may be in for a raw, perhaps even cold spring and perhaps a cool summer. To balance the heavy rainfall during the last few months, we may have scarcity of precipitation later on.

No one can tell but this we do know, that, after the vernal equinox and after the sun has risen thus far in the heavens, protracted periods of intense cold are rare and that we can look for mild and improving pleasant weather.

That is the story of spring. That is the implication in the change of the seasons at the moment of the equinox.

Stop These Ships

While the mortgagee holds a death grip upon the property for which a mortgage has been given, the mortgagor can exercise many rights until the death grip has been completed by foreclosure. For this reason the United States, which has been protesting heavy shipment of war materials and raw materials to Red China from countries that are United Nations members, is in a peculiar position because it holds mortgages upon a lot of the ships which are engaged in the trade.

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, who has been investigating a lot of other things and has "burned up" a lot of people, has uncovered and promises to give a lot of publicity to the fact that some of the 96 merchant ships, on which the United States holds mortgages in the amount of $25 million, are taking cargoes to China.

Senator McCarthy says that these ships, which are sailing under Greek, Italian and French flags were sold by the U. S. Maritime Commission as surplus after World War II. Greek interests bought 52, Italian 40 and French four. Of these carriers it is reported that 45 at some time or other have made a total of 78 voyages to China since the fighting began in Korea.

Great Britain has promised that trade with China in articles useful for her war effort in Korea is to be ended by the devices which this great maritime nation possesses. Mr. McCarthy will be doing the United Nations a service if he can stir up enough excitement to end the activities of ships under other flags in the infamous China trade.

Circus Stunts 'Out'

Without any doubt a considerable number of the American people were anything but amused at the many "circus stunts" engineered by photographers and others during other administrations at the White House.

It undoubtedly pleased doting fathers and mothers when they could plump their infants into the arms of Presidents, who were too polite to resist and see the White House occupants smile wanly as photographers got their "shots." But all that stuff, including pictures in funny hats, closeups with beauty queens and queens of all sorts, midgets, monkeys, donkeys and even elephants, did not add to the dignity of the White House. It was not even a development of democracy.

General Eisenhower early and unwittingly got into some such ridiculous setups, especially when some fond parents settled a very wet baby into his arms. Now he is understood to have called quits to the entire business. Henceforth he is not going to be available for such stunts. All the White House aides, who form a guard thru which any and all who interview the President must break their way, have been instructed to dispose of the pests well in advance and shunt them away from the President.

This does not mean that President Eisenhower dislikes babes and beauties. It does mean that he considers it bad taste for the President to pose for inane pictures with them.

It is reported that, in passing his order or request for a restoration of dignity, he told an aide: "We're not in vaudeville and I don't think the American people want us to put on any stunts."

Let's say "Amen" to that.

A 'Third Area'

Mr. Nehru has advocated creation of "a third area," of powers which want to work for peace and avoid alliance with any bloc. He made quite clear that he was not thinking of that more familiar idea, a "third force," to maintain a balance of power between the two great combinations . . . There are ample reasons why India would not consider this latter policy . . . Mr. Nehru recognizes that she has not the military (or financial) strength to indulge in power politics, either alone or in concert with Asian neighbors. . . But the main objection is that diplomacy based on force, even if intended to avoid the use of force, is not in Mr. Nehru's opinion a desirable or practical approach to our horribly explosive contemporary problems.

Regarding what he does propose he was wisely tentative, defining his aim mainly in negatives . . . But roughly speaking he wishes to extend that area of the world, lately depressingly shrunken, which avoids the shrill language of controversy in its international dealings; which does not "go about merely running down other countries even though we may think the other countries are wrong"; which looks for constructive solutions rather than takes stubborn stands on issues which may then become complicated by requirements of prestige; which, in fact, realizes that daily life, international as well as personal, is governed by rational compromise and that the wise man is he who is contented with small cumulative gains rather than one who demands spectacular results. . .

However, this is a policy which most nations would adopt if they could; unhappily, many in these times cannot, and the number who still can may yet be subject to shrinkage as the crisis continues. India's attitude may have won her friends; how far it has influenced people is unfortunately more questionable, and the brusque rejection of her Korean proposals was no encouraging augury. Her comparative immunity to the prevailing pressures may be an accident of geography not necessarily permanent . . . Nor must a firmly neutral military policy, and a diplomatic desire to be of unobtrusive and friendly use to all, be confused with an indifference to the distinction between right and wrong, and moments can and do arise when the latter takes precedence over the former.—The Statesman, Calcutta.

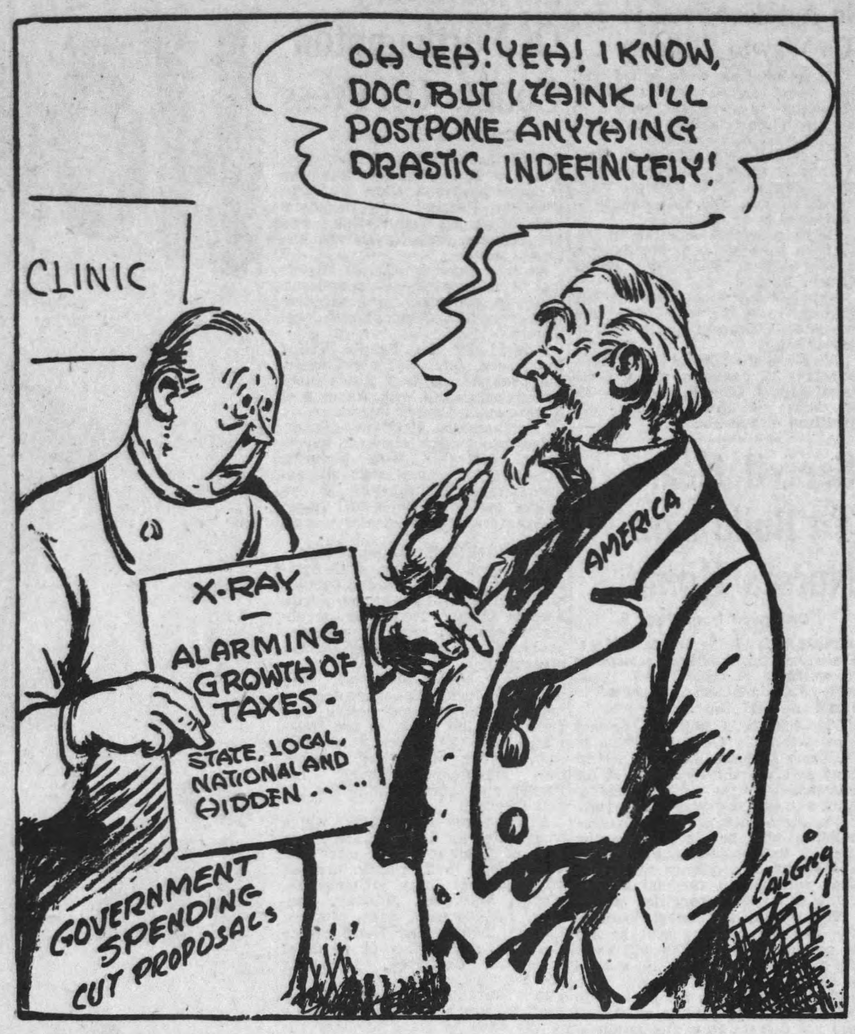
Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Lloyd Morris, in his gay recollections of "Incredible New York," asserted that "the superb, peerless legs of Miss Frankie Bailey were registered for copyright at the Library of Congress." Later he found himself called upon for details by David Mearns, chief of the Manuscript Division of that hallowed institution. "We find no record of the episode in our files," noted Mearns, "although we CAN produce Boyeseon's "Golden Calf," Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," "A Girl of the Limberlost," and other extremities of fiction."

Morris quoted Felix Isman's biography of Weber and Fields as his source, and added that just possibly copyright was applied for on a photograph of those celebrated gams. But Mearns checked and reported, alas: "Miss Bailey's embellishments are no longer in this Library of Congress. Perhaps, in the lingo of the Copyright Office, they were returned to claimant!"

Fatal Disease, But Curable If Treated In Time



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — It is coming as something of a surprise to many people here to learn that there really is a Republican President in the White House. They have gotten so used to the dictatorial and intolerant attitude of Democratic Presidents in the last 20 years toward Congress that when Dwight Eisenhower refuses to get into a fight with Congress but prefers instead to respect it as a coordinate branch of the government, they say he is surrendering his prerogatives.

There are lots of people in the New Deal and Fair Deal group who for years have regarded Congress as a secondary and unimportant institution to be browbeaten or ridiculed, while the Chief Executive has been exalted as if he had the powers of a dictator. There are people here who really believe the executive power is such that it must be absolute and that the elected representatives of the people must follow a White House leader on everything.

Gov't. Differences

Over in Germany in the '30's they taught the doctrine of "our leader" to the point where the national legislative body became a rubber stamp. Fortunately under the American system, the Congress and the Supreme Court and the presidency constitute a three-headed form of government deliberately created by our forefathers to prevent one branch from encroaching on another.

It may be novel, but certainly it is no sin for members of the Senate to want to take a look at a presidential nomination. Otherwise, the constitutional requirement that important appointments can be valid only if "the advice and consent" of the Senate has been obtained would be meaningless. What else does "advice and consent" mean but examination of all the facts?

Not long ago critics of the administration were applauding because the appointment of a secretary of defense was carefully examined before confirmation, today, when some senators want to look into the background of a man chosen to be ambassador to Soviet Russia in these troublous times, the impression is conveyed that this is somehow out of order and that a president's selection for ambassador is sacrosanct and not subject to careful investigation and prolonged debate if necessary before confirmation is voted or refused.

Investigative Powers

There is also the general power of Congress to investigate which is being criticized. Persistent efforts have been made by sympathizers with the New Deal and the Truman "red herring" attitude toward subversives in the government to persuade President Eisenhower to denounce all such inquiries. But Congress appropriates the money for executive departments and agencies of the government and has a right to check on what is happening to the taxpayers' money and to see if laws that bar subversives from the government are being enforced.

Whenever a member of Congress expresses a viewpoint different from the executive, the tendency of the Roosevelt-Truman-indoctrinated folks around here is to magnify it into a piece of serious friction or a first-class row. Yet the Constitution says that only the House of Representatives may originate tax legislation — not the President and not the Senate. Who has a better right to advocate tax reduction than Rep. Reed, of New York, Republican, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee?

The theory that Mr. Eisenhower has been elected "leader" of both Congress and the executive branch is fallacious. One of the finest things about the new President is his respect for the rights of Congress. He can, of course, express at any time his own views on tax laws he may intend to sign or veto, but even a Democratic President who vetoed a tax bill found that two-thirds of Congress, under the leadership of Alben Barkley, overrode that veto.

Foreign Policy

It has been said that foreign policy is the exclusive province of the President. That is a distortion of fact. The President, under the Constitution, has the exclusive right to communicate with or carry on negotiations with foreign governments, but the Constitution also says that when an agreement is reached the treaty can be ratified only by the "advice and consent" of the Senate, expressed by a two-thirds vote.

There are some disadvantages, to be sure, in a separation of the powers of the executive and legislative branches of the government, but until the Constitution is amended to consolidate the executive and legislative into a single government, as is done under a parliamentary system, there can be no recognition of the executive as superior to the legislative branch of government. Each still has its own responsibility.

It is a lesson in the American form of government which is being ignored by many who keep on assuming that Mr. Eisenhower has been elected dictator of the entire government, including Congress. Party responsibility in legislation is desirable, but where international affairs are concerned and where the public interest must rise above party, the rights of Congress are as important as the rights of the executive.

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Watch all financial dealings carefully at this time, and in the year ahead utilize the favorable stellar influences fully. Born today, a child will most probably be remarkable in many ways.

The "little red schoolhouse" in the early days of the United States was painted red because it was the cheapest kind of paint obtainable.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOCH MAINER RUMLAIFER G'SHPICHTA: Wie geshter g'sawt, der Ulysses A. Schall fon Palo Alto California, is der schreiver fon denna g'shichta, un des is wos er weiter tzu sawga hut, in seim brief os m'r da onner dawg grick'd hen.

So weit worra 's boova shtraich fom rumlawfa. Wie die drode fensa in der gong kumma sin, wors fensa lawfa ferbei. Allas dahame rum wor ous g'shteer'd, un ich bin uf gawoxa, un ich hobs rumlawfa fergessa. Wie ich ow'r awfonga hob tzu da maid gae, huts rumlawfa widder ferarnsht g'shtart. Es wor nix fer 5 bis 7 mile gae im dreck un shnae, hais odder kalt, bei dawg odder nocht, fer 'n maid'l sehna. Noh sin die bicycle in der gong kumma, un die rimlawferrei is ols noch shlimmer werra. Ich hob 'n shpeedometer on meim bicycle kot, uns wor nix fer Sundawgs 50 mile ae waig fohra, un widder tzurick.

M'r sin iwwer der Bloe Barrick, niver noch New Jersey, on da Lechaw nuf un nunner, noch Fildelfy un niver noch Nei Yarrick. Ich wor mohl noch Washington D. C., iwwer tzwae hunnerd mile mit 'm bicycle. Dahame nagshd on Beersville rum dade m'r denka wear allas ous g'shteer'd gawest mit 'm bicycle un tzu foos, doch huts noch 'n lot bletz os m'r net worra. Ungfare so wie der Biskotza Shwom, die Dreck Lane, 's Shnebba Dahl, der Hatch Gravel hivel, 's Krutta Dahl, der Sour Krout hivel 's Haasa Eck, 's Drucka Lond, un 'n ungaharie lot dailer, leit noh ganann'd.

Mohl ae raya dawg hut die wunnerfitz mich gabloak'd fer noch 'm Druckna Lond gae mit 'm bicycle, in da Hecktown gagend. Wos 'n aeland im ledda budda, bei raya wedder mit ma bicycle. Die radder worra glei ol ae ledda, un ich hob shnell galarnt fer noch sel'm im gravel bleiva wons rayer'd.

Hunda, fisha, yawga, un rum kessla wor immer in meim blute. Wie ich elter werra bin, is es ols shlimmer werra. Der automobile is es nagshd in der gong kumma, un noh is airsht ferarnsht rum galoffa werra, wie langer wie shlimmer. Un so fiel os ich rum gakess'ld bin, howwich ols 's end noch net g'funna fon da welt.

Unser trip noch California in 1924 dade 's shtory mocha bei sich selwar, un so aw die trip noch Alaska, noch Mexico, noch Canada, 'm alta lond, un South America, un Cuba. Noh worra m'r aw shun in ol da shtawdta in unser'm lond, wie fierra net, Maine, Florida, North Dakota, un Oklahoma. Die huff ich ow'r aw noch tzu sehna — un 'n lot may fon da welt won ich long ganunk laib.

Ich duh fiel rum lawfa doh in Palo Alto California — finf bis sex mile is gore nix fer mich won ich aw 74 yohr alt bin. Da onner dawg wor ich noch San Francisco un 'n policemon is kumma un hut g'frok'd ferwos ich my mashine parka dade woh ich hob. Wie ich 'm g'sawt hob ich wot noch da bank gae, hut er g'sawt 's nagshd mohl sot ich my mashine dahame lossa, un noch da bank lawfa. Un sel is aw grawd wos ich tzail tzu duh. San Francisco is yusht 33 mile fon Palo Alto, un won ich ready bin fer hame gae, lawd ich selar policemon ei fer mit m'r tzurick lawfa fer 'n gutie hame gakochdie Pennsylfawnish Deitschie ehms essa. Sei uniform hut om k'honka wie 'n tzottle on ma butzamon, un glawb er kent 'n gutie ehma essa ferdrawga.

Ich besser kum tzum shluss. Ich wor shun in hunnerda bletz fon marbel, shtae, dreck un brick, un allas os die leit hen dade ich net shwabba, fer my galaigenheit fer rum lawfa. War nimmy dahame tzu fritta is, un wil fert—los ihn gae. Ich sawg ihm ow'r farna nous sis net allas humbug owwa drous—fer ich hobs selwar g'sehna.

Ich bin drous rum in monicha ecka,
M'r mochts yoh ewwa so.
Hob ow'r noch in ken'ra shtadt,
Uf aw mohl so fiel fraid kot,
Wie in dem Palo Alto—doh.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S airsht dut m'r groddla, noh fong'd m'r aw rum lawfa, uns nagshd dut m'r shpringa.

Nor larnt m'r lawfa, bicycle fohrra, shkata, shleifa im dreck, un shneeka uf da tzaea.

Mit da automobiles hen m'r ow'r allas shier fergessa; noh gleich ich aw shpotzierra gae uf 'm boat, un flieg liever in da luft, os ich ess. Aufweidersehn

Ulysses A. Schall

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 8:26-36

When Jesus and His diciples, having come safely through the storm, reached the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, they were in the land of the Gadarenes (Gergesenes in Matthew 8:28. Read the account there). A demon-possessed man (Matthew says that there were two) met Him. He was a sorry spectacle, tormented by a legion of demons, spending his time among tombs instead of with other people in an ordinary home. He wore no clothes—evidently a charter member of the society of nudists! The demons recognized Jesus and besought Him not to send them into the deep, V. 31. This word, deep, does not refer to the water of the sea of Galilee, for in the Greek text it is the word abyss, as in Rev. 20:3, where it is translated 'the bottomless pit.' They were afraid that the day of their judgment had come, since they were in the presence of their Judge. That day had not yet come, as it will; so they received orders to leave the body of the tormented man, and permission to enter the bodies of a herd of swine, which promptly rushed into the sea. The people were amazed when they saw the man clothed, and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.



THE GEISSINGER FARM

The Call-Chronicle for Sunday, March 15, brought the news that the house on the famous Geissinger Farm, on the south side of the Lehigh River between Allentown and Bethlehem, had been gutted by fire on the evening of March 14th. Since the reporter related only briefly why this farm was an historic landmark, it may be permitted to fill out the story by translating from that invaluable little book "Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale," a collection of reports about the first white settlements in this vicinity, written by Ben Trexler and published originally in the Friedens-Bote, 1880-1886. The reader will please remember that the following account was written about 70 years ago.

The Geissinger Farm and An Attempted Robbery in the Olden Days

I look upon the Geissinger Farm situated on the Lehigh halfway between Allentown and Bethlehem as the oldest farm in Salzburg (Salisbury) Township. It is one of the only three farms settled by whites before the arrival of the Moravians. The other two were the Isselstein Farm (now South Bethlehem) and the Irish Farm located at the mouth of the Saucon Creek. In those days the Geissinger Farm was known as the Jennings Farm and consisted of 200 acres of excellent land situated in a bend of the river on the north side of the Lehigh Mountain. Solomon Jennings, as is well known, was one of the three "Walkers" in the "Walking Purchase" of land from the Indians, executed on the 19th and 20th of September, 1737. Jennings is said to have received a part of this land in payment of services rendered during the "Walking Purchase." Upon the death of Solomon Jennings (Feb. 16, 1757) his executors sold the farm at public auction to the grandfather of the present owner, Jacob Geissinger, of Saucon Township. The purchaser, a member of the Mennonite Society, was a substantial German farmer. He full recognized the value of this fine farm and purchased 164 adjoining acres in addition for which he paid 1500 pounds and received a deed for the same, executed June 1, 1764. The deeds and patents in possession of the present owner were shown to me and I have taken the following essential facts from them:

John Penn, Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania ordered their Surveyor-General by a warrant dated March 18, 1732 to survey 5000 acres in the said province for the afore-mentioned Thomas Penn, which land was later (Sept. 10, 1735) conveyed to William Allen; but of this same land a certain area had already been surveyed as early as Oct. 5, 1733 and granted for settlement to Solomon Jennings in the amount of 200 acres. Jennings paid to Allen during his lifetime 131 pounds and 11 shillings. In his last will and testament Jennings had appointed John Jennings, Nicholas Scull ad Isaiah Jennings as his executors, who further paid to Allen's agents the sum of 349 pounds and 14 shillings.

These 200 acres and the adjoining 164 acres were offered for sale in the papers of that day during a period of three months and finally purchased at public auction by Jacob Geissinger for the sum of 1500 pounds of legal Pennsylvania currency. In addition Jacob Geissinger in 1788 purchased two more pieces of ground of 108¼ and 30 acres each, so that the farm now consisted of a little more than 502 acres allowing for the usual 6 acres of every 100 acres for roads and highways. On May 26, 1792 the farm was sold to Jacob Geissinger's son George for 2000 pounds, Joseph Horsfield and Jacob Dubbs signing the deed as witnesses. Upon the death of George Geissinger the heirs had Christian Beitel make an exact survey on Jan. 20, 1824. It was found that the farm consisted of 561 acres and 13 rods, at the present writing in the possession of George's son Jacob Geissinger and his brother-in-law William Harlacher.

When I visited Jacob Geissinger a short time ago (1881), he was still a robust man in his 84th year. I could not begin to relate half the interesting things he told me about the olden days. On a short walk across the fields he brought me to a persimmon tree near which the "Walker" Solomon Jennings and his wife lay buried. In the great flood of 1841 the graves were destroyed. Ten or twelve soldiers of the Revolutionary War were also said to have been buried there.

Another historic object on the farm is the so-called "Pflasterweg," or paved road, which runs straight through the farm across the mountain. It is paved with large flat stones, to prevent the rain from washing out the road. Grandfather Geissinger (the first Jacob) had built this road at a time when there was no other that connected the farm with the Philadelphia highway. When he had a load of grain to be brought to market he hitched eight horses to the wagon until he was across the mountain whereupon only four were needed to pull the load. This paved road was also used by those who came from the "Dry Land" and who forded the Lehigh at this point. Later however a ferry was constructed at Bethlehem and still later a bridge was built there and thus this difficult paved road up the mountain was avoided.

Jacob Geissinger and his estimable housewife are the very essence of friendliness and hospitality. They are living embodiments of the old-time homely virtues. Little wonder that their house holds such an attraction for their neighbors and those that pass that way. A certain T——, on Feb. 15, 1880, wrote the following verses to commemorate his visit at the Geissinger home:

Dort drunten an der Lecha
Da steht ein freundlich Haus,
Dort gehen viele Leute
Bestaendig ein und aus.

Der Mann und sein Gattin
Sind gar so liebe Leut,
Bei denen Jung und Alte
Schon oft sich recht gefreut.

Auch heute wieder waren
Versammelt dort zum Mahl
Vermaehlte und ledige
Personen acht an Zahl.

"Die Obrigkeit" ward Einer
Vom Hausherrn gern genannt,
Die Anderen mit Schwarzkunst
Bezeichnen ihren Stand.

Die Namen dieser Leute
Thun gar nichts hier zu Sach,
Genug dasz ich dabei war,
Der dieses Liedel mach.

Nur Schade dasz der Pfarrer
An jenem Tag gefehlt,
Den frueher man im Kreise
Der Freunde dort gezaehlt.

Beim Mahl und bei Gespraechen
Die Zeit so schnell zerrann,
Sowohl beim Vater drueben
Als wie beim Tochtermann.

Von laengst vergangnen Tagen
Hat man sich dort erzaehlt,
Die Neuzeit und den Fortschritt
Zum Thema hier gewaehlt.

Ein Denkmal jener Raubthat
Vor hunert Jahr geschehn,
Die "Onkel Saem" Muskete
Hat man sich angesehn.

Was noch vun der Historie
Bis jetzt nicht ist gedruckt,
Das wird vielleicht bald lesen,
Wer in den "Boten" guckt.

(FRIEDENS-BOTE)

ES ECK — ACHTZEH YAAHR ALT

Schunn achtzeh Yaahr?—Ach, geh mer weck!
Laaft schunn so lang es Deitsche Eck?
Wei's scheint so'n katze Zeit!
Darrich all die Yaahr, des weess ich woll,
Do bringt's in Moos, ya, ghauftich voll,
Blessier zu viele Leit.

Zum Barba—dir schittl' ich die Hand—
Ich weess sin viel all darrich's Land,
Wu winschen sie kennt' aa;
Ich schwetz fer all in dem glee Schtick—
Congratulier dich, winsch dir Glick,
An was du setzscht dich draa.

'S gebt Zeide mer Sach saagge wott
Un's fehlen Wadde mer hawwe sott—
Mer weess net, wie mer's secht;
In so 're Fix bin ich, well ich
In Ehr un Lob fer's Eck un dich
So viel do saagge mecht.

So'n Aerwet muss verschtanne sei—
Des geht net yuscht so eens, zwee, drei—
Ich weess es iss net leicht;
En schee Gedicht, en Schtori schmaert,
Karyose Wadde, wu mer heert,
Un so was wu mer gleicht.

Waer's ewwe net fer Leit wie du,
Was wott mir aarme Schreiwer duh
Mit unserm Gschriwwnes dann;
Vleicht gricksch du mol der Loh dir kehrt,
In Ehr un Sach wu ye net zehrt—
Weess net yuscht wie un wann.

Doch winsch ich dir viel Yaahr un Macht
Fer vorzusetze all die Pracht
In Sache Deitsch so schee;
Drum rot ich dir, halt des del Zweck—
Gleich wie gedruckt vorher im Eck,
Geb alsnoch viele Meh.

—RALPH S. FUNK

We are grateful to Mr. Funk for these gracious congratulatory verses on the occasion of the 18th anniversary of the ECK. The first issue of the ECK appeared on March 23, 1935.—ED.

A BOLD ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY

It was toward the end of June in the year 1789 when two strangers came to Jacob Geissinger's farm and asked the old man for a loan of money. Jacob Geissinger was known far and wide as a wealthy and kindly-disposed man ever zealous in aiding his fellow-men where and whenever he could do so. Honest and forthright he openly admitted to the strangers that he had $500 in his house, but had already promised them to someone else. The strangers regretted and went their way. In the course of the following week the wife of Jacob's son George, living in the same house with the parents, gave birth to a son. In anticipation of the happy event, two neighbors Daniel and Jacob Quier, having seen George while he was picking cherries had congratulated the expectant father and promised to bring him a rooster as soon as they should hear of the happy event.

Two days had passed since the birth, when there was a knock at the door at dusk. They thought at once of the neighbors who had promised to bring the rooster. George Geissinger, who had been standing at the hearth where the nurse was busy, opened the door. Two strangers, armed with guns and pistols entered and forced George and the nurse into the large fireplace. Then the three hired boys who had already gone to bed (they were 15 to 20 years of age) were wakened and also herded into the fireplace, where one of the armed men held guard over them. They now asked George about his father, who had already retired to one of the upper rooms. When he refused to reply, the other villain seized a light and went up the stairs to find him. He came first to the room of the young mother, who to protect herself and her father-in-law had already locked the two doors. The villain broke the doors, hurled the young mother down stairs and attacked the old father, holding a pistol to his breast and demanding his money or be killed. Father Geissinger was a strong and determined man and might easily have gained advantage over the knave, but he had only just been wakened. In order to gain time he offered as pretext to take the robber to the place where the money was concealed. He was permitted to put on his shirt and trousers. The two now came down stairs where the other robber was standing guard. George Geissinger had in the meantime found an opportunity to attack the guard and throw him to the floor where a violent struggle ensued. When the other burglar on coming down the stairs saw his accomplice on the floor he aimed his pistol at George's head but it failed to shoot whereupon he began to beat the head of George with the butt of his pistol. The other burgler, who had stood guard at the fireplace and whom George had first thrown to the floor, now got up, but fortunately at that moment the old man and the young mother came to the rescue and belabored the head of the latter. If the three hired boys had rendered help the two robbers could have been overcome and tied; but they were cowardly and took to their heels when they saw George throw Sinclair (that was the name of the robber who had stood over them in the fireplace) to the floor. While the old man and the young mother were struggling with Sinclair, George was engaged in violent combat with the other robber outside the house, who tried to shoot George with his other pistol but that also failed. The robber fled and George hastened back to help his father and his wife. They succeeded in tying Sinclair's hands. He was taken to the county prison in Easton. Sinclair was recognized as the head of a band that had been robbing defenseless people across the country side. From a report sent from Easton to a Lancaster paper (Oct. 29, 1789) we learn "die Richter Atlee und Busch verurteilten ihn zu zehnjaehriger Arbeit am Schubkarren" — "the Judges Atlee and Busch sentenced him to ten years of labor behind the wheelbarrow." The musket Sinclair carried was one that had been used in the Revolutionary War. It is still in the possession of the Geissinger family and shown as an interesting relic.

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Last Day to Register

The last call to adults who are eligible to vote by reason of residence in Pennsylvania and in a particular election district goes out today from the County Commissioners urging them to come to the Court House and place their names upon the permanent registration lists. Any persons whose names are not upon those lists will not be permitted to vote at the primaries in May.

At this immediate moment very few persons except the candidates are thinking of the elections. But long before primary election day arrives there will be abundance of excitement. Then, on primary day, just about everybody will be happy that he is eligible while those of the small minority will regret their ineligibility.

The last chance to reduce the size of that minority is afforded today. Go to the Court House and register if you do not already have a permanent registration card.

Join Lily Parade

Wherever you go in the business districts today you will be greeted by eager maidens who are engaged in their annual campaign for the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society.

Contrasting with the forthcoming Easter Parade, for which extended preparations are being made, is the Lily Parade which these young women will seek to organize today. It will be their ambition to have everybody wear the Easter Lily, the symbol of one of the largest and most helpful philanthropic activities in this community — the care and rehabilitation of nearly six hundred children who have deformities of some type or other which can be corrected to some degree or other.

This Easter Lily Parade is the highlight of the campaign for the sale of Easter Seals — the income from which keeps this big organization in operation from year to year. The Parade is the window-dressing for the great tasks that are performed by the Society thruout the entire year with lame children, with victims of cerebral palsy, with those who have or have had hare-lips and cleft palates and corollary dental an dspeech difficulties. In fact the range of work covered by this Society is so extensive and its clinics are so effectively organized that its entire program has come to be recognized as outstanding in Pennsylvania even tho there are scores of other societies which are working in their respective communities and are doing excellent jobs.

Nothing appeals so strongly to human hearts as the misfortunes of little children. Everybody desires to help them. Especially everybody desires to bring such help that will effect amelioration of those misfortunes and that will restore children to a full measure of usefulness and to greater enjoyment of life.

Every participant in the Lily Parade today will be a person who has seen the way to bring such help to unfortunate children in this community. To wear a lily today will be to wear a badge of devotion to and help for the work whose ambition it is to restore every handicapped child to a richer, happier and more useful life.

Ease Traffic Problem

Because traffic can be expected to be at its height in this city today and because much of the traffic will bring people from distant points it is incumbent upon residents of this city to contribute as little as possible to tie-ups in traffic and to enable wide use by our visitors of our parking facilities.

Today will be a day for Allentonians to use the public transportation facilities to the fullest degree and leave the family car at home in the garage, especially if that garage be within easy walking distance of the business centers. Until there is abundance of perimeter parking it will make no sense for operators and employes in stores and offices in the business areas to preempt and occupy parking areas during the most important business hours of the day.

Everybody wishes to have this community thrive thru expanding business volume. Almost everybody can contribute to this in small way, at least. One valuable contribution will be to forego the use of one's car during heavy business days if such use means occupying parking space that well might be occupied by out-of-town shoppers in frequent turnover thruout the day.

And while on this subject of parking, it may well be realized that enforcement of parking regulations is unusually strict at this time. The police have been moving around speedily and effectively. Double-parking and overtime parking especially are yielding costly tickets for car-owners.

It will be the part of wisdom for motorists to do nothing that will make them run afoul of the busy motorcycle cops.

Actions Speak Loudest

It is the spring of the year not only here in these United States in the vicinity of the 42nd parallel, but also in Korea along that famous 38th parallel. Whereas in other parts of the world spring is the traditional season for the turning of a young man's mind to thoughts of love, in Korea destruction and more vigorous prosecution of the war motivate the Chinese forces which have been sitting out a siege during the winter.

During recent days attacks in force have been heavier than in months. Successes undeniably have been achieved by the aggressors in some important areas. Terrain which was taken at heavy cost of life and blood has been lost. United Nations casualties have taken important rise.

It is all out of character with the recent protestations from Russia that matters can be arranged between East and West. It is inconsistent with the peace prattle which constantly pours forth from Moscow to all corners of the world. Peace talks in Korea gave the Reds more than a year as a breathing spell and opportunity to reform their forces and build up their ranks. So the newest peace offensive in Europe is probably a ruse to lull the western democracies into a sense of security, to drive a wedge into their ranks and to delay or even completely stymie the military alliance of European countries, including Germany, with the United States, Great Britain and the remainder of the western world.

As Mr. Lodge has said so challengingly to the Russian representatives in the United Nations, the war in Korea can be ended instantly by the nation which is shouting the loudest about its love and desire for peace. But that war is not only being continued but it is being intensified at the very time that peace protestations are at their loudest.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A chap asked me to recommend a good doctor. He had a rash on his skin, and had tried all of 14 or 16 patent medicines that are "guaranteed" to cure you "or your money back," and even one that had guaranteed to give you double your money back. Now he felt it was time to see a doctor. The rash had gotten worse. The "double your money back" medicine must have worsened it.

I was just about to give him the name of my skin doctor. This fellow is a wonder.

I had had the same trouble with my skin and had also tried a number of advertised remedies.

This doctor asked me to tell him what I had eaten the last few days.

"Last night I had smoked pork butt and sourkraut for dinner. And boiled potatoes."

"How much bread did you eat?" he asked.

"Oh, only three or four slices of rye bread."

"And what did you have for dessert?"

"Apple pie a la mode."

I started to tell him what I had for lunch and I still remembered the dinner of the night before that. It was a wonderful meal. Roast duck with apple sauce and a gravy which was so good that I had dunked several slices of bread in it.

"But the doctor said, "Never mind." Then he gave me a prescription.

"Have this filled," he said. "But it won't do you a bit of good unless you cut out all that rich food you eat.

"No starches for you. Very little bread and butter.

I followed his advice and three days later the rash was all gone. I can't tell you what kind of salve he prescribed. I forgot all about having the prescription filled.

So I was going to give the fellow my doctor's name. But then I remembered.

Three or four months ago I recommended my tailor to another friend of mine.

He had a suit made. It was fine — a perfect fit and it made him look like a banker before taxes.

He ordered another suit. The pants were too short and too tight.

The friend came back to me. "What kind of a rotten tailor did you send me to?" he asked. "When I criticized his work he even got fresh."

A series of arguments followed. My friend got fresh too, and maybe I did. I don't remember.

We are friends no longer.

A couple of weeks ago I recommended a wonderful delicatessen store to Joe Colgan, my druggist. I could sit here for an hour and describe all the marvelous things that store sells. But I haven't the strength to describe its wonders. I am on a diet.

So Joe went there. He asked for several of the things I had recommended. The store was out of just about everything he asked for.

When I went to Colgan's to get some toothpaste, Joe ducked into his office and hardly said "hello."

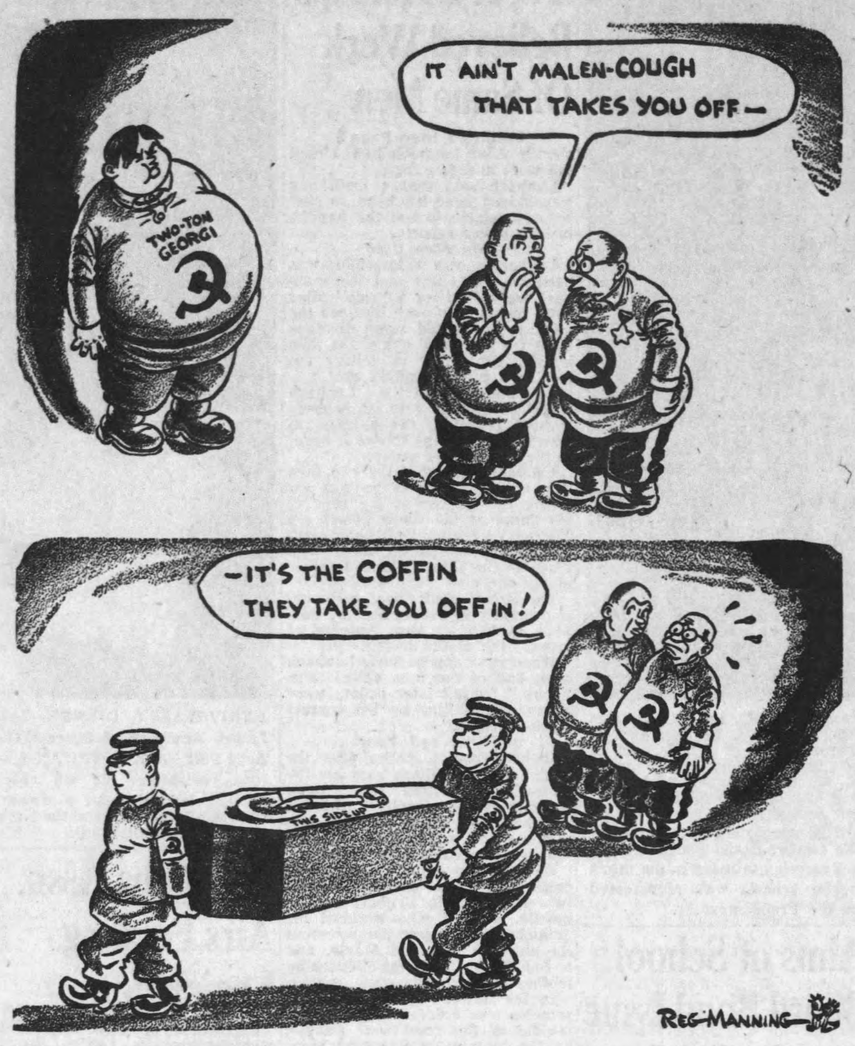
I went after him and asked him what was the matter.

"What kind of a delicatessen is that you sent me to?" he asked. "They had absolutely nothing."

It just so happened that my wife was with me and talked to Mrs. Colgan while I was talking to her husband. She told my wife that Joe had spent $14 in the delicatessen the day "they had absolutely nothing."

You'll never catch me again recommending anything or anybody.

End Result



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Politically speaking, the Eisenhower administration hasn't learned the ropes yet — or it would not have allowed a serious factionalism to crop up in Congress and threaten party solidarity.

Aided and abetted by an alert and resourceful "Left Wing" which is ready to destroy Eisenhower politically after it has disposed of Sen. McCarthy, the movement to sabotage the entire attack on communistic activity inside America has gained ground as a consequence of the unnecessary controversy over Charles E. Bohlen, ambassador-designate to Russia. To drive a wedge between Sens. McCarthy, Bridges, McCarran and the White House is a deliberate aim of the "Left Wing."

There were times when the Republican Party knew how to talk things over quietly ahead of time and to thresh out differences privately. It was only the Democrats who subjected themselves to the publicity of open friction. Now things have changed. It's the Republicans who show signs of inexperience and ineptitude in managing their own affairs.

Solidarity Important

For party solidarity is of the utmost importance to an administration which has a narrow majority in Congress, and the way to retain that solidarity is not to become involved in quarrels that are superfluous.

The wisest thing that has been said to keep the friction from spreading further must be credited to President Eisenhower himself, who refused at his press conference on Thursday to be goaded into making an issue of the fact that congressional investigations of executive agencies to root out subversives are continuing.

The President showed a proper respect for the legislative branch of the government — much more than some of the critics are doing with their efforts to make it appear mandatory for the Senate to confirm immediately or automatically anybody a president appoints to an ambassadorship.

The specious cry was raised among some 'shortsighted supporters of Eisenhower that to oppose Bohlen was to show lack of confidence in the judgment or the integrity of the President and the secretary of state, who made the nomination. The controversy was hailed as an "acid test" of executive responsibility.

But it wasn't that way when the shoe was on the other foot.

Hughes' Nomination

Thus, when Charles Evans Hughes was nominated in February 1930 to be chief justice of the United States and the so-called "Liberals," led by the late Sen. Norris of Nebraska, declared he should not be confirmed because of his "pass connections" with law clients, nobody in the "Left Wing" of those days rose up to defend the nomination on the ground that to oppose it was a smear or an attack on the judgment and integrity of President Hoover, who made the nomination.

Likewise, when in April 1930 Judge John J. Parker of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals was named by President Hoover to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, union labor rose up through the "McCarthys" on the floor of the Senate to cry that a Parker decision in a case on the "yellow dog" union contract made him a bad security risk for labor. Nobody on the "Left Wing" side was hesitant to smear the integrity of one of the finest judges America has ever had — and a man whom many labor leaders since have admitted should have been confirmed.

Then there was the case of Charles B. Warren of Michigan, who was named to be attorney general by President Coolidge. His confirmation was defeated by one vote in the Senate because critics thought his "past connections" in business would make him a bad security risk for the "Left Wing" in America. Nobody on the so-called progressive side in the Senate at that time said the Executive's appointment of a Cabinet officer was sacrosanct and that anybody a President wanted in his Cabinet should automatically be confirmed.

Pauley Opposed

When President Truman in January 1946 nominated Edwin Pauley of California to be under secretary of the Navy, with the idea that he would later become head of the Navy after Forrestal was elevated to the secretaryship of defense, the late Harold Ickes, secretary of the interior, opposed the nomination because of Mr. Pauley's oil connections. Ickes resigned from the Cabinet in protest, and his views as given to Congress raised such a fuss that Pauley's name was withdrawn two months later. Nobody at that time in the "Left Wing" defended Mr. Pauley from attack on the ground that it was a lack of confidence in the judgment or integrity of Mr. Truman, who made the appointment. The row was all supposed to be in the public interest.

When former Mayor O'Dwyer of New York City, Democrat, was named by President Truman in August 1950 to be ambassador to Mexico, Sen. Ives of New York made a futile effort to hold it up till O'Dwyer's alleged past connections with gambling and racketeering interests could be probed. Even though the nomination was plainly being made to take care of a Democratic Party situation in New York City, from which O'Dwyer as a political factor was to be eliminated, there was no real investigation made before confirmation in the Senate. Was this in the public interest as the record stands today?

The members of the Senate have a solemn duty to perform in weighing the qualifications and personal history of every man who is nominated for high office and who is subject to confirmation "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." In times like the present, the man who goes to Moscow as the American ambassador should be, like Caesar's wife, above all suspicion—and, in this case particularly, above political suspicion. For anybody who reads last week's testimony by Mr. Bohlen as he so adroitly defended what happened at Yalta cannot but be convinced that he is an apologist for expediency and acquiescence in modern diplomacy and that he is scared by Soviet Russia. He evidently feels about the Communist government at Moscow as so many of the Truman - Acheson appointees did — namely, that nothing could have been done to prevent the enslavement of Poland, for example, in the face of Russia's open violation of the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

The Bohlen episode was a political defeat for the Republican Party and for the cause of moral principle which was tragically abandoned at Yalta. By seeming to accept Bohlen's views on Yalta, the Republican Party has yielded to expediency, too, and the moral case for "liberation" in Europe has been damaged. Maybe some day the Republicans will learn how to stay united when they win power, but they will not do so unless they first sit down together to iron out their differences among themselves instead of leaping into situations which breed open controversy and only make political capital for their opponents.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS SHLIM MIT DA HINKLE:

Der Richard Reitz fon Schnecksville hut uns heit 'n woch tzurich 'n gutas fertzailt on da Neffs fendu. Er helft 's Marrick Hous runna, on da 7d un Tilghman doh in da shtadt, un secht 's wear da onner dawg 'n weibsmensch kumma un het sei oyer baguck'd. Die oyer worra gagrade, un ae haufa worra louder laedich glaina oyer — gakent ols pee wees. 'S weibsmensch het die glaina oyer baguck'd, noh der kup g'shitt'ld, un g'sawt, 's wear doch grawd ous tzu arrick, os die hinkle sich nimmy die tzeit nemma dada fer die oyer gross woxa lossa, un sie laiga dada won sie noch so glae weara. Yar, un der Richard shtaid druf 's wear wohr, un glawb er het ferleicht ols noch mainer fertzailt, won er net ols noch so dick seckicka gawest wear fon owets dafor so fiel essa, os er bol nimmy fert gakent hut. Die sawg is, sei Mary het die mashine sella owet hame fohrra missa fom Schnecksviller grange hall.

'S wor so denna waig. Die Schnecksville grange hut Fridawg owets 'n box social kotta noch da grange fersommling—'n waig fer wenich gelt uf mocha so nava bei. Un 'n grange wie Schnecksville mit ihr'm wunnerbora shaina neia grange hall, nadierloch breicha gelt — sel is leicht tzu fershtae. Wel aenicha waig, 'm Fridawg owet hen sie die boxa party kotta — yader websmensch hut 'n box mit ess socha gabrocht — ganunk drin fer sich un ihra kinner, un der mon os die box kauft hut, sich sot essa. Now der Rich woh in seina yunga dawga mohl dabei wor on ra party wie sel, woh net tzu iwwermaesich fiel in da box wor wos er kauft hut, hut sich fohr g'sehna 'm Fridawg owet —er hut tzwae box kauft. 'S airsht 'm Harold German seinra fraw Harriet ihra box, un noh 'm aw noch Herman Synder seinra Lucy, ihra box.

Der Rich hut sich noh in die mid k'huck'd, un er un die Harriet un die Lucy mit drei kinner, hen gessa bis sie bol ol rum fershprunga sin. Der Rich klaimt er het in ol seim lebdawg net so fiel gessa, un allas wear aw so wunnerbore gute gawest os er nix drum gaibt won die grange eb long mohl widder so 'n boxa party het. Un so weit os sel aw gait, sei Mary dade aw net fiel danoh froga—'s dade net fiel maina fer ae box filla won sie noh fer 'n gonsie halvie woch net kocha breich'd fer der Richard.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In ontwert tzu da fiela leit os shun gawunnert hen dawaiga—m'r hen des free yohr ken train exkursion noch Nei Yarrick fers Oshter show sehna—ow'r Somshdawgs da 22d Augusht gaina m'r widder der Hudson nuf mit 'm boat Peter Stuyvesant.

Wos uns wunnert is, wie fiel leit os nonner shun bakont werra sin, un k'heiert hen, darrick exkursions os m'r garunn'd hen.

Tzwae os farm yohr nonner bakont werra sin un now tzaila tzu heirra, is die Jean Geissinger fon Zion, un der Paul "Neffs Farm Machinery" Schneck, fon nagshd on Rising Sun.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 9:11-13

But the people gave Jesus little opportunity for rest or recreation (review yesterday's lesson). He had something which they needed, and which they could get nowhere else. So they followed Him as soon as they saw whither He and His disciples were going. It was late in the day, and they were hungry, physically and spiritually, and they were more eager for spiritual food than for bread to satisfy their physical hunger. But the disciples were beginning to be concerned about the physical well-being of the multitude, and therefore suggested that Jesus dismiss them for the day, so that they might go to the neighboring towns for lodging and food, which they could not find in the immediate area. So Jesus said: 'Give ye them to eat.' But they had to admit that they would in that case have to go out themselves o buy food for the people, since they had only five loaves and two fishes!

Horoscope

The year ahead calls for reasonable precautions and vigilance to win success. Today's child may have to work for success, but should win it.



HIRAM HOLLERHECK

Teller of Tales Once Widely Read

By HEINZ KLOSS
Stuttgart, Germany

IF you ask me why I am fond of the dialect letters of Hiram Hollerheck and more so than of those of a good many other Pennsylvania German columnists, I am hard put to it, for there is nothing startling or striking about them. Their topics are standard, their treatment, when it comes to plots, inventiveness and so on, is hardly unusual. But Hiram's letters have an even quality of style which is refreshing. The diction obeys its master like a good horse. It is indicative of those genial and genuine qualities that one likes in a fellow citizen and even more in a columnist.

Hiram Hollerheck was the penname for Oscar Penrose Knauss, born in Emmaus, Lehigh County, Pa., Sept. 4, 1869, the son of Aquilla and Mary Weiler Knauss. He worked with several newspapers as a reporter and later published the "Macungie Progress" from 1888 to 1911. Later on he became manager of the Progress Printing Company in Macungie, Pa. Most of his writings in the dialect, if not all of them, were written while he was the publisher of the "Macungie Progress." They were widely read. Among the newspapers that reprinted them were those of Slatington, Boyertown, Coopersburg and Spring Grove.

The following letter, reprinted in the Berks County Democrat for April 23, 1910, is quite typical. He reflects upon the pleasures of those addicted to angling during the first sunny days of spring and writes in part:

"Es is en gfeel sheer wie's hehmweh, es nawkt em un mer feeld ned fer shaffa udder ebbes shoonsht. Es besht os mer noh doot is grawd ob geh on die grick mid line un warrem. So gshwitt os mer die ongel nei g'shmissa hud feeld mer shoon besser. Es mawg greek negsht udder weit sei; die leit maiga shaffa udder strike; mer mawk geld udder kens hawve, fraw un kinner udder mehdel udder winsht mer hed awver es maucht ol nix aus. Mer b'kimmert sich nix oom die welt. Won's allagebut en tzup gebt on der line un mer fongt aw yusht a paar glehne batch, es is evva duch en grosser fergneecha. Mer feeld glei besser. Kupweh, bauchweh, grehawga un onnera droovel fergeht wie der wind. Es is gwiss ordlich was so feel medetzeen in era fish-gard is, awver es is en lot. Froak mohl ainicher guder fisher udder en duckter os airlich is. Beshure, es is ned feel geld drin awver es is aw ned in feel onner hondeeres. Gook mohl on's shmoaka un jawa; dert is aw gwiss ken geld drin except fer der wu's macht udder verkauft, awver was fer'n grossy fergneecha is es fer duwog kaua wie's meel un shmoke weg blohse wie'n shonshteh. Mer lusst sich aw ned garn fershtehra ivver em fisha, wan's aw feel foon selver geht. Mer kan sich sheh ins graws laiga un bissel ei-shloafa drivver. Bis ovets hut mer yusht so feel.

Noh, won's doonkel is pocked mer off un geht hehm.

Won mer ebber awdrefft un won mer hehm koomt werd's g'froaked eb mer ebbes grickt hud. Won die fish eisht gros sin werr'n sie in en hengel gdrawga so os yehders sehna kan, awver won sie yusht gleh sin fershteckeled mer sie in en kessel udder karreb. Won's paar meiler ful gebbt fer essa noh maucht mer sich weiss mer hed seilehwa ken so guda gessa. Mer kent sie awver kauffa fer about finf cent. Sell weisst wie 's fisha b'tzahled. Es mauch awver ol nix aus, mer geht widder so gshwint os mer'n halvy chance hud.

Macungie Progress. Hiram Hollerheck

Hiram, like so many letter writers, lived in constant feud with his wife. Listen to one of their disputes. It leads you back to the times when it became stylish to have your parlor decorated with "antiques," a vogue preceding the time when these antiques became highly marketable. It appeared in the Berks County Democrat for March 26, 1910.

Ald Fashen Dings

Misder Drooker:

Now is die fendu tzeit sheer gar ivver un mer hud mohl widder ruh bis negsht freeyohr—sell is waiga eena noh dravvela. Awver mid dem shtufft os mer kauft doh nemt's nuch feel langer.

Es is widder so'n narrishy fashen im gong, abertich bei der weibsleit fer so auld g'frehs tzomma kaufa so wie eera shpinredder, hoshpel, g'sherr, un ainich ebbes os about en hunnert yohr auld is, un sei lehwe ned feel waerd war. Des dings hoald hocha breica un werd hehm gshlaifed un widder frish uff gdu. Ich wisst ned feel derfoon won ned die Polly, my fraw, aw es feever he dun maucht mid. Ich gehbt aw nix droom won es em ned bodder maucha deht.

Do yets is sie foon ehnera fendu hehm kooma mid tzwah shpinredder uf'm bookel un hud nuch tzyrick gshigged fer en lot onner so sach. Sie hud noh mohl peinters grickt foon der onnera weibsleit waich dem drash, wie mer's oof fixa deht, un is on die arravet. Sie hud paint un varnish g'kaufed un hud es halb hous es oonnersht un eveersht gmaucht bis sie fertich war. Eh dahg hold sie mich mohl nei fer eera job tzu inshpecta. Sie hud selver ausg'sehna os wie en bootzmon udder fraw. Eera hend un gsicht un glehder wahren fershmeared mit farreb un die shtoob aw. Die shpinredder un hoshpel hen g'gooked os won hinkel in der paint room gluffa wehren un noh ivver des huls. Es war g'nook fer em shy maucha.

"Was mainsht derfoon, Hiram?" froaked sie.

"Ei, was mainsht du mid? Was wid mid? Wu doosht's hee? Wid aw on's shpinna wie die grohsmommy?" hov ich froaked.

"Nee" secht sie, "es is die shtile. Mer shtellt des in der parlor un gebt auch droof. Is es ned sheh?"

"Oh yeh!" sawg Ich, "Polly, Ich dauer dich. Won du redder hovva rusha wulla hed Ich der selver en lot geyva kenna fer nix. Mer hen yoh die auld dreshmosheen os nix meh wert it. Selly hedsht oof du kenna un in der parler shtella. Sell wehr aw ebbes tzu sehna. Es deht em drah ga'mona on die arravet os mer ols derhehm ghasst hen. Es sin aw dehl shop-kerrich redder un en lahmy windmeel drous in der sheir; die kansht aw oof du un in die shtoop shtella. Sell deht em aw on yohra tzurick gmahna."

Was denksht? Moh hud sie awfonga tzu heila un hud g'nipsed "Du—du—w—weeshter ding, du! Ich darf aw ned mid maucha. Won mer ebmohl in der fashen sei will im hous noh maucht du em's ferleht, mit deim g'shput. Oh ye, Ich wut Ich wehr im himmel."

"Ei, Polly," sawg Ich, "denksht dert sin aw shpin-redder? Du detsht en shehny tzoocht maucha mit so mesheena dert. Du sutsht lerna harf shpeela un—"

Awer sell hud's g'settled. Ich hab's gude g'mehnd awver es hur sie oosht fertzernt un sie sin gonga fer mich mid,' forreb kessel in ehnera hond un der uffa poker in der onnera. Ich hob sie awver g'budda nous tzu shpringa un now is sie mer nuch shpiteful. T'sehl sell widder gaich die fashens. Sie mauchen em's lehwa ufft bitter.

Macungie Progress Hiram Hollerheck

The dispute between Hiram and Polly may lead to an outright showdown, as in the next letter, which brings back the time when boxing became popular and Johnson its black hero. Hiram's experiences were quite peculiar (from the Berks County Democrat, July 16, 1910):

En Neier Champeen

Misder Drooker:

Wie ich der Polly ausg'laiked hab os seller shwartz Johnson der gross Jefferson g'leddert hud, un by sellem is now champeen fechter in der weld, hud sie sich duch bissel fershtound, obertig wie ich bissel g'sawt hab wie feel gelt os der neeger grickt hud fer's tzu du, secht sie:

"Hiram, ferwas dusht du ned aw mohl so ebbes? Doh sitzt mer so ahrem un dumm un lusst so'n schwartzer neeger ol des greega. Detsht mohl so ebbes lerna un geld maucha derbei."

Well, es hud mer g'sheint mer kent ferleicht in de roy kooma un noh hen mer g'blaaned mer wetten practicia minonner so os Ich des boxa lerna kent. Won Ich noh tzimlich gude wehr deht Ich's in die tzeitinga un ebber rausfoddera fer'n match won are geld oof deht—sawg fooftzich dawler—mer wutten ned so grub awfanga.

Well, ich hab mer tzweh paar henshing kaufft un die Polly un Ich sin ols in die sheir fer lerna. Es war awver hehsy arravet yusht mer hen braaf fert g'macht. Now, die Polly is bissel g'shwinter in der hend un ahrem wie Ich un fer sell hud sie mer ols ufft ins g'sicht g'hacked. Yusht sie hud ned so hard shlogga kenna un es hud aw ned weh g'du. Ivvera weil werd sie's lehdich un secht:

Ach, doh is nix drin. Du mohl ebbes oof so os es aw en eifer gebt."—"Ol recht" sawg Ich. "Ich wed dich en dibbel-doonicher frock os du ned finf minuta fer mer shteh konsht."

"Es is en bargia" secht sie. "Koom on, du shteifer elendsgribble. Deer will ich mohl seller gown oblause."

Sell hud mich bissel g'reitzt un mer hen obg'shwared. Die Polly war awver recht hertzoftich un is kooma oof mich lohs wie'n bull uff'n hoyshtuck. Es is ordlich was so'n g'wet duch die leit shaffa maucht.

Ivver dem tzurick shteppa fleegt die sheir dier oof wie Ich wedder kooma bin un Ich shtertz kup ivver hals nous un ivver der fahrwaig nooner in die hecka. Denk yuscht mohl drah. Un noh, wielch oof g'groddled bin joomed die Polly als noch dert room un greisht:

"Hurrah fer mich! Des mehnd en neier frock. Now bin ich boss doh! Des is die Mrs. Johnson! Now werd aw in die show bisness gonga. Wid nuch meh, Hiram?"

Es hud mich werklich fertzernt. Weibsleit sutten ned so ebbes du un Ich hab's eera aw g'sawt.

"Gook, du bisht en humbug. Now wid yusht widder aus deim fershprecha shloopa, awver es bot nix. Won'd ned seller frock bei shaffsht don wersht nuch meh g'drusha. Ich bin der champeen foom Hullerbeera berrig."

Ich denk mer deht's besht sie ruhich maucha soonsht werd sie nuch weedich. Des fechta is ned fer mensha un es war en mistake os die weibsleit aw so ebbes duhn. Ich glawb anyhow os es droovel gebbt mit der Polly im fecht ring. Sie is en derrichtzwenger un negsht os mer hehrt fongt sie aw recht traina un dresht nuch ol die onnera uff'm berrig. Es war en mistake sie tzu lerna, anyhow, sell g'shteh Ich ivver my nahma.

Macungie Progress Hiram Hollerheck

To be Concluded

THE LITITZ SPRINGS

Who of our readers has not visited the Lititz Springs, that lovely spot in the Moravian town of Lititz, Pa.? It must have been an early settler, with both grateful and poetic impulse who caused the community to give these waters a fitting architectural setting in those early days and to inscribe over the central spring a tablet with the words "Gottes Bruennlein hat Wasser rie Fuelle," Luther's magic version of Psalm 65:10, not matched by the rendition of the King James version.—In the following verses the beauty of these springs has been sung by the Moravian poetess., Louise A. Weitzel, whose dialect poems have often appeared in the ECK. She rests in the nearby Gottes Acker of Lititz.—ED.

When her head the pussy willow
Dons and rising from her pillow
In the soft, warm lap of Mother Earth
the Spring flower feels her way,
When the hemlock shakes its hoary
Locks at Winter's feet before the
Slow advancing steps of milder hours
that herald brighter day,

When the fervent sun of Summer
Woos with kisses every comer
Makes him seek the shade sequestered
of some leafy, cool retreat,
When the Autumn air is weaving
Golden charms perpetual, leaving
Misty aureoles surrounding
all the landscape at one's feet,

Then I seek a spot enchanted,
By all dearest memories haunted,
Hallowed by the dreams of childhood
and the joys of later time.
Spot to me there is none dearer
To my heart, nor any nearer,
Hence, indeed, I can but choose it
for the subject of my rhyme.

Parks and gardens all unending
In this land their charms are lending
To our lordly towns and cities
from the mountains to the sea.
Yet the Yellowstone, I know it,
And Niagara's self below it
Fall in tender recollection
'neath this spot so dear to me.

Should I e'er be forced to wander
In strange zones and sadly ponder
O'er the scenes I left behind me
in my dear and native land,
One there is would stand out ever,
Distance could efface it never,
Like a cherished picture painted
by some skilled and loving hand.

And that picture! Will you listen
While I paint it? Men did christen
(Old Moravian hamlet fathers
in the days of long ago)
Just a little spring surrounded
With a woodland green, and bounded
With a fence this spot idylic
where the rippling waters flow.

See the sunlit spaces gleaming
Through the fretted leaf-work, dreaming
Bend the tall trees stately over,
mirrored in the glassy pool,
See the checkered pathways leading
Up the terraced hill-side threading
Still green nooks where lovers loiter
dreaming 'mid the shadows cool.

Here the robin carols cheerly,
And the oriole whistles clearly,
Here the speckled trout is dancing
blithely o'er the pebbly bed;
Here the squirrel scampers shyly
And the wood mouse nibbles slyly
Where the emerald moss its meshes
o'er the marshy ground has spread.

Here the guileless laugh of childhood
Echoes through the bosky wildwood,
Here the youths and maidens wander
in a glad communion blest;
Here the weary wanderer findeth
What his jaded soul remindeth
Of his own long vanished Eden
and his long abandoned quest.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

These verses first appeared in the Lancaster New Era, June 12, 1902.

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Editorials

Belated Successes

Most of our citizens in this community of Lehigh County felt badly when the recent campaign for the Community Chest failed to attain its goal even tho the gap between the goal and the amount attained amounted to a relatively few thousand dollars.

Nobody could have believed that the goal was in excess of the community's ability to contribute to a score and a half of worthwhile agencies. Nobody wanted to believe that our people could be remiss in a matter so vital to the entire community inasmuch as the campaign had to provide funds for all these institutions for an entire year.

But ever since the campaign ended money has come dribbling into the headquarters from various sources which for a variety of good, human reasons were making belated reports. These additions have brought the contributions to the Chest to a point a little better than 99 per cent of the original goal — the largest amount, it should be noted, that ever was raised. And hope and expectations are that the entire sum will be contributed ultimately, and very soon at that.

All of which provides cheer for the Red Cross Campaign. That more recent intensive drive by hundreds of workers in the same area fell a few thousand dollars short of its goal. But ever since the workers were discharged from further responsibility and solicitation the results of their salesmanship and of community devotion to the work of the American Red Cross have been evident. When the books are finally closed for this campaign we may expect that it too will be found that its goal really was attained, if not within the time limits assigned for it, at least because of the work that was done for it.

Police Must Appear

Even tho a policeman puts a person under arrest for even the most serious crime, it still becomes the duty of the officer to provide the testimony before a committing magistrate who has the power to remand the prisoner for court trial. If such testimony be not given, the defendant cannot be adjudged guilty but must be discharged.

Despite this basic fact in our American system of meting out justice, the Allentown Police Department has had frequent trouble with its officers who do not wish to be disturbed and take time out from their leisure hours to appear at Police Court against the persons whom they arrested earlier in the day or upon a previous day. It has become necessary for Chief of Police Reilly to reissue specific instructions in such matters so that when arrests are made, prosecution of prisoners will not go by default thru the absence of the officers who made the arrests.

If the laws are going to be enforced things will not be so easy as the late Officer "Jack" McFadden used to regard them. Any person whom he put under arrest perforce must be guilty, according to his theory. When a district attorney called him in to discuss a case in which he was to be the prosecutor and asked: "How do you know this man is guilty?" his prompt answer was: "I wouldn't have arrested him if he wasn't guilty."

Accordingly the police will have to appear at the sessions of Police Court at which prisoners for whom they are responsible are to be heard. It is the only way in which the work of the police in punishing crime (and thereby, it is hoped, deterring crime,) can be carried to its proper conclusion. It will be a travesty if prisoners against whom all sorts of charges could be brought have to be turned loose by committing magistrates because no evidence is produced against them. And it is not to be overlooked that suspicions justly are aroused when prosecuting officers and other witnesses do not turn up in serious cases, especially when they concern people of some prominence and influence.

Foster Home Control

All over this State there are foster homes operated as commercial enterprises some by capable and efficient people; some by well - meaning, but not so capable persons and others by downright inefficient, unsympathetic, incapable people.

Scandals in Carbon County brought this matter into sharp focus for the public. It served to call to attention many children whose parents have shed their responsibilities. They have placed their children in the hands of strangers who, even if of the best intentions, cannot supply the love, affection and care which children expect from parents and which they know the majority of other children are receiving.

Spurred by revelation of conditions that are serious for many children now in the care of foster homes, Representative William Z. Scott of Lansford, abetted by Lehigh's Representative John Van Sant, has introduced a bill under which supervision and control of such homes will be placed in the authority of the State Department of Welfare.

The State has a very deep interest in this problem not alone in the present but in the future. It cannot be expected that the best in citizenship will be developed out of children who are deprived of true parental care and love and are reared in the artificial surroundings of foster homes. The Van Sant and Scott bills seek to preserve this public interest as well as protect the rights of the many little children, most of whom are the innocent victims of incompatible marriages and of thoughtless, selfish, and reckless parents.

Peace Prospect Bright

Early next week the world will learn just how sincere the Chinese and their North Korean flunkies are in their avowed readiness to effect exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war, and presumably, to extend the exchange to all prisoners now in hand on both sides.

Accepting the surprising offer, (surprising because it comes after almost a year of hedging about this reasonable proposal) the United States already has sent convoys of trucks with all the equipment necessary to set up the new truce camp. Officers who will shape the understandings with the Chinese are converging upon Munsan for the parleys.

General belief is that the prisoner exchange will get along satisfactorily. Other conciliatory steps likewise may be taken, for example attack upon the entire PW problem which the United Nations would like to negotiate but which it is committed never to settle on the Reds' former basis — return of all prisoners, regardless of their wish to go home or to stay where they are, or be sent to some other part of the world instead of Communist territory.

Recent appointment of a Swede as Secretary General of the United Nations may suggest the appointment of Sweden as the neutral country to whom the custody of prisoners-of-war who are reluctant to go home would be committed.

At any rate, the western democracies are more than pleased to take any path that will lead to peace, except that path be a dishonorable one. They have refused to permit the United Nations to become the meeting place and the debating ground on the prisoner-of-war issue. This was desired by the Russians when they proposed bringing North Korea and Red China into the United Nations sessions in New York, even tho they are the aggressor nations. Certainly there is no room in the United Nations and there never will be room in that organization for aggressors for they are the very antithesis of all for which the United Nations stands.

Perhaps the most hopeful fact about this resumption of talks about exchange of prisoners lies in the fact that if exchange can be agreed upon, agreement for an armistice and the coming of peace should not take long thereafter. The foundation for such an armistice was achieved many months ago before the truce talks broke up. Agreements necessary to an armistice had been reached except in the matter of the exchange of prisoners.

Fair Investigation

In these days of investigations gone wild, it is interesting to contrast the two separate inquiries into the State Department's foreign information program. In one — a study, nominally of "waste" in the Voice of America, by the Senate Government Operations Subcommittee—the premium has been on imputations of disloyalty and on sensational charges by disgruntled former employes. In the other — an inquiry by the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee into the program of libraries abroad—the reverse has been true. Senator Hickenlooper, as chairman, has handled the meetings in a fashion designed not to wreck the program but to improve it. He has treated witnesses courteously and has gone out of his way to see that all points of view have been fairly represented. This is a refreshing reminder that under proper auspices a congressional investigation can be a constructive effort to get information instead of a Donnybrook Fair. — Washington Post

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of April 4, 1928, a Wednesday.

Reed & Derham, Philadelphia contractors, were awarded the Tilghman Street Bridge contract at their bid of $887,711 which was $21,140 lower than the next bid. It was announced that work would begin with the shipment of machinery and supplies within 10 days.

At the annual meeting and banquet of the Newport Medical Society held in Newport, R. I., Dr. Douglas P. A. Jacoby, of Walberts, was unanimously elected president.

Prof. Samuel H. Ziegler, Ph.D. of the department of education, Cedar Crest College, addressed the newly confirmed class, brotherhood and congregation of St. Paul's Reformed Church. Prof. Ziegler spoke on the "Value of Fellowship."

Horoscope

Do not let temporary troubles upset you, as your next year is indicative of much progress. Look for industrious traits in the child born today.

Golfer's Egg Hunt



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Easter reminds us of the changelessness of nature, which moves in an orderly cycle. True, one may be disappointed over a rainy or a cold Easter Sunday, just as in northern climates a Christmas that is not white leaves something to be hoped for next year.

Many of the most impressive holy days, whether among primitive or the most highly civilized peioles, occur during the solstives, those periodic moments in an eternal rhythm of life. In the spring comes, for the Christians, Easter; for the Jews, the Passover.

Rebirth Evident

Easter ushers in the rebirth of nature, the reappearance of grass, the early spring flowers, the budding of trees, the return of the robin. Of course, that is limited to our North Temperate world. In other climates, the rebirth manifests itself in other ways, but everywhere the cyclic rhythm of life, of all that lives, is changeless, eternal, constant.

It is a witnessing of the Divine Intelligence which controls the universe. Sceptical as a scientific age may choose to be, it has never produced evidence that the universe is an accident; that there are no causes for nature's resistance to the unusual. The scientist is already becoming conscious of the perils in unsettling the balance of nature, a balance so fine that tampering with it can produce disaster.

The Passover saga has to do with the constant struggle between slavery and freedom, between the dignity of man and his reduction to a clod. Year after year, for thousands of years, the story of the Exodus of the Jews from slavery in Egypt to the freedom of natural law — to God's revealed law as handed down on Mt. Sinai — is repeated that all may remember that freedom has not always existed but is a gift to man from God to be guarded, protected, defended. Freedom is an imperishable treasure.

Promise of Eternal Life

Easter is the promise of the Eternal Life. Jesus died and was resurrected from the dead. There is no death; there is only life eternal. Easter is a gay, a cheering, a hope-giving holiday.

Its story is one of the most tragic in history. Jesus sits with His friends and disciples, celebrating the Passover, eating the matzoh and of the paschal lamb and the bitter herbs to remind them of the struggle from slavery to freedom. I have myself attended just such a table practically every year of my life, the last time being on Monday night of this week. The customs are identical; the service not radically different.

As is habitual, on such an occasion, men discourse after the meal on many topics and Jesus and His disciples spoke of important subjects. It was on this occasion that Jesus said:

". . . These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment; that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you . . ."

Christ Arose Again

Then Jesus was arrested, tried, and crucified as was the custom of the Romans. And on the third day after His death, He was resurrected.

The concept of The Resurrection, the rebirth, is the eternity of life. Paul, who was the first internationalist in the sense that he insisted that all mankind were brothers in the fatherhood of God, said:

"Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And the scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, 'In these shall all nations be blessed.'. . ."

God's mercy is for all mankind, without distinction. Even in time of chaos and disturbance, when men do not seem to know what to do, the promise of freedom in the Passover and of the Eternal Life in Easter gives hope of glories to come — for where is faith, there must be hope.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

HISTORY

In history the dead abide.
All good and evil changeless there,
The damage left by power and pride
Forever fixed beyond repair.

Death puts the final stamp on men;
As they have lived so will they stay.
No future gifted voice or pen
Can talk or write their wrongs away.

Great souls have recorders too,
The wise, the gentle, brave and strong,
And all for men they dared to do
Will live and be remembered long.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

From "Give the Lady What She Wants," by Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan: "Some years after Marshall Field & Co. had made merchandising history by insisting that every customer had the right to return goods that had proved unsatisfactory, an expensive tablecloth was imported from Italy by A. L. Bell, head of the linen department." When Bell told Field he was asking $800 for it, the Boss answered: "Too much; you'll never sell it!" . . . A week later Field sent for Bell and said, "I was wrong; your judgment was better than mine. I dined on that tablecloth at a friend's house last night." The blushing Bell replied, "Sorry, Mr. Field. She took it on approval yesterday morning and returned it today."

In London, a resolution demanding a reduction of the long woolen underwear tax was introduced in the House of Commons. Its sponsors—Ian and R. E. Winterbottom!

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S GEBT KEN KUCHA MAY:

Wel, so wies alla weil sheind,
gebts mohl fer 'n gutie lang ken
hame gabockna kucha bei da
Grace Phillips, woh im kourt
hous shoft, un uf da Nord 8d
shtross doh in da shtadt wohn'd.
Die Grace uf kours hut doh shun
weil sich net fiel bakimmert um
die bockerrei—ihra dochter Betty hut ocht gewwa uf sellie arwet. Un wons ons bocka gonga is, kenna fon unserra Fegelcher net sawga, wie die Betty sich helfa kon mit sel'm g'sheft —sie brouch yusht abissel fon dem, abissel fon sel'm, paar daibelcher fon dem, unna gnuddle budder wie 'n wolnis tzomma nei riehrra, 's inna patty pan duh, in der offa renna, un der aller shandsh'd kucha kumt tzum offa rous.

Ow'r wie g'sawt, die kucka bockerrei is mohl weil feriwwer, un ol darrich ihrer tzawmer fogel, gakent ols 'n "parakeet." Fer 'n weil wors g'shpass, wie die Betty awfonga hut kucha bocka un der fogel bei kumma —ous da feddershda shtub, fom shpeicher, odder wohever os er wor, un hut sich hee k'huck'd un die fliegel g'flotch'd shier wie won er tzeit halta wot mit ihra glabberrei. Der fogel is net oft ei g'shpart—hut die freiheit fom hous uns wor so arrick g'shpass, fer 'n sehna aw gae wie net recht g'shide, wons ons locka gonga is os lot mainer kucha gabocka sin werra os notewenich wor—die Betty hut gaglicha der fogel sehna die fliegel flotcha.

Ow'r doh net long tzurick huts grossa dumhata gewwa. Fegel wie ol wissa, gleicha fer sich wesha im dreck, un aw in wosser. Putterra hais'd m'r 's im dreck, dale wolla bahabtz die fegel dada sel fer die lice fershticka mit shtawb, un im wosser sie fersafa. Now m'r dade uf kours net denka os da Betty un da Grace ihra fogel lousich wor — denk die nadure hut 'm mohl ae dawg iwwer numma wie die Betty omma kucha ei riehrra wor, un wos hut der glae schwarnaiter gaduh, os wie is ra tzu da shissel kucha dake nei gajump'd fer sich putterra.

Now 'n fogel im dreck, odder 'n fogel im wosser is 'n goul fon ra gons onnerra farab os wie 'n fogel in ra shissel fol waicher kucha dake wie die Betty sella dawg kotta hut. Imma auga blick wor er aw yusht may dake—wons net gawest wear fer sei glainer shnovel un shwontz os rous g'shtucka hut, het m'r waricklich nimmy gawist os es 'n fogel wor. Die Betty uf kours wor fershrucka, un tzu all'm gluck wor die Grace dahame, un hen mohl rote k'halta wie aw tzu gae. Endlich hen sie ous gamocht fer der fogel in der bawd tzuver nemma die hose uf'n richda.

Now wons 'n kotz odder hawna gawest wear, wears all'm noh 'n lot besser gonga fer der dake ob wesha os wie fon so ma peensicha, glaina fogel. Noh hut er noch awfonga shnoppa noch 'm ochdem un sich aw g'shick'd wie won er fershticka wot. Ow'r sie hen net uf gewwa, die Grace hut die hose k'hand'l, un die Betty der fogel, un mit harder mee, hen si alla bits'l dake ous da fedderra gawesha, ow'r worra noh iwwel ob. Sie hen net gawist eb sie 'n uf die wesh line hanka sotta, odder 'n in koshda shparra fer drickla. Sie hen 'n in der koshda, ow'r der fogel huts net gaglicha. Wie die Betty awfonga hut riehrra in da kucha shissel, hut er awfonga flotcha wie won er kartz dafor gore net fersou'd gawest wear mit kucha dake. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der aintsich'd waig os die Betty wase fer der fogel ruich halta, is shtoppa kucha bocka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wos die Betty gaduh hut mit 'm kucha dake woh der fogel drin wor kenna m'r net sawga —wos sie duh het solla wor'n bocka, noh het sie sawga kenna 's wear 'n fedderra kucha, 'n ort kucha os in kem resata buch shtaid.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 9:36-42

After the voice out of the cloud had given the command to hear Jesus, the two men had disappeared, for their work as prophets of the Old Dispensation was finished. 'Jesus was found alone,' we read, and He alone is the central figure in true Christianity, and so God would have it. There is a tremendous contrast between the glory of the Transfiguration scene and the pitiful case of a demon possessed lad (brought out in a magnificent painting in Rome), who was tormented by the evil spirit, a typical case, for the demon caused the lad to cry out, tore him, so that he foamed at his mouth, and bruised him. Father and son were waiting at the base of the mountain for Jesus to come down to deliver the lad, which the father asked Jesus to do. As the demon threw the lad to the ground and tore him, Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit and healed the child, delivering him again to his father. It will be interesting to read Mark's version of this story in 9:14-29. Evidently the disciples had been asked to heal the lad, but they could not. Only by prayer and fasting said Jesus, can this kind of evil spirt come forth, v. 28.



HIRAM HOLLERHECK

Teller of Tales Once Widely Read

By HEINZ KLOSS
Stuttgart, Germany

Conclusion

In the following letter (from the Berks County Democrat for Sept. 1, 1910), Hiram describes the effect of an early "movie" upon an inexperienced onlooker.

Alles is show

Mister Drooker:

Mer sin als om redy maucha fer die fair. Mer wert evva widder geh wie olle yohr. Mer hen widder paar grosa kerpsa oof gtzoga mit millich un mehna mer grechten en bremium oof sie. Die Polly is awver bong won die kerpsa dert drivva om fair house sin noh werren sie ned g'feedert un noh leida sie. Sell wehr ned recht, secht sie.

Mer hen aw edliche grossa groombehra, en lot welshkorn un aw boona fer weisa. Es is, beshure, ned os es ken grehser sach gebt, awver fer die fair oof haldta. Sie duhn em aw en ticket gevva won mer ebbes in die fair duht. Fer sell wert es mensht so sach hie geduh.

Uff cours, die fairs sin nimmy wie sie ols wahren. Die leit gehnen net fer fee, geil un so sach tzu sehna, sie wulla honswersht shows, fleek mosheena, wilda leit, un deera shows sehna un fer sell hut's so feel derfoon. Es is evva tzu feel show in alles heitzudawgs. Es maucht yoh nix aus wu leit sin do moos en show sei. In der parks, on der fairs, draus un derhehm, doh sin so bletz fer die leit un eera geld awtzahma. Ferleicht is es aw recht un besser os fer yohra tzurick won mer in eh gross show ganga is im yohr. Now sin sie oof bal alle dawg, soomer un winder. Es woonert em yusht os gnook nei sach ausg'koonsidderd kon werra fer em hie dreiva.

Ich war doh kertzlich mohl in so'm a picter show, ebbes gons neies im shteddle. Es war aa g'wiss woonerbahr wie nodderlich—un Ich hab mich fer-shnapped. Wie so'n inshine un drain kooma is, hov Ich g'mehnd es wehr en rechty. Sie is als neecher kooma. Der shmoke is aus'm shtack kooma. Es hud g'robbled un g'glebbert os es em bong is werra. Ich hob shure g'mehnd en inshine wehr derrich ganga doh negsht om haus un kehmt oof uns lohs.

"Joomp!" Sie is sheer doh! "greish Ich un bin nehwa nous ivver die shteel g'shterzt un g'shtulbert. Es hud en grohsy oofruhr gevva. Die leit hen g'grisha un g'lacht un wie Ich ausgfoona hab os es yusht en picter war bin Ich naus un hab mich g'shemmt. Awver so gebts sach. Mer kan ned alles lerna un es is aw gude os mer ned alles wehs.

In der fairs gehtz grawd so un sie duhn em gley raus picke fer em tzu foola. Awver won mer derhehm bleibt no fint mer gar nix aus un es is alsemohl's besht won mer die experience so g'shwint grickt os meeglich noh kon mer sich shpehter nei shigga in so nei sach.

Hiram Hollerheck

Sometimes Hiram became almost lyrical in tone. A letter in the Berks County Democrat for June 30, 1906, entitled "Der Bawr-Feesich Boo" begins:

"Wie Ich ous meim nesht gagroddelt bin der onner morga hut en blow foggel oof em berra-baum ghuckt un gsunga. Es gaid nimmy long don coomt de mick der waig, shtifebainich un ful rommadiz un shtiffelt hoch ivver olles nous we en blinder gowl. Glei haird mer der south wind un's free-yohr kalb softich singa. Der keshta sopling un der dude fonga aw de shpring shtyles waira. Der bawr-feesich boo lust de shoo in der huls-shed un shtept rous far notice gevva das free-yohr do is. War wase, des kent der boo si das mohl ae tseit en Moses gebt far de nashun leada ous der wilderniss. Are is tsimberlich now, awver are drult ob in de shule mit era grut im hussasock un en grossy ambition im kup. Sell is es main ding."

Small wonder that so deft a writer in the dialect proved capable of writing poetry too. It goes without saying that it was of the unpretentions home-consumption genre, but that he knew how to handle rimes will readily be seen from the following which appeared in the Berks County Democrat for June 2, 1906:

Mr. Drooker:

Des is de tzeit woo ihr poetry greega far eier tzeiting uf filla—die leit lehsa es so garn—un so will ich mei brief im rhyme gevva de wuch. Es doot aw mei feelings expressa besser, os mer kent in so g'wehnlichem wake. Es is

MEI GRONKET

Ich bin so meed un aw so mot,
Ich kon bi-henk sheer nimmy fat;
Ich hob ken obbadit, ken groft,
Un wut de arawet ware oll gshoft.
Dar failr hov ich olle yohr
Un wase net wos tse du dafor.

Doh hov ich pilla das Ich nehm
Grawd we see's uff em bexly hen;
S' is droof gadrookt in shwartz un wise
Drei pilla gebt em exercise.
"Take one" so sawgt's "and march away,"
Un's marcha mocht em mot, farschtae!

Ich bin tsu meed far noof ins bed,
Won ich yusht so'n elevator het!
So meed, ich wut mi fodder ware
Gekowt far mich for'm essa har.
Ich kon net shloafa, bin tzu mot,
Won ich de awga tsu haib dart.

Ich wor drous fisha on der grick,
("Awver des is confidential news—
Won ebber froagt don sawg "tswae foos")
Ich wor tsu meed un aw tsu mot,
De fish gart shtuddy haiva dart.

Ich kon net in de karrich gae,
Es mocht mich meed in mine bae,
Un's mocht mich mot won Ich draw denk,
We hart mer huckt oof sella benk;
Duch gingt Ich yusht far'n promenade,
Won ols en wind mich poosha daid.

Far shoffa bin Ich aw net fit,
Es brecht mich ob sheer in der mit,
Duch gebt de Polly meer ken ruh,
Un macht mich hustle p.d.q.
Ich ware shoon lang im karrich-hofe dart,
Awver dote gae macht em aw so mot.

So bin Ich doh im aelend drin,
Un wase net wos mi failer sin.
Ich bin yusht meed (un fowl) un mot,
De pilla hen mich nix gabot.
Un's bot nix das de Polly kickt,
Yusht wile mer's free-yohr fever grickt.

Won ich's erlaib is mi disease
Ga-cured un bin uff der Tees! ! !
So we de picnic-tseit room coomt,
No bin ich widder shpry un gsundt.
Won olles gshoft is gaid mer fart,
Awver bis sell bin Ich meed un mot.

Ich huff es is net erblich so dass nuch meh leit suffera misse awver ich bin bang des hase wedder breed de germs un nuch mae leit greega's.

These few excerpts from Hiram's letters will reveal to the reader the genial and winsome personality of the man who write them.

Oliver P. Knauss was a contributor to Allentown, Reading and Philadelphia papers. For many years he served as a member of the Executive Board of the Lehigh County Historical Society. He was a zealous collector of Indian relics and an authority on Indian artifacts. He died on November 11, 1946.

DER OOSCHDER HAAS

"Schtopp dei Gschockel, schtopp dei Gschmog."
So hot die Missus Haas gegnatt;
"Kumm un wesch dich do am Drog,
Noh duh dich aa un mach dich fatt.

"Oier gehn ball in die Heeh—
Du weesscht yo wie die Hinkel sin;
Woch vun nau bezaahlscht du meh—
Uffkors des fallt dir net im Sinn."—

Nau schtreckt sich mol der Ooschder Haas
Un blinselt arrig schleefrich rum;
Er runselt aa sei gleeni Naas
Un meent die Huddlerei waer dumm.

Noh secht er "Aldi, saag mer doch,
Was iss der Daadum nau fer heit?
Unmeeglich dass mer yuscht en Woch
Meh hen bis Schluss der Faschdezeit."—

"Kinner waarte alle Yaahr
Un gucke fer der Ooschder Haas;
Groosse Leit wie du sin raar,
Bischt graad so gut wie Santa Claus."—

Des hot der Haas mol uffgeweckt,
Die Haar die hot er nunner gschleckt;
En wennich Wexel in der Sack
Un noch sei geelrieb Schmogduwack;
Un schwusch! do waar er aus em Haus,
Fliegt iwwer all die Hecke naus,
Graad an der Marrick in der Schtadt,
Do hen sie blendi Oier ghatt.

Die Hinkel schtehne all datt rum,
En deel sin schlau, die menschte dumm.
Sie schwetze mit me laut Gegax
Vun Fuder Bills un Income Tax.
O ye! saagt eeni newebei,
"Schick uns doch mol deel Kunne rei!"
Noh hen sie graad der Haas erblickt,
Der aarm Kall hen sie schier verschtickt;
Mit all de Hinkel um ihn rum,
Sie schwetze ihn yo schwach un grumm.

"Nau Dunner Ladder, seid doch schtill,
Ihr wisse was ich hawwe will;
Un ehrlich, macht mich gaar nix weiss,
Will heere eier beschder Breiss;
Ich brauch, nau loss mich sehne—o,
En hunnert Dausend odder so."—

Was hen die Hinkel sich doch gfreet,
So wie's bei Bissniss Leit als geht;
Hen all gemeent, nau waern sie reich
Un gengde heem mit volle Beich.

"Nau halt," so greischt er zwische drin,
"Un waart mol bis ich faddich bin;
Ihr schicke sie mer noh ans Haus
Un ich schreib eich en Tscheck noh raus.
Ee Helft, bezaahl ich ohne Glaag,
Ee Helft, des kummt in neinzich Daag."—

Die Hinkel hen en weenich gschtutzt,
Die geiziche hen wiescht gebrutzt;
Noh saagt so'n Rodi, "Ei, ya well,
Nau kumme Meed un schaffe schnell;
De gschwinder dass die Gschicht verbei,
De gschwinder kummt die aerscht Helft rei."—

Nau drunne graad am neegschte Eck,
Do waar'n Gebei vun siwwe Schteck;
Datt sehnt er uff em aerschte Floor
Do halte sie en Hardware Schtor.
Des waar en Blatz vum aerschte Klass,
Un datte uff me Neggel Fass,
Do sitzt so'n yung un schtruwwlich Schkwall;
Des waar der Klaerrick—feiner Kall.
Er reibt die Hend, hot schee gelacht
Un hot sich freindlich aagemacht.
"Well, Mister Haas," so saagt er glei,
"Was kennscht du yuse—was soll's sei?"—

Ei, blendi muss ich hawwe heit;
Du weesscht, 's is sschier gaar Ooschder Zeit.
Un was ich yuse kann iss Geld—
Sell iss en Laschder in der Welt.
Muss, denk ich, nunner an die Benk
Un froogge fer en Lohn, bei Henk!"
Nau aerschtens, will ich fimf Gall Grie,
Un fimf Gall Rot, geh, schreib sell hie!
En Gall vun Geel un drei Gall Bloo,
En halb Gall Brau, en halb Gall Groo.
Un Daerbedien—ich brauch en Ball.
Sell macht dich lache, Mister Schkwall!
Die Farreb muss dinn sei, sehnscht sell net?
'S iss net ass wann mer bscheisse wett."—

Noh geht er fatt, der Haas waar Mied,
Es dutt ihm weh in yeder Glied.
'S iss viele schenner datt deheem,
Die Schtadt waar ihm net aagenehm.
Viel gscheider drauss im Haase Land,
Datt hot mer Freind un iss bekannt.
Des Rumgeyacker in der Schtadt
Iss Humbug, ya, der Haas hot satt.

Was hen sie gschafft die gans neegscht Woch;
Es muss so sei, des sehnt mer doch.
Die Mammi fliegt datt rum wie Blitz
Un kocht die Oier. Was en Hitz!
Die greeschte Kinner gehne draa
Un schtreiche all die Oier aa.
Mit Farreb warr'n sie all verschmiert;
Doch hen sie sie so schee verziert.
Un yeder Muschder, Satt un Farreb,
Die gehne in verschiedne Karreb.
Die Dribbelaerwet dutt der Glenscht;
Er's batzich, meent er deet aa's Menscht.
So'n operation brauch en Baas;
Ihr hen's gedroffe—'s waar der Haas.

Uff Oschder Sunndaag Marriye frieh,
Do kumme all die Kinner bei;
Sie biede all es Feddervieh
Un hen en groossi Laermerei.

Sie suche Neschder hie un do,
Un baade darrich Graas un Klee;
Was sin die Yunge doch so froh,
Die Neschder gfillt mit Oier schee.

Die Beem sin grie un yedi Blumm
Mit scheene Farrewe dutt sich aa;
Die Ieme hen en laut Gebrumm,
Die Felder sin bedeckt mit Daa.

Un datt im Busch der Ooschder Haas
Bedracht die Gschicht vun seinem Laag;
Er schnibselt wennich mit der Naas,
En Draen laaft aus seim braune Aag.

Die Mammi Haas, die sitzt aa bei,
Sie nemmt sei zittrich Hand—'sie's kalt!
Sie guckt ihn aa un sehnt soglei,
Der Ooschder Haas watt aafangs alt.

Noh secht er, "Mammi, ich bin mied,
Ich denk ich mach mich nau ins Nescht;
Die Kinner Freed iss 'n dankbaar Lied—
Neegscht Yaahr gebt's widder Ooschder Fescht."

—MARTIN EDW. BIRMELIN

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Editorials

Record Blood Gift

More than three hundred women and men of Western Electric Co. contributed blood during the stay in this city early in the week by the Red Cross bloodmobile and thereby established a record which may stand for a long time in this community.

It was a splendid manifestation of the patriotic and civic spirit of the employes of this company. For them there was no quibbling whether the action in Korea is a war or a police action; whether they must become patriotically aroused if it be termed a war, or be indifferent if it be nothing but a minor police action.

The Western Electric folks simply saw a need for blood in far-away Korea. They determined to give their blood in order that young American boys, just in from the battle front with wounds or ailing from enervating disease, might be saved from extended suffering and probably death.

The Western Electric workers are efficiently organized for a host of useful and helpful activities and they have given many striking public examples of intelligent, cooperative effort. None has been more effective and convincing than the turnout of all those workers on Monday and Tuesday when the bloodmobile unit's personnel turned the Frolics ballroom into a veritable hospital during a two-day period, and had it filled constantly with big-hearted, kindly, patriotic Western Electric workers.

Cancer's Deadly Toll

The current local campaign in the national battle against cancer—now man's deadliest enemy—has been made very direct by this year's general chairman, C. Vaughn Converse, who produces statistics to show that of 16,180 deaths from cancer in Pennsylvania last year, 417 at least, in Lehigh County, were due to this disease.

But the more dreadful fact, as Mr. Converse points out in his poignant campaign plea, is that a similar situation will confront the people of this community this year, and next year and the year after that, and until the power established by this disease over mankind has been checked or can be halted almost entirely.

Herein, is the purpose of the local campaign and the campaign in every community in the United States. Americans believe that the scientific approach to the mystery of disease will ultimately bring answers,—satisfactory answers, such as preventives and specifics. Americans hope and believe that somewhere and some time, a scientist or a group of scientists will discover some secrets of this disease that will enable other scientists—all the men in the field of preventive and curative medicine—to treat the victims of this dire disease.

The fight has been waging for some time, but its tempo is heightening. It is an illustration of the American people's growing determination that whatever scientific study can do must be encouraged and that it must be encouraged to work with all possible speed to the end that the maximum number of human lives can be saved.

Americans confidently believe the cancer fight can be won just as the battles against smallpox, yellow fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other diseases have been won. Because they so believe, they are ready to back the battle with their dollars. They say to the research specialists: Go ahead with all possible speed. Explore every possible scientific approach to the problem and do it in the full confidence that not only will you be supported financially but you can be encouraged to know what our prayers are with you in your work.

Incident in Korea

A lithe young Louisiana boy showed a lot of Americans this week what courage and spiritual fortitude are. His name is Courtney Stanley and he is 19 years old. He went into the Army's Second Division to fulfill a desire that had grown from seeing troops on maneuvers around his native Mansfield. He was firing his automatic rifle in combat, on Little Gibraltar hill in Korea, when the lieutenant colonel leading the action was wounded. With other wounded American soldiers, the colonel took shelter in a bunker. Stanley took a position guarding the bunker. For two and a half hours he fired at any attackers. Observers think he killed more than eight Chinese Communists who tried to reach the position, some with his BAR, some with a rifle he casually took from one of the wounded men.

Stanley's action has attracted more than ordinary attention for two reasons. First, the lieutenant colonel whose life was saved by his action has called it the bravest thing he has ever seen, and launched the search that discovered Stanley long hours after the action was over, already back to his routine duties without thinking he had done anything extraordinary. Secondly, Stanley is a Negro, and a religious one who has given unstinting credit to his faith in supporting the courage he displayed. The racial item should be disregarded, for color is of no more importance in appraising a man's valor than in anything else. What is important is that a young man on the battlefield has displayed heroism and steadfastness worthy of national and international note. World: please copy.—Hartford Courant

Scorn for Enemies

There was unfavorable criticism on some hands when, upon the recent arrival from Russia of Andrei Vishinsky, Henry Cabot Lodge, America's new ambassador to the United Nations, frankly and bluntly refused to shake hands (and smile, with teeth) for the photographers who crowded around them just as the sessions of United Nations were about to open.

Mr. Lodge could not have been "playing to the gallery," as the saying is, for he refused to be in a picture with Vishinsky. Such a picture he could know would go all over the United States for newspaper reproduction and help to establish knowledge of his personality among millions of Americans. He refused to be a hypocrite and display false friendship for the man who persistently and consistently abuses and continues to insult the American people and our institutions. He lies about them and misrepresents them to any people thruout the world who will listen to him or read what he blusteringly proclaims and reiterates to the point of nausea for intelligent listeners.

Of course there are people who think that it is improper for a gentleman to be rude to any one for any reason. It is reasoned that it undignifies the person who is rude and is a compliment in a way to the person who is snubbed or is treated rudely.

It was on the other hand, or should have been full and fair notice to Mr. Vishinsky that the administration in Washington, for whom Mr. Lodge is the acknowledged mouthpiece, is not keen about the "containment" theory of predecessors whether it pertains to Russia or to its representatives, including Mr. Vishinsky. No longer are we willing to take insults. All too long the left cheek has been turned repeatedly for a slap like that upon the right cheek. Too much the Reds have been encouraged to think that they are quite respectable people in a highly respectable organization and that what they say and do are not necessarily their own convictions and aims but those of their bosses back home. They have been wined and dined socially. There has been a lot of backslapping as their caviar and vodka were consumed at the fabulous parties which they are wont to give in the social give-and-take among diplomatic groups.

They hate America with a bitter hate. They have been afforded almost a decade to learn that the American people wish peace and that we wish to live quietly, peaceably and happily with all our world neighbors. It is very evident that they have neither the ability nor the wish to learn to know America or to give half the dues deserved by Russia's most helpful ally in the war.

Mr. Lodge in effect has said, what is the sense in wasting time on this untameable wild beast; why touch the paws with poisoned claws? Why waste time in shaking hands in meaningless fashion with enemies when there are so many friends with whom we can associate?

It is about time some one publicly tells the Reds all this and, let us hope, makes it stick. Mr. Vishinsky and the rest may have no illusions about their social status and popular appeal in America but it is all right too to let them know that we believe them unworthy even of the slightest, most casual and most conventional courtesy at any time and in any place.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An American lieutenant spent a leave in Scotland where he became attached to a fine collie dog. He tried in vain to persuade the owner to sell it to him. "I couldna part wi' the dog," repeated the Scot firmly, but the next day he sold it to an Englishman for two pounds less than the Yank had offered. "That was a snide trick," protested the American. "You told me you wouldn't sell that collie." "Na, lad," declared the Scot, "I dinna say I wouldna sell him; I said I couldna part wi' him. He'll be back from that Englishmans place in a fortnight — but swim the Atlantic he couldn'a!"

Glenn McCarthy insists that one of the oil tycoons who patronizes the Shamrock hotel in Houston, Tex., complained bitterly, "Confound it, Glenn, there was a pearl in one of my oysters tonight!"

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of April 11, 1928, a Wednesday.

More than 300 Business and friends from Allentown, Easton, Bethlehem and Reading at a meeting in the Americus Hotel heard John B. Kennedy, associate editor of Collier's, declare civic clubs are an integral part of the community.

Three thousand persons visited the Better Homes and Building show at Manhattan auditorium in the second day of the event sponsored by Allentown Real Estate Board.

The Quakertown Chamber of Commerce devised a scheme to aid aviators flying the U. S. mail to find their way to Philadelphia. They voted to paint the word "Quakertown" on top of a large shed in the borough.

Horoscope

Work may show little progress early in your next year, but keep plugging away. Look for outstanding originality in the child born today.

Hats Off—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — A first-class mystery revolving around an off-the-record conference with several newspapermen by a person in the confidence of the Eisenhower administration has stirred up a series of denials and counterdenials as to what the future policy of the United States is going to be toward a divided Korea and the status of Formosa.

First of all, it may be said that, whatever the explorations or discussions inside the administration, no conclusions have been reached. The White House denial of a New York Times story used that very language as follows:

"The administration has never reached any conclusion that a permanent division of Korea is desirable or feasible or consistent with the decisions of the United Nations."

Boundary Plan?

Dispatches from Washington to the New York Times and other newsapaers, which came from a responsible source who gave the information but would not allow himself to be quoted or identified—indicated that in a future negotiation the United States might be willing to let the boundary between North and South Korea be fixed at about 80 miles north of the 38th Parallel so as to take in a balanced area of economic resources.

But such a division means on its face that the United States would be deserting the objective of the U.N. resolution of Oct. 7, 1950, which called for an independent and unified Korea.

Why, therefore, was the idea brought forward in the discussion with the press? This is not readily explained except on one possible basis—that the man who did the talking didn't make himself clear and was merely explaining possible ways that a negotiation might be approached when the time comes for such a parley.

But even this does not disclose why it was considered necessary to explore the subject with the press at all—unless the man who did it never thought it would appear in print and was just talking out loud, so to speak, as he unfolded his thoughts confidentially to the correspondents.

What is important is not what this news source was speculating about but what the policy toward Korea finally will be. The word from the White House is that no "conclusion" has been reached. This in itself will be disquieting news. It could mean that the group inside the administration which wants to cut military spending, reduce taxes and end the war by any means possible has been making headway and that the subject matter of such discussions is very much in the minds of administration officials, so that persons informed as to what is going on naturally talk about all possibilities with no indication as to how the discussion finally will turn out.

Formosa Trusteeship

Another important item mentioned as part of the same information conveyed to the press relates to a U.N. trusteeship for Formosa. This was mentioned as a compromise solution. But it is a fantastic suggestion. For it would mean that Chiang's troops would some day have to be driven out of Formosa by the U.N., and this is hardly something the United States could embark upon. Also, Red China, if in supreme control of the mainland of China, isn't going to consent to an independent status for Formosa, since this territory was promised to China itself by the Cairo declaration to which the United States was a signatory.

If the two reported moves were really the American policy, it would amount to a far eastern Munich. Mere publication of such a possibility is bound to be harmful at this stage of the Russian peace adventure, when it isn't wise to tip our hand no matter what we have in mind. It seems incredible that John Foster Dulles would care to remain as Secretary of State if his views on the Far East were reversed to the extent that the newspaper reports would indicate they might be if the "conclusion" is to adopt policies that mean appeasement of the Communists.

It is impossible, for instance, to measure exactly how many square miles of territory would remain in the hands of the North Korean Communists as "buffer" or "puppet" state for the Communists. But it would be a big slice of Korean territory. Does anyone think South Korea could be pacified by such a move? For it would mean that aggressors would be rewarded by being ceded a large piece of territory and, if the Red Chinese were seated in the U.N., it would all add up to a very remarkable victory for the Communists and a defeat for the American viewpoint.

Certainly, if anything like that happens, it will be difficult to keep a draft law on the statute books. For to send American boys abroad to be killed in such shenanigans of diplomatic trickery and appeasement would produce a major political convulsion, and somebody would have to begin writing letters of abject apology to the relatives of the 130,000 American boys who have become casualties in Korea. If to divide up Korea and give a big gift of land to the Communists is what happens after "resisting aggression" in Korea, then such slogans become doubletalk.

It is gratifying to learn that the White House has not approved any such policy of appeasement as was reported to be under "consideration" or under "discussion," whatever the correct word for it really was.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HOSPITAL G'SHPICHTA: Won m'r numma ol die g'shpassicha socha fertzaila wot os g'shaina in hospitals—whee, wos kent m'r net shtories schreiva—un sie weara aw wohr. Yusht doh weil tzurick wor 'm Allen Folk fon Guths Station drous sei fraw die Mabel fer 'n weil im hospital, un glawb m'r kent 'n buch schreiva won m'r allas wist os aw gonga is in selra tzeit.

Mohl fers airsht, hut die Mabel Celina—yar 'Celina is ihra middle nahma, ebbes fon ma powder waisa griega wolla ous ra shublawd nava om bed. 'S powder hut ra onnerra fraw gakairt, ow'r woh ra erlawbness gewwa hut fer nemma dafon won sie howwa wot. 'S wor in da nocht os die Mabel lushda grick'd hut fer sich powderra, un hut die shublawd arrick ochtsome uf gamocht, so os sie niemond in da shtub wecka dade.

Now da Mabel ihra maining wor gute, un allas het gute ous g'shoft wons net gawest wear fer die fraw im nagshda bed who net shlofa hut kenna mit ihr'm folsha gabiss im moul. Noh fer ruh howwa, hut sie die tzae out un owets inna shublawd galaiga os sie net fertzutt'ld gangda. Wel, wie die Mabel Celina in die shublawd galong'd hut fer die powder box griega is sie mit da finger uf die tzae kumma, un noh wor glei der gons hospital wocker.

Die barichda sin, die Mabel het so'n aryer grish ous galust os die onnerra in da shtub bol farblae ous da bedder gajump'd sin—wunnerra wos om aw gae wear. Die Mabel uf kours hut na g'sawt ebbes het sie beissa wolla—het die hond yusht in tzeit ous da shublawd gatzoga. Der aigner fon da tzae hut grawd gamoodmos'd wos g'shaina wear—hut die tzae hee woh sie onna gakairt hen, un die Mabel hut ken druvel may kotta fer die powder box griega.

Noh uf kours hut die Mabel Celina aw noch 'n onnerrie kayosie erfohring kotta wie sie da Helen Schmoyer fon da Sid 10d shtross doh in da shtadt, der buckel wesha hut wolla mit alkahol. Sis nix os der buckel besser fiela mocht won ebber gronk im bed is, wie alkahol—der aintsich'd druvel wor, os der alkohol g'shaum'd hut wie die Mabel 'n nei reiva hut wolla. Sel hut niemond fershtae kenna—net bis die Helen gaguck'd hut, un hut g'sehna os die Mabel ihra buddle socha kotta hut fers moul ous wesha, in blotz fon da buddle alkahol, woh sie yusa hut wolla. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina, net wohr?

Glawwas odder net, ow'r

Grawd wie die Mabel Celina Folk kayosa socha gaduh hut im hospital, so hut die Sallie Noll fon da Ridge shtross, Emmaus, doh da onner dawg ous g'funna os net allas os m'r in die hond grick'd, reech'd wie johnny-jump-ups.

Der Pit Fegley hut noch so gore gamaint sie wot nei beissa wos ever os es wor—het wohrhoft noch die tzae ferbracha kenna won sie het—ow'r in blotz fon beissa, hut sie yusht garucha.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE PRICE

I'd like to tell the youngsters,
and I wish I knew the way,
For all the future offers there is
a price for them to pay.
For who would be a doctor, and
soothe and save the ill,
Must earn with years of study
the wisdom and the skill.

It matters not the station or
profession or the trade,
Success has certain charges
which must in full be paid.
And one is patient study with
which men wisdom buy:
Another, after failure, is the
pluck again to try.

'Tis this I'd tell the youngsters:
"Whate'er you wish to be
You will be, in the future, if you
will pay the fee.
'Tis only by devotion and
courage fame is earned,
And long and patient study that
wisdom can be learned.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 10:3

That those who preach the Gospel, which implies the preaching about sin and salvation in Christ, will have no easy time, is implied in v. 3: 'Go your ways; behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.' The human heart is likely to rebel against it, and Satan will put stumbling-blocks in the way of the messengers of the Gospel. For this reason the accounts of persecutions and martyrdoms occupy a prominent place in the books of Acts, the first chapter of Church history, and the Cross of Christ is the supreme attestation to the fact. The preaching of cute essays, or even of moral platitudes, is not enough. The Word of God is to be preached (as Paul says to Timothy, Preach the Word), which Word is a two-edged sword; in the first place convicting of sin, and then offering the only cure for sin, Jesus, the only One Who can forgive sin, and Who, by the gift of His Holy Spirit, gives us the power over the dominion of sin. In the great commission of Matthew 28:19-20, He comforts His disciples after He had said, Go, by saying Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age. His personal presence would sustain them.



BOOK REVIEW

Die Entwicklung neuer germanischer Kultursprachen von 1800-1950. By Heinz Kloss.—Pohl & Co., Munich, Germany, 1952. Pp 256.—DM 10.50 (ca. $2.75).

This book, volume 1 of a series published by the Goethe-Institute of Munich, is of far-reaching significance for all students of that large family of Germanic languages that comprises also English, High German and our own Pennsylvania German dialect. The author is immediately concerned with the development of new culture languages within that Germanic language group. Most of us associate the growth of languages with the dim past, and accept it as an accomplished fact, and are not a little astonished to learn that even today, under our very noses, so to speak, and at a time when distances between peoples and nations have become steadily smaller, new languages develop from out of former dialects or folk speech and burst into full florescence.

It is doubtful whether any one else could have recorded these speech processes so well. Dr. Kloss has for years studied and observed these phenoma of linguistic growth.

The more immediate burden of the author's thesis is the question: Under what circumstances does a mere dialect become a language? Here the laity and the philologists often find themselves at odds. Dr. Kloss develops the idea that the growth of a dialect into a culture language is not because of any unusual linguistic position the dialect may possess. It is not sufficient that a dialect has found expression in a belletristic literature of its own. It must also have attained a sociological significance in the manifold areas of the cultural attainments of a given people. He then considers at some length the growth and importance of such new culture languages, once only insignificant folk speech, such as the Low German, the Norwegian, the Yiddisch, the Afrikaans of South Africa, and the Letzeburgisch of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg among others.

All this may seem rather remote from the subject matter to which our Eck is more strictly devoted, were it not for the fact that the author also considers the prospects of our own Pennsylvania German dialect. It is not without interest to learn what Dr. Kloss, the most eminent German authority on our dialect, has to say. Will Pennsylvania German remain a dialect or will it develop to a status where it deserves to be called a language?

Under the section of "Halbsprachen," p. 119, he considers Pennsylfaanisch. The term "Halbsprachen" is applied to such dialects that have attained a half-way status where they have prospects of developing further or sinking into retrogression. Such "half-languages" are Lallans (Scotch), Letzeburgisch and Pennsylfaanisch. Of these the first has the most far-reaching historical basis, but has not developed a modern prose; the Letzeburgisch has the advantage of possessing political and legal support of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. But what about Pennsylfaanisch, a term which the author prefers to give to our Pennsylvania German? We shall summarize briefly.

Is the Pennsylvania German to be recognized as an independent language? To answer this question we must first take recognition of the fact that the Pennsylvania German is in a constant change. On the one hand we have the dialect of the classic writers of the second half of the 19th century, Harbaugh, Ziegler, More and Wuchter. In that earlier stage we already find a considerable precipitate of English, but the inner structure remains that of a German dialect. Loanwords have been Germanized: **blendi** (plenty), **ausschwabbe** (to swap). They enter into lively new formations as in **Eischwabberwoch** (trade-in-week). There are also direct translations of English words, especially of such concepts unknown to the emigrating ancestors, such as **Riggelweg** (railway). From this earlier stage there is a gradual transition, characterized by English influence in vocabulary, word connotation and sentence structure. This second phase is due to the fact that even the remotest rural inhabitants have now become bilingual. This stage is reflected in the writers of the 20th century. Whereas the dialect writings of the earlier period were easily understood by the Palatines in Germany, the later dialect is at times unintelligible unless the European knows some English or has expressly acquired Pennsylvania expressions. Of this transformation from within the educated Pennsylvania German is seldom conscious.

Added to these linguistic changes are sociological ones. Except among the Amish and the small Wisler group the related High German has fallen into disuse. The orthography used by many of the writers was based on the English. In 1939 a congress was held at Hershey to establish a uniform and standardized orthography based on the High German, which Kloss thinks has remained unsuccessful. To be sure there has been a great revival of interest expressing itself in the production of numerous plays and of radio programs. The dialect has even been taught in Pennsylvania colleges, notably Muhlenberg, Penn State College and Franklin and Marshall.

But over against all these activities that would seem to tend toward a deeper growth of the dialect there are also opposing factors. Indeed this very revival of interest may be looked upon as an expression of the processes of disintegration. It has not led to a fixed or established language, nor halted a rapid anglizing of the dialect.

Dialect publications leave much to be desired. The novels of More and J. Wesley von Nieda are not in print; the former slumber in the Archives of Muhlenberg College and the latter are lost in old newspaper files. Publishers are not interested because there is no buying public. Despite the great revival of interest among the intellectuals and an endeavor as a matter of honor among the members of the Pennsylvania German Society and of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society to rescue their heritage, their publications are little more than an honorable burial in de luxe editions for the satisfaction of their members. There are no cheap "folk" editions of the widely performed plays of Clarence Jobst and Paul Wieand. There is no translation of the Bible into the dialect. There are no published political, technical and scientific works in the dialect. In short, the dialect, florescent as it seems, has not developed in a sociological sense. The author comes to the conclusion that for the present one can only recognize the Pennsylvania German as a "Halbsprache" or half-way language and must wait to see whether in its further development it deserves to be called a language.—P.A.B.

PATRIOTISM

In a conversation with a friend who was relating reminiscences of his youth, the following very interesting incident was told of an old-time minister of North Codorus township, York county, whom we shall call K. for convenience and out of respect for the old preacher. The Rev. K. was very much wrought up during the Civil War for the safety of his country, and so one day he met Brother Shue, one of his staunchest members, and said:

"Bruder Shue, ich meen, es waer dei Pflicht, dei Flint nemme un helfe den Grieg zu End bringe."—

"Ya, ich deet graad," saagt Shue, "awwer ich gleich des Schiesse net. Ich will lewe so lang ass der Herr mich losst."—

"Freilich, Bruder Shue, awwer wann du gehscht un's Unglick widderfaahrt dir, dann iss die himmelische Haerrlinchkeit nur so viel yinger zu dir—un uff die anner Hand, wann du in die Hell gehscht, macht es net viel aus, eb's en wennich frieher odder schpeeder iss."—

Told in The Pennsylvania German, May, 1909

IM HECKEDAAL

Der Schnee iss fatt, es Friehyaahr kummt,
Un 's iss yo waarm schunn im Abrill;
Die froh Fessant so fleissich drummt,
Un oweds greischt der Wibberwill.

Der Eechhaas un des Fensemeisli,
Sie hupse rum un mache 'n Laerm;
Hannesel baue schunn ihr Heisli,
Die Ieme fliegge rum bei Schwaerm.

Mer heert im Feld die Daddeldaub,
Im Busch 'm Thrush sei Seehlich Lied;
Der Weide dreibt schunn grienes Laub,
Die Kaschebeem sin weiss mit Bliet.

Der Bauerbu iss drauss im Feld
Mit Geil un Blug ball Daag un Nacht;
Er schaft sehr hatt fer wennich Geld,
Doch iss er froh, un singt un lacht.

Die Meed, so hibsch wie Fleddermeis,
In griene Wisse rum schpaziere,
Un 's waer yo warricklich aus der Weis,
Wunn net aa Buwe bei 'ne waere.

Die Maad un ich, 's iss unser Waahl,
Zu geh noch unser eegne Bletz,
Die scheene Bletz im Heckedaal,
Bedeckt mit Moos un Violets.

Mir suche selli grumme Peed,
Wu nachts die Fix die Haase yaagge;
Ach, 's waer uns yo zu arrick verleed,
Wann mer ken Gschpass ebmols kennt hawwe.

Mir schluppe darrich die Hecke weit,
Trailing Arbutus drin zu finne;
Un viel zu schnell geht rum die Zeit,
Dieweil mer Blumme zamme binne.

Mer deede gleiche widder leenich
Geh suche die Aerbeere Bletz;
Mer gingte o! so froh un eenich,
Un deede awwer gaar nix letz.

Mir picke glei die rode Beere
Un achte net wie sie beflecke;
Un duhne widder karessiere
Im Schadde vun de dicke Hecke!

Als wann mer neegscht bei nanner sin,
Guck ich in ihre blooe Aagge,
Un seh aa Sache dief datt drin,
As sie zu bleed iss mir zu saagge.

Ach, 's iss mer doch en fremmi Gschicht,
Dass wann als yuscht en Hummel brummt,
Die Maad verschteckelt ihre Gsicht
In mei zwee Aerm so oft as 'r kummt.

Ich heb sie gaern, weil 's iss mei Gflicht,
Bis dann der Hummel widder geht;
Ihr Haar dieweil schwebt mer ins Gsicht,
So dick as wie wann's schnee-e deet.

Ach, ihre Leftze sin so waahr
Gedufte wilde Rose gleich;
Un naryets wu sin sie in Gfaahr
So oft as wie in sellem Deich!

Die Maad hot Backe rot wie Blut,
Un hot en Schtimm wie'n Nachtigall;
Un ihre Kisses, weess ich gut,
Sin Hunnich siess im Heckedaal.

—HENRY MEYER

The dialect poems of Henry Meyer deserve to be more widely known. Dr. Albert F. Buffington, Professor of German, Pennsylvania State College, is editing the dialect poems of Henry Meyer for publication in the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. —ED.

SAUERKRAUT UN SCHPECK

This favorite dish of the Pennsylvania Germans has frequently been the cause of rhapsodic outbursts among our dialect versifiers. We have received the following verses from Mr. J. William Braun who is an ardent student of the lore and literature of the Pennsylvania Germans in Waterloo County, Ontario.—These verses are not unlike those that appear anonymously in Harry Hess Reichard's Anthology of Pennsylvania German Verse (Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1940), only further proof of the wide dissemination of our folk literature.—ED.

Ich wees net wie's mit annere is,
Un geb aa net viel drum,
Bei e deel Leit, da is alles graad,
Un bei annere alles grumm.

E deel Leit gleiche die Tswiwle net,
Un e deel sin annere Sinn,
Un meene, es weer kee Koch recht gut,
Mit net viel Tswiwle drin.

Geb mir e Schissel Sauerkraut,
Un aa recht fetter Schpeck,
Un wann ich des net gleiche duh,
Dann schmeiss mich in der Dreck.

Wann's Horn emol geblose hot,
So kreeftig un so laut,
Das Erschte, was ich gwunnert hab,
War—hen sie Sauerkraut?

Un wann sie sel als g'hadde hen,
No war mei Leib so dick,
Wann's Mittag Esse drunne war,
No bin ich schier verschtickt.

Ich un die Beth hen lange Zeit
Kee Wort mit enanner g'schwetzt;
Uf emol kummt sie nebebei,
Un frogt mich ziemlich laut:
"Well, Sam, du gleichscht mich nimme now,
Gleichscht du noch Sauerkraut?"

Des hot mich wieder ufgeweckt,
Un gar net lang danach,
Hen sie un ich e match gemacht,
Un ich bin wunners wach.

Jetz gleich ich ewe immerfort
Mei Sauerkraut un Schpeck,
Un wer's aa gleiche, bis sie mich
Tief graawe in der Dreck.

Un wann in sellre bessre Welt,
Aa noch gegesse werd, look out,
Das Erschte, was ich fordre duh,
Is Schpeck un Sauerkraut.

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Editorials

Child Safety

The outdoor season has been ushered in quite early this year and, as everyone knows, it has encouraged our young people to be dashing about on the highways on their bicycles and upon the sidewalks with their roller-skates and scooters.

Just as speed is an important factor in highway accidents involving motor cars, so the fact that young people upon bicycles and tricycles and skates are moving at higher velocity than when they walk, or even when they run, immediately shapes a safety hazard.

The conditions created by this movement of young people in the midst of both motor and pedestrian traffic will continue in all likelihood until November. Chill winds then will drive them back into the house once more.

Because the American people are deeply concerned with the safety of their children, safety groups throughout the country are laying emphasis at this time upon "Child, Pedestrian and Bicycle Safety."

Since the first concern of course is for the children, parents are urged to teach them to be careful in the home and to make this easier by creating an accident-free atmosphere in the home and have orderly housekeeping. Children should be taught care in all play outside.

In the second place, it is urged that pedestrians observe the four cardinal rules: 1. Wait on the curb; 2. Cross only at intersections; 3. Cross only on proper signal (where used—and only when all clear, if not guarded by officers or signals) and 4. Pedestrians watch out for Drivers and Drivers watch out for Pedestrians! On rural roads, walk against traffic (left side of road) always and wear something white at night.

And as for bicycles — if every bike-rider in the country (and there are about 18 millions of them and all but two million of them under 16 years of age) will remember that he is riding upon a swift vehicle that is subject to all the regulations and laws to which the motor car is subjected, there will be fewer accidents.

Children have bikes and skates in order that their pleasures may be heightened and their health improved. But their behavior while riding them is going to determine whether those pleasures shall be unalloyed and not interrupted by serious and painful accident, or even death, and whether they are to get all the physical benefits which they should out of their vigorous activity.

Let's have an accident - free season in this community during the bicycle-riding period of the year. It can be done, but it will take a great deal of care and a large measure of that care must be taken by the bicycle riders themselves.

Frog Masks Hazard

In a New York swimming pool early in the week a lifeguard noticed the inert figure of a small boy lying on the bottom of the pool. In a matter of seconds the guard dived for and brought the body to the surface, dragged the boy out upon the shoulder of the pool and began successful resuscitation treatment.

Before the treatment could begin however it was necessary to remove a so-called "frog mask", a device of transparent rubber which was supposed to prevent its wearer from drowning but which, in this case, almost brought about the boy's end.

Although such device has been barred in New York pools since several deaths in New England during last summer of boys wearing the presumed safety outfit, the masked boy had made his way into the pool without being discovered.

There is no place for these masks in our local pools and if there be any effort to introduce them it should be discouraged at once. Fortunately we have warning of the dangers of the device two months in advance of the opening of our four city pools and other supervised public bathing places. The frog mask should be tabooed at all of them.

Sell Rubber Plants

President Eisenhower has recommended to Congress that all the plants erected by the Government during the last war for the manufacture of synthetic rubber be offered for sale to private companies and individuals and that the Government get out of the rubber business.

It is another step in the effort of the current administration to have government govern, and leave manufacturing to the capable businessmen of the country.

For many reasons Government had to step into the scene during World War II and produce synthetic rubber after the supplies of natural rubber from Asia had been cut off by the victorious Japanese fleet. Quite definite quantitites of the synthetic article were needed for the war effort and to supply such domestic needs as were considered vitally important to the national welfare. Time and high speed in getting production were important. Industry could not be expected to put risk capital into a decidedly uncertain business which might collapse completely with the ending of the war and resumption of shipments of natural rubber from Asia at a price with which synethic rubber could not compete.

Conditions are different today. American consumption of rubber is so large that it exhausts the foreign supplies and makes heavy demand upon the synthetic. Moreover there are purposes for which natural rubber is favored and others for which the synthetic material is more satisfactory.

The synthetic industry has been established. Its immediate purpose has been served. Its future will be handled best by private capital and initiative, the administration and the industry itself believe. Now it is up to Congress to try to realize about half a million dollars from the sale of the plants and to take Government out of another kind of business in which it does not belong.

If Congress decides to make the sales, it will probably adopt the conditions which the President believes should govern such disposal:

1. That the Government should realize their fair value.
2. That the disposal should be effected in such a way as to insure to the consuming public and to large and small rubber fabricators the benefits of fair competition.
3. That precautions should be taken to insure the country against the hazards of unforeseeable contingencies so that the plants will be available for production of synthetic rubber in time of emergency.

Atom Use for Peace

A serious retardant in the development of atomic power for commercial purposes, up to this time, has been the fact that more fuel has been consumed than has been generated. For military purposes this has not been a serious obstacle. For commercial purposes it has been almost insuperable.

Great Britain, which cooperated with the United States in the early stages of atomic weapon study, may become the first nation to put atomic energy to work for peaceful purposes and do it on a practical basis. Design for the plant is on the drawing boards and the House of Commons has been informed that the most suitable site now is being sought.

This plant, it is announced, is to be of the breeder, nuclear type reactor, patterned upon a small scale plant which already is doing a surprising job in a laboratory in Harwell. Likewise, the U. S. Government has had a small plant of this type in operation at Arco, Idaho, for about two years and its reactor has developed enough electricity to light the buildings and run some machinery.

Both countries are investigating the possibility of making atomic power practicable. The great hope is that it can be accomplished and that the commercial and peaceful use of atomic energy will in the not too distant future pay the high cost of the discoveries which led to the atomic bomb.

Orchids to—

Burgess Hayden B. Pritchard and his efficient Police Department in Bangor, Pa., for completing their Tenth Consecutive Year without a traffic fatality! Superb lifesaving!

Western Electric Company's Allentown Plant for their 1952 safety record — best in the six years of operations and a fat 48 per cent reduction from the 1951 experience. Real "on-the-job" safety!

Lehigh Valley Transit Company for their record of 595 aggregate years of safe driving compiled by 192 operators, with individual periods covering 15 years down to one. Awards were tendered these safe drivers at a dinner in Bethlehem in March.

Capt. Chas. S. Cook, C.O. and his staff at Bethlehem Barracks, Pennsylvania State Police, for exhibits of mounted photographs covering traffic accidents "in the flesh," being shown at meetings of all type organizations, accompanied by talk of a staff officer. The exhibits will be displayed at several sessions of Council's 1953 Conference at Allentown in May.

Harry Lair, Director of Health, Safety and Physical Education at Phillipsburg (N.J.) Schools, under whose tutelage 334 students will have completed the Driver Training Course at the end of present term—Lehigh Valley Safety News.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call
April 18, 1928, a Wednesday

The 29th annual meeting of the YWCA was held in the Hotel Traylor in conjunction with the membership banquet. Over 200 area women heard Mrs. Frank Wilkins, Washington, D.C., tell of the "Y" spirit.

Frank A. Arnold, director of development for the National Broadcasting Company, New York, told members of the Four Square Club of Allentown about "Radio Broadcasting—the 20th Century Miracle" in a talk given at the Keystone Trail Inn.

Miss Emily Reichard Meyer was elected president of the Fine Arts Club of the Lehigh Valley for a three year term at a largely attended meeting of the organization in the home of Mrs. Esther K. Ettinger, 10th and Turner Streets.

He Ought to Get Some Sort of Handicap



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower, in an historic speech heard 'round the globe, brought back to the world of today the principles of the Atlantic Charter of yesterday — the pact signed in January 1942 by Soviet Russia and 46 other governments of the world pledging to all peoples the right to choose their own form of government.

This charter was the basis of the war aims of World War II. It was directed at the totalitarian regime of Hitler, but it applied as well to dictatorships of the future.

President's Quote

Mr. Eisenhower's phrasing was this:

"Every nation's right to a form of government and an economic system of its own choosing is inalienable.

"Any nation's attempt to dictate to other nations their form of government is indefensible."

The Atlantic Charter was worded this way:

"First, their countries (the signers) seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other;

"Second, they desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned;

"Third, they respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

The President has marked out the issue for the leaders of the Soviet Union to see clearly. He reminds them pointedly of the facts of life in Eastern Europe, where small nations have been deprived of the right of self-government. He calls for "a free and united Germany with a government based upon a free and secret ballot."

As for Asia, Mr. Eisenhower dispelled all doubts about future American foreign policy by calling for "the holding of free elections in a United Korea." There ends any talk of a "divided Korea."

The basic principle throughout the speech is self-government. While the President didn't say anything specifically about the government of Russia or the right of the people of Russia to choose their own form of government by a free and secret ballot, the inference is there — that peace will not come to the world until the Russian people themselves are free to choose their own form of government. Whether it be socialistic or capitalistic whether it be a monarchy or a republic is up to the Russian people — so long as they do the choosing without intimidation or coercion.

Mr. Eisenhower did become rather pointed when he referred to nations like Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania, as he issued a challenge to the Soviet Union.

"Is it prepared," the President asked, "to allow other nations, including those of Eastern Europe, the free choice of their own forms of government and the right to associate freely with other nations in a world-wide community of law? . . .

"If not — where then is the concrete evidence of the Soviet Union's concern for peace? The test is clear."

The Eisenhower address, delivered before cheering members of the American Society of Newspaper Editors at their annual convention here, was followed by virtually unanimous expressions of approval not only from the editors but from members of both parties in Congress. For the President had spoken the heart and mind of America irrespective of political faction.

In the 12 weeks since taking the oath of office, Mr. Eisenhower has formulated a foreign policy that now proclaims the basis of world peace. But whether American ideals will be realized depends on whether evil men will change their designs and transform themselves into virtuous partners in the world of tomorrow.

Skepticism is mixed with fear because there is nothing in the situation now except "mere rhetoric," as the President called it, and the time for proof with deeds that are truly meaningful is at hand.

Meanwhile, it may be expected that the plain-spoken advice of the President will be concurred in by our allies. If the Soviet leaders spurn the hand of peace as offered by America, speaking for the free world, the pressure inside the Iron Curtain to realize the Eisenhower terms will intensify as the crusade for self-liberation begins among the oppressed peoples of Europe and Asia.

(Copyright, 1853)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

HOSPITAL ROOM

I long have visited the rooms
Where friends were ill—
Sweet with the fragrance of the blooms
On shelf and sill.

And I have said the cheering word
And wished them well,
And watched them smiling as they heard
The tales I'd tell.

And then it came my turn to be
The patient there,
And learn how rich such rooms can be
With tender care.

There toils devotion at its best
To master pain
And soothe the throbbing pulse to rest
And health again.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Gertrude Lawrence, one of the great stars of our time, had plenty of what is called temperament. One night near the end of the New York run of "Lady in the Dark," she suddenly worked herself up into a hysterical tantrum and vowed that she was finished with the stage forever. Author Moss Hart watched her with a calculating eye and, when she had quieted down, told her, "Gertie, that was a wonderful scene and will make the perfect second act curtain for my new play. I'm going to quote your every word and remember your every gesture. It will bring the house down." Miss Lawrence, forgetting her vow to quit show business, threw her arms around Hart's neck, and cried, "If you don't promise me that part this instant, I'll never speak to you again!"

Horoscope

Annoying delays may upset you, but they should come out all right, and the next year be one of the most memorable of your life. A long active and successful life is probable for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MOCHT DIE SHULLA

FLIEGA: Ich denk ow'r wos bei jupps, der Gene Heimer wos ols so arrick arrabierra gabauert hut in Jacksonville, nagshd on Bath, mocht der shtawb fliega mit seim neia tracktor os er yusht grick'd hut. Die tzeit wor, woh er iwwer kup un ohra in da arabierra wor — hut so grossa garais'd os er sie ols aenie noch da onnerra hame g'fohrra hut uf 'm Shuckkerrich. Ow'r noh 'n gonser summer wor nix os wie grawsa, grawsa, un ols noch mainer graws tzu rubba. 'S airsht wors g'shpass, ow'r wie sei fraw die Lulu g'sawt hut sie dades nimmy os sie helfa dade graws un ungrout rubba — hut nix may duh wolla wie blumma raisa, noh hut der Gene ous gamocht fer ous da arabierra bisnis gae.

Er hut sich now 'n neier tracktor grick'd — ainer fon denna woh der fuhrmon hinna noh shpring'd, un kick'd die shulla folshter um mit da fees, woh der blug net fardich wen'd. 'S airsht huts der Gene wenich shwitza mocha, ow'r die barichda sin, er un der tracktor kaimta gute mit nonner fert — yusht ebbes dut der Gene net iwwer 'm bluga, er lais'd ken raya waram fer der fishermon Charlie Mills. Der Charlie hut 'n maining kot der Gene kent tzimlich gute ous mocha won er 'n kessel hinna on der tracktor hanka dade, un dade raya waram laisa os er rous bluga dade. Wos noch mainer is, der Charlie hut 'm die, helft fon da fish fershprocha os er fonga dade won er 'm die waram gaibt.

Waram laisa wor 'm Gene ow'r tzu hard g'shoft, er is die arabierra lose werra yusht weil er sich tzu hard bicka hut missa fer sie rubba, un hut noh net widder in der same shlouder kumma wolla — mit da naus im grund im feld rum lawfa, warum sucha. M'r hen gawiss os allas net k'hoert wie der Charlie noh ous gamocht hut fisha, ow'r 'n fegelchie os iwwer ihra hous g'floga is, un der sharnshtae nunner gaguck'd hut secht, die Edna het shunka flaish gabroda fer supper — 'n baweiss os die fish all 'm noh rohr worra. Un won sel so wor, hut der Gene froh sei kenna os er net gabodder'd hut mit da warum bisnis — yusht won er het, hets ferleicht aw besser gabush'd mit fish beim Charlie.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum Gene seinra blugerrei, des yohr so wie m'r hoerra, wil er gore nix raisa wie shtecka bohna un hesselcher. Er hut mohl gamaint fer sees welshkern nous mocha, ow'r sis 'm noh ei kumma die kolva maichda tzu gross werra — er hut aryer moshder, budda wie 's sich gawissa hut mit da arabierra, un tzailt now fer yusht boona raisa. Sellie, won sie aw gross werra, hen immer noch awenich mainer blotz fer woxa, un er brouch sich net bicka fer sie wubba. So wie m'r hoerra, tzailt der Gene fer bohna raisa gross ganunk os es yusht aenie odder tzwae nembt fer 'n graftichie sup kocha. Der shquire Sam Stuck sin m'r barich'd, wil agent gae fer 'm Gene sei bohna helfa uf der marrick shoffa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Fred "Fritz" Kressley fon Bullfrock hut sei tzwae boova, der Willie un der Earl 'm Midwoch morya ganumma fer na weissa wie farella fisha, un bis es fartich wor, hut der yingsht fon da boova — der Earl, der pap un der bruder gahairich gabutta fish fonga — hut der limit kotta eb die onnerra recht awfonga hen fisha.

Doch hut der Fritz aw net gons shlecht ous gamocht — hut der limit aw kotta, un wor noch in tzeit fer om ocht uhr moryets awfonga shoffa in da garage in Fogelsville.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 10:23-24

In these verses Jesus says: 'Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, for I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.' We have probably but a faint idea of the enormous advantages enjoyed by believers who have lived since Christ came into the world, compared to those of believers who died before Christ was born. The difference between the knowledge of an Old Testament saint and a saint in the apostles' days is far greater than we conceive, the difference between twilight and noonday. There were many Old Testament saints who were looking forward to the fulfillment of the Messianic promises. 'Abraham rejoiced to see My day, and was glad,' said Jesus in John 8:56. But with the coming of Jesus, many Old Testament passages were opened up as to their meaning, and we should be thankful that we live in the Christian dispensation, remembering that to whomsoever much is given, of them much will be required.



THE ORIGINS, PECULIAR PHONOLOGICAL FEATURES, AND CURIOUS CONNOTATIONS OF CERTAIN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WORDS, PART I

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

The following is intended to be the first of a series of discussions of some of our interesting Pennsylvania German dialect words. In later issues of the ECK we hope to publish some of Dr. Buffington's discussions of other dialect words which will illustrate peculiar features of our Pennsylvania German dialect. Some of these words will be interesting because of their origins or phonological peculiarities, others because of their curious connotations which frequently can not be rendered by any English equivalents.—ED.

MILLICHRIWWELSUPP

Millichriwwelsupp is not only a traditional and tasty Pennsylvania German dish, but the word itself illustrates a number of significant linguistic features of the Pennsylvania German dialect. **Millichriwwelsupp** is a compound of **Millich** which means "milk" plus **Riwwel** for which there is no English equivalent word and **Supp** which means "soup."

PG (Pennsylvania German) **Millich** illustrates a significant phonetic phenomenon of the dialect, namely, the regular development of a vowel sound between the liquid **l** and **r** and a labial or velar sound, e.g. PG **Kallick, Millich, darrich, Karreb, Warrem, Barrig** (StG (Standard German) **Kalk, Milch, durch, Korb, Wurm, Berg**).

There is no StG equivalent for the PG word **Riwwel.** The word is of course related to the StG verb **reiben** which means "to rub." It is also related to the older German verb **riebeln** which meant "to reduce to small pieces by rubbing" (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch, VIII, 910**). The nouns **Riwwel** (or the forms **Ribel, Riwl, Ribeli**) and **Riwwelsupp** (or the forms **Riwlsupp, Ribelsuppe, Ribeli-Suppen**) occur in various Middle and South German dialects (See the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch, V, 326** and the **Schweizerisches Idiotikon, VI, 50**).

Supp, the StG equivalent of which is **Suppe,** also illustrates an important difference between PG and StG. Most of the PG words, whose StG equivalents end in **-e,** do not have a final **-e.**

Frequently I have been asked the question: "How would you translate **Millichriwwelsupp** into English?" My usual reply to this question is: "Milk riwwel soup." As far as I know, there is no word in our English vocabulary by which the meaning of PG **Riwwel** can be adequately rendered. We can not translate **Riwwel** into English, we can only explain how **Riwwle** are made.

It should also be pointed out that, even if we were able to translate the **Riwwel** in **Millichriwwelsupp** into English, this translation would not do for the type of **Riwwle** which one gets when one rubs one's skin after perspiring. These are sometimes called **Dreckriwwle** in PG, **Dreck** being the dialect word for "dirt." There is also no English equivalent for **Dreckriwwel.** The only way one can translate this word into English would be to use a phrase like "a small roll of dirt and dead skin obtained by rubbing the body after perspiring."

One would also have the same problem in trying to translate **Riwwelkees** or **Riwwelkuche** ipto English. For the former, one would have to resort to such a phrase as "cheese made from scalded skim-milk ripened in a crock;" and for the latter, one would have to explain how the **Riwwle** covering the **Riwwelkuche** are made.

BATT

The Pennsylvania German word **Batt,** which is used only in the expression "sei (or mei, dei, ihre, unser, eier) Batt nemme," English "to take his (or my, your, her, their, our, your) part," i.e. "to side with him (or me, you, her, them, us, you), has been regarded by some investigators as an Anglicism. However, in Middle High German we find the forms **parte, part** from French **part** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch, VII, 1465**) and in the Swabian dialects spoken today the form **Part** is used just as we use PG **Batt.**

In the PG form **Batt** we again have a distinctive PG phonetic peculiarity, namely, the complete disappearance of the r-sound after short **a** when followed by a dental, e.g. PG **datt, Hasch, kaz, vazeh** (Middle High German **dort, hirz or hirze, kurz, vierzehen**).

BOOMGAARDE, BAMMGAARDE, BUNGERT, OR BUMMERT

There are four regional variants for the PG word for "orchard." In my investigation of the linguistic variants in PG as it is spoken today in the various sections of Pennsylvania I discovered that **Boomgaarde** is the form most frequently used in Berks, Dauphin, Lancaster, Northumberland, Snyder, Schuylkill, and Union counties; in Centre, Clinton, Lebanon, Mifflin, and York counties the form **Bammgaarde** seems to be preferred; whereas in Carbon, Lehigh, Northampton, Monroe and Montgomery counties either **Bungert** or **Bummert** are the most frequently used forms.

The StG equivalent of PG **Boomgaarde** and **Bammgaarde** is **Baumgarten.** However, distorted and contracted forms like **Bangart, Bangert, Bongart, Bomgart,** and **Bungert** are not uncommon in various Middle and South German dialects. In the Rhenish Palatinate (the section in Germany from which a large majority of the early German settlers in Pennsylvania came), for example, the forms **Bungert** and **Bangert** are still used today.

NASCHT

The Old High German, Middle High German, and New High German etymological equivalent of PG **Nascht,** which means "limb (of a tree)", is **Ast.** This peculiar PG form is the result of the coalescence of the proclitic form of the indefinite article with the initial **a** of **Ast.** The form **Nascht** occurs also in other Middle and South German dialects and is the regular form in the Rhenish Palatinate dialects.

BLUUGGE

Students of German dialects are puzzled by the fact that the verb "to plow" in PG is **bluugge.** In all of the Rhenish Palatinate dialects the regular verb for "plow" is **zackere** (Middle High German **z' acker gan, zerackern**).

Professor Ernst Christmann, the former Director of the Pfaelzische Woerterbuchkanzlei and the leading authority on the Palatinate dialects, made a special investigation of this verb in order to determine whether some form of Middle High German **pfluogen** or StG **pfluegen** (which, of course, are the etymological cognates of PG **bluugge**) might not have occurred in some of the earlier Rhenish Palatinate dialects, but his investigations revealed that **zackere** has been the regular form for the verb "to plow" in the Rhenish Palatinate dialects for more than four hundred years. **Ackeren** or **zackeren** are also the regular forms used in the Swabian dialects (See **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch, I, 1071**).

It is not possible to determine why the form **bluugge** rather than **zackere** should be used in PG. The influence of the English verb "plow" may be partially responsible for this peculiar situation in PG.

The PG verb **zackere** which occurs in the sense of "to tinker with" or "to fuss with," is from German **zacken** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch** under **zacken**) and is not to be confused with the Rhenish Palatinate **zackere.**

LANGGWIDD

The Middle High German and StG etymological equivalents for PG **Langgwidd** (for "a coupling or connecting pole of a wagon") are **lancwit** and **Langwiede** respectively. **Wiede** is the colloquial German form for "willow."

In the various Rhenish Palatinate dialects a large variety of forms of this word occur. In the eastern half of the Palatinate the regular form is **Langgwidd,** just as in PG; in the Northwestern Palatinate **Lankert** or **Langert** are most common; in the extreme Western and Southwestern Pfalz the forms **Lengert, Lenkart,** and **Lengatt** occur most frequently.

DIE SCHEE NADUR

Nadur iss ebbes wunnerbaar,
'S iss nau noch graad as wie devor;
Mer kann's net all verschteh.
Mer guckt so weit der Himmel zu,
So groosse Sach, waer hot's geduh?
Was halt die Aerd am Geh?

Die Sunn scheint darrich Beem nau schunn,
Die Laabfresch in der Marriyeschtunn
Duhn ihre Lied so luschdich singe,
Wu laafe scheene kiehle Schpringe.

'S iss wunnerbaarlich, ya gewiss,
Wie schee die Welt erschaffe iss;
Mit Land un Baerrig iss gefleckt,
Mit Blumme un mit Beem bedeckt.

Wu so Gewex iss, do iss Macht;
Was dutt sie hie iss Keim un Saft;
So viel Gewex vun aller Saart,
Un yeders blieht noch seiner Aart.

Die Keim un Watzel ziegt die Kraft
Aus Sunn un Aerd—sell iss wie's schafft;
'S iss die Nadur, in Wadde schtumm,
Des offenbaart sich in der Blumm.

O scheene, groosse, griene Beem,
Wu so-iche sin, fiehl ich deheem;
En scheener Baam un scheene Blumm,
Sin in meim Aag, wuhie ich kumm.

Mer sehnt wie schee die Sunn uffgeht,
Un Mond un Schtanne in der Nacht;
So reeggelmeesich, net verdreht—
Sie gehn so leis, do iss ken Yacht.

Wu Sunneschtraahle schloo vergehn
Un Dunkelheit kummt iwwers Land,
Un Aadler fliegt wie Wolke scheen,
Des macht ken Maerrick in der Sand.

En Veggelsnescht, hoscht schunn bedracht,
Wie schee hen sie sell Nescht gemacht?
So gut gebaut, guck yuscht mol hie,
Hen's net gelannt, doch wisse wie.

Die Eil fliegt in der schtille Nacht,
Sie fliegt so leis, des macht ken Yacht;
Sie fangt en Maus an Esses Zeit,
Un macht's net wie die Beddelleit.

Sell iss der Weg, des iss ken Draam—
Ihr Nescht iss in me hole Baam;
Dutt ihre Yunge datt uffbringe,
Un dutt so schee ihr Liedel singe.

Die Felse uff de Barriye grie,
Die schtehn so hoch, was hot sie hie?
'S waar die Nadur vergangene Zeit,
Hot sie mol hie, datt sin sie heit.

Die Sach verennert sich in Zeit,
'S bleibt nix so wie mer's sehne heit;
Wu nau der Baam schteht, schee wie en Blumm,
Iss ebbes schunscht wie Zeit geht rum.

Allentown, Pa., 1949 —D. GEO. KNECHT

ECONOMIC BUMPS

By J. WESLEY VON NIEDA

John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939) is next to Charles C. More our ablest and most prolific writer of dialect fiction. A printer by trade he founded with his brother Daniel the Ehprata Saturday Review in 1878. Later he published the Ephrata Reporter in partnership with W. K. Fishburn. Under the pen name of "Jim Brenasel" his fantastic tales and novels were widely read in the latter years of the 19th and in the first decades of the 20th century. He was the only Pennsylvania German dialect writer who concerned himself about the economic and labor problems of his day. He was a professed socialist. In Ephrata he took part in the struggle for public ownership of public utilities. In Reading he organized the Typographical Union. The following verses, presumably written toward the end of his life, reflect his political views.—ED.

They come in overwhelming lumps,
These strident economic bumps;
They leave me spent, they leave me faint,
With scarce the strength to voice my plaint.

They leave me flat, they leave me lax
In payment of the claims for tax;
They leave me stripped of every cent
Wherewith to square that bill for rent.

They leave me without funds for bread,
Or means to care for loving dead;
They leave me without cash to buy
The comforts for which children cry.

They leave me with all manhood gone,
With vital tasks of life undone;
They leave me as one quite bereft
Of worthy efforts that are left.

They leave me with keen sense of scorn
For fools who doom—alive, unborn—
The food which millions sorely need
And now destroyed through crazy creed.

They leave me with conviction strong,
That alphabets abridged are wrong,
When Nature's gifts they sacrifice
And rob the poor through higher price.

They leave me with my Faith in Right
All shattered, damned by cruel blight;
They leave me with real dread, you know,
OF FUTURE LIVING JUST ON CROW.

DER SUMMER

Wann mer darrich der gans lang un kalt Winder kummt, noh wunnert's eem wie lang ass es nöch nemmt bis der Summer do iss. Ich hab an des gedenkt middes im Maerz. Es waar gaar schtanns kalt. Die Kohle sin darrich der Offe geloffe wie Pulwer aus em Pulwerhann. Bei Greibs, mei Kohle waare schtarrick am nunner geh. "Was gebt's?" hawwich gsaat. "Glei muss mer immer schaffe, yuscht fer Kohle kaafe."

Nau iss es widder wunners waarem uff eemoll. Wei, mer deet fiehle fer der Rock un der Wammes ableegge un die Hemmarremel nuff rolle. Un deel vun de yunge Leit duhne sell, awwer Kalls im Kaschbar seinre Elt wisse besser wie sell.

Es sin zwee Ursache ferwas ich mei lange Unnerkleeder net ableeg graad nau. Erschdens, deet ich genshedich warre un deet der Schnubbe griegge. Zweddens, es watt verdolltsei aa glei widder kelder, noh deet mer bei Tschudes verfriere.

Ver alders hen die alde Kalls langbeeniche rode flennelliche Unnerhosse gewore. Sell deet mich schier gaar dod kitzele, abaddich uff em waarmer Daag wie heit. Die alde Kalls hen ihre flannelliche Unnerkleeder aagelosst bis die Lokuscht Blumme geblieht hen. Sell hot sie awwer schwitze mache. Mer hot sie als geroche eb mer sie gsehne hot, un sie hen gewiss aa net geroche wie en Ros. Mer hot ebmols gemeent der Geesbock waer um der Weg.

Seid awwer net so schur, ass es waarm bleibt. Es watt widder kelder, awwer sell halt net so lang. Em kalde Winder sei Greiz iss verbroche un glei iss es waarm Wedder do fer bleiwe.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
vun de Lebanon Daily News

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Editorials

Fair a Stimulus

Based upon experience with former Science Fairs held in this Lehigh Valley prediction was made that upwards of ten thousand people would see the 1953 show which closed last night after two days of continuous exhibit in the Palestra for the public. That was a figure, optimistically arrived at, after noting the drawing powers of this annual activity in previous years.

It is now a matter of satisfaction for the Call-Chronicle Newspapers to record that even the optimistic expectations were widely exceeded and that upwards of 15,000 people crowded the High School Palestra during the two days. And it is pretty safe to assume that, if the show could have been continued thruout today, figures would have attained fully 20,000.

During the two days probably the most important persons in this matter had an opportunity to see the show. Thousands of students from public schools, who arrived in busses and came in relays that operated for hours, undoubtedly have been stimulated to increased endeavor. The show must have been for many like a "shot in the arm." And this is important in an era when so many interests challenge the time of our young people and command their attention, very often in the acquirement of perfectly useless, but at the time apparently important information.

Like the spelling bees the Science Fair has demonstrated that there are important lines along which young people can move to excel and become distinguished among their fellows, in addition to activities upon the athletic field, in teen-agers' social affairs and in the various extra-curricular activities that receive so much attention from our young people.

It is a good thing to be learning early in life that there can be champions in all phases of man's activities. It is also important to learn that the really big and the long-enduring championships in life have little or no relationship to the athletic fields and arenas.

Joy from Sadness

The pathos that affects the families of young men in the armed services, who are on the battlefront or have been in prison camps, is being brought to especial public attention thru the recent dribble of prisoner releases from Chinese and North Korean stockades. It is locally illustrated in the case of the Coplay family which has not seen its young son for almost four years, for two years has known him to be a prisoner-of-war and during that time has been cherishing the hope that some day he would be restored to them.

The prayers of that family have been answered. The hopes of father, sister and brothers, nurtured constantly for almost two years, will have been realized when the voice of the young soldier is heard by a telephone system which brings him in touch with his family altho he is almost half way around the world in far-off Tokyo.

The happy experience of this Coplay family raises the hopes of every family in this vicinity which has lost track of its young men thru capture or not definitely established death. Thruout the United States hope has been rising. And that hope extends to return not merely of the sick and wounded, but of the prisoners who presumably are in good health and all the men in the armed forces, a return which can be accomplished only if that most-to-be-desired situation — peace everywhere — can be attained.

County's Fine Job

It is a tribute to the business management of the County Commissioners that their entry into the real estate business upon huge scale has had excellent financial results.

It is no secret that the County when faced with huge deficits in taxes on real estate, decided with trepidation to take over properties according to law. It also is no secret that the commissioners sought out, welcomed and followed the best procurable counsel in setting up a real estate department whose sole design was to sell the foreclosed properties to substantial private owners and thereby restore the properties to the tax lists.

When the properties were taken over they represented tax liens of nearly $110,000. The only way to get that amount of cash into the County's treasury was to sell the land and improvements.

Following quickly upon the tax sales, the real estate department was set up and aggressive selling policies were adopted in line with the counsel which had been received. The results were speedy. The totals in terms of dollars are impressive.

The commissioners in less than three years have sold 695 parcels of real estate. They have realized $95,547 — a sum that would have been considered incredible three years ago when all these properties were looked upon as just so many "cats and dogs."

While the cream undoubtedly has been skimmed, it would seem almost certain that the County will, erelong, realize profit out of the operation. Some of the remaining 846 parcels, which still are in hand, can be disposed of and very likely the County will, erelong, realiz profit over and above the achievement of the equivalent of its long-due taxes. Then the properties once again will be yielding taxes and in larger volume even because of many improvements which the new owners already have made and will continue to make.

America Best Shod

Travellers in foreign countries will tell us what our observation of foreign news pictures confirms, namely that the American people are the best shod in the world. This means of course that greater comfort is enjoyed on the average by our people, greater satisfactions arising from the knowledge of good appearance are derived and higher efficiency is achieved by reason of comfort.

It is entirely likely that, apart from the generally high standards of living which our economy permit, this fact that Americans wear the world's best shoes is due in very large measure to the salesman, to such salesmen as Owen W. Metzger of this city and his fellow members of Shoe Associates now in annual business session in this city.

Allentonians know that for more than half a century, exactly 45 years of which have been passed as member of a great mercantile establishment, Mr. Metzger has been preaching good shoes much as a clergyman preaches piety. And he has been just as strongly opposed to poorly made and ill-fitting cheap shoes as those same clergymen are opposed to sin.

Allentown during three days this week has been meeting more than a score of men who are Mr. Metzger's spiritual brethren. They are men who like Mr. Metzger have resisted the trend to consolidation of shoe stores into vast national chains and have pursued their evangelism for good-looking, well-built, well-made and sound footwear because they have believed that much of human happiness and even health depend upon good, well-fitted footwear and that they can be marred by poorly fitted, poorly made and ephemeral shoes.

European shoe designers long have been famous, as their fellow couturiers, for their originality and the beauty in their shoe creations. But in Europe such a new and beautiful shoe will have been custom-made. It will be seen only upon the foot of a member of a royal family or the wife of an industrial magnate.

In the United States the good and the beautiful shoe (copied perhaps from a European design and just a bit old therefore) will have been produced upon a mass basis from the best procurable materials whose price will be compatible with potential wear and comfort. It will have been fitted by careful, sympathetic and intelligent shoe salesmen.

What is best of all, it will be worn and enjoyed by the hoi polloi; by the little shopgirl as well as the society deb; by the housewife and the scrubwoman; by the laborer and by the executive; in short, by just about everybody. And all these people will be wearing the best shoes because they have been persuaded by top flight salesmen and have learned by experience that the best in the long run is cheapest in every way.

This must be the reason for the vitality of Shoe Associates whose membership has been visiting this city this week in tribute to its esteemed and much admired member, Owen W. Metzger. It has been the reason for the conspicuous business success of Allentown's host to Shoe Associates during this week.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

OFFICIAL MOURNING

Flags again, full staff and mast,
Mark official mourning past.
Thirty days for formal grief—
Long to some, to loved ones brief.
Up the flags, let bugles blow,
Good Queen Mary wished it so.

Better far than pomp's display
Is the unofficial way.
Mourning lasting down the years
Shown by unofficial tears,
But the grieving will go on
After thirty days are gone.

Well it is and very wise
Soon should end official sighs.
After those we've loved have gone
Must the cares of life go on.
Up the flags, let bugles blow.
Good Queen Mary wished it so.

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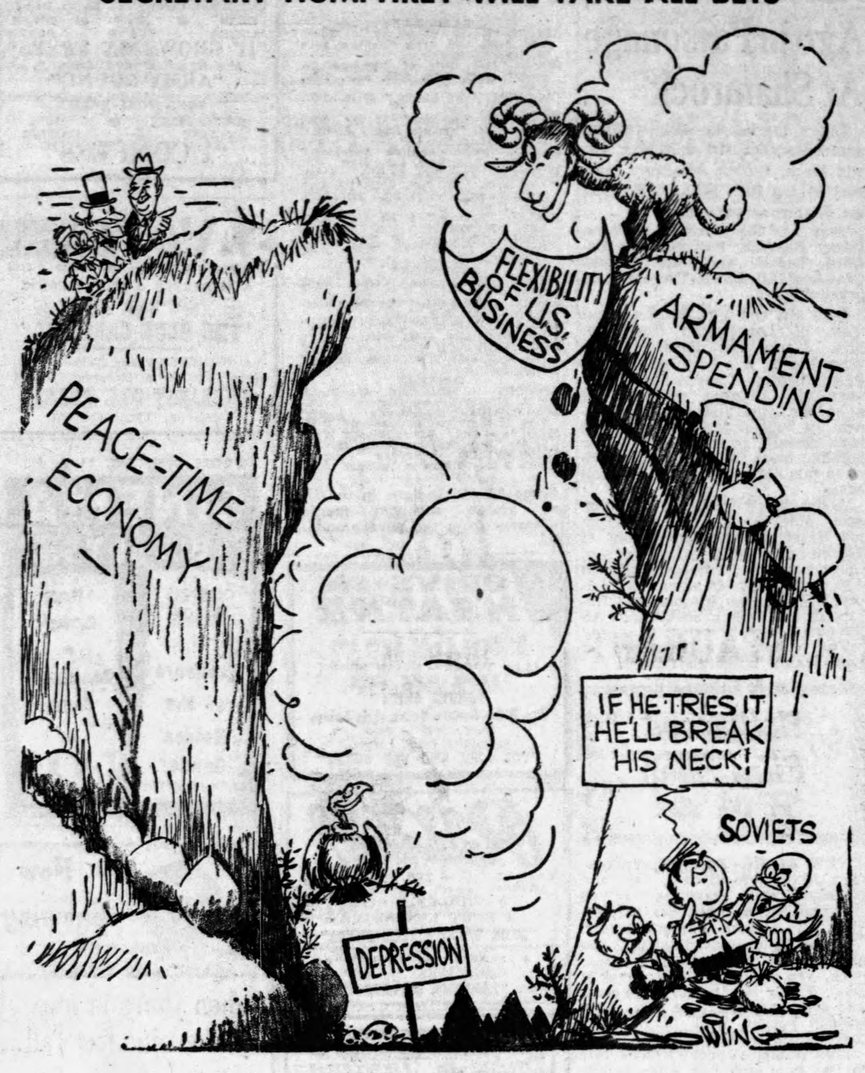
25 Years Ago

Pierre Henri Boucheron, advertising and publicity manager of the Radio Corporation of America, spoke on "Helping the Retail Dealers of Allentown to Make Sales" to members of the Allentown Advertising Club in the Americus Hotel.

Voters of South Whitehall Township approved a $175,000 bond loan for school improvement purposes, including the reection and equipping of additional grade schools.

"Mary Made Some Some Marmalade," the first dramatic offering in the history of Allentown's Recreation Department, was presented to a large audience in the Central Junior High School. The play was under the direction of Miss Irene Welty and Miss Eloise Manthorne.

SECRETARY HUMPHREY WILL TAKE ALL BETS



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Peace feelers may be designed to discover if the adversary is receptive, or they may be designed for propaganda purposes to weaken unity among other nations. Peace feelers are unnecessary if nations have honorable purposes, as they can make their intentions known through the ordinary channels of diplomatic communications.

Actually, Soviet Russia is represented at the capitals of the great powers by ambassadors who can speak to the head of each state directly. Also, Russia is fully represented at the United Nations where its emissaries often speak too long and too often. Therefore, the indirect peace feeler is an unnecessary device if the intent is to accomplish peace.

President Eisenhower has taken a more direct route to peace, namely, he has stated the maximum American terms in clear language. It cannot be assumed that Russia will accept the maximum American position; therefore, it is to be expected that on May 1, the day of revolutionary celebration, either Malenkov or Molotov will state Russia's maximum terms. If that happens, a conference will undoubtedly be arranged, perhaps of foreign ministers, that is, Dulles, Eden and Molotov, or it might include the representatives of other countries, to see whether a common basis may be found.

President Eisenhower's maximum terms for peace are just. His speech on the subject was a magnificent state paper of the highest order. Should it become the basis for discussion for peace, the greatest progress in the direction of peace will have been made since 1943. At the Teheran (1943) and Yalta (1945) conferences, the basis was war, not peace.

Peace Can Be Found

If the Russians really mean peace, they are not under any compulsion to accept President Eisenhower's terms as stated; they do have a moral obligation to bargain on the basis of his terms or to state their own. Peace is not readily attainable in the complexities of an armed world. But if peace is desired, a contractual basis can be found. In other periods in human history, ways to peace have been found. During the 19th century, such statesmen as Talleyrand, Stein, Bismarck and even Castlereagh sought peace and found it for 99 years.

If we can, in this generation, find 99 years of peace, or even 50 years of peace, it will be a godsend. In terms of international relations, peace means an avoidance of any general war; it means a period during which such wars as occur are limited.

Russian Objections

The Russians will undoubtedly object most to two points in Eisenhower's speech:

1. "The enforcement of all these agreed limitations and prohibitions by adequate safeguards, including a practical system of inspection under the United Nations . . .

2. "Any nation's right to a form of government and an economic system of its own choosing is inalienable.

"Any nation's attempt to dictate to other nations their form of government is indefensible."

Point 2 involves definite violations of the Yalta and Potsdam agreements, which provided for democratic elections under supervision of the Allied powers in those countries which are now known as satellites. That would, in effect, open Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and perhaps Czechoslovakia and Albania to a new election, under the supervision either of the signatories to the Yalta agreement or the United Nations.

The effect of that could be that Russia could lose one or more of these satellites. It might change the political map of Europe. It is impossible to believe that Russia will agree to such terms short of an all-out war. Yet, it would be unbelievable that Gen. Eisenhower would ask for less in any statement of his maximum terms.

As regards his demand for "a practical system of inspection under the United Nations," this is a reiteration of the Baruch proposal concerning the atom bomb and is absolutely sound. Any retreat from such inspection would vitiate the entire program. No nation can be trusted, in the present circumstances of an armed world, to police itself, particularly with regard to a disarmament program.

Prepared Nevertheless

After World War I, Germany was disarmed; yet Hitler built an effective army, stockpiled for a six-year war. After the Washington conference (1922), Japan was supposed to reduce her fleet to a ratio of 5-5-3. Actually Japan built a secret fleet which proved to be effective for a time in World War II.

Inspection is an essential instrument of world peace and the President was wise in restating it in his terms.

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Your industry and initiative should pay off and financial benefits be yours. Today's child may be exceptionally clever if taught self-control.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOCH MAY "UNITED NATIONS" BARICHDA: Wie geshter g'sawt, sel wor 'n wunner borie trip 'm Dinshdawg die "United Nations" fersommling ei nemma in Nei Yarrick, mit 'm John T. Cathers fer uns rum nemma. M'r worra darta fon tzaea uhr farmie dawgs, bis owets finfa, uns wor ken feraidmeedichie minute da gonsa dawg.

Fiel leit gaina noch da "United Nations," ow'r sare wenich sehna wos mier g'sehna hen weil m'r darta worra darrich der ambassador Limb fon Korea, 'n gnter freind tzum Cathers. Yader lond darta — ebbes wie 60 lanner, huts recht fer p'such nei nemma, ow'r won m'r worta wot fer nei kumma darrich der Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., fon unser'm lond, dade m'r shtarva on alter shwecher eb m'r in roy kaimt. Lanner wie Korea, China, un dale onnerra hen wenich leit doh hiwwa uns wor darrich der Dr. Syngman Rhee bresident fon Korea os der Cathers so gute dart driwwa bakont werra is.

So weit os die fersommlinga aw gaina woh die gleader fon 60 lanner fon da welt um grossa dish rum hucka — darta is net fiel tzu sehna. Wos em shier iwwerweldich'd, is dawaig wie die delegates rum lawfa darrich recess un woh wenich outside nei kenna — in da grossa rum huck shtubba, un da ess bletz. Darta sin sie ol bei nonner — leit fon alla farva, un yaders mit seinra aigna shproch. Die monsleit sin bout ol aw gaduh wie monsleit fon unser'm lond— oh wel, alsa mohl sehnt m'r 'n tzu gabunner kup, odder g'flochtna whiskers, ow'r die weibs leit sin 'n onner bild. Fiel ous da East, lawfa rum mit ihra longa kittle frocka aw, un dale sin aw bahank'd mit grossa ohra ring.

Ow'r weck fon da fersommlinga, sin ol die delegates gons kommona leit sheinds, ferol os 'n yaders grossie arwet fer sich hut. Die Russa halta sich gawainlich weck fon da onnerra, un niemond dade denka os sie locha kenta — lawfa rum mit g'sichter 'n mile long. Ow'r ihr hetta ae Russ sehna solla locha wie der Horace Jenkins woh bei uns wor, awfonga hut Russian shwetza. Der kerl hut die hond nous un bletzlich gawunnert woh er die shproch galarnt het. Sel wor 'n bild os m'r gaglicha hetta tzu nemma, ow'r der Russ is tzu shnell fert.

M'r hen gablauder'd mit 'm V. K. Krishna Menon fon India, un woh gute English shwetza kon. Er is arrick long hairich, hut gawainlich 'n loch im g'sicht, un is der kerl woh ainer fon da airshda un beshda blawn hotata hut fer freeda mocha in Korea. Ow'r die allergraish'd blessier wor, fer gonsa laenich, die drei fon uns, beim Dr. T. F. Tsiang hucka uf ra longa bonk imma grossa gonk, un blandera fon welt socha. bardich so weit os Korea, die Russa, un China aw gait. Er shwetzt gute English un hut immer 'n waig fer socha aw gucka uf 'n g'shpassicher waig — hut g'sawt da Russa ihra socha alla weil om gae fer gronka un fergribblda soldawdta ous shwabba, wear nix mainer wie 'n shlofe pill — dada 's yusht fer der iwwer reshd fon da welt denka mocha sie wotta freeda howwa, un weara om ready mocha fer shunshd druvel mocha.

M'r hen der Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., fon unser'm lond hoerra shwetza waeich da 12,000 Chinese soldawdta in Burma, un woh der Dr. Tsiang druf shtaid os nix tzu duh hetta mit da "Nationalists" fon Formosa, un woh ihn unnershtitza. Sel sin yusht bout 600,000 Chinese, ow'r der Docktor secht, niemond wist wie fiel fon da hunnerda fon dousand onnerra Rota Chinese in China, os uf ihra side weara won sie darfta. Die Russa sin om fechta fer da Rota Chinese 'n sitz gewwa om grossa dish, un won sel g'shaina dade, dade der Dr. Tsiang sei blotz ferlierra — ebbes os net g'shaina sot.

M'r hen aw der Sir Gladwyn Jebb g'sehna fon Englond, 'n arrick gute guckicher yunger mon, ow'r woh ken tzeit kotta hut fer blauderra, ow'r g'sawt hut m'r sotta sei schreiver sehna, (secretary) un er kent 'n tzeit setza fer blauderra mit uns. Tzeit wor tzu kartz sel tzu duh, 's same wie m'r aw nimmy weiter fertzaila kenna wen m'r ol g'sehna hen on da "United Nations," un wie freindlich un freedlich os sie ol bei nonner sin, weck fon da grossa fersommlinga dish.

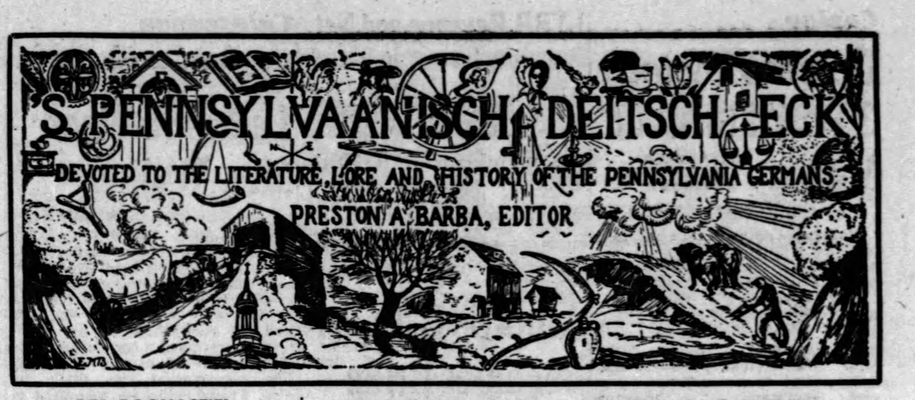
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wenich leit maiga's sella waig aw gucka, ow'r grawd wie Harrisbarrick der kapitol is fon unserra shtawdt, Washington, D.C., fon unser'm lond, so sin die 18 ocker woh die United Nations sich fersommla in Nei Yarrick, der kaptiol fon da gonsa weit.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 11:2

'Thy kingdom come' is the second petition of the Lord's Prayer. The plainest and simplest sense of this word, kingdom, is the promised kingdom which God is one day to take to Himself over all the earth, foretold by the prophets, when Satan will no longer be 'prince of this world,' and the reign of righteousness and peace will prevail. Moses, in his triumphant song of Exodus 15 (v. 18), says that the Lord shall reign for ever and ever, or as Zephaniah 14:9 has it: 'And the Lord shall be king over all the earth.' In 2 Samuel 7:16, Nathan the prophet speaking to David concerning his son, Jesus, says that His throne shall be established for ever, or, as the angel Gabriel, repeating this promise to Mary, the mother of Jesus, says: 'And of His kingdom there shall be no end' (Luke 1:33). The present kingdom of grace will be superseded by the kingdom of His glory, as the climacteric verse of the Bible declares: 'The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever,' (Rev. 11:15). Let us always be praying the last prayer of the Bible: 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' Rev. 22:20.



DER BOONASTIEL AN DER COURT

Ich waar die letscht Woch an der Court im Schtedtel als en Zeigge in ere Weibsleit Bodderation Case as der Charley Liebschtickel un der Billy Bumbernickel in der Court hen ghatt. Der Billy hot der Charley gebleemt fer seinere Fraa en Boss gewwe, un hot, glaawich, en hunnert Daaler Ferluscht hawwe welle. Well, ich hab mich expresst, as ich daet die Polly nauslehne beim Munet fer bose an me hunnert Daaler der Boss, un der Charley Liebschtickel hot des gheert un hot mich gsammenst fer em Billy Bumbernickel sei Tschartsches fer Ferluscht nunnerhocke. Ich hab mich verdollt in die Nis grickt un waar schier in die Tscheel kumme dedarrich, un des iss der Weg as es gange iss:

Der Bumbernickel hot der Tschanni Laubach gedingt fer sei Loiyer. Der Tschanni waar e paar Yaahr zerick yuscht so en Rotzkeffer, un so aarem, as sei Mammi ken Neez meh ghatt hot fer es "endgate" vun seine Hosse zuneehe. Er iss dernoh fatt noch der Schul un es erscht as mir gewist hen, hot er en Schtitzehut gewore un hot gsaat, er waer en Loiyer. Well, des Barshtli hot mich exemment uff em Zeiggeschtuhl un des hot schtannhaawlich gemacht.

Sie hen mer emol es erscht en Buch gewwe fer mich schweere. Ich hab sie gfrogt, was es waer un sie hen gsaat, es waer en Biewel. Ich hab gsaat, ich waer emol gfuhlt warre selleweg un ich wett hawwe, as sie der rot Bendel uffmache daede un mir brufe as es net widder en Kuh Dokter Buch waer. Awwer sie hen mich iwwerwelticht un mich en Biewel Eed nemme mache, ass ich die Waahrheet saagge daet.

Well, die erscht Gwestion das der Tschanni Laubach mich gfrogt hot, waar:

"What is your name"

Nau ich hab gewist, ass der Tschanni mich kennt, awwer fer Schtreit verhiede hawwich ihm andlich geandwart:

"Gottlieb Boonastiel, Esq."

"Where do you live"

"Deheem bei der Polly."

"I don't mean that, where is your place of residence"

"Ich hab ken residence. Ich wuhn noch im alde Blockheisli, wu mit Dreck zugschmiert is."

"No, no, Mr. Boonastiel, what I mean is, where is your home, that is, where do you reside?"

"O well, ich will dir's so gut saagge, ass ich kann, sidder ass du en Loiyer bischt, denk ich hoscht alles schunscht vergesse—iewen wu die alde Freind wuhne. Du gehscht do naus, bis an der Greizwek, datt gehscht dernoch darrich em alde Haahne Yarrick sei Leen bis ans erscht Falder, dernoch gehscht in me Paad am Muckel Petzmiller seinere Heckefens nuff bis an der Busch; glei sehnscht dernoch en alt Heisli uff der rechte Hand Seit, as der Schannschtee ausse draa gebaut hot. Sell iss es noch net, awwer du kummscht dernoch an en Paad, as dich uff der linke Hand Seit so zimmlich graad am Barrick nuff nemmt, un —"

"Well, well halt an nau, Mr. Boonastiel, the court don't care to hear all that. What we want to know is the general geopgraphical location of the place where you claim citizenship."

"Am Haasebarrick, United States vun Grischtoffel Columbus."

"Sell hot ihn ewennich gseddelt un ich hab gedenkt er hett Ruh. Awwer er hot widder aagfange mit:

"Mr. Boonastiel, what iss your Bisniss?"

"Kens vun deinere d-Bissniss?"

"I want you to tell this court what you do for a living."

"Mickedreck aus schwazer Pefer lese."

Er hot dernoch "appealed" zum Tschotsch fer mich schwetze mache un der Tschotsch hot mer gsaat, ich sett ihm recht andwatte.

"Well, proceed Mr. Boonastiel."

"Inventor, bolitician un philospher."

"All right, sir. Do you know the defendant?"

"Der Charley Liebschtickel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ei, du verflammt's Kalb. Ferwas sett ich net, wann mir Buwe beinanner uffgebrocht sin warre, un unser Eldere hen als mitnanner gebutschert, geaernt, gedrosche, un beinanner Sunndaags in der seeme Karrich gschlofe. Du settscht so viel selwer wisse."

"I am not presumed to know anything and I ask you this question and demand a civil answer."

"Well, ich denk net ass eensich ebber 'presumed' as du viel weesscht, awwer du settscht meh wisse, ass wie en aarmer alder Mann wie ich zu 'bully-rag'e un bschimpfe do var all denne Leit. Hawwich dich net als uff meim Buckel darrich der Schnee noch der Schul gedraagge, un dir Balledeckel aus alde Schtiffelrohre gschnidde? Nau witt du aalosse, as wann du niemand meh kenne daetscht am Barrick."

"I don't want any of your insolence," saagt der Tschanni Laubach, "and if I hear any more of it I'll have the judge put you in jail."

"Judge," hawwich gsaat, "Ich geh gaern zehe Yaahr in die Tscheel, wann du mich zehe Minutte an sell Baschtli loscht."

Die Loiyer hen dernoch en "consultation" ghatt, un der Tschanni Laubach iss uffgschtanne un hot gsaat:

"The witness is evidently irresponsible and his testimony must necessarily be of little importance. I will therefore not ocupy any more of your Honor's valuable time in useless interrogatives."

Un der Tschotsch hot gsaat:

"Call another!"

BOONASTIEL (Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

CAPTAIN JACOB YODER

In the ECK for June 21, we reprinted a paragraph from the Pennsylvania German Magazine for June, 1911, about a certain Captain Jacob Yoder, a native of Reading, Pa., who, in 1782, took the first flat boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. We are indebted to one of our readers, Mr. Harry Dufford, Bethlehem, Pa., for directing our attention to a feature article about the same Captain Jacob Yoder in the Courier-Journal Magazine of the Louisville Times, Louisville, Kentucky, for April 6, 1952. With the kind permission of the Courier-Journal we quote from Lee Heiman's article "An Old Captain's Knob-Top Retreat" with sub-title "Near Taylorsville a fine old house and an iron grave plate memorialize Jacob Yoder, who took refuge from human nature."—

"OLD Jacob Yoder lived a full life as a soldier of the Revolution, a fighter in Indian campaigns and a trader who made a fortune by taking a cargo of produce to New Orleans on the first flatboat to float down the Mississippi and selling it to the Spanish commandant there.

"After considerable wandering, hitting spots as far apart as Havana, Baltimore and Vincennes, Captain Yoder settled in Bardstown (Kentucky) in 1785, three years after that pioneer flatboat trip. He took Mary Mossman as his bride in 1793.

"Twenty years later, this Pennsylvania-born trader had grown pretty well fed up with people in general. When he saw two of his friends fight a duel in Bardstown one day, it was the last straw.

"Disgusted, Yoder took off to the Spencer County hills with his wife and 10-year-old daughter Eliza and resettled two miles north of Taylorsville, then a tiny settlement.

"He acquired 4,000 acres, much of it good farmland, around the knobs; and atop one of those little hills, in 1806, he built his home.



Vaucluse, the residence built by Capt. Jacob Yoder in 1806 in the hills of Spencer County, Kentucky.
Courtesy, The Courier-Journal, The Louisville Times

His estate he named Vaucluse, after a town in France, but no one ever knew why, since his grandparents lived in Switzerland and his parents came to this country from Holland.

"Captain Yoder's home was one befitting a 4,000-acre estate. Money was no object, apparently. Back in 1794, for example, Yoder was wealthy enough to furnish, to each of several regiments headed out to fight Indians, 50 horses loaded with provisions.

"Out there in the wilderness, he put up a two-story house. Thick walls of brick held 13 large rooms. Off to one side was a two-story kitchen, built solidly of stone. The hole dug for the basement provided good clay for the bricks, and from timber on his property came the lumber for Yoder's house and much of the furniture which went into it.

"A second daughter, Mary, was born to the Yoders at Vaucluse in 1810. The captain's wife died there 20 years later, and the master of the household ruled his pastoral domain for only two years after that." (He died in 1832).

"For Yoder's grave an old friend in Cincinnati, Capt. Joseph Pierce, ordered a great iron tablet — the first to be cast west of the Alleghenies — to memorialize the initial Mississippi flatboat ride.

"Isolated as it was, however, the marker has been seen by few persons outside the family; but it's still there. And so is the old manor house, not nearly so changed by nearly a century and a half of living as you might thing."

Old Captain Jacob Yoder rests in the little Yoder-Poignand family graveyard near the house which he built in 1806. His wife is buried beside him. Not far away are the rough stones that mark the graves of slaves that worked on his estate. The present owner of Vaucluse has counted a hundred such graves. One of the original slave log cabins is still standing, but badly in need of repairs.

The epitaph on the iron plate over Jacob Yoder's grave reads as follows:

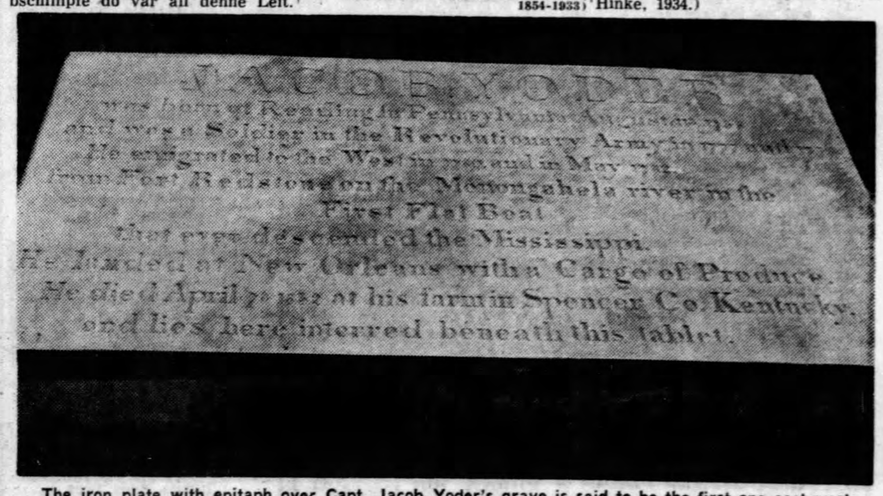
JACOB YODER
was born at Reading, Pennsylvania August e11th 1758 and was a Soldier in the Revolutionary Army in 1777 and 1778.
He emigrated to the West in 1780 and in May 1782 from Fort Redstone on the Monongahela river in the
First Flat Boat
that ever descended the Mississippi. He landed at New Orleans with a Cargo of Produce.
He died April 7th 1832 at his farm in Spencer Co. Kentucky and lies here interred beneath this tablet.

The present owners of Vaucluse, the mansion of Jacob Yoder, are Mr. and Mrs. Knox Brown Jr. and their two children. Mr. Knox Brown Jr. is the grandson of Judge Mason Brown who married Jacob Yoder's daughter Mary. Jacob Yoder's other daughter was married to David Rozel Poignand and they occupied Vaucluse until their deaths only a few months apart in 1883.

The original 4,000 acres of Yoder's estate had during the first 100 years or so dwindled to 210 acres but Knox Brown, the present owner has again built up the acreage to 340. The place is reached by way of a dirt road leading about a mile back from Kentucky 55, a short distance north of Taylorsville.

A sale bill for a family of slaves that Yoder bought in 1785 in Bardstown, immediately after he settled there, and then took with him to Vaucluse, was preserved in the Poignand family until recent years. It listed "Judah and her son Harry and an infant daughter," who had been brought to Kentucky from North Carolina by Squire Boone.

The editor of the ECK has not been able to determine with certainty whether Jacob Yoder was a son of one of the two Yoders, of Jacob or of Christian, who came on the Ship Francis & Elizabeth, George North, Master, from Rotterdam, but last from Deal and arrived in Philadelphia, with foreigners whose names were entered at the Courthouse in Philadelphia on Sept. 21, 1742; or of Jacob Joder, whose name is listed at the Court House, Philadelphia, Friday, October 4th 1751, among the foreigners who arrived on the Ship Queen of Denmark, George Parish, Commander, from Rotterdam & Cowes. (See Pennsylvania German Pioneers by Strassburger and Hinke, 1934.)



The iron plate with epitaph over Capt. Jacob Yoder's grave is said to be the first one cast west of the Alleghenies. "August e11th" means August 11.
Courtesy, The Courier-Journal, The Louisville Times

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Editorials

Unless It Hurts

With taxes ever on the increase in all categories, from the national to the local levels, there is constant expression of opinion by voters and the taxpayers that economics should be effected in government to the end that tax levies can be decreased, or at least that they will not be increased.

There is however an important "but" in all this thinking and opinion. While the voters and taxpayers seem to be eager that Uncle Sam and that Pennsylvania and that Allentown and all other political subdivisions shall spend less money, they balk if the economies come right home and, like chickens, roost upon their own front porch.

Some current examples indicate that taxpayers approve economies if they hurt others (not because they h u r t, of course), but not if they hurt themselves.

An an initial example let us cite Indiantown Gap which the U. S. Army stands ready to abandon because it is felt that economies can be effected thereby for the Federal government. Already there have been so many complaints that Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson is promising to review the case.

On the State level, consider the proposals that have been made for economies, including suggestion that the State reduce its competition with the smaller colleges and close some of its normal schools or teachers colleges, including the one in Kutztown.

Certainly no one in Kutztown or in this immediate vicinity wishes to see the doors of that useful institution closed. So many of our finest traditions and so many of the most pleasant memories of thousands of people in this area center around the ivied walls of that institution that no one wishes to see a discontinuance of its educational activities. No one wishes to inflict the economic blow that would result to the community.

We suppose that no community anywhere in the United States will welcome the closing of a nearby military training post even tho its introduction and presence may have been desired because of adverse influences, social and economic, upon the nearby community. And we suppose that not one of the fourteen cities and towns in Pennsylvania, which like Kutztown, are the homes of our teachers' colleges will ask that the doors of their institutions be closed in the interest of economy. Each will fight closing.

If economies are to be effected, somebody naturally is going to be affected and financially injured. If no harm is to be permitted, then much of the talk about economy becomes empty.

The position of representatives of the people in Government who are torn between the demands for economy and the pleas of those who do not wish to be hurt by such economies is well described in a letter which a New Hampshire congressman has written to newspapers in that State. From it the Wall Street Journal has taken Mr. Norris Cotton's complaint in these words:

"I'm getting wires about the reduction of Federal contributions. But a grange sends me a resolution against the lopping off of money for agriculture. A pulp company executive is concerned over the scaling down of forestry funds. A business association deplores discontinuance of an industrial census. A nurseryman is worried about control of the Japanese beetle."

All this makes Mr. Cotton downhearted. "It's not very nice to think," he wrote, "that economy may be political suicide."

Mr. Cotton said he is reminded of the unhappy lot of the male bee that "fertilizes the egg and thus insures the future of the colony," only to be driven promptly out of the hive to die.

"An administration which provides people of enough fancied benefits to put the nation back on a pay-as-you-go- basis," the lawmaker muses, "is likely to be a hero in history but a dead pigeon now."

What makes his grief harder to bear is that many of the protests are based on what Mr. Cotton calls the "popular fallacies."

For instance, he notes, "a housing authority in a New Hampshire city condemns the curtailment of public housing. They don't stop to think that for every cent one of our communities gets for public housing, it contributes at least 10 cents toward the vast projects for great cities in larger and richer states than ours."

Instance No. 2: An engineering firm complains about a reduction in Weather Bureau funds. "They forget that this bureau has expanded nearly 280 per cent in the last decade—almost tripled its size—and the weather hasn't improved a bit." Mr. Cotton wrote. "In fact," he added, "I think it's worse."

Is it any wonder that Senators and Congressmen, members of our General Assembly and the mayors and burgesses and other public officials thruout our land are baffled by their mail and by public demand for economies and curtailments in government services? Is there any wonder that so little is being done about it when the people themselves do not, in the final analysis, wish that it be done?

Bethlehem's Great Day

It is one of the greatest days of the year for Bethlehem and, in fact for the Lehigh Valley, when the famous Bach Choir attracts to this area leading music-lovers from all sections of the country and many from foreign countries for the annual festival that presents the marvellous music of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Music critics from every important musical and lay publication in the country are drinking in every note of the varied program which concludes during sessions today. The musical world will get a full report upon another epoch in the rediscovery of Bach, begun by Mendelssohn a century after the great composer's death, and continued in this country since Dr. J. Fred Wolle organized and conducted the local Bach Choir.

The greatest tribute however, will be paid by the humble who year after year and program after program throng to this festival, camp upon the greensward of the Lehigh University campus if they cannot get into Packer Memorial Church and enjoy the ecstasy and the rapture that truly great music brings to the soul of man.

Atom Power for Cars

That American industrialists have the most optimistic outlook for the business future of this country is indicated by some activities on the part of the Ford Motor Co., announcement concerning which is being made at this time — the 50th anniversary of the establishment of the company which did so much to put the world into motor - cars on rubber-tired wheels.

For one thing, it has been announced that research facilities to cost about $80 millions are under construction and should reach completion in about three or four years. Half a billion dollars are to be spent upon expansion of plants, including construction of what will be its largest assembly plant near New York.

But most challenging is the announcement that Ford's scientists hope an atomic - propelled motor car can be developed and that this will be the car of the future. To this end the laboratories are working to build a car of materials adaptable to high speed, high temperature and to a high pressure propulsion system. The scientists believe they can build a car involving greater use of ceramics and plastics and that they can use electronics extensively for safeguarding of high speed and the regulation of high temperature power plants.

No date is ventured for the completion even of an experimental, atomic - powered motor car. Much less can the date of mass production of such a car, in the celebrated Ford fashion, be predicted.

But this is the assurance: Ford scientists, and scientists in many other American laboratories are thinking seriously about atomic power and its adaptation to the world's work. All believe that such adaptation will advance man's standards of living and to the extent that they are able, the scientists strive for s u c h achievement.

Good Faith First

Both President Eisenhower and the State Department, speaking with his specific approval, have issued statements deprecating the idea that there are any great differences between the Western nations and seeking to restore the essential Western unity on which Western strength depends.

Thus, in reply to Prime Minister Churchill's somewhat enigmatic proposal for both a Big-Power conference on the highest level and a piecemeal solution of individual problems, President Eisenhower again declares that he is ready to do anything comporting with the dignity of the United States to promote peace, provided the Soviets display some evidence of their good faith. This is also the condition laid down by the Prime Minister himself. But the President is rather more skeptical regarding Soviet intentions and asserts that he has seen no such evidence thus far. The State Department, while praising the Prime Minister for his "high purpose," prefers to go along with him at this time on his idea of a piecemeal approach. It likewise agrees with him that the spots where the Soviets can demonstrate their sincerity are Korea and Austria. "Such a demonstration," says the department, "would help pave the way toward a high-level conference" which the Soviets profess to seek and the Prime Minister has now tossed into the international debate.

There is reason to assume that, despite Sir Winston's ambiguity, conditioned by Britain's domestic mood, there is no real difference between him and the President on the method of procedure. Certainly he must recognize that before the Western Powers can go into a conference with the Soviets they will have to agree on a concrete peace program of their own, lest they expose themselves as targets for Moscow's divisive tactics.—N.Y. Times.

Highest mountain peak in continental United States is Mt. Whitney, with an altitude of 14,495 feet.

O.K. Boys, Start Bailing Out



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON—Knowing that nearly all elements in Great Britain have been opposed to America's policies in the Far East, it was not surprising that the Communist negotiators in Korea rejected the latest plan submitted by the U.N. commander.

For, if ever a negotiation was torpedoed without warning, it was the Panmunjom parleys of the last few days which have just been broken up by the speech of Clement Attlee in the British Parliament.

The Communist negotiators would have been foolish to go ahead with any agreements as long as it was apparent that, by holding out still further, they could take advantage of the discord and the disunity arising from the differences between the United States and Great Britain.

Tragic Status

The story is a tragic one because evidently Prime Minister Churchill, who is experienced enough to know better, insisted on a foreign-affairs debate in Parliament at a crucial moment in the Korean negotiations. There were efforts made by the Washington government to dissuade him but to no avail. It was inevitable that any debate on the Far East would accentuate American-British differences.

Also, when a former prime minister is so indiscreet as to make a speech attacking America at the very moment when the Congress of the United States is being asked to shell out more and more billions for the aid of Europe, there must be something radically wrong with the political judgment of the leader of the British Socialist Labor Party.

Mr. Attlee will not get off the hook by attacking Sen. McCarthy any more than the Wisconsin senator's fiery reply will bring an improvement in Anglo-American relations.

There is, of course, a school of thought which thinks it is much better to air all the differences now and get the public opinion of both Britain and the United States thoroughly familiar with the sources of friction than to allow ill feeling to smoulder indefinitely and cause the fires of dissension to burn on and on.

The truth is British newspapers in large part have been reporting from the United States for months a one-sided story of American attitudes toward the Far East. The line taken has been that only a handful of Americans were interested in seeing the Communist regime punished for her aggression in Korea and that only a handful also favored aid to the nationalist government on Formosa. Yet American policy of aiding Chiang Kai-shek's forces has for nearly three years now been approved by Congress, and there has been no idea in Washington either under the previous or the present administration that the Communist regime should be rewarded for her aggression by inviting the Red China government into the U.N. to take China's permanent seat in the Security Council, with its all-powerful veto.

British Ingratitude

The British people have been singularly unaware that the United States has had more than 1 million boys in the Far East and that nearly 135,000 casualties have been incurred on the theory that Britain stood with America wholeheartedly behind the U.N. resolution which ordered the aggression repelled in June 1950. This principle of collective security based on Britain's support has been extolled in America. To see Britain, therefore, through Prime Minister Churchill as well as former Prime Minister Attlee, virtually repudiating the idealism of June 1950 with a willingness to accept a stalemate now on ignominous terms which leave Korea divided is as shocking as to see Mr. Attlee accusing some unidentified Americans of wanting an "all-out war" in the world because some Americans believe in using maximum power to win a victory on the battlefields of Korea.

The effort of Mr. Attlee to drive a wedge between President Eisenhower and his secretary of state by claiming that the latter's speech differed from the April 16 pronouncement by the Chief Executive is an attempt to create mischief—a task, unfortunately, to which some American writers still wedded to the Acheson concepts have dedicated themselves, too.

Small wonder that latest Moscow dispatches say that the Russian newspapers are playing up Attlee's speech and commenting that "the speeches of rank and file members of the British Parliament—conservatives as well as Laborites—proved a growing dissatisfaction in England with various aspects of American foreign policy." Small wonder, too, that "Pravda" led its article with a quotation from Laborite John Hynd, who in his speech in Parliament criticized Lt. Gen. William K. Harrison, American negotiator, for his "aggressive tone at the Korean negotiations."

Why wouldn't the Communists reject the proposals when some of Britain's spokesmen in Parliament have already publicly repudiated the American negotiators? With such ineptitude, the world may wonder whether British bungling, which led the world into World War I and which failed at Munich to perceive the folly of its own diplomacy and brought on World War II, may now be dragging the world involuntarily into World War III by failing to be decisive and at critical moments to adhere unequivocally to its pledges to its allies.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WALBERT'S G'SHPICHTA: Walberts is 'n blotz woh fon da g'shpassichda socha g'shaina os yusht grawd miglich sin. Now nem die g'shicht beim Ralph Wenner da onner dawg. 'M Ralph sei maud die Molly, wor nous noch da mailbox die tzeiting un brief hola, un wie sie tzurick ins hous gawolt hut, ferhoftich sei won sie sich net nous g'shlossa hut kot.

'S airsht hut sie on die fenshterra gadenk'd fer sich nei shoffa, ow'r alla aims wor g'shlossa, un so aw ol die dierra. Noh is sie iwwer die shtross niver tzu da Mabel Wetzel ihra aeland glawga un rote halta wie sie ins hous kent. Die Mabel hut alta shlissel bei da hunnerd bei grick'd, ow'r net ainer huts mushder kot wie 'n Wenners' shlissel, doch hen sie sie ol gabroviert un net ainer hut gaboss'd.

Die Molly hut der Ralph noh uf garufa on da arwet, wunnerra eb re 'n hous shlissel het, ow'r er hut aw kenner kot, un hut g'sawt sie mist sich ewwa nei shoffa da beshda waig os sie kent. Noh hut sie un die Mabel nocha mohl fer 'n weil rote k'halta, ow'r sel wor aw bout ol. Endlich hut die Molly g'sawt, "Now gebts ebbes," un hut 'n shtecka ganumma un 'n kaller fenshter nei garent. Der druvel wor ols noch net feriwwer —'s kaller fenshter wor tzu k'hank'd mit ma hoka un hen 'n mechdichie tzeit kot bis sie selar uf kotta hen.

Die nagshd froke noh wor, wellie fon na os es beshd tzum kaller fenshter nei shluppa kent, un nunner uf der budda jumpa. Endlich ken sie sich die bae gamessa, un die weil os die Molly die langshda kotta hut — un aw 's dinsh'd wor, hen sie ous gamocht sie mist nei shluppa. Un sie is aw nei g'shlupt, uns hais'd der Ralph het shun iwwer un iwwer gawinsch'd er net 'n mic'l sei kenna, fer die Molly sehna in der kaller groddla. Wie sie im kaller wor huts ken tzeit ganumma bis sie 'uf g'shlossa hut kot, un wil wetta os sie nimmy ous 'm hous gait mit ous sie hut 'n shlissel fer tzurick nei.

Sellie socha worra ferhoftich sei shier so shlim wie aw 'm Porra Bill Rupp sei fraw die Polly doh net long tzurick shtraich gamocht hut om alta kerricha hous. Die Polly un boo Billy, hen p'such ins hous ganumma woh alla weil lare shtaid fer na 's hous weissa. Sie sin ol rous mit ra maining fer widder tzurick nei gae — ol os wie der boo Billy net, un wohs shloss g'shteld hut fer sheesa won sie die dier tzu mocha dada — un wies aw hut. Sel het noh aw nix ous gamocht won die Polly der shlissel net inside im hous leia het kot, un hen aw net gawist wie der shlissel tzu griega fer uf shleesa.

Endlich is der Marvin "Muff" Wetzel un sei Mabel dawaig kumma woh ocht gewwa uf die kerrich, un der kerrich hofe un bei da tzeit aw ins kerricha hous tziega wolla. Der "Muff" hut grawd gawist os aryads ebbes letz is wie er die Polly un der Billy sehna hut outside rum brutza, un gawunnert wos letz wear. Wie sie ihm ihra aeland gaglawg'd hen kotta os die dier g'shlossa wear un der shlissel dade inside drin leia, hut der "Muff" aw mohl wenich gakunsider'd, un glei 'n waig kotta fer sich ins hous shoffa, un hut die dier glei widder uf kotta — uns hut aw ken fenshter sheib gakosh'd. So wie m'r hoerra, sol der Porra Bill, uns kerricha raud ow'r nix wissa fon denna socha, un besser sawga nix may weiter so os sie net sawga kenna mier hetta 's drous rum gabell'd wons mohl rous kumma sot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Clair Price fom Long Shwammer wertshous hut so'n olmechdicher obadit tzitter os er 'n ehob hut im Barricks kounty kourt hous in Reading, os sei Katie 'n owets nimmy on der dish lust fer essa — sie mess'd 'm rous wos er howwa sol, un er ess'd om bar wie 'n fremmer.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 12:49-53.

Verse 50 shows us how eagerly the heart of Christ was set on finishing the work which the Father had sent Him to do. Jesus was the one person born into this world for the definite purpose of dying, namely, to atone for man's sin. But the heart of the natural man is not much interested in this, hence His coming was like fire sent upon the earth, v. 49, persecutions of those who did receive Jesus as Saviour and much suffering with martyrdom. And He Himself had to suffer before there was a Gospel to be preached, so that He was eagerly looking forward to His voluntary death on the cross. This, then, was to be followed, not by peace, but by division. Peace indeed for those who received Him, but division between those who did and those who did not receive Him. And Jesus is still the one who separates even within family groups, vs. 52-53, where two, for example, out of five may be converted; it may be father against son, or mother against daughter. It is a sad fact that nothing annoys some persons so much as the conversion of their relatives!

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of May 16, 1928, aWednesday.

William G. Thomas of Lansford, was appointed judge of the court of common pleas in Carbon County by Gov. Fisher to succeed the late Judge Laird H. Barber.

Felix Mendelssohn's "Elijah." was presented by the choir of Christ Lutheran Church, augmented to 60 voices, in the church auditorium at 13th and Hamilton Streets.

"Education Night," featuring recitations, plays songs and a debate, was held for children as part of the opening week activities at the new Jewish Community Center.

Horoscope

Your next year promises financial expansion. Today's child seems destined to be kindhearted.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(Dr. Graeff, well-known historian and frequent contributor to the ECK, during the summer of 1952 again sought, with his customary zeal, traces of the Pennsylvania Germans in their trek across the country. His travels led him northward through the state of New York, into Canada, and across the middle and far western states to the Pacific. His experiences were published in his widely read column SCHOLLA, which appears thrice weekly in the Reading Times. With the author's kind permission we are here publishing in somewhat condensed form Dr. Graeff's interesting experiences. —ED.)

THE UNIVERSAL FRIEND

Several years ago I told my readers about Jemima Wilkinson, that remarkable Rhode Island woman who came to the Pennsylvania Dutch country late in the 18th century for the purpose of seeking followers for her queer cult. The name of her religious order was The Public Society of the Universal Friend. Miss Jemina was convinced that she was Christ returned to earth. In her speech and mannerisms she tried to substantiate her claim, even to the point of adopting masculine clothing and acting as if she were a member of the male sex.

Rhode Island has not dealt kindly with her or her followers. The Schwenkfelders in southeastern Pennsylvania gave the zealot shelter and she did some proselyting among them and others in the Pennsylvania German area, particularly in Worcester Township, Montgomery County. A shocking court case involving some of her followers made life too uncomfortable for Jemina in Pennsylvania and for some who believed in her. She moved to New York state taking some Pennsylvania Dutch with her. Here this group was joined by several of the faithful from Connecticut and Rhode Island. The name of the town PEN YAN is the result of combining the two words Pennsylvania and Yankee.

This is being written 162 years after the trek of the Pennsylvanians to the head of Lake Keuka, one of the Finger Lakes of central New York State. The folks hereabout speak proudly of their grape culture. Queen of the vineyards is the Catawba. Perhaps Longfellow had this area in mind when he wrote:

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube, Quadalquivir;
Nor on Island or Cape,
That bears such a grape,
As grows by the beautiful river.

Leader of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen who migrated to "Jerusalem," the general name for the area, was one David Wagner, spelled Wagener in New York Records. In Pennsylvania we were taught that Wagner was one of Jemima's ardent converts, but records up here deny that he was ever a member of Jemima's "Society," but that he came north and established the first gristmill in this region. His son Abraham built the second. Local historians state that the Wageners were the true founders of Penn Yan.

We continued in our efforts to find vestiges of Pennsylvania culture and lore in this New York region but they turned out to be somewhat unrewarding. The name Wagener, important as it was in the early settlement of Penn Yan appears to have vanished from the immediate community, though there are persons by that name in nearby Bath. Upon sighting the neon sign marking the Wagner Hotel, we entered to make some inquiries. We were told that the building had been erected by one Morris Sheppard who had come with the original settlers from southeastern Pennsylvania. At the close of the War Between the States the property was purchased by a man named Wagner who bore no relation to the original settler from Pennsylvania.

When Pennsylvania history was brought into focus one of the men in the hotel lobby pricked up his ears. He introduced himself as J. T. Whitefield, explaining somewhat timorously that he is a direct descendant of the Rev. George Whitefield who did so much work in founding the Methodist Church in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. Temerity changed to delight when he learned that the life and work of Whitefield is still known and respected in Pennsylvania after more than two centuries. Whitefield worked among the early German settlers of Pennsylvania. The present Mr. Whitefield then stated that he too is of Pennsylvania German extraction and to prove it he engaged in a bit of "Deitsch schwetze."

At a Strawberry Social

West of the Finger Lakes region the motorist finds himself in a rich agricultural area. Husbandry here is almost as good as it is in Lancaster and in Berks. In West Bloomfield we noticed a Strawberry Social in progress on a church lawn. We soon found ourselves initiated into the Social at fifty cents per head. Everyone knew the other at the long picnic tables and soon we found ourselves in the very circle of the Ladies Guild of the First Congregational Church. No Pennsylvania Dutch here! But wait, there are the two Hewitt sisters, prominent among the ladies of the Guild. Could the name Hewitt have come from Pennsylvania? It did. The father had come from Montgomery County and the immigrant ancestor of the family (Huyett) was a French Huguenot who had come to America with the Palatines.

The napkins furnished us at the Social carried an advertisement for a dairy firm in Dutch Hollow. What could that mean? One of the ladies of the Guild is employed at that dairy. She told us that her employer, one Jennings, a Scotsman, thought it good business to use the term "Dutch" in advertising his Edam cheese. He had selected the name of an abandoned community in the West Bloomfield region and imported a Dutchman from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a Charles Eckman, to give further authencity to the "dutchness" of his cheeses!

IN PARTIAL EXILE

But where was Dutch Hollow?—No, you will not find the place on any map and no post office gazette will carry the place name. It is a depression in the undulating earth just west of Lima, N. Y. The few houses and ramshackle barns which still stand there give no evidence of having been the homes of any Pennsylvania Dutch. There is one exception, however. There is a beautiful home on the eastern edge of Dutch Hollow and in front of the mansion is a sign reading "Dutch Hollow Antiques." This we could not resist. What kind of Dutch? Pennsylvania Dutch! And with a vengeance.

Mrs. J. A. Allers, the proprietress, warned us in entering that we would surely be forced to buy once she "began working on us." "Don't know about that" we countered, "We're Pennsylvania Dutch, and they are not so easy." From that moment onward for hours there was no talk of selling. Mrs. Allers, the former Ruth Andreas of Cherryville, Bucks County, Pa., wanted to talk about Pennsylvania Dutch. She was hungry for history, lore and craft knowledge, and tears came when she had a chance to talk the dialect. The "Feschte", of her home church in Pennsylvania came floating back to her memory. Laughter greeted the use of such words as "schpritz" and "strubbli."

Marriage to a man from Baltimore had forced Mrs. Allers to leave her home in Pennsylvania and after years of residence in other parts of the world she had opened her antique shop in Dutch Hollow, N. Y. But her antiques are, almost without exception "treasures from the Pennsylvania countryside," secured for her by professional "pickers" stationed at strategic points in Lebanon, Berks, York and Northampton.

Only a few taufscheins hang on the walls, one recording the baptism of a child in Wheit Dhier Taunship (White Deer Township) in Union County, Pa., and another of the baptism of Carleine Stump in Bethel Township, Berks, the Rev. Wilhelm Hendel officiating in 1832. There is a spice set decorated with Dutch designs, a number of Schmutzamschele, lots of slip ware pottery, an old corner cupboard secured in York and a pie-safe from a home in Jonestown, Lebanon County. The pie-safe is covered with decorated tin, perforated with designs of the sun-wheel similar to the barn signs. In mischief we wondered whether these symbols were designed to keep the hexes out of the pies. Recently Mrs. Allers sold a similar closet to a customer in the British Bahama Islands. Of course there were decorated chairs, Stiegel glass, Gaudy Dutch, spatterware, bride's boxes, woven coverlets and a host of other objects which make any part of the earth become Pennsylvania.—No, we just never did get around to talking about buying any articles and she never did try to "work on us." Somehow, it had been like lifting the curtain of exile.

DER MAI

Iwwersetzt un verennert aus em Allemanische vun Feiner

Ach, wie lieblich isch der Mai!
Macht er uns net Frucht un Hai?
In der Wies un uff em Feld
Wachst en yeder Halm zu Geld;
Isch er ebmols wennich schpot
Gebt's doch Rose, weiss un rot.

Nooch de Beemlin haucht er 's Blieh,
Iwwer alle Neschtlin hie;
Sehnscht en darch die Wiese geh—
Uff em Berg un Hiegel schteh?
Haucht er Duft vum Himmel bloo,
Graad isch 's Laab un 's Blimmli do.

Nooch seim Odem, mild un lau,
Glitzert schon der Marye-tau;
Alles grient un alles blieht,
Wu mer numme anne sieht,
Un an yedem Schpitzli Graas
Hengt en Treppli gfaerbtes Glaas.

Guck, wie datt en Lerchli schwingt,
Harch, wie es so lieblich singt!
Scheeni Aussicht, siesser Schall,
Luscht un Freede iwwerall;
Alles lebt un webt wie nei,
Ach, wie lieblich isch der Mai.

—Aus H. L. Fischer's KURZWEIL un ZEITFERTREIB York, Pa., 1896

A REDEDICATION

Fort Erie, Ontario:

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Batson of Black Creek, Ontario, were our hosts at their summer home near the Peace Bridge leading from Buffalo, New York to Ontario, Canada. The young couple have their roots deep in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Mrs. Batson is the former Louise Shartle Wiest Marshall, a graduate of Linden Hall at Lititz and a former student at Cedar Crest College, Allentown. Her family has its roots in the Mahantango Valley in Schuylkill County.—Fred Batson is one of the owners of the Kittinger Furniture Company of Buffalo. It is this company which furnished many of the articles for the Williamsburg, Virginia, Restoration and for the recent refurbishing of the White House at Washington. His mother was a Kittinger, whose parents migrated from eastern Pennsylvania to Buffalo. Both Mr. and Mrs. Batson have kept alive their interest in their Pennsylvania heritage.

The Batsons led us to Niagara Christian College, an institution of learning conducted by the Brethren in Christ Church in Ontario. Quoting from the college catalog we note: "The body of believers known as Brethren in Christ trace their origin to Lancaster County, Pa. About the year 1786 the first baptismal service was held on the bank of the Susquehanna . . . because their homes were near the river they came to be called the River Brethren."

Through the courtesy of Miss Dorothy Shirk, principal of the school, and the Rev. Henry Brubaker we learned the story of the origin of this school so devoted to religious training.

In 1929 a group of sportsmen from Buffalo, N. Y., built a very fine structure on the Canadian side for the purpose of setting up a pleasure club. It was during the days of prohibition in the U.S.A. These Buffalo sportsmen had gotten very thirsty and they planned to create for themselves an alcoholic oasis in moist Canada. Only one frolic was held in this Sports Palace and then came the American Depression. The fortunes of the sportsmen vanished and in their retrenchment they abandoned the Fort Erie Club.

In the meantime the Ontario Bible School had been organized. It held its sessions in a private home near the spot where the first immigrant from Pennsylvania had landed early in the 19th century. The exact spot was the point occupied by the abandoned Sports Palace. In 1938 the descendants of the Pennsylvania River Brethren purchased the palatial structure that was standing idle and there opened Niagara Christian College, where instruction in Bible and Christian Living is required of all students.

On the same day that we visited the College a new gymnasium was being dedicated. New dormitories and other buildings had already been added to the growing college. The defunct sports palace is now dedicated to the service of religion.

To folks in Pennsylvania the surnames of the members of the faculty will have significance. The Rev. Henry Brubacker, formerly from Cumberland County, Pa., is the President; Dorothy Shirk is the Principal; Elizabeth Rosenberger is the Dean; Elmer Steekely teaches Bible, Pauline Herr teaches English, Mona Price history, Samuel Herr music. Harold Seider is Dean of Men and Mrs. Clarance Weideman is Dietitian.

Near the college there is a barn owned by a man by the name of Morningstar. He told us in Dutch that his name is really Morgenstern. The barn is decorated with Pennsylvania German barn signs—not hex signs, for the symbols are morning stars!

COUSINS FROM THE BANAT

Niagara Falls, Ontario:

We were eating our lunch in the Holiday Restaurant along the Queen Elizabeth Highway in Ontario. A group of guests were having trouble explaining their wants to the waitress. To our amazement we understood the language they were using when speaking to each other. It was not exactly our dialect but there were many similarities. Finally a well-set-up young man came to the rescue of the group and explained their wishes in perfect English. At the cashier's counter we fell into conversation with the young man, Robert Achimov of Montreal. Lo, he understood Pennsylvania Dutch!

His family had come to Montreal many years ago from the Banat, that unhappy Danubian province divided at the time of the Peace of Trianon (1920) between Romania and Yugoslavia. We knew of course that many Palatines had left their homes in Germany to seek shelter in the Banat at about the same time that our forefathers from the Palatinate found refuge in Pennsylvania.

In 1950 we met several such families in Kaiserslautern, in the Palatinate, and chatted with them in "Pelsisch." They had escaped the Sickle and the Hammer by returning to the land of their ancestors; those we met here in Ontario have found refuge under the Maple Leaf of the Dominion.

Actually the entire party that had been at the table in the Holiday restaurant were Serbians, enroute to a Serbian Folk Festival held that afternoon on the outskirts of Niagara Falls, Ontario. Would we care to attend? Indeed we would!

With Robert Achimov and his mother we were escorted to Serbian Grove, where for the past seven years the festival has been held. There we were introduced to Peter Bulat, the national president of the Canadian-Serbian Alliance. He informed us that there were over 3,000 Serbs in attendance. With the help of the Achimovs he explained many of the features of the program. Mrs. Achimov conversed with us almost entirely in the Banat dialect, much like that we use here in Pennsylvania.

A big van came up and brought the food for the celebration. It contained the barbecued carcasses of 30 lambs and many porkers. Butchers cut up and weighed out chunks of cold meat to the heads of families. The women folk had baked huge loaves of bread, "kos" they called them. Large bunches of scallions topped off the picnic lunch. Families sat at long tables consuming huge quantities of food; some squat upon the ground. Everywhere was the spirit of gaiety and good fellowship. As onlookers we noted the renewal of many friendships as Serbs met old friends or refugees who could tell them things about folks and conditions in Yugoslavia today. Talk about politics was forbidden, we were told, but many wore buttons bearing the likeness of General Makailovich, leader of the Chetnicks in World War II, the man who was so brutally executed by Tito when the Communists came into power.

Thus, through the vehicle of Pennsylvania Dutch we became part of a Serbian (Yugoslav) folk festival in Ontario, Canada. It is curious indeed how cultural patterns form.

To be Continued

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Editorials

Our Own Cincinnatus

Like Cincinnatus who repeatedly was called from his private calling in Rome by the military needs of his state, so Brigadier General Charles C. Curtis during a period of almost forty years has answered the call of public duty five times and interrupted his active and capable business life in this community.

Yesterday marked the fifth response to public call when Governor John S. Fine prompted him to come out of retirement from the military, a step taken only two years ago, and become the commanding officer of the 28th Division with the rank of major general.

The appointment signalized the vigorous reorganization of the State's National Guard, a step that is necessary inasmuch as the original 28th, famed in two great wars, has been federalized and was sent to Germany as a regular army unit.

Certainly no more thoro soldier could have been chosen by Governor Fine to reconstruct the National Guard of Pennsylvania. The 28th Division has had famous men at its head in the course of more than 35 years. General Curtis is a worthy successor to all of them and his many admirers in this community will congratulate the State of Pennsylvania upon having induced him to leave retirement from military labors. With confidence they look to him to reshape the National Guard into the efficient and strong organization which the national government upon three occasions has found ready to hand in its direst military emergencies.

Parkway on Canal

It is good to hear from representatives of local groups of sportsmen that they hope to beautify the area of the abandoned canal between Catasauqua and what used to be known as Kimmett's Lock, a mile north of the Hamilton St. bridge.

Citizens of Freemansburg several years ago demonstrated what could be done for community recreation purposes with the old canal channel and the banks adjacent. A group of civic-minded people in Walnutport are striving at this time to improve the stretch of the old canal between locks in that boro.

After twenty years of virtual idleness on this stretch of water from the anthracite mines to Easton, only a few areas remain inviting to those who would refill the canal, use it for boating and bathing and stock it for fishing. But it is cheering that so many public-spirited citizens are noting opportunities and are seeking to take advantage of them.

Of course, there are a considerable number of problems. But our local committee of sportsmen are eager and earnest in their plans to establish a pretty park north of Kimmett's Lock. Here's hoping they achieve their heart's desire.

Church at "Drive-in"?

So many drive-in theaters have been established hereabouts and have achieved such large clientele that it is more than likely the management of some one of them will take the intitial step to encourage out - door religious services upon his property in manner similar to an experiment that is to have its first test on Sunday June 7 in New York City.

In the big city the Protestant Council of Greater New York is responsible for initiating the idea. It has arranged to hold services at a drive-in theater near the Whitestone Bridge.

It would be interesting to see what public response would be accorded non - denominational services by and for the vast number of unchurched and unattached people in our community. A "drive-in" church service would not necessarily militate against regular services in the churches. It could serve as the attraction for those who are not church members and who have asserted repeatedly thruout the years that they can worship as sincerely and truly in God's great outdoors as others worship in temples dedicated to His honor and glory.

Dollars, not Tears

When William N. Oatis was released from prison in Czechoslovakia last week a world that has grown to be suspicious and cynical about everything that the Red countries and their governments do could not accept the early story that release had followed the pitiful plea by letter of Oatis' wife to President Klement Gottwald.

Belief was that woman's tears mean nothing to the hardened tyrants behind the Iron Curtain. That belief now is supported by revelation made on Thursday that almost a month ago President Eisenhower proposed to the Czechs' new president, Zapotocky, that if Oatis were released, the United States would be ready to negotiate "on the basis of full, mutual understanding the issues arising from the arrest of Mr. Oatis."

The bait then which appears to have been used to bring about the release of Oatis was agreement to negotiate the various bans which the United States has imposed upon Czechoslovakia. These include our ban upon exports from that country and all imports from this country to Czechoslovakia; ban upon travel by Americans into that country and ban upon flights of Czech planes over West Germany.

It took a long time for the pinching of the shoe to pursuade the Reds that something should be done about Oatis. All the women in the United States could have written sobbing letters and all the little children could have wailed from now until doomsday and the Reds would not have listened.

When President Eisenhower however talked in terms of dollars the Reds listened. Money and force are the only factors that are respected on that side of the Iron Curtain.

Western Unity

Instead of counting too much on the crises inside the Communist world which may follow Stalin's death, the free world will be wiser, I believe, to speed the buildup of its own forces and recognize the fact that the Soviet dictatorship is as much a threat to it as before the death of Stalin . . .

The collapse of the present European movement towards integration would be a double calamity; first, it would confuse the Western world; second, it would prove in Communist eyes the validity of Stalin's last dictum—namely, that the contradictions between the capitalistic states are even more serious than the conflict between East and West . . .

A western world in which capitalists and socialists continue to consider each other deadly enemies will hardly be able to exploit fully any future crisis that may occur within the Communist world. Mutual understanding between democratic socialism and democratic capitalism, it seems to me, is a major prerequiste for a dynamic democratic front against Communist imperialism, the common enemy of both systems. The American system of democratic capitalism and European socialism are working toward the same ends; the emancipation and prosperity of the masses. The tendency to overplay their different means towards similar ends can provide only grist to the Communist mill . . .

Whatever course of action is anticipated for the liberation of the captive nations, there is little hope for the free or for the enslaved without unity of the West.—"Freedom & Union"

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

How old are you?

Please don't say I am impudent or that it is none of my business.

Of course it isn't — but it certainly is yours.

I don't mean how old you are in years. That hasn't a thing to do with it. It doesn't make any difference whether you are ten, twenty, thirty, sixty or eighty.

Years have nothing to do with a person's age. It's outlook on life that counts.

Ask a little girl how old she is. She'll never say five or six or seven. It's always "almost six" or "seven years and four months."

That is the time of life when the only trouble about aging is that it is so slow in coming.

When you are 17 and fall in love for the first time with a man much older, you are ashamed of your youth. You wish you could make yourself 20, and usually do (that is often the first white lie you ever tell.

With boys, it's about the same, only generally for different reasons. It may be a job that requires at least 18 years of having lived. Or, maybe the kid wants to join the army. Or he might want to be a prize fighter.

The only advice I can give a boy like that is, don't try to make yourself any older than you are until after your voice changes. That is a dead giveaway.

Then from about 20 to 39, people don't give much thought to their age.

There are too many things to do. Marriage, setting up a home, having and rearing children, trying to get ahead in the world. Those are all matters that take up too much time to think of age and of one's self.

Those, in my opinion, are the best years of one's life.

Then suddenly comes the 40th birthday.

If one is not yet married by that time one becomes — in one's own mind — an old maid or a confirmed bachelor.

From then on the cosmetic manufacturers, the hair dressers, the reducing salons, the diet counselors become a very important part of one's life.

Many people — like Jack Benny, for instance — never pass their 39th birthday. Which is all right for a comedian but becomes very tragic when one is just a plain citizen.

Why is one ashamed of being young or old? Why do so many women and quite a few men worry themselves old by thinking too much about their ages?

It is not the physical age that counts, it is the mental age. To be afraid of admitting one's age is the sign of a terrific inferiority complex.

But, the trouble with such a complex is that it prevents one from growing.

Some of the greatest deeds of wisdom have been done by men and women in the 50's, 60's, 70's, 80's.

But they were not done by standing in front of a mirror painting and powdering and trying to fool the world.

It isn't how old you are that counts, it's how old and how sensible you are willing to be.

"Be your age" is, indeed, a splendid admonition.

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of May 23, 1928, a Wednesday.

Several score members of the Pennsylvania - New Jersey Historical Automobile Tour Association visited Allentown as one of their stops on a tour of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Allentonians were looking skyward in the hope of seeing the dirigible, Los Angeles, which the Navy Department indicated would fly over the city.

One million dollars worth of bonds issued by the city were sold to the Allentown National Bank. This was the second issue of that amount provided in the loan of $3,850,000 authorized by the voters for purposes of improvement.

Horoscope

Put your cherished plans into action; they should work out smoothly and profitably. There is evidence of unexpected gain and success in the months ahead. Today's child may be quietly ambitious, fond of and clever in the arts.

There were approximately 22 million persons under 35 years of age with some form of hearing impairment by recent count.

Taking Over the Old Homestead



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower achieved a master stroke by inviting the heads of the governments of Great Britain and France to meet with him in a few weeks to discuss problems of world peace. Their acceptance was immediate.

It was essential, indeed imperative, that something dramatic be done to show Soviet Russia that the western allies are not at odds and that, in matters of substance as against Moscow, they stand together.

Unfortunately, Rene Mayer, premier of France, was forced out of office almost simultaneously with the announcement of the forthcoming conference, which he undoubtedly was instrumental in getting President Eisenhower to convene. But another French premier will attend and doubtless will present the same viewpoint as Mr. Mayer might have expressed. Nevertheless, the incident does rather expose the fallacy of Clement Attlee's tart comment in the House of Commons recently about the American constitutional system and the possibility that an American president might not be backed up by the Senate.

Actually, all democracies have constitutional difficulties with their parliaments — including at the moment the governments of Germany and Italy. This is not new and merely emphasizes the importance of a free play of public opinion and a free press, which in a democracy can bring all elements together in a common international policy irrespective of partisan politics. Mr. Attlee the other day spoke too hastily, and by inference was unnecessarily critical of President Eisenhower in implying that the Senate would not work with the present Chief Executive. Actually, there is more evidence of harmony already between Mr. Eisenhower and both Democratic and Republican leaders in Congress on matters of foreign policy than has been manifested in many years. Mr. Attlee was simply uninformed.

Example of Leadership

No better example of the leadership of Mr. Eisenhower on world affairs can be given than the support which he received from coast to coast in America and from virtually all groups and factions after he made his historic address before the American Society of Newspaper Editors last month.

The comments, moreover, that have just come from Capitol Hill since the announcement of the three-power meeting, called by President Eisenhower, were unanimous. They prove that all the talk about obstruction from the Senate is poppycock.

The significance of the three-power meeting is this: America will explore the viewpoints of the British and French governments and present with them a solid front to Soviet Russia. If, for example, it is decided to ask for a high-level conference with the head of the Soviet government, the Bermuda conference will set forth the conditions for such a meeting with the Russian government.

Matters have gone along so far already that it will be politically difficult for any government in the west to oppose a meeting with Malenkov, even though there may be little assurance of subsequent progress. Prime Minister Churchill prefers an informal type of meeting — like the ones at Yalta and Potsdam — where there is ample opportunity for exchanges of views at the top without too many subordinates around to give the affair the appearance of a "plenary session."

Fateful Meeting

Such a meeting with Malenkov — probably to be held in Berlin — could be a fateful affair. If it proved fruitless, it would demonstrate to those abroad who have had unbounded faith in the sincerity of the Russians that mere conversation doesn't solve anything. If, on the other hand, war came in the next few years, such a meeting would be historic evidence that the allies had sought every honorable method of maintaining peace.

Any idea that Moscow intends to yield her claims and demands and suddenly become cooperative in Europe would seem farfetched, because Moscow feels she has been winning the cold war and that she is negotiating now from strength rather than weakness. Some minor concessions by Russia are likely, provided the allies are willing to relax restrictions on the movement of raw materials and manufactured goods into Iron Curtain countries. For the real purpose of the Moscow "peace offensive" is to get a breathing spell for the Soviet armament program, to build Communist prestige in the weaker countries which have been wavering between support for the east and west, and to get time in which to enlarge the Russian military forces and equipment with facilities and materials that the west might be gullible enough to furnish.

It took 267 meetings to discover that Soviet Russia didn't intend to make an agreement on the Austrian treaty. It has taken nearly two years to ascertain whether or not the Communists want a truce in Korea. It may take the heads of the three governments only a few days to set up a series of subsequent meetings by foreign secretaries and their deputies. But it might take another couple of years or more to hold such meetings with Soviet negotiators. The cycle of talkfests is about to be resumed.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DES SOL NET RÖUS: Yar bei jupps won sei lebdawg ebbes wor os der Ed Fritz fon Andreas hail halta hut wolla, don wors doh 'm onnerra Sundawg die er fergessa hut sei kindskind — die glae Barbara Smith mit hame nemma fon da Peters kerrich on Mantzville. Sie hen ebbes fon ra arigle eiweierrei kotta, un woh der Ed grossa indressa drin ganumma hut. Ebs Clayton Smitha woh's Eds dahame sin net gonga worra, kenna m'r net sawga, 's same wie m'r aw net fershure wissa, eb sie sohns fraw Alice Fritz — da Barbara ihra mam gonga wor, ow'r glawwa net os sie wor. Aenicha waig, der Ed un die Barbara—sex yohr alt, worra mits Howard Steigerwalt's noch da kerrich un hen aw widder mit hame gawolt.

Wies ledshd lied g'sunga wor, un der porra hut der saiga — shpruch g'sawt kot, huts net long ganumma bis der Howard un sei Fern ready worra fer hame gae —ow'r net der Ed. Er un der kolamon Claudie Breiner fon Sid Tamauqua hen 'n lot tzu blauderra kot—fon da arigle, da shaina kerrich, un aw da fiela gute guckicha weibsleit os in da kerrich worra. Sie hetta noch 'n lot langer gablauder'd ow'r der Howard hut g'sawt sie mista ferhoftich sei hame gae, un der Ed is uf die mashine gajump'd, un sie sin 's dahl unna nous so shtarrick os sie gae hen kenna.

Wie sie shier dahame worra hen sie on die glae Barbara gadenk'd un mohl rote k'halta wie aw tzu gae. 'S wor uf kours yusht ae ding tzu duh — rum draya un tzurick nuf noch da kerrich fohrra, sehna eb die glae noch darta wear. Un sie wor aw noch darta—'s worra noch 'n lot leit rum, ow'r 's airsht os der Ed draw gadenk'd hut tzu sawga wie sie die glae galawda hen kotta wor, "Um da lieva willa halta ihr meiler doh dawaiga, so os der Pumpernickle 's net ous fin'd."

So weit os m'r wissa, hut der Howard un die Fern aw net bohna g'sawt dawaiga, yusht sis kayose wie die socha alsa mohl rous kumma. Denk der Ed hut net howwa wolla os sei Emma wind dafon graich'd, un der Claudie fermuthlich wot aw net howwa os sei Lizzie wist wos fer, 'n gablauder os er un der Ed kotta hen noch da kerrich. 'S besh'd denk ich is, nix may weiter sawga, so os sie net sawga kenna mier hetta die socha drous gum gabell'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Heit gebts 'n gross ordichie tzeit on da Kutztown Teachers kollege — sis net yusht "Alumni" dawg, ow'r aw so gore die 40d anniversary fon da Klass fon 1913 — die drup woh mier dabei worra.

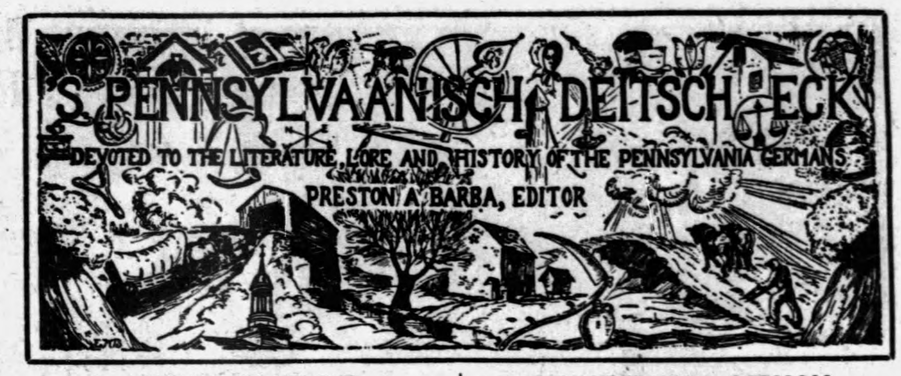
Unser klass hut ihra tzomma kum danovet om sex uhr in da kollege ess shtub — 's airsht mohl os monicha dafon nonner sehna in 40 yohr.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 13:22-30

We naturally wonder who the person was who asked Jesus in the course of His journey through cities and towns on His way to Jerusalem: 'Are the saved few in number?' Why was the question asked? All we can say is that it afforded Jesus the opportunity to give a serious exhortation to the multitude, of whom the questioner was one. 'Strive to enter in at the strait (narrow) gate', He said, 'for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not, whence ye are'. (I think that there should be a comma instead of a period at the end of v. 24). Then those who are refused entrance at the last day complain that they should not be shut, out, because they had been 'religious' all their lives. But in fact they had been traveling the broad road of easy-going indifference to the importance of repentance and conversion. Read Matthew 7:14 and all of Matthew 25:1-13.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(Dr. Graeff, well-known historian and frequent contributor to the ECK, during the summer of 1952 again sought, with his customary zeal, traces of the Pennsylvania Germans in their trek across the country. His travels led him northward through the state of New York, into Canada, and across the middle and far western states to the Pacific. His experiences were published in his widely read column SCHOLLA, which appears thrice weekly in the Reading Times. With the author's kind permission we are here publishing in somewhat condensed form Dr. Graeff's interesting experiences. —ED.)

Continued

A TRAIL RETRAILED

Preston, Ontario

On Wednesday, June 18th, 1952, a unique cavalcade assembled in City Square, Lancaster, Pa. News gatherers, radio and television folks were on hand to note the historic event which was taking place. A Conestoga wagon, drawn by two horses, was setting out to re-enact the trek of the Lancaster County Mennonites who emigrated to Canada one hundred and fifty years ago.

The team was being driven by Lorne Weber and Manzie Weaver, of Waterloo, Ontario, both men representing the fourth generation of Pennsylvanians who pioneered Upper Canada. The wagon was one which made the journey more than a century and a half ago. The horses and the wagon were brought from Canada to Lancaster for the purpose of retracing the travel route and methods used by the first settlers of Waterloo County, Ontario.

As scheduled we picked up the cavalcade more than two weeks later, as it entered the borders of Waterloo at Galt, Ontario. At that point the residents of Galt had erected a toll-gate and the "Reeve," Burgess of Galt, refused to permit the wagon to pass without paying toll. A basketful of vegetables secured somewhere from the cavernous depths of the Conestoga wagon appeased the gatekeeper and the wagon was permitted to pass as the many onlookers cheered. We then followed the trek to Preston where a different sort of greeting awaited the wayfarers.

At Preston the Mayor and his Town Council awaited the arrival of the wagon while seated in an Indian wigwam which had been erected on the lawn of City Hall. Children dressed as Indians danced Indian dances and let out war-whoops. As the wagon approached a cornetist, blinded in World War I played "Ach du lieber August." The Mayor offered Lorne Weber the pipe of peace and the Conestoga then proceeded on its way to Pioneer Tower.

The Pioneer Tower, near Doon, Ontario, is a monument to the memory of the Shirks and the Betzners, the first families to venture into the then uncharted wilderness, which today forms one of the finest agricultural regions of the world. The weather vane atop the Pioneer Tower takes the form of a Conestoga wagon being pulled by four horses. The tower shades the graves of a score of pioneers, all of whose tombstones bear German inscriptions.

A brief ceremony was held at the Tower at Doon. Your Ewicher Yaeger, editor of the Scholla, was one of the speakers, bringing greetings from Pennsylvania to our Canadian cousins. At the request of the committee a portion of the speech was delivered in the Pennsylvania German dialect, which was understood by young and old alike. The speech was broadcasted three times during the next few days over the Kitchener, Ontario Radio Station, along with two other addresses which your columist was invited to deliver in the course of Waterloo's Anniversary celebration.

From Doon the Conestoga wended its way to City Hall at Kitchener, where thousands were waiting to give their greetings. Here Mayor Weaver, also a fourth generation Pennsylvania Dutchman, gave the followers of the trek an official welcome. Lorne Weaver, who had made the journey on the Conestoga all the way from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, then recounted some of the experiences the travellers had had en route and estimated that more than 200,000 persons had turned out to wave Godspeed to the caravan.

Waterloo Park was the final stop for the team. There it inaugurated the first showing of the monster Centennial Pageant entitled The Trail of the Conestoga.

THE WATERLOO CENTENNIAL

A large-scale pageant, depicting the early history of Waterloo County, Ontario, was staged for an entire week in Waterloo Park. Each performance attracted a crowd of 20,000 persons. This number added to the estimated 200,000 who watched the progress of the Conestoga wagon as it travelled from Lancaster, Pa. to Ontario, means that more than a quarter of a million persons had witnessed a colorful reminder of the Pennsylvania origins of the Canadian settlement. The Kitchener, Ontario, radio station devoted one broadcast each day for seven days to the Pennsylvania story and all provincial newspapers carried photographs of the Conestoga wagon en route.

The opening scene in the pageant showed the arrival of the Conestoga wagon at Grand River at the beginning of the 19th century. The first settlers were Joseph Sharg (Shirk) and Sam Betzner from the Hammer Creek region near Lititz, Pa. The second scene showed the arrival of Mennonite families in a caravan of covered wagons. These people, in the pageant, were dressed in the garb usually associated with the plain sects.

The founding of the city of Galt was built around the work of Absolom Shade and Benjamin Eby was the central figure on the scene which depicted the founding of the large Kitchener settlement. The community was first known as Ebyville until Benjamin Eby himself suggested that the name be changed to Berlin. Later, during the first World War, the town was renamed in honor of Lord Kitchener, the British general whose disappearance still forms a mystery in the naval annals of the British Empire. It is significant that the Kitchener family emigrated from the Palatinate to England at the time that so many South Germans came to Pennsylvania.

During the ceremony preceding the opening of the pageant it was announced that Dr. Fritz Braun of Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate had made a study of the family names in Waterloo County, Ontario, and found that almost all of the names of the original settlers are still to be found in the Palatinate region of south Germany. Dr. Braun had used the 11th Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, which contains an account of the early settlement of Ontario, to find the surnames of the families which he had studied.

The pageant stressed the theme of "Mutual Service" which means to the Ontarians the theme that progress comes from the blending of varied cultures. Many of the other ethnic groups shown in the pageant stood in sharp contrast to the pious and self-effacing Mennonites and Amish. Throughout the presentation there was always the clear thought that the Pennsylvanians were the first to settle Upper Canada as the region was then known.

Dearnborn, Michigan

Most travellers are drawn to this monument which Henry Ford built to himself and to several of his friends. Road signs urge travellers to "study American History" by seeing it at Greenfield Village and in the Henry Ford Museum.

Perhaps it would be more exact to limit the period of American History to the past 75 years or less. With but few exceptions the objects shown in the huge collection were in full function during the lifetime of many persons still living. This is not said with a view to adverse criticism. We merely wish to point out that Greenfield is not a mid-western Williamsburg, as many persons may be led to believe.

Quite naturally we were concerned to note the elements of Pennsylvania which Mr. Ford and his aides saw fit to include in the vast assemblage of relics, antiques, art objects and ephemera which are on display there. The Village is truly a village, complete with streets, shops, schools and so forth. The museum floor covers eight acres. Surely in this extensive collective one had the right to expect to see Pennsylvania represented.

Relatively there is little that is designed to capture the Pennsylvania scene. This is not noted in a complaining sense because the intent and the plan is not along regional lines. It could not be said that any other region, except perhaps New York and Connecticut had any more space and focus.

In the village one can find the covered bridge which was brought from Graysville, Pa., and built over a small stream. The "country store" might well have been one that operated in Fritztown, Berks County, at the turn of the present century. There are other scenes which have a nostalgic lure for the aged and which appear primitive to the young.

The Museum houses a fine collection of what the curators choose to call Stiegel-type glass. The qualification grows out of caution and not because the objects are known to be imitation. There are some decorated chairs and other objects which bear the Pennsylvania German imprint in one form or another. As Berks Countians we were pleased to see stoves from the Hereford, Joanna and the Warwick furnaces.

One of the delights of the visit was to meet with Donald Shelley, of Oley, Berks County. Mr. Shelley, formerly the assistant director of the Reading Museum and Art Gallery, is now the Curator of the Fine Arts Division of the Ford Museum. It is inevitable that in the course of time Mr. Shelley will incorporate more Pennsylvania items in the displays at Dearborn.

One thing with a distinctly Pennsylvania German flavor was being sold at the souvenir counter of the village. When the gates opened at nine o'clock a quantity of place-mat sets showing Pennsylvania German motifs were being offered for sale. A few hours later the supply was exhausted. The sets were manufactured in Massachuetts!

HOOSIERS NOW

A number of years ago we used to help a man over in Berne Township, Berks County, to "fass Grumbiere." During the course of our efforts he asked: "What is your opinion about all of these foreigners moving into our country?" I assured him that there was no cause for alarm in Berks County. Then he rebutted: "Yes, there is. Just last week a family moved from Indiana in."

Indiana does not feel that way about "foreigners" who immigrate into the state from the southeastern counties of Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Dutch are welcomed as a definite social, cultural and economic asset.

The entire northeern tier of counties in Indiana bears a marked impress from the contributions of the Dutch, and especially those who follow the teachings of Menno Simons and Jacob Ammon, old world reformers.

Goshen College at Goshen, Indiana, adds much to the cultural status of northern Indiana, as it does, though less directly, to the larger world. Among its faculty we number some of the outstanding scholare of Pennsylvania German lore. Dr. Harold Bender and Dr. Melvin Gingrich are named because we know them personally; there are others. Goshen College is one of the educational institutions of the Mennonite Brethren.

Standing on a corner of the city of Goshen we saw an elderly couple who appeared to be somewhat perplexed. The man wore a long white beard and his garments were of a cut which always gives us a sense of rightness in America, for the garb of the Plain People is mute testimony, stentorian in silence, that religious freedom is still a part of the American order. His wife was attired in the garb of her people. Their perplexity grew out of a hesitancy to ask for directions. We spoke to them in the dialect of Pennsylvania and their faces brightened. "Sell iss all ass mir schwetze," declared the wife. They were Millers from near Columbus, Ohio, who wanted to attend a family reunion somewhere near Goshen. They had instructions to wait for a conveyance at a certain street corner. We were able to help.

To be Continued

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SCHOOLDAYS IN CANADA

Apropos of Dr. Graeff's narrative in today's ECK we here offer our readers an example of the dialect still spoken by our Pennsylvania German cousins in Waterloo County, Ontario. It is from the pen of Elias H. Good, who for a number of years in the twenties and thirties of this century conducted a weekly column in the Saturday issue of the Kitchener Daily Record under the title "Der Daade un Sei Buh."—The original spelling is retained.—ED.

Mei Schul Kamerad vun 60 Johr zrick, wo der Josie Bauman is, war dojetz zu uns kumme uf Besuch, un mir hen e gute Zeit mitnanner ghat im schwetze wege unsere alte Schul Dage. Sell Zeit waare die Schule annerscht wie heitzudag.

Unser Schulhaus war net es "Schulhaus an der Krick" wo mir nei gange sin, awwer ich denk es war net viel annerscht wie sell Schulhaus. Sell Zeit sin viel vun der gleene Kinner in die Schul geschickt warre juscht so dasz sie aus em Weg waare daheem, un der Schulmeeschter hot sehne misse wie er zeweg kumme is mit ihne.

In dem Schulhaus waare Desks un Benk wo net grad abgefinished waare fer first prize zu nemme an e Furniture Show. In der mid derch's Schulhaus war en Fusz breeter Gang, un in sellem Gang hot en langer Box Offe gstanne, wo so e grosze Hitz gschmisse hot, dasz die Kinner wo nechscht dabei gsotze hen sin jusch about ganz braun gebrote warre, hen sich also ge-fanned mit Copy Bicher, so dasz sie net verbrennt sin. Die wo neewe der Wandt gsotze hen, denne hen die Zeh geklebbert wie wann Schlosz uf e Blech Dach falle, un hen ananner sich die Ribbe g-punched fer Blut in circulation halte.

Uf eme alter gacklicher Disch hot em Schulmeeschter sei "Emblem of authority" gelege; es war e Ding 1½ Zoll breed, en ¾ Zoll dick, un 3 lineal Fusz lang, un war vun hardt Hickory Holz gmacht. I tell you, die Kinner hen meh respect ghat vun sellem Ding wie vum Schulmeeschter selwert.

Es menscht "practical piece of furniture" sell Zeit in der Schul war die 'Eselbank" wo hinnich dem Schulmeeschter seim Buckel gstanne hot. Dart hen all druf sitze misse wo ihre lessons net runner sage hen kenne, un hen als e "Dunce cap" ufgsetzt grickt —es war so en lange Zippel Kap. Die menschte Kinner hots gholfe, weil sie sich gschemt hen dart druf zu hocke, awwer es hot annere ghat wo druf ghockt hen vun 9 Uhr Marjetz bis 4 Uhr Owets, un wann sell net gholfe hot, no hot seller "Lineal Hickory" geschwetzt, awwer die grosse Buhwe hot er iwwer e Bank gliegt un hot ihne die Hosse ausgestaabt mit sellem Lineal Hickory, bis sie gegrische hen wie e Sau wann sie uf ge-tangled is in e Barbed Wire Fence.

Frieher, wie die Country noch nei war, un die Bauere viel schwere Erwet zu du ghat hen, un ke Hilf leicht griege hen kenne, hot fer common der elscht Buh daheem bleiwe misse im Summer fer's Vieh zu hiete un die Ochse am Bluge dreiwe. Sell war en harter Job fer en Buh wo e wennig lively war; der ganze Dag hinnich die faule Ochse her geh, un uf die Schwentz fitze, fer meh speed zu griege, un wann der Blug in e Wartzel fescht is warre, no hot er uf ihre Naase globbe misse fer sie "backe" mache, un wann der Bluger sei Temper verlore hot, no hot der unschuldig Buh heere misse was er besser verstanne hot wie die Ochse, un owwe druf, die Whip hot sellemols oft e double purpose ge-served. Die Ochse hen Schleeg grickt vum Buh, un der Buh hot Schleeg grickt vum Bluger.

Well, die consequence war, selle Buhwe wo im Summer daheem bleiwe hen misse, hen juscht about alles vergesse ghat was sie vorher gewiszt hen, un wie sie widder in die Schul kummer sin, hen die gleene Kinner meh gwiszt wie sie, un hen no nix drumm gewwe eb sie ebbes lerner oder net.

Der Schulmeeschter hot jo gewiszt dasz selle Buhwe ge-handicapped waare, un dasz selle 3 Fusz Lineal Authority net viel batte deht, awwer ebbes hot doch gedu misse werre, drum hen selle Kerls vun Dag zu Dag uf der Esels Bank gesotze.

Wie es Mittag war, hot ihne des Latwerk Brod juscht so gut geschmackt wie der annere, un wann's e fight gewwe hot, hen sie gut use gmacht vum Handwerk wo sie gelernt hen beim Ochse dreiwe.

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Editorials

Height of Disrespect

The ultimate in irreverence was attained in nearby Phillipsburg's outskirts during Wednesday night when vandals entered the Sts. Philip and James cemetery, upset upwards of fifty monuments, smashed small statues, damaged many others and tossed baskets and vases with fading flowers far and wide around the cemetery.

The size and weight of the stones and statues which were toppled from their foundations is so great that the damage could have been caused only by a number of men or strong youths. Thus the crime can be laid not upon callow, irresponsible boys but must be imputed to persons who presumably are old enough to have learned the wide difference between right and wrong.

Some of the damage which was wrought is irreparable. That which can be repaired, it is estimated, will cost upwards of $5,000.

It might have been thought, and with good reason, that cemeteries would be avoided by hoodlums and roughs and the members of riotous beer parties. But it seems there is absence in the hearts of some of all traces of reverence, respect, even the fear of dire punishment for evil deeds.

The Phillipsburg police hope to make arrests. Hope will be that they will be successful and, if there be apprehension of the culprits, the punishment should be fitted to the crime as nearly as possible. The culprits should be required to replace the monuments at the expense of their own brawn and sweat and make good monetarily for the repair of such damage that requires skilled artisans. There should be wide publication of the humiliations and costs resultant from this reprehensible prank or downright hoodlumism in the hope that it will prove a deterrent for any and all who lack common decency and respect for society and especially for society's sentimental possessions.

Halt the 'Hot-Rods'

Before some one is killed or maimed out on the Allentown Fair Grounds the practice of playing "tag" with "hot-rod" motor cars, as a number of teenagers are reported to be doing, should be brought to immediate halt.

Thousands of people move in and around these grounds. The fact is that the popular restaurant located near the grandstand attracts far more persons in the course of a year than attend the Allentown Fair during its exhibition week in September. While most people arrive in motor cars almost every one at some time or other uses the paved streets which lead to or abut upon the restaurant. Despite the constant presence upon the driveways of pedestrians, the reckless young fellows pursue their mad game at the risk to life and limb of those pedestrians.

Probably no one except the parents of the wild young colts will greatly care if they tear off the fenders of one another's cars and have narrow escapes from injuries and death in their insane sport. But the Fair authorities and the general public does have a deep concern in the safety of people in other cars which the "hot-rods" may encounter and in the safety of pedestrians upon the areas which these modern Juggernauts have selected as their playground.

Printing in Penna.

Dr. Preston A. Barba in the course of many of his talks upon the Pennsylvania German language and culture has frequently cited the extraordinarily large volume of printed matter which poured forth from Pennsylvania presses set up during early colonial days. These printshops were located not only in Philadelphia but in every considerable town in the Eastern part of this State. These towns were populated almost exclusively by emigrants from Germany and Switzerland who became known to the world and by the world as the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Dr. Barba's presentation of statistics concerning the local printing art and industry usually is followed by the pertinent question: "Who bought all this printed matter?" And he has had the ready reply: "Obviously it was the Pennsylvania Germans." From this he has deduced the conclusion that there was a thirst for knowledge and culture on the part of these people whom their English-speaking neighbors often referred to superciliously as "the dumb Dutch."

Now Andrew J. Sordoni, our Pennsylvania Department of Commerce Secretary, in a brief paper has called attention to the fact that the first type foundry in the American colonies was established in Germantown in 1735 and that with this type Sauer printed the first Bible to be published in any language in North America and perhaps the western hemisphere. Mr. Sordoni also expresses Pennsylvania's pride in the success of Benjamin Franklin as a Pennsylvania printer and his founding of a Pennsylvania industry that has continued for 225 years. Mr. Sordoni in his report adds some other facts concerning which Pennsylvania justifiably is proud. He shows that parallel with his activity as a printer, Franklin established his own type foundry on his return to America from France and his diplomatic triumphs abroad. That business also has continued under various successors and is one of the ancestors of the largest type foundry in America.

Throughout much of the 19th Century when Pennsylvania was the publishing center of the United States the continued high esteem of the printing business might be exemplified by the career of Henry Carey, a Philadelphia printer and publisher who became one of America's most distinguished economists.

Later on, toward the close of the 19th Century, the publishing of books and magazines was transformed by the inventions of Frederick E. Ives who, in Philadelphia in 1881, began the manufacture of half-tone printing plates which made possible the reproduction of illustrations by a photographic method. The commercial success of the half-tone process was insured by the ingenuity of the Levy Brothers also of Philadelphia who succeeded in ruling half-tone screens of a perfection which has not been surpassed since the production of their original plates. By placing these ruled screens face to face at an angle, Ives produced the type of half-tone screen now universally used for the illustration of books, magazines and newspapers. Not satisfied with that important contribution to the printer's art, Ives also produced the first set of half-tone color plates, making possible the reproduction of a colored original by a photographic process. The State Planning Board of the Pennsylvania Department of Commerce points out that Ives' first plates became the direct predecessors of all the colored prints and illustrations now universal in newspapers and magazines.

The inventions of Frederick Ives in the field of printing were crowned by his discovery of the photo-gravure process which has been adapted to rotary printing and is used for fine illustrations by newspapers and magazines throughout the world. Mr. Ives was also a pioneer in the production of moving pictures in color.

It may be added that his son, Herbert E. Ives, continued the series of brilliant inventions which had distinguished his father's career, and perfected the process by which photographs are now transmitted by wire throughout the nation. More than 20 years ago, he also produced a successful television transmitter and receiver and made promising experiments in the production of television in color.

As Dr. Barba has pointed out so frequently and so forcefully, Pennsylvania's printing industry is notable in American history. Not only were many of its printshops operated by Pennsylvania Germans but the customers who took their wares and kept the presses running were the people who had settled the eastern counties of this State.

Treaty With Germany

More than eight years have now gone into history since the collapse of Nazi Germany in May, 1945. Since that time enormous changes have taken place in that land—economically, politically and socially. Soviet obstruction over this period has prevented the signing of a peace treaty between a unified Germany and the victors of the Second World War. Instead, two new regimes have arisen, one based on democratic processes in West Germany and one based on Communist dictatorship and Soviet bayonets in East Germany. The first of these two has demonstrated its desire to cooperate with the forces now fighting to preserve world freedom. Its recent ratification of the European Defense Community pact is the latest of such demonstrations. The economic relations between West Germany and the free world, not least with the United States, have grown rapidly as that area has shown the vigor of free enterprise and made an amazing economic recovery.

Against this background it is clear that the steps which have just been taken to reactivate pre-war treaties providing legal bases for economic and consular relations between this country and West Germany are eminently sound. Though the Bonn regime has permitted American business men to enjoy normal rights and privileges in West Germany, the legal basis for such relations will be complete only after the Senate ratifies the agreement signed this week between High Commissioner Conant and Chancellor Adenauer. Conversely, German business men have had difficulties in this country because of the lack of this necessary legal basis, so that full reciprocity for them requires treaty ratification too.

—N.Y. Times

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of June 6, 1928, a Wednesday

Benjamin H. Stuckert, one of the managers of the Strand Theater, was elected first president of the newly-formed Allentown Theater Managers Protective Association.

Many members of Grace EC Church, 15th and Turner Sts., together with many friends, assembled in the church and tendered a fine reception to the new pastor and his family, the Rev. and Mrs. H. E. M. Snyder and daughters, Marion, Fern and Ruth.

Helping The President Pack His Things



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Politically speaking, the television show put on by President Eisenhower and four Cabinet members had some advantages, but, as a device to inform the country and influence large segments of voters on paramount issues, it was inadequate. One almost wished that Mr. Eisenhower had selected a single subject and dealt with it himself comprehensively rather than to try as he did, through his associates, to cover a vareity of complex topics, no one of which was thoroughly handled.

With all due deference to the importance perhaps of simplicity and "folksiness" on the part of our high officials in their appearances on the screen, it may well be wondered whether the American people like to see their President acting as a sort of master of ceremonies in a piece of obviously rehearsed showmanship. As a novelty it was interesting — as a regular technique, it raises doubts.

The acting, to be sure, was well done and the President carried off his part from a dramatic standpoint with an informality and spontaneity that emphasized again his likable personality. There was a sincerity and earnestness about what he said and the way he said it which undoubtedly convinced many people that he istrying hard — that his effort to "put the government house in order" is in the right direction.

But as a piece of political influence, it is questionable whether this presentation ranks with some of those skillfully prepared "fireside chats" which the late President Roosevelt occasionally broadcast on the radio during his four administrations. One advantage that Mr. Eisenhower didn't share with Mr. Roosevelt was a monopoly of the networks. All the television networks took the program but only one radio chain, so this did not shut off the competition from the comedians and musicians.

Opinion of Democrats

While some of the Democrats around here thought the presidential show was effective, it may be said that some of them are not going to be much worried if the political quality of future television shows is not any better than the one on Wednesday night.

For the essence of politics is prejudice — favorable and unfavorable there is no need to "sell" the fine personality and good nature of Dwight Eisenhower. It is "deeds not words" which influence the electorate in the long run. When the President promises that there will be "no Munich" in the Far East and yet "no risk of general war," he reassures many elements in the electorate, but the real issue on which the people's prejudices can be aroused is whether after all there is to be an early end to the Korean War and on what basis.

Likewise, what many people wanted to know succinctly is that there will be adequate defense even though air power is cut. They also are anxious to learn whether the economic system faces a major readjustment. As for Communist influences and the administration's program to rid the government of "subversives," these are highly controversial subjects and they were vaguely treated in the telecast. It was hard to tell just what the government plans to do on this score or what it has really done about it. The concept of television seemed to be that it was a means of creating a visual impression of a favorable nature rather than a medium for disseminating complete information on political issues.

More Programs

It will be said in explanation by administration folks that this was only the first of a series of television shows and that with experience they will hit more directly at political targets. Maybe they will But, while the lines of this first show were well spoken and well acted by all the participants, they were abstract in content. A splendid chance was missed, moreover, to defend the inability of the administration to balance the budget and cut taxes right away and to extricate America from the Korean "mess."

There was a failure also to emphasize the state of affairs existing when the administration came into power and to outline penetratingly the difficulty of clearing up much of anything in only four and a half months. The administration, however, is a bit blind to political realities, anyway. Indeed, there are persons in the President's entourage who still think he won the election on his popularity alone and not primarily on the deep-seated prejudices against Trumanism which swept every part of the country.

If the television producers had known more about politics and its negative trends and tendencies, they would have presented a far more effective telecast. While the show didn't lose votes, it is a question whether it gained many, though it did please supporters of the administration. The best that can be said of the performance was that it put across a point of view: "Wait now — we're trying."

(Copyright, 1953)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

EXAMPLE

His neighbor made a garden and
the tulips came to bloom,
And seeing them, for tulips he
discovered he had room.
He dug a space to plant them,
and the following spring to
view
Instead of one gay garden in that
neighborhood were two.

With two gardens for examples,
to another it occurred,
Since his ground seemed bare
and shabby, he could make of
it the third.
So it went from door to doorway,
until all along the way
Had spring and summer blossoms in their gardens to display.

Just one little touch of beauty!
Oh, how often this is proved,
To repeat it and possess it all
who see it may be moved.
All along that little roadway in
the springtime tulips grew,
Showing what one good example
to a city street can do.

(Copyright, 1953)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Bob Campbell has a friend whose sense of humor availed him naught when his wife sued for divorce. Her grounds: he didn't come home at least four nights a week. His defense: "I was sitting up with a chic friend," The verdict: "$200 a week alimony."

A clerk in a Hollywood bookshop tried to sell a copy of Spengler's "Decline of the West." "Nothing doing!" snapped the customer. "Who cares what's happened to Hollywood?"

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

It is indicated success will be achieved for you in all your affairs — love, domestic and social activities. Look for a love of learning in the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRAWNA DRUVEL: In aim hoar het der "Sannie" Werley fon nagshd on Werleys Korner die sens rous griega missa fer der hofe maya—un ol darrich grawna druvel. Grawna worra ols gute bakonta socha uf ra bauerrei wies noch wei un cider fesser kotta hut, 's wor 'n grawna om aesich foss, un darrich die hoyet un arn worra beer un porter fesser aw gore net unbakont uf da bauerrei—yaders mit ma grawna. Tzitter ow'r os da bauer ihra ebbel bingert om tzurick gae sin, un sie hen ken cider may fer weck laiga fer aesich, un der wei uns onner drinka kumt in buddla—wel tzitter sellie tzeit sin die grawna gons ous date—so ous date os 'n bauer nimmy wase wie 'n grawna tzu handla.

Doh 'm shpote yohr hut der "Sannie," 'n power lawn mower grick'd so os er da Addie der hofe shae glot maya kent. Un die may mashine mit ra inshein druf hut aw gore wunnerbore gute g'shoft—die sawg is, der hofe het gaguck'd wie won er g'shleck'd gawest wear, un die Addie hut shier net worta kenna bis es free yohr kumma is fer der mower widder yusa.

Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, wie der "Sannie" doh weil tzurick der hofe maya hut wolla, hut die g'shicht yusht net shpringa wolla, un wor tzu shwear fer sheeva fon hond. Die weil os er net ous mocha hut kenna woh der druvel sei maich'd, hut ers gons waisa uf die mashine galavda, un is noch da Germansviller Exhange, un woh der Benjie Handwerk fer 'n aewichsie lang draw g'shoft hut, ow'r hut der mower net ons gae griega kenna.

Endlich wie der Benjie uf gewa hut, is der "Tzup" Werley dahinner, un hut sich aw fer 'n aewichsie lang draw ferweil'd. 'S wor gas drin, un allas huts g'sheind dade gute shoffa—yusht os die inshein net g'shprunga is. Der "Tzup" wie ol wissa os 'n kenna, is gute gabout, uns hais'd er het ols gatzoga om shtrick fer die inshein in der gong griega, os die huddla bol g'floga weara—un doch hut er die g'shicht net in der gong griega kenna.

Won sie gaglawbt hetta on herhetta sie ferwarick'd sei denka maiga die g'shicht wear ferhex'd, ow'r wenich leit glawwa may on dumhata wie sel im gravel, un der "Tzup" hut fert gawertschoft bis die kee bol hame kumma sin. Endlich hut ebber 'n glainer grawna g'sehna unna on da gas peif yusht 'n gons glae waisa—gore net die grase woh bauer gawain'd worra tzu handla 40-50 yohr tzurick on fesser. Ow'r kayose wies sheina mawg, sie hen selar glae grawna yusht gons bissel gadray'd—fartel waigs rum is die sawg, un die inshein is g'shprunga os wie fon nei'm. 'M shpote yohr all'm noh mus der "Sannie" der grawna ob gadray'd howwa, un hut gons un gore fergessa fers gas druf draya wie er hofe maya hut wolla.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

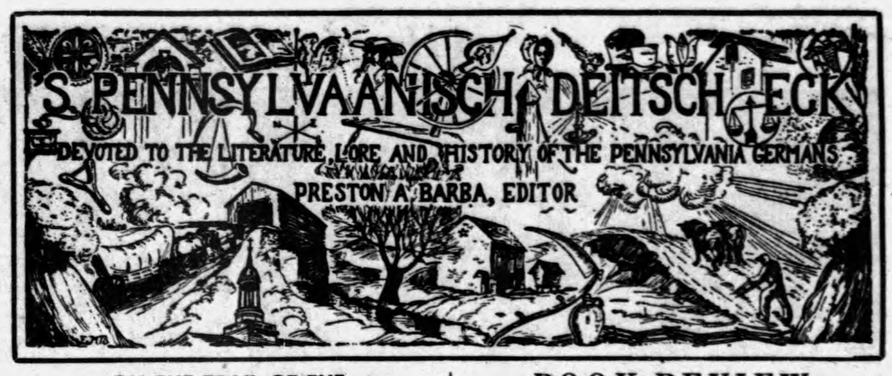
So wie m'r hoerra, des da wenicher os der Benjie un der "Tzup" hoerra fom "Sannie Werley seim lawn mower, des da liever is es na.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 15:25-30.

With this passage we come to the real reason why Jesus told the parable of this Lost and Found column in the Bible. The Pharisees and scribes murmured because Jesus received sinners. So in vs. 25-32 the elder son in the family, to which the prodigal son belonged, complained and murmured for the same reason, we may say. As he was coming toward the house immediately after the prodigal's return, he heard music and noticed the merry-making. Upon inquiry as to the meaning of it, one of the servants explained by saying that his brother had returned, and that father had actually ordered the fatted calf to be killed, because he had come back to his father 'safe and sound.' This made the elder son angry, and he would not join in the festivities, although father came out and begged him to come in. His reason for not coming in is given in vs. 29-30. He claimed that he himself had never been given such a 'party,' although he had always worked hard on his father's farm, but 'as soon as thy son came home,' you killed the fatted calf for him!



ON THE TRAIL OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

En Beloit Deitscher
Beloit, Wisconsin

A prominent citizen of Beloit is Mr. M. Walter Dundore. He has written for my column SCHOLLA in the Reading Times over the name "Der Beloit Deitscher." Before meeting him in person we chatted with natives about him. One told us "Oh yes, he is the head of the Boy Scouts in three counties in Wisconsin." Another said, "He is an engineer and production manager at the Beloit Iron Works," the largest industry of its kind in the world. We knew that he was a native of Reading, Pa., the son of James Dundore. We also knew that he was a keen analysist of the many factors which helped to make the Pennsylvania German what he is today.

What we did not know before we met him in his study is the tremendous scope of his interest and the zeal with which he approaches his studies. We learned that he has addressed hundreds of groups throughout the Middle West, telling the story of the Pennsylvania Germans and their part in the settlement of the original Northwest Territory with special emphasis of course upon Wisconsin as one of the five states in that territory.

M. Walter Dundore is a man of dynamic energy. His friends and family are amazed to note the net result of all his efforts in so many varied fields. Perhaps his major hobby is the study of the Pennsylvania German contributions to the settlement and development of Wisconsin. His extensive material on this subject Mr. Dundore has generously offered to the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society to be included in one of its Yearbooks.

Hochundra
The Evangelical and Reformed Mission, Wisc.

A well-groomed young Indian maiden opened the screen door to greet us. In perfect English she told us that we had come to a mission of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. Later we learned that our informant was Miss Maureen Stacey, a Winnebago Indian, home for her summer vaction from a college in Flandreau, South Dakota. She called our attention to one of the larger buildings in the village, and there we noted in huge letters the word HOCHUNDRA. "That is our name for ourselves," she explained.

Miss Louise Kippenhaun, a white woman appeared carrying a dish filled with huckleberries which she had picked in the surrounding woods. After a few preliminaries she briefed us on the history of this unique mission. The story is a long but fascinating one. It is told in a book by the Rev. Arthur V. Castelman, entitled "The Winnebago Finds a Friend," first published by the Heidelberg Press in 1938 and reprinted in 1944.

We were shown into the chapel of the new church, a building erected within the past year to replace the ruins of the original structure destroyed by fire in 1951. Among other appurtenances we noted the honor roll of the church. The names of 70 young people were listed as having served in World War II. Among them were John Whitedog, Samuel Lonetree, Vincent King Swan, Julia Nashahenny, Emanuel Thundercloud and others. Harry Green Crow was one of the six who did not come back alive. Unlike Honor Rolls back home this was made of bleached deerskin. It was encased in a frame made of white birch saplings and the skin was tied to the frame with leather thongs. A beaded eagle surmounted the list of the names.

Then we met the pastor of the Mission, The Reverend Mitchell Whiterabbit. He is a son of the mission and was pleased to tell us that he received some of his theological training at the Seminary in Lancaster, Pa. His eyes lighted even more when he informed us that he found his wife in Lancaster. The former Camille Maisell of Lancaster is part Indian and part Pennsylvania Dutch. Her father, an artist in Lancaster today, painted the altar scene in the mission church in Wisconsin. Mrs. Whiterabbit's mother is the former Rose Wahl, a Pennsylvania German name of long standing.

Just as we were about to leave the mission grounds a car bearing a Pennsylvania license drew up to the Whiterabbit home. We saw the name of a Lancaster automobile dealer above the license plate. Camille's two brothers, Forrest and Hoke Maisell had come to visit their sister.

First Settlers—Winnepeg, Manitoba

For almost a lifetime we have been studying and writing about the pioneers who settled the new world but we had never met one in the flesh. In Pennsylvania those hardy first settlers have long ago left to take their place in history.

In the Altona district of Manitoba we met with a 92-year-old man who was one of the first to settle the Red River Valley in Canada. Mr. David Shellenberg delights in telling tales out of the early days of Manitoba's settlement. He tells them in German or in English, which ever the occasion prompts. He lives with his youngest son, aged 62. "We never get into each other's hair" he said, "because we're both baldheaded." He is the owner of 447 acres and last year harvested 8,000 bushels of wheat.

But David Shellenberg and his fellow residents—Rosenfeld, Schoenweiss, Rosenort, Rhineland, Blumenort and Rosengart—did not migrate from Pennsylvania. They were from the Russian Ukraine. At the time when the Mennonites were being persecuted in the old world some came to Pennsylvania and others followed an invitation on the part of Catharine the Great to settle in Russia. These people did much to make the Ukraine the bread basket of Europe until in the 1870's Czar Alexander began his Russification policy, trying to force all his subjects to conform to what Alexander considered to be true Russian ways. The Mennonites could not conform. The first migrations came to Manitoba in 1875.

On the Shellenberg farm near Altona stands a beautiful monument commemorating the 75th anniversary of the arrival of the first settlers. The marble shaft is decorated with panels of farm scenes. Across the top runs a German inscription from Proverbs 3:6. The legend states: "It commemorates the faith and sacrifices of the early settlers who braved the wild treeless plains, shunned by earlier immigrants: The Peace and prosperity that these pioneers and their descendants have enjoyed here: and the Post Road which, marked by stakes, started at Emerson, passed through this site at that time a stopping place and ran westward through the settlement."

Twice since 1875 there have been accessions to the group. Once, directly after the First World War when the triumph of the Bolshevists made those who remained in Russia very unhappy; and again with the wave of displaced persons in recent years. All of them still speak a German dialect similar to that which our pioneers brought to Pennsylvania. It occurs to us that students who wish to hear the dialect spoken without an English admixture would do well to visit the settlements in the Red River Valley of Manitoba.

German Collegiate Conference
Gretna, Manitoba

Abram Thiessen, business man, Rosenfeld, Manitoba, led us to the Golden Jubilee of Canadian Mennonites, held at Gretna for a period of two weeks. Churchmen and their families from every province west of Quebec were there to devote their time to worship, renewal of friendships and planning the further work of the church. All of the services and most of the conversation would be in the German language.

"Could we understand?" we wondered. — "If you're Pennsylvania German you most certainly will," our host assured us. And we did, for the conversation, if not the formal part of the services, was in the speech of southeastern Pennsylvania, if we may call it that. It did not have its origin in Pennsylvania but in that part of Europe from which our own dialect came. However, their dialect did not contain such oddities as "ge-telephoned," "ge-managed" and "ge-runned fer office," but all of the root forms were there. The surprising thing to us was the ease with which these Canadian Germans switched from the dialect to excellent English, an accomplishment which many of us in Pennsylvania have not attained. In one case a lady spoke to us in High German, then detecting a South German dialect element in our speech she swung into the dialect.

Mrs. Graeff was wearing a ceramic pin shaped in the form of Berks County and showing the City of Reading. A young lady spied the pin and approached. Miss Naomi Reimer of Steinbach, Manitoba, knows Berks and Lancaster counties very well. For two years, during the recent war, she was serving The Mennonite collection depot at Akron, near Ephrata. She had just returned from service in Germany. There was something nostalgic about the manner in which she spoke of the good people in Pennsylvania.

Three thousand persons attended the conference held at German Collegiate College where all instruction is given in the German language. Emigrants from Pennsylvania mingled with emigrants from the Ukraine in one great worship experience.

Nearly forty years ago a prominent Pennsylvanian declared that our dialect would die out before 1925. It is still very much alive in Pennsylvania and under the benign smile of the British Commonwealth of Nations it bids fair to live even longer among our cousins in Canada.

One of the delegates from Saskoon, Saskatchewan urged us to return to his home with him and study the Pennsylvania German settlements in that great wheat province. Regretfully we were forced to decline. In the course of human events things were taking form in Chicago which urged us to head southward some 800 miles to be in Abilene, Kansas, at a great moment in history.

To Be Continued

(Dr. Graeff's next installment will contain an account of his experience in Dwight Eisenhower's home town.)

BOOK REVIEW

YEARBOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY. Preston A. Barba, editor. 215 pages. Allentown: Schlechter's. $5.00.

The fact that 155 pages of this sixteenth volume of the Folklore Society contain the so-called "Later Poems" of the late John Birmelin, affords the reviewer of this extraordinary addition to the publications of that Society both an easy assignment and much personal satisfaction. Easy, in that one who grew up speaking the dialect of the Pennsylvania Germans readily catches the "feel" of Birmelin's poetry, the "playful inventiveness" and "whimsical phantasy," as the editor so aptly describes it. Personal satisfaction, for it brings to mind an unexpected visit of the poet to my home a few years prior to his death, when after noting my familiarity with the dialect he stayed at length and we enjoyed his humor and congeniality. On leaving he pulled from his pocket a privately printed poem, referred to on page 12, and presented it to me with a smile. Then too, it is a privilage to have in this volume the text of several lengthy poems we heard him read at meetings of the Society.

With the poems of Birmelin, which appeared in Volume III of the Folklore Society, these "Later Poems" comprise one of the outstanding publication projects of the Society. Had it issued no other Yearbooks except Volume III, GEZWITSCHER, and this volume, the existence of this Society would have been fully rewarding to its fortunate membership, which should be many times larger.

For readers of the "ECK" it may be appropriate to convey without translation a few of the characteristics of this master of dialect poesy. In the poem Schunke—Un ebbes zu dunke—Der Hanning, er dobt nimmi lang." There is more than realism in those lines. There is imagination. In a verse to April, "Deel ziegge mit Schulde." For June's newlyweds, he writes, "Mer winscht ne vun Haze—Ken Danne, ken Schmaze,—Yuscht liebliche Rose debel." In July, "Der Weeze schteht wie Gold im Feld—Un hungrich iss en gansi Welt." Of potato picking, he laments, "Bis oweds dutt der Buckel weh," and of the heat of summer, "Do muss mer ewwe schwitze." Out of context they are common expressions but to fashion them into verse and rhyme requires uncommon skill.

The philosophy of Birmelin transcends the usual nostalgic dialect tendency and gives us with musical cadence: "Es hot viel Elend in der Welt, doch muss mer driwwer lache,—Fer sehne wie die annre Leit so dumme Sache mache." This quality enriches poem after poem. There is a carefree theme in, "Ich schaff mich heem un leg mich hie—Un schteh net uff bis maryefrieh." The "schpeddisch gelacht" of the moon; the "bissel doddlich" feeling; the Schillerlike quality of "Es dobt der Blitz un zuckt un reisst;" Sie bletscht ihm bissel hinnedruff"; and the designation of a church organ as a "Dudelkaschde"; all emanate from the grass roots of the folklore of the Pennsylvania German and will never be written by a southerner, a westerner, nor a New Englander who have never been native to this folk soil.

At first we were puzzled with the spelling of "haze" and "schmaze" ("heart" and "pain"). We checked to find "haerze" in Birmelin's poem, 'N Paar Valentines, as published in Vol. V Yearbook. Here is the great problem for the best editorial work with our dialect. A century or more hence the key to the spoken dialect of the past and its true phonology in the locale of the author may possibly be best preserved in the orthography of that author. This volume's appended key to the phonology and orthography of these poems is indicative however of the scholarly editorial work of Dr. Barba. Those who grew up with the spoken rather than with the written dialect may experience difficulty with other changes; such, for example, as with "maz" (March) and "kaz" (short).

It is not without good reason that the editor chose to include John J. Stoudt's Interpretation of Pennsylvania German Folklore, a twelve-page paper read at an annual meeting of the Society, as a sort of postscript to Birmelin's poems. To a much-confused issue, it is a worthy contribution. To increase the value of this Yearbook two valuable lists of German immigrants from Zweibruecken and from the Canton of Schaffhausen are included. Don Yoder's introductions to both lists are scholarly and of nenessity too brief. Whether the folklorist will condone genealogy here is immaterial. There is no folklore, according to Stoudt, where there is no "shared view, a lore," and the lists of immigrants name the folk who came from communities with that "unifying spiritual force." Without such immigrants there could be no Birmelin, no dialect, no Folklore Society.

MELVILLE J. BOYER

MENNER IN DER KAERRICH

Gemeenerhand, wammer en Mann eilaad fer in die Kaerrich kumme, no huscht er bissel, schiebt sei Fiess hie un haer, un saagt net viel. Wann du ihn awwer dreibscht, bis er ebbes saagt, no saagt er oft, "Gehne dann eenich aryets Menner in die Karrich?" Verleicht saagt er, "Ich hab gemeent, es gingt niemand, as wie alde Weibsleit, umschuldiche Kinner un grenkliche Menner in die Kaerrich. Ferwas set ich dann geh? Ich fiehl noch gans gut." Ya, so heer ich, duhne deel Menner schwetze.

Nau, ich geh alle Sunndaag in die Kaerrich un ich bin gewiss ken grenklicher Mann. Awwer ich muss es bekenne, es sin meh Weibsleit as Mannsleit in de meenschte Kaerriche. Ich waar awwer mol am me Gottesdienscht as meh Menner waare wie Weibsleit. Wisst dihr wu sell waar? Des will ich eich nau saagge. Der Gottesdienscht waar in der Lebanon Kaunti Tscheel.

Awwer, mei leiwe Leit, die Menner gehne noch in die Kaerrich—en gansi Latt meh as dihr denkt. Des findt mer allegebott aus. Ich hab des ausgfunne paar Woche zerick.

Ich waar driwwe an Ephrata un hab gschwetzt zu schier zwee hunnert Menner as uff de Kaerricheraade waare in de Reformierte Kaerriche in Lengeschter Kaunti. Un die Menner waare all gross un frisch un gsund. Un hen sie awwer gsunge! Wie die Engel im Himmel. Ich hab gschwetzt zu ihne un sie hen mir gut abgharricht. Es iss kenner eigschlofe.

Ich hab aa schunn gschwetzt zu Menner vun annere Gmeene, zum Beischpiel—Lutheraner, Presbyterianer, Dunker, un so weider. Die Katholische hen aa gude Mannervereine in ihre Kaerriche. All die Menner helfe ihre Kaerriche en mechtichi Latt.

Ya, es gehne en Latt Menner in die Kaerrich. Deel waarte awwer bis sie dod sin, un losse sich in die Kaerrich draagge. Ich meen awwer, es waer meh Blessier fer in die Kaerrich geh, wann mer selwer nei laafe kann.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGLE.
Vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

192 Noble Patriots

Aroused by the dangerous decrease in the blood bank, which was set up in Korea for injured and sick soldiers thru the organizational activity in the United States of the American Red Cross, 192 persons responded on Thursday to the visit to Allentown by the Bloodmobile unit.

This is a record number and the most encouraging fact in the story is that 118 of the volunteer blood donors never before had given blood. Seventy-four were the "old reliables" who return consistently because of their patriotic ardor and by their discovery a long time ago that to give blood is a simple matter for them and that it costs them little more than the time taken for the operation.

Some other figures should be noted because of their significance. Thus 25 persons were not accepted as donors for a variety of reasons. In other words, the Red Cross protects every person who comes as a volunteer. Neither the Red Cross nor the United States military organization for which the blood is collected will take blood from a person who might be harmed or whose blood is not of the quality which is demanded by our young soldiers, sailors and marines.

Any person who contemplates the giving of blood when the Bloodmobile unit returns to this city several weeks hence can know that if he, or she, is not a fit subject, he will not be accepted.

As a result of the rejections, 167 of the persons who responded were accepted. Even with this large number of rejections, the 167 donors constituted the largest and the proudest group which has turned out on any one day in this area in a long, long time. Since the quota, which had been assigned, was 150 pints, Allentown not only went over the top on Thursday but exceeded the goal by 17 pints.

That is something really to cheer about. It is something to encourage hundreds of other people to the end that they will be volunteers when the Bloodmobile unit returns to this city on June 23 and 24. On those two days it is hoped that a total of 300 pints at least will be collected. And, like the blood that was collected here on Thursday, the blood received on those two days will be sent directly to Korea to ease the shortage which recently developed in the hospitals and first aid stations in that war area.

Always More Parking

Opening yesterday of a sixth perimeter parking lot by the Allentown Parking Authority brings the spaces available for cars under this element of the controlled parking system to 310.

Thus the City's enterprise to furnish all-day and over-night parking in the central business area at low cost has been substantially advanced. Such advancement is stimulus to continued growth of the system which is so important as a supplement to the system of metered parking at curbs and to the system of privately owned lots which include the big and highly useful Park & Shop areas that abut almost directly upon the main business section.

All the elements in this three-sided program for handling the difficult parking problem have been growing nicely. They must continue to grow for the problem itself gives every promise of rapid growth. Never since the mass production of motor cars became practical in this country has there been diminution of cars on the highways. Therefore, there never has been diminution in the problem of handling them both in motion and when at rest. That trend can be expected to continue. The American economy constantly is expanding and the motor car can be expected of a certainty to expand with it.

End of Rent Controls

Restoration of a free economy, as distinguished from a :ational economy subject to controls, takes another step today when rent controls and the system affecting such controls come to an end in this city. In other parts of this immediate area the controls ended several months ago.

With the ending of controls there comes to an end also the closing of the Federal office in Bethlehem which has handled the many control problems arising in this area.

Whether President Eisenhower will be granted stand-by powers to reestablish controls — including rentals—during the current session of Congress cannot now be known. It is entirely possible that the probability of national emergencies may be so recognized and provided for.

But whatever may be done, the fact is that from this time on rentals are going to be determined by the law of supply and demand. The belief that housing particularly is more than equivalent to the public demand will receive early test. We shall learn very quickly whether controls could have been lifted with safety some time since or whether, in this area at least, it was wise to continue them.

Wheat for Pakistan

The American people will certainly approve President Eisenhower's plea to Congress that it approve the immediate dispatch of 1 million tons of wheat to Pakistan, whose people are poorly fed and sufferers from a famine that this year's crops give no promise of relieving.

The United States under the crop-support plans owns 13 million tons or about 435 million bushels of wheat in storage places scattered all over the United States and particularly in the big wheat belt in the Mid-West. Much of that wheat will spoil and much of it disappears under the constant ravages of rodents and insect pests. Moreover the 1953 harvest now is coming in. If the predictions of the U. S. Department of Agriculture prove correct, another bumper crop will be harvested within the next few weeks as the reapers move northwardly from the Mexican border to the U.S. - Canadian boundary line. Millions of bushels of that crop undoubtedly will be dumped upon the Federal Government.

Certainly this nation had better give away a lot of this wheat, even at no price, than permit it to spoil and be eaten by rodents and insects. Better it is to feed human mouths than those of animals and insects.

If the President's appeal be answered, about 700,000 tons will be given free of charge to the Government of Pakistan. The government in turn will sell it upon its open markets and use the proceeds for internal improvements which are calculated to improve the country's economy. And such improvements are to be made by and with the approval of American technical experts.

As to the remaining 300,000 tons, arrangements will be made later as to the cost, if any.

Canada and Australia already have made grants of wheat out of their surpluses to Pakistan. It is eminently fitting and proper that out of America's abundance the starving millions of Asia be aided to keep body and soul together.

There is of course another matter to be considered. Pakistan is fairly close to another great wheat-producing nation, Russia. That country has been willing to sell, not to give, wheat to Pakistan. But even an arrangement to sell to the starving will be welcomed if there be no other source of food.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There seems to be a generally accepted idea that a man cannot fall in love with a rich girl or vice versa.

One of the most widely discussed social events of recent weeks was the marriage of Eunice Kennedy, daughter of one of America's richest men, to R. S. Shriver Jr., assistant general manager of the Chicago Merchandise Mart, a building owned by the bride's father.

The wedding was an enormous affair. It was solemnized in St. Patrick's Cathedral, with Cardinal Spellman officiating. There were 10 bridesmaids, each wearing a $1,100 gown designed by Christian Dior and presented to each of them by the bride's father. Seventeen hundred of the country's most prominent society folks were guests.

The church was lighted up entirely with huge candles. White peonies, white stocks and white baby's breath in enormous profusion were used for decoration.

After the wedding there was a hotel luncheon, such as Lucullus could not possibly have dreamed up.

The cost of the wedding was estimated at more than $100,000.

What a wonderful opportunity for all the cheap gossips and envious tongue waggers!

What vulgar display, they said, what waste of money! Why couldn't father Kennedy distribute the money among the poor and do some real good with it? I think the undertone was, why couldn't father Kennedy have given some of the money to US?

"Maybe it was a love match," one of the gentler gossips suggested. "Don't be ridicioulous," was the reply. "People like that don't fall in love, particularly if the groom works for the bride's father."

That crack and many more nasty ones like it made what little hair I have left stand on end.

Joseph P. Kennedy, the father, has had more than his share of unhappiness. His son, a navy lieutenant, was killed in an airplane crash. So was his daughter Kathleeen and her husband.

A hundred thousand dollars for Eunice's wedding. I bet Joe Kennedy would give all his millions to have his son and his daughter back!

Why can't a man fall in love with a rich girl, or a girl with a smart, presentable, fine young man even if he is not a millionaire?

Bob Shriver is assistant general manager of the biggest mercantile building in the world. Do you think Joe Kennedy, one of the smartest operators in the country, would have given him that job just to feather his daughter's nest? Millionaires don't get rich and stay rich that way.

The groom, by the way, graduated from Yale College and Yale Law School. During the war he served in the Navy as a gunnery officer in the Pacific and in Europe, and later with the submarine service.

The bride was associated with the Special War Problems Division of the State Department, dealing with American Prisoners of War in Germany. She is also well known for social work at the House of Good Shepherds in Chicago, and for her charity work for under-privileged children of Harlem.

I wonder how the good deeds of the gossips stack up with those of these two.

The Kennedy and Shriver people mean nothing to me. I never met any one of them.

Bt all the happiness in the world to these fine young Americans. They certainly deserve it.

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of June 13, 1928, a Wednesday

More than five hundred persons attended the annual parent's day celebration at the Sheridan School, 2nd and Liberty Sts.

Dr. Warren B. Davis, professor of nose and throat diseases and facial surgery at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, was the speaker at the monthly meeting of the Lehigh County Medical Society at the Hotel Allen.

Allentown Lodge, No. 130, B. P. O. Elks, at the conclusion of its regular session, held its Flag Day exercises. Principal speaker was Attorney Lawrence H. Rupp.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Glenn MacLaren tells about a bachelor in Glasgow who confided to a friend, "I've made up my mind to give up a rich widow I've been wooin' for many a long month to marry the penniless but beautiful lass that melts my heart to butter when I look at her."

"That proves he ha' a soul of gold," said the friend, "and it's proud I am! Now would ye just mind giving me the widow's name and telephone number?"

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

An active year is depicted for you, so laugh at disappointment. Look for a fine intellect and literary ability in the child born today.

Elevators were known as early as 236 B.C.

This Builds His Self Confidence



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Administration supporters are making a grave mistake in asserting that President Rhee of Korea has belatedly expressed his demands for a unification of Korea and his protest against an armistice that leaves Communist Chinese troops in North Korea.

The record shows that the Korean government consistently and constantly for the last 24 months has inveighed against any truce that would leave any Communist Chinese soldiers in North Korea. Again and again warning has been given in public utterances by the Korean president that a truce would not be approved if the Communist Chinese were not ousted from Korea.

It has not been generally known that the Korean government, although supplying the bulk of the troops, has never been permitted to be a party to the Panmunjom truce negotiations, while the North Korean government was permitted to negotiate directly.

Chronology of Statements

Here is a chronology which gives a few of the many statements by President Rhee and his government concerning the very proposals for an armistice that are now about to be agreed to by the U.N.:

June 10, 1951 (just before first truce overtures began (—President Rhee, in an interview with the Associated Press, said: "We will do something in desperation if the United Nations should make any decision contrary to our national security."

June 12, 1951 — President Rhee was reported by the Associated Press as warning against a "phony peace — any cease-fire order, negotiations, cessation or settlement that leave Korea divided by the artificial and meaningless geographical line of the 38th parallel." Dr. Rhee said also: "The Yalu River is our objective."

June 26, 1951—An official statement by President Rhee demanded a voice in the truce talks and said: "Any proposal short of the complete reunification of the Korean Peninsula will be unacceptable. This is our minimum requirement."

June 29, 1951—The Korean National Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution opposing a cease-fire until the following four conditions are met: "(1) Complete disarmament of Communist aggressors; (2) withdrawal of Chinese forces north of the Yalu and Tumen Rivers; (3) complete political and territorial unification under the government of the Republic of Korea, and (4) assurance of a permanent security of the nation."

Jan. 20, 1952 — Speech by President Rhee, released over television and radio to the American people: "We are gravely concerned that the original goal of the United Nations to unify Korea will be lost sight of during the haggling at Panmunjom. We fear that too many concessions have already been made."

March 1, 1952—President Rhee, in a speech in Korea, said: "We want all our friends and our enemies alike to know that we must be permitted to utilize every possible means to survive as an independent, unified, democratic nation — even if we have to carry on the struggle alone."

May 16, 1952—President Rhee said in a speech: "How, when and by whom, may I ask, shall we expect through peaceful means to expel the Chinese from Korean soil? . . . If an army of 900,000 Chinese Communist aggressors is permitted to remain in North Korea, where none at all existed 18 months ago, we believe that fact will be interpreted on both sides of the Iron Curtain as a Communist success."

Aug. 15, 1952—President Rhee stated in a speech: "So long as the armed and aggressive enemy remains entrenched on our soil and the 7 million anti - Communist Koreans in the north are still struggling and suffering, the goal proclaimed four years ago by both our people and the United Nations remains unachieved."

Sept. 26, 1952—President Rhee made a speech declaring that there can be "no rest until reunification has been achieved."

Messages to U. S.

Coincident with all these speeches came communications to the American government outlining the same point of view.

The truce talks were broken off in October 1952 and negotiation of an agreement was not resumed until April 5, 1953. President Rhee demanded a voice in the negotiations and finally, on May 25, 1953, his "observer" boycotted the talks in protest at the effort to silence his government from making public protest. That's the chronology of how an ally who contributed most of the troops and most of the soldier casualties and who suffered the loss of many millions of its citizens was treated by the United Nations when the issue of life and death for this small country was at stake.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GUTE FERSARRICK'D: Won sei lava 'n kotz os gute fersarrick'd wor, don is es da Edna Snyder fons Hinkels Trailer park on Wescosville ihra Tommy. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, da Edna ihra Allen maint, die kotz graich'd besser ob gawort wie er dade, un er hut ferleicht aw recht. Die tzeit wor woh die kotz fressa hut missa uf 'm budda, ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg. Der Tommy hut now ken obadit may mit ous die Edna haibt 'n uf 'm shose fer fressa.

Noh is der Tommy evens net tzu fritta mit ous die Edna ferubb'd 'm sei fressa mit da finger, un shteckds 'm ins moul. Won sie der Allen wie sel hava sot, un feedra da sama waig, wolla m'r wetta os m'r sie hoerra kent moula 'n mile aweck. Unnich da umshtanda, is es leicht tzu fershtae, ferwos er maint die kotz graich'd besserrie ob worting wie er graich'd. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina—net wohr.

HUT SIE NET GRICK'D: Won ebber sei lebdawg wor os sei hartz on ebbes hanka hut kot tzu fendu tzeit, don wors die Lillian Bittner, koch ons Greena wertshous uf 'm Schnecksville pike. On da ledshda fendu, wor 'n paar weiss, ladderna shoe tzu ferkaufa — grase sex unna halb, un funkle shtawl nei. Die Lillian hut die shoe net yusht gaglicha, ow'r sie hen ra aw gaboss'd wie die fousht uf die naus — ol os wie der rechts net gons.

Die Lillian hut die shoe 'n half dudsend mohl aw gabroviert un der linx hut gaboss'd grawd so gute os sei hut kenna — yusht der rechts hut wenich gapetzt, un ol darrich 'n grae aug om sel'm foos. 'S grae aug uf kours dut ra yusht tzeita weissa wae —gawainlich won die widdering sich anner'd. Yusht die Lillian hut noh ous gamocht sie breich'd die shoe aw net weara won 's wedder sich wexla dade, un hut shier net worta kenna bis sie nous kumma sin un der Eddie Knoll hut sie ferkauft.

Socha woh m'r sich oft mohls 's arrickshd 'druf frait falla em 's airsht in der dreck—un grawd so wors mit sella shoe. Onnerra hen sie aw aw gabroviert kotta, fermuthlich soicha os ken grae auga hen. Noh wos hen sie gaduh, os wie awfonga beata linx un rechts, bis sie drowwa worra tzu drei dahler unna fartel—'n lot mainer os die Lillian gatzailt hut kot tzu gewwa dafor.

In kartza werta, ebber shunshd hut die shoe mit hame ganumma, un die Lillian hut ken nei, weissa ladderna fendu shoe fer weara bei shae wedder — odder ewwa wons grae aug net wae dut. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Lillian 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 'M Carl Stengel fon da Front shtross Catasauqua sei fraw die Helen hut da onner dawg g'sawt sie wot aw liever noch ra fendu gae wie noch ra picknick — un grawd so gaits uns aw.

Today's Text

Luke 16:26-28.

But, according to Jesus' parable, and He is the only authority about conditions after physical death, it would be impossible for Lazarus to come to the rich man, now in torment, for Abraham says that 'there is a great gulf (the Greek word is chasm') fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, who would come from thence.' This is a very important statement, for if it teaches anything, it is that we have to arrange for our eternal destiny here and now. There is no hope for any one to alter his or her status after physical death. 'Behold, NOW is the accepted time; NOW is the day of salvation' 2 Cor. 6:2, not after death. It is to be feared that multitudes are being deceived by false teaching on this point, without any Scripture warrant. The rich man in torment then asked that Abraham send Lazarus to his family still living on earth, for he had five brothers who might be spared his own torment if they could hear Abraham's testimony about the future life and the experience of Lazarus himself, as well as that of the rich man in torment, their brother.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Conclusion

Ike, the Ironcutter

Abilene, Kansas

The sirens were screaming as we pulled off continental highway 40 and drove into the Main Street of Abilene. We had timed things just right and arrived just as the news from Chicago informed waiting Abilenes that their home-town boy, Dwight Eisenhower, had been nominated for President of the United States. Horns honked, firecrackers exploded and from somewhere a band appeared. And what a band it was! The men were in working clothes—one in the overalls of a railroad worker, another a farmer, a banker and a news reporter. A huge crowd assembled from everywhere as shops closed. An old-fashioned jubilee was in the making.

A sound truck penetrated the crowd and Henry Jamison, organizer of the first Eisenhower Club acted as master of ceremonies. Placards were flashed in his face. Local dignitaries were introduced. Many hopes were expressed that the candidate would choose his home town to make his acceptance speech. One of the speakers warned, "Now Abilene is on the spot; everyone of us must act in a way to reflect credit upon this town." The informal ceremonies then called for speeches from members of the crowd. Some one had noticed our Pennsylvania license as we parked the car. Your "ewicher Yaeger," writer of these sketches, was called upon to speak for Pennsylvania.

We told them of the Pennsylvania German backgrounds of the Eisenhower family back in Elizabethville, Dauphin County and many faces lit up when the term "Greitzweg" was given as the ancient dialect name of that town. Also we explained that the name Eisenhower signifies in English an iron cutter.

After the ceremonies there were many people who came to tell us that their ancestors too came from Pennsylvania and that Dutch is still spoken in many of the homes of Abilene. Among these were Dr. Stark, the local physician, Mr. Henry Ewertz, a teacher in the High School, and a Mrs. Henderson whose mother, named Engel, had migrated with the Eisenhower family when they left Pennsylvania.

The term "Ike, the Ironcutter" seemed to register in the minds of many persons who declared that they had never given the significance of the name any thought.

Later, at the Eisenhower Museum, we met the Director who proudly told us he too is "pannhaas" Dutch—not "sauerkraut" Dutch. In the Eisenhower home we were shown a woven coverlet of a pattern very familiar to all of us in Pennsylvania. The "Ike's" great-grandfather, Frederick Eisenhower, guide told us that the coverlet was woven by "who was a weaver back in Pennsylvania."

Miss Nettie's Finger Snapper

Denver, Colorado

No, this is not being written from any political headquarters. It merely happens to be the point at which we are able to get down to reporting to our readers an interview we had with Mrs. Nettie Brenneman of Abilene, Kansas.

Mrs. Brenneman in 1896 was Miss Nettie Guaque, a teacher of the first grade in the public schools of Abilene. In 1897 she taught the second grade, her pupils being promoted with her. Among them was a lad named Dwight Eisenhower. She was the first teacher of the man who had been nominated for President of the United States on the very day we visited with her.

"Did you call him Ike?"—"Never. Never heard that name until very recently. It was always Dwight."—"Was he a good boy?"—"Of course he was. He couldn't help being a good boy because he came from a good family."—"Was he outstanding in anyway?" "Well, there you've asked me one, for sure. To be quite honest, I could not even place him in my memory when first he became famous. Then one day I was shown a picture of the general when he was a small boy. In my amazement I exclaimed, "Why, he's my Finger Snapper!"

Miss Nettie then explained that she had made a practice of teaching "quick arithmetic" (mental arithmetic, that lost discipline of progressive education). The question would be thrown at the class for rapid answers but students were required to raise their hands in volunteering. Dwight's hand was always raised. Any good teacher knows that he must ignore the frequent volunteer in order to "cover the class" with opportunity to answer. On such occasion Dwight would resort to snapping his fingers in impatient effort to demand attention and supply the answer. Sometimes he "even danced around" in his impatience to tell the teacher that "three fours are twelve," or that seven and five add to twelve. Miss Nettie admitted that at times she was annoyed by the Finger Snapper.

Then the former teacher interviewed the reporter. From her library she extracted a notebook and asked to be told about the location of Dillsburg, Mechanicsburg and the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania.

Did Dutchmen Dig?

Sparks, Nevada

This is being written in the sleepy Hollow Hotel of Sparks, a bright suburb of Reno, Nevada. It seemed only proper to caption this story of serious things with a place-line other than that of the marital mix-master center. To Reno's credit however must go the fine help we received from members of its Chamber of Commerce, the Library of the University of Nevada and the Historical Society of Neveda. Mrs. Clara Beatty, director of the Society and Miss Adeline Sperry, research specialist, were especially interested in the query we raised.

Two years ago we were presented with a manuscript written by a well-known Berks Countian, in which the statement was made that the Comstock Silver Lode in Nevada was first discovered by two Berks County Dutchmen, the brothers Grosch. Ten years ago another statement had been made in our hearing, attributing the discovery to a York County Dutchman named Ziegenblatt. Neither account essayed detailed information and the bald statement was supposed to be accepted per se. Let the following abstract of our findings stand as it is. If some reader is in a position to determine that the Grosch brothers were Dutchmen we shall be pleased.

We found a copy of a letter written by the Rev. A. R. Grosch, father of the brothers, in which he states very clearly that the sons Ethan Allen Grosch and Hosea B. Grosch set out from their home in Reading, Pennsylvania, to prospect for gold in the Sierras. The inscription on the tombstone of Hosea in ghost-town Silver City states that he was born in Marietta, Lancaster County, Pa. The father is known to have been a Universalist clergyman at the time he wrote the letter (1865). Dan DeQuille, writing his fantastic story entitled "The Big Bonanza" states that both the Grosch brothers were well educated and possessed a fine technical library of books relating to geology and metallurgy. These are the only facts we know which shed any light upon the eastern origins of the two "Dutchmen" who are supposed to have discovered that greatest of all treasures, the Comstock Lode.

We found a great deal about the brothers and their activities in the mining world of the young west a century ago. Both men died tragic deaths before they or anyone else converted the ores into riches. Their early deaths account for the scant data which is available about them. Many lesser men have had their biographies established merely because they lived long enough to assure themselves of a record.

Did the Grosch brothers, Dutch or otherwise, really discover the Big Bonanza known as the Comstock Lode? That too is a moot question in these parts. We have assembled the arguments on both sides and hope at some future time to present them. For the moment we must confine our reporting to a summary given in a bulletin issued by the Mackey School of Mines, Nevada, in which it is stated that the Grosch brothers were the first to make an intelligent study of silver mining in the United States.

"City of Silver and Sin"

Virginia City, Nevada

In the revived publication, Territorial Enterprise, its present editors, Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, call the old Virginia City a "city of silver and sin." It was our privilege to chat with these well-known journalists who have set themselves to the task of republishing the old newspaper which once employed Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) and Bret Harte and other literary men of the 19th century.

Beebe and Clegg are not the only persons in the ghost town of Virginia City (with a population in 1890 of 50,000 and today of 600), who believe that the community has a future as well as a past.

Mrs. Clyde Stetler was seated at the lunch bar in "Sawdust Saloon," not far from the "suicide table," when we heard her say in reply to a query, "The milk is all." That was the first clue. Soon there were others. We found that our neighbor was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, formerly Dorothy Bowers of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. Her husband, Clyde Stetler, also a Pennsylvania Dutchman, looks and dresses the part of Buffalo Bill. Together they own three of the major establishments in the rejuvenated Virginia City. The Territorial Enterprise building of Mark Twain fame is one of the three. They share the hope that the city that silver built will rise again.

Yet, why the original interest on the part of these Pennsylvania Dutchmen in far off Virginia City? The answer came from Mrs. Clyde Stetler. "You see, my maiden name was Bowers. One of the finest mansions that stood in Virginia City during its heyday was that of Lemuel (Sandy) Bowers, a Dutchman from Pennsylvania. He was one of the financiers who first exploited the Comstock Lode."

* * * *

Sutter's Mill

Placerville, California

Here in Placerville men are growing beards, goatees, Van Dykes and ordinary fuzz-clusters. They are trying to look like pioneers so that their appearance may give some authenticity to the planned trek of Covered Wagons scheduled to take place later in the summer. A train of Conestogas will travel from Lake Tahoe to Placerville in an effort to depict the arrival of the first settlers of California to come overland a century ago.

Placerville is the jumping-off place to reach the village of Coloma where Captain John Augustus Sutter once wanted to build a mill for the dual purpose of grinding grain and sawing timber into boards. A century ago Coloma was a magic word throughout the civilized world and many hundreds of the brave and covetous perished on the desert trying to reach this forlorn spot along the American River in eastern California.

Sutter was a German-Swiss whose travels had carried him far and wide before he came to spend his last years and find final peace in Lititz, Lancaster County, Pa. While stationed at Fort Sutter, within the present limits of Sacramento, Sutter directed one John Marshall to erect a mill on the banks of the American River. In January, 1848, during the work of constructing the mill Marshall found gold in the waters of the river. All workmen were pledged to silence about the discovery but the news leaked out and within a year the Gold Rush was under way. The mill ground no flour and sawed no lumber. Adventurers swarmed the properties in search of the yellow stuff.

Today there is a stone marker on the site of Sutter' Mill. A California State Park nearby houses a museum, a store and many conveniences for picnicers. High upon a summit commanding the scene there is a statue in memory of John Marshall. In some quarters there has been a feeling that Sutter was not justly treated by California because the honors for the discovery have gone to Marshall.

Sutter took up his residence in Lititz in order to be closer to Washington, D. C., so that he might press claims against the federal government for injuries he claimed. He never received any compensation from the United States, but the state of California granted him a life pension to compensate him for the damage to his property brought about by the unlawful acts of the adventurers who came with the Gold Rush and paid no attention to Sutter's property rights.

The Lick Observatory

San Jose, California

Mount Hamilton is no place for mortals; only angels should dwell on its dizzy heights, for angels have wings and the deep precipices among the clouds do not awe them. Twenty-five miles from San Jose — twenty-five miles of sharp elevations, hair-pin turns and narrow roads hugging the edge of the world! No barriers to guard the travellers against a fall through the clouds to somewhere back on earth. A donkey or burro might make the climb with ease and a small puddle jumping car, trained to the course may puff its way along without danger, but for a super-Buick, accustomed to the rolling hills of Berks the climb was hazardous.

Atop Mount Hamilton stands the main structure of the world-famous Lick Observatory. Buried in the base of the huge telescope lies the body of James Lick, born in Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania.

Actually Lick knew little or nothing about the science of astronomy. After a somewhat wayward life which took him to most corners of the world the Pennsylvania Dutchman landed in California a few weeks before the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848. Unlike the other adventurers of his day Lick did not prospect for gold but invested his money in real estate in and near San Francisco. Land which he purchased for paltry sums soon became very valuable when the Gold Rush got into full swing. He became a multi-millionaire. Because of his parsimony he was regarded as an eccentric by his contemporaries on the west coast.

Through his acquaintance with George Davidson, later Professor of Astronomy at the University of California, Lick was led to include some bequests for astronomical studies among the many benefactions in his will. The largest bequest was for the purpose of building an observatory on top of Mount Hamilton which should bear his name and in whose structure he was to be laid to rest.

* * * *

Robesonia, Pa.

Our last letter came to you from San Jose, after an ascent of Mount Hamilton and a visit to the Lick Observatory. Today we have returned to our home moorings. After the earthquakes in the Bakersfield area which we escaped only by a few hours; after the blistering heat of the desert and the wide expanses of Kansas, the drought-parched fields of Arkansas and Missouri, the brimstone atmosphere left over from the two political conventions in Chicago, we have returned at last to a modicum of peace and comfort in North Heidelberg in old Berks.

Conclusion

DER TROLLEY CAR

Der Trolley Car iss nimmi do,
Waar besser wie en Hutsch;
Nix annerscht hen mir als gewisst,
Sin gfaahre in der Kutsch.

O Trolley Car, wu bischt du nau?
Ich meen ich sehn dich noch;
Faahrscht uff un ab, gehscht hie un haer,
Waarscht alle Daag im Yoch.

Du bischt aa wull nau nimmi do,
Sie hen dir's Haerz gerisse;
Doch waarscht em Mensch sei guder Freind,
Er watt noch winsel misse.

Du wascht net faul un wascht net mied,
Gehscht graad am Droht draa naus;
Faahrscht alle Daag un grickscht ken Loh,
Sell macht dir aa nix aus.

Waarscht lang deheem in Allentown,
Waarscht weit do rum bekannt;
Un ehrlich hoscht die Leit gedient,
Im Schteddel und im Land.

Fer sechzich Yaahr waar do dei Gschtell,
Hoscht alles do mit Mieh geduh;
Dei Lewe kummt nau zumme End,
Nau gehscht du hie—ich weess net wu!

1953 D. GEO. KNECHT

(Written upon the occasion of the discontinuance of trolley service in Allentown and vicinity)

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Editorials

Visit Catasauqua

Catasauqua will be observing its centennial anniversary next week and the people thruout this area will rejoice with her citizens at attainment of this proud and honorable age.

The latch-string will be out. The welcome carpet will be unrolled. Everything which the people as a community and as individuals can do to induce visitors to come to the centennial exercises will be done by them. In every way that warm welcome can be suggested, Catasauqua and Catasauquans will afford it.

Therefore it is in order to suggest that our people thruout this valley lay their plans during the weekend for a visit to Catasauqua some time during the round of ceremonies next week. Almost everybody hereabouts has some tie or other with friends in the Iron Borough. Almost everybody will wish to express good will toward this group of happy and hospitable neighbors.

Set aside some day next week for a visit to Catasauqua and enjoyment with her people of the centennial celebration of the establishment of the pretty town.

Vacation at Home

The vacation season is approaching and while many of our people will leave this city for holiday trips to mountain and seaside resorts, or for journeys by motor car to distant points, there will be many more who will remain at home thruout the warm summer months.

There will be some of the latter who will rather envy those who have gone away for a season. That emotion would pass for many if they could know the discomforts that many vacationers experience in tiny cubicles of summer hotels, from insect pests and ofttimes from poorly prepared foods. Most persons, from the standpoint of creature comforts, are far better off at home during the vacation season than if they were almost constantly on the go and subject to other persons' wills to provide them with room and board.

The philosophical person generally can reconcile himself to any situation. In this case it takes little philosophy to bring a sense of contentment to our people if perforce they must spend the entire holiday season right at home.

There are many places to see, many local pleasures to enjoy and a great many experiences of educational value available for our people right here at home if they set out to find them. And, when nightfall comes the vacationer who is spending his holiday within his habitual environment can find retreat in the comforts of his own home and amid the advantages of his home town or city.

It will be no hardship for most people to spend their vacations right here at home. A lot of them will be the happier and the healthier for it for thousands of vacationers who roam far afield really return home from strenuous vacations to get a rest.

They Made the Choice

Up to their last minute the Rosenbergs not only kept a considerable segment of the American people excited about their fate but very important persons inconvenienced themselves considerably in order to help them if they gave but the slightest indication of a desire to help themselves.

There is an important point in all this public ferment and highly-keyed emotion concerning this hapless pair: at all times death on the chair has been a matter for themselves to decide. Two years ago they could have avoided threat of execution by dropping their martyr attitude and by cooperating with the U. S. Government in its efforts to learn the ultimate about the Russian spy ring in the United States. Never has there been hunger and thirst for the Rosenbergs' blood. The desire has been to achieve the knowledge of illegal business on behalf of an enemy nation which, it is confidently felt by just about everybody, must be in the Rosenberg possession.

Up to the last mintue they could have achieved the stay of sentence which their hysterical friends were striving to force first from the Supreme Court of the United States and then from the President of the United States and the trial judge who passed the sentence.

The President of the United States gave them the consideration of waiting last night in the White House for their decision to save themselves. The Attorney General of the United States in Washington likewise spent the evening marking time, while in New York the trial judge remained in his chambers awaiting the opportunity to stay sentence if the Rosenbergs at long last decided to talk. And up at Sing Sing, FBI men kept a telephone line open to Washington and the White House. They were ready to flash the long-desired and anticipated decision of the convicted spies to "talk."

Prior to all that the Courts, including the Supreme Court, have leaned over backwards in the course of the past two years to give the Rosenbergs opportunity to take advantage of any legal loophole by which new trial, commutation of sentence or complete pardon might be achieved.

The "due process of law" has been stretched and strained in the effort to assure full and fair trial for the pair which was convicted of treason. Far more consideration and help has been afforded to them than ordinarily is accorded to felons. The most possible was done for them by society. In turn they decided to do nothing either for their nation or for themselves. In effect, they convicted themselves. In effect they carried out the death penalty upon themselves.

For a Complete Job

The County Commissioners provided good news by their announcement that at a very early day they will repave the Hamilton Street bridges over the valley of the Jordan creek and over the Lehigh River and that the improvement will be tied in with Allentown's improvement of the main street from 12th St. eastwardly to Carlisle.

The surface of the bridge over the Jordan has been rather rough for a long period of time. The bridge over the Lehigh by contrast has been in excellent condition. But with the removal of the trolley tracks the time has come to pave both in as substantial a fashion as possible.

Very properly the timing of the repairs is to be related to the work upon Hamilton Street so that interference with motor traffic will be reduced to a minimum.

Meanwhile, motorists well may make it a point to avoid Hamilton Street as much as possible. With the south side closed to traffic thru the central business section, there is room upon the north side only for a limited amount of traffic.

Keep away from Hamilton St. unless you wish to become snarled in traffic.

Today's Text

Luke 17:20-25

There seems to be a contradiction between Jesus' statement in vs. 20-21 and that in V. 24, easily resolved, however, if we are willing to refer the first statement to His first advent and V. 24 to His second advent. The Jews were looking for a Messiah who would appear with startling signs, but have not yet been able to understand a Messiah who was to appear in humility to suffer and to die for the sin of the world, as Isaiah describes Him in Chapter 53. Many Christians reverse this situation, believing in their crucified Saviour, but having no interest in His second advent. He came the first time, but was not recognized, V. 25, although in their very midst (not 'within you', V. 21, for surely the kingdom was not in the Pharisees, who rejected their King). But there will be those throughout the centuries who will be looking for Him, and there will be those in the latter days who will claim to be the Messiah, or who will say that He has already come, or who will say, Here He is, or, There He is. But we are not to believe them. When He comes again in His kingdom of glory, suddenly, there will be signs a-plenty, V. 24.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

Like her mother, years ago,
Oft I prayed that she would grow.
And I fancy so today
Fathers for their daughters pray.
One day old, and this the plea:
"Like her mother may she be."
Talk of love's enduring snare.
Father-daughter, there's a pair!
Once she climbs upon his knee,
Soft of heart he'll surely be.
Ask her mother, this she knows:
All she asks for he bestows.
Like her mother. This allowed,
Every father must be proud.
Love repeating cherished charms,
Round his neck the same soft arms.
"When you look at her," says he,
"It's her mother you will se."

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25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of June 20, 1928, a Wednesday

Members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Lehigh County Medical Society were entertained by their president, Mrs. William J. Hertz, in her home at 125 N. 8th St. A string trio comprised of Ruth Sipple Mellinger, Grace Bilheimer and Anna Sechrist, offered musical selections.

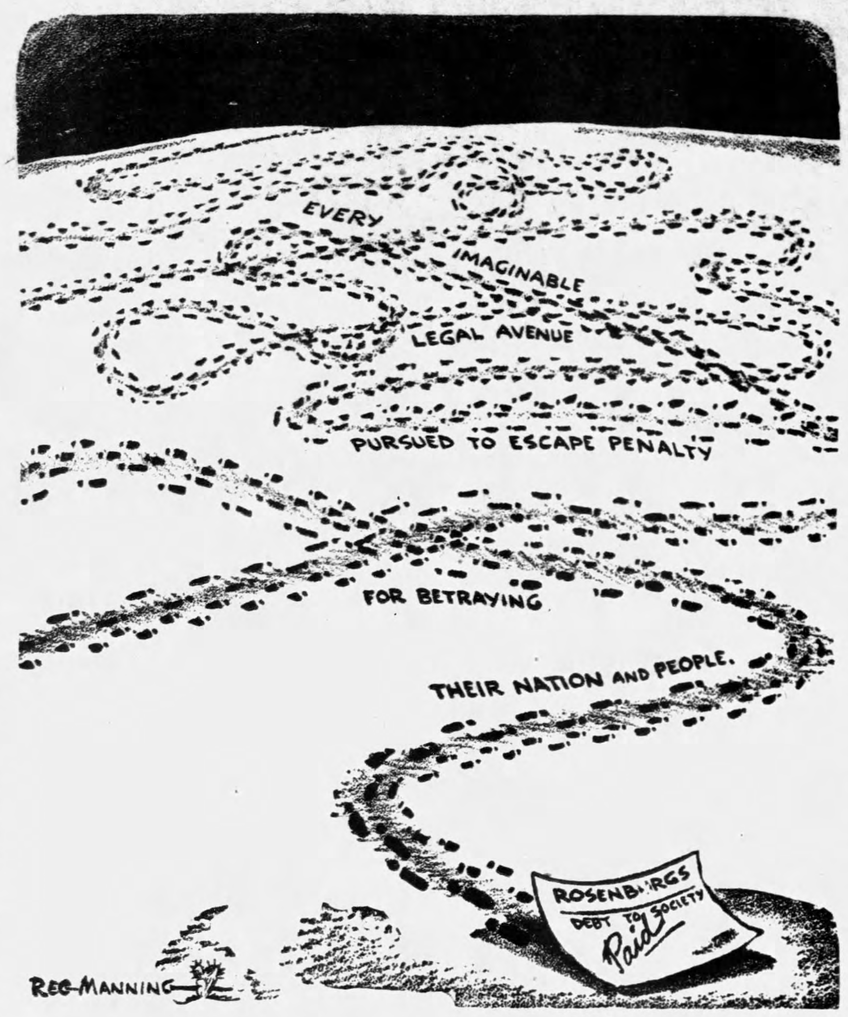
Nine members of the graduating class of the Alburtis Borough Schools received diplomas at commencement exercises held in Christ Chapel, Alburtis. Members of the class were Lillian Moyer, Annabel Bortz, Mildred Adams, Evelyn Butz, Gerald Knerr, Kenneth Hoffman, Earl Carlinsky, Homer Bortz and Ernest Schoch.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A shaky citizen was accused of stealing the Widow Queen's pig, and was questioned by the magistrate. "I killed it, an' I ate it," admitted the culprit. "I'm disappointed in you," sighed the court. "Comes Judgment Day, when you are confronted by the Widow Queen and her pig, how will you be able to account for your theft?" The accused meditated, then asked, "Will dat pig be dere wid de Widdow?" "That can be," admitted His Honor. "Den I'd jis say," declared the prisoner. "Mrs. Queen, dere am your ol' pig."

End of the Twisting Trail



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Looked at from the American side, the government of the Republic of Korea broke faith with the United Nations command and took a military action on its own when it released anti-Communist prisoners of war.

Looked at from the point of view of the Korean government, however, this was the right of an ally which had been threatened with the loss of its territorial integrity and particularly with coercion unless it signed an armistice that it bitterly opposed.

Looked at from the Korean government's point of view also, any armistice agreement which stipulated that 5,000 troops from India should be permitted in South Korea to police prison camps was a humiliation that could not be borne. To imply that the Korean government should accept the services of a country admittedly hostile to Korea was a serious blow to the pride of the republic. For India, though a member of the United Nations, has chosen to call itself "neutral," when everybody knows that Prime Minister Nehru, by his public statements favoring the immediate admission of Red China into the U.N. and refusal to ban shipments of strategic goods to Red China, has already prejudged the merits of the dispute.

The South Korean government is not a member of the United Nations and, according to a statement by its president, has not been permitted to be a direct party to the truce negotiations. Failing to secure truce terms that would assure the unification of Korea and failing particularly to obtain an acceptance of the demand that all troops except Koreans of the north and south be withdrawn, President Rhee felt that he had a free hand. He did not feel bound as a sovereign government to an alliance which he felt had deserted him.

Korean Violation

The American government, on the other hand, in the statement issued by the secretary of state, John Foster Dulles, after a conference with President Eisenhower, denounces the release of the prisoners by the Korean government as a "unilateral action" and as having been taken "in violation of the authority of the United Nations command to which the Republic of Korea had agreed."

There is no question about the fact that, when allies agree to any course of action, they are obligated to notify each other of the termination of such an alliance. While President Rhee has announced that he would not accept the armistice terms, and unquestionably has a legal right to separate his army from the United Nations command with or without notification, there is nevertheless a moral obligation to maintain a relationship of complete frankness with the United States government.

All sorts of reasons justifying the course that the Korean president took can, of course, be made, including the provocative steps of the last several days when, despite his announced intention to maintain a resistance to the truce, the impression was conveyed that he would be forced to accept the truce terms anyway and that economic aid and other assistance would be withdrawn immediately by the U.N. if he didn't. This probably seems to Syngman Rhee an arbitrary step that was being taken without a full discussion of the issues on their merits.

It is a regrettable dispute, because the Korean government needs the good will of the United States government and because also, if the Communists are not sincere about making the truce, then the main job of fighting falls back on the shoulders of the troops of Syngman Rhee.

Truce Desire Test

Incidentally, if, despite what has happened, the Communists sign the truce, it will be a clear indication that they want it badly, but, if they construe this episode to be a basis for a break-up of all negotiations, it could mean that they didn't really want the truce after all.

Opinion here still inclines to the belief that some sort of truce will be signed soon by the U.N. command and that the Korean government, while never agreeing to the truce terms, will agree nevertheless not to engage in hostilities during the period of the political conference.

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

The future looks promising, with success attainable. A sensitive and highly intellectual personality is likely to develop as today's child matures.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Two classified ads in my newspaper were quite interesting to me.

One, because when I combed my hair I noticed that another six or seven precious strands had stuck to my comb. The other, because a very boresome woman had visited us and spent almost the entire evening talking about herself. The one thing I noted about her was that her hair was died a violent red and that, as the hours went on, she got to look older and older by the minute.

The first advertisement read: "Look years younger through the new and celebrated facial treatments given by Marianne in her intimate salon."

The second one went like this: "Top Secret! Your natural looking 'topper' conceals baldness," and right under it "my transformations are so natural, so flattering, no one will ever guess your secret."

I understand that this particular advertiser is swamped with business and that he charges outrageous prices for his "toppers" and transformations.

Unfortunately, however, this 20th century Ponce de Leon, unlike his 15th century predecessor, can rejuvenate only what is outside a person's head.

The inside, in spite of transformations and toppers, cannot be "brainwashed" by him.

I have never been able to understand why so many people are deadly afraid of getting old.

Aging is a natural process which no one can escape. Life is a one-time journey.

It starts with youth and ends with death. There is no round trip ticket, no excursion rates, no stop - overs.

Life is a local, with every scheduled stop. The stops are only long enough so that each passenger can have a few minutes for sightseeing and refreshments.

But that is all. When the train is due to depart, the whistle blows, and the train goes on, to its next stop.

One of the surest ways to get old before your time is to keep thinking about how old you are getting.

Nobody has yet fooled anybody by dying hair, putting on layers of rouge and powder or by wearing the most artful toppers or transformations.

It isn't how you look but how you act that betrays your age. And when I say "act" I don't mean being an actor but acting your age.

Getting old is really quite a lot of fun.

In the first place you begin to realize how many things that were so terribly important have become completely unimportant.

It is remarkable how little you really miss the "important" things that once meant so much to you, when nature has forced you to get along without them.

Then, also, there is quite a bit of comfort in being treated with the reverence and respect which only your age has earned you — even if you don't deserve any of it by virtue of yourself.

The only change I would make in nature is to start life with old age and get younger from year to year.

And when the end comes, instead of saying "good bye," it would be "da da."

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT DER KUMBOS FERLORA:

Won der Clarence Moyer, shteward on da Trexlertown Fire kumpany sei lebdawg in druvel wor, don wors doh weil tzurck owets wie er sei kumbos ferlora hut on seim model A Ford fon 1930, un is beim Wilmer Hamm om Breinigsviller wertshous, uf die porch g'fohrra. Der Ford huts airsht net recht nuf gawolt, ow'r wie der Clarence 'm die gart gewwa hut, is er die drebba nuf os es g'shmok'd hut, un won die dier numma eisht awenich braider gawest wear, wear er grawd nei in die bar shtub g'fohrra.

Die barichda sin, der Clarence wear gore wunnerbore uf g'shoft gawest, un het sich uf die porch k'huck'd fer ruga. Sis noh 'n raya kumma, un aina waig odder da onner is 'm der k'hond'l der buckle nunner galoffa, un hut net fershtae kenna os sei glaider so feicht weara. Der Wesley Carl hut sich noh erbarm'd un der Ford hame ganumma, un der Wilmer hut der Clarence hame ganumma tzu da Beulah. Ferleicht wil er die socha aw net house howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

'N SHTOLTZER GRAMPAP:

Won sei lebdawg 'n mon shtoltz wor fer Grampap werra, don is es der Ed Mohr fon 18 Sid 7d shtross Emmaus—uns same halt aw ous so weit os Grammam aw gait bei seinra Hattie. 'S wor ihra dochter woh in Catasauqua wohn'd, os na die ehr gabrocht hut mit ma wussliche glaina boo. 'S hais'd 's het der El shun 'n wunnerborie lot keffer bree un cigars gakosh'd—ow'r er secht 's wear 's wert fer Grampap sei — un won ebber die wohret shwetzt don is es der Ed.

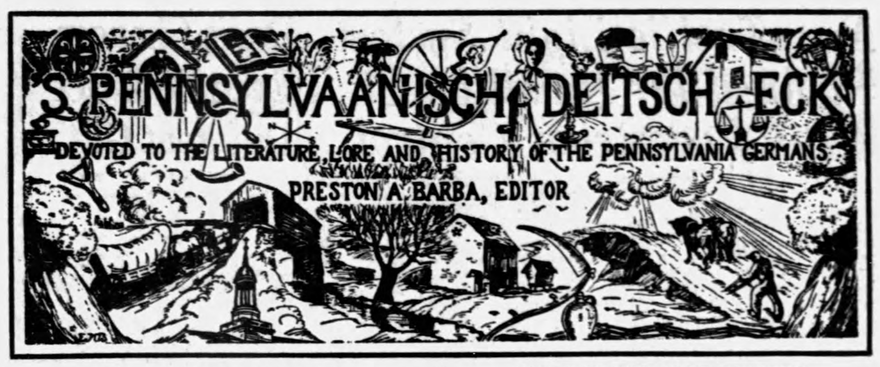
Der Ed wie fiel leit in da Emauser gagend wissa, wor fer yohrra 'n boss on da Donaldson Eisa foundry wie sie noch om gae wor, un is alla weil aw widder boss on blotz woh ols die foundry wor. Der Ed huts airsht gamaint fer 'n gonsie woch ob nemma on seinra arwet, celebrata, ow'r sie hen 'm noh ob garoda sel tzu duh—hen g'sawt 's wear tzu fiel arwet om gae, un sot un da lieva willa net ob nemma on darra tzeit.

Now die weil os er shoffa mus, gait er alla dawg uf un ob fon Catasauqua, die weil os die Hattie rous helft mit da arwet, ocht gewwa uf der glae boo. Ferleicht sin sie aw widder dahame bei darra tzeit, ow'r won sie sin, woila m'r wetta os wenich graws wox'd in da shtross g'shwishich Emmaus un Catasauqua. 'S sol uns gross wunnerra eb der Ed un sei Hattie net ferleicht im parade sin die nagshd woch woh k'halta wert in Catasauqua. Un won sie sin, wert m'r sie wol sehna kenna mit ra alt frankisha bavy karriage mit ra lumba bub drin-der glae boo sin m'r shure darfta sie noch net nous inna oovihg wie sel nemma.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa wil der Ed un die Hattie 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

Somshdawgs der 22d Augusht is der dawg woh m'r der Hudson nuf gaina, die tickets kumma rous grawd noch 4d July.



OLD-TIME GARDENS

As remembered and told by Ida V. Hollenbach

MY first memories of gardens are centered in the one connected with the old Saegersville Hotel which was built in 1762 and in which I was born. The first six years of my life were lived there and, though I may not have been particularly interested in gardens then, there are four things that have remained fixed in my memory, each for a particular reason.

First, there was the hop vine growing over the garden fence. Its flowers I cannot recall, but the thickly petalled seedpods, oval in shape and about the size of a thimble, a soft green in color and growing in clusters, were something to delight in. At times we might even dare to pick one of them to use as a delicate rattle. While they were still green mother picked them and dried them for winter—not to use in the making of yeast or homebrew, but to fry in lard to make an ointment for colds. I can still see the old cup without a handle that was brought from the cupboard at the first sign of a cold. The grease was slightly warmed before it was used and much of my pleasure in the growing hops was rubbed out in the application of the "hobbe fett." Over the greased little chests were laid pieces of soft woolen cloth and so we were put to bed. Whether this had the desired effect I cannot now say, but mother had unbounded faith in it.

Next there was a bed of rhubarb growing by the fence along the road side. When the old stone hotel was razed and the present brick building was erected the new one was moved some distance back from the old road and the highway was widened to take in part of the rhubarb patch. This was of such hardy stock that for several seasons new shoots pushed their way up through the new strip in the road each spring.

Of flowers I remember only the old hardy phlox whose blossoms I gathered in my apron and by inserting the trumpet end of one into the heart of the next one produced pretty pink flower chains to wear about my neck.

My fourth feature had nothing to do with the growing of vegetables but was so much a part of the garden of my memories that I cannot resist telling it. This was an empty barrel, laid on its side in the ground. It was well lined with straw and before the first killing frost in Fall, was filled with cabbages, beets and turnips. No—no carrots! More straw was packed into the opening and then the whole was well covered with ground and sod to remain undisturbed until the first spring thaw. The vegetables were then removed as needed, in perfect condition, and long before Easter all that remained in the barrel was the straw. The Easter Rabbit found this a fine place to lay some of his colored eggs and it was the only place where we found them without being guided to the spot by an older person.

It was when the old hotel was torn down that we moved into a house next door where I grew up. It was here I was first required to help with the gardening, and, when on some sunny day in early spring mother got out our calicos and sunbonnets with this announcement, "Today we start the garden." I usually shivered for, though the sun was warm, I didn't work hard enough to warm up. While mother dug and raked, I put the manure in every other row and in no time at all we were ready to set onions. There were the single onions grown from seed and the "glucke zwiwwle" that had produced clusters from single plantings the year before and which were again separated for single settings. Among the first vegetable seeds to go into the ground were the "sei buhne," a variety that produced a thick hairy stem along which the beans grew upright. Grayish in color, about the size of a lima bean, but square in shape, it had a flavor all its own. It was a very poor producer, so not much room was given it in the kitchen garden and there were seldom enough of them for a satisfying meal. The radishes we raised were quite different from the red or white or red and white ones common today. They were purple and white with deep roots and sometimes grew to an enormous size. Partly self-sown, we always had radishes even if they were not sown each Spring. Several choice specimens were each year encouraged to go to seed, some of which dropped in the ripening and more in the picking. Our immedite neighbors grew a very choice strain of lettuce never offered by seed houses. Not strictly a head lettuce, the centers twirled into several distinct hearts, the quality of which was exceptional, crisp and tender, with this special feature—after a prolonged drought that made all lettuce bitter, a drenching rain restored all the fine qualities of this particular strain. It was very difficult to raise seed, for it was slow to "shoot" and blossom, but my mother was unusually successful and I remember every Spring at least one of the neighbors would come along and ask, "Cora, hoscht drei-hertzicher Tzelaat Sume iwwrich?" and Cora always had. When she left us I determined I would continue to raise the seed as she did, but either my luck didn't hold out or I over-estimated my skill, for I didn't succeed. The few sickly seedpods I grew several years in succession were always "daab" (curious that the same word is used both of infertile seed and of a deaf person). As far as I know this lettuce is no more.

I don't have the ability of my brother, Raymond Hollenbach, nor the patience required to track down the information I want, so I can only offer my opinion as to why carrots had no place in old Pennsylvania German gardens. My only association with carrots was with the wild carrot, or Queen Ann's Lace, an abominable weed, and I for one couldn't imagine cultivating anything remotely connected with it for the table. I know of nobody in this area who raised carrots when I was a child and they didn't appear in our gardens before 1912. Spinach, too, was not grown in our gardens, probably because our people were not fond of boiled greens and as a salad green it fell far short of the common dandelion.

Growing along the "fense-schtrich," or boundary between our garden and a field was a plant we knew as "oyster plant." As far as I could see it had no value except for the pretty blue flowers growing on upright stalks and resembling chicory, or wild endive. It was from a descendent of the Saeger family, founders of this village, that I learned the plant root could be used in soups, but this was dry and woody and wholly undesirable. Along the same fence strip grew several clumps of asparagus, or "micke kraut" as it was then known because the only use to which it was put was to tie it in bunches when grown to feathery maturing and to hang it about a room to attract and hold the flies or to wave it over the dining-table by some busy person while the others were enjoying their food. It was from the same Saeger descendent I learned that this too was edible. So one may deduce that both salisfy and asparagus had a place in the Saeger garden 150 years, only to be abandoned for some curious reason.

About the most interesting part of our garden was the potato patch. This was always carefully hoed to preserve certain little seedlings that grew from self-sown seed each year. Some of thes were the delicate single poppy we know now as Shirley poppies and they made of the patch a lovely gay plot. The others were coriander and this was allowed to grow wherever it interfered least with the growth of the other vegetables. Its flowers, though smaller in size, resembled Queen Anh's Lace and these developed into small pellet-shaped seeds. As the seed matured and changed from green to yellow, the plants were picked, tied in bunches and hung on the garden fence to dry. When it had turned brown and was ready to drop, it was carefully rubbed from the stalks by hand and carefully stored for winter, when it was indispensable in the making of fresh country sausage. Ground in an old coffee mill to the desired fineness, it was used as the main seasoning and never was there anything better to set before family and friends. — But now I have wandered so far from the old garden that this is a good place to stop.

DER MUDDER IHRE GAARDE

In de Heidelbaryer Hiwwle
Iss en Haus, mol ge" peddle-dashed";
Geegge Marye un Owed die Giwwle,
En Bortsch an der Nord Seit ge "lashed;"
Im Keller iss en Brunne,
Der Anfang vun re Grick,
Die finnt sich endlich drunne
An der Tulpehock Forge Brick.

Am Hang vum Wasserhiwwel,
Paar Schritt vum sellem Haus,
Gans wedde en Backoffe Giwwel,
Am Wassergraawe naus,
Datt leit en Achtel Acker,
Gebauert mit Schipp un Reche;
Un Friehyaahrs halt's em wacker
Der gut Grund rumzuschteche.

Sell waar mei Mudder ihr Gaarde,
Vun Ungraut immer frei.
Un all die Lenner waarde
Uff ihre Blanserei.
Sin etlich gleene Graewe
Mit Zwiwwle Sume gsaet,
Des Friehsalaat Schtick newe,
Wu owwe der Buxschtock schteht;

Dann kumme die gschteckte Zwiwwle
Un aardlich Friehgraut Schteck;
Dernoh die Gummere Hiwwle,
Un Buhne net weit eweck;
Am Paedel zwee Roihe Aerbse,
Ums Land rum Reddich gschteckt,
Un an der Fens paar Kaerbse
Mit de Rewe outside gschteckt.

Noh sin noch annre Lenner,
Fer Schpotgraut, gross un breet,
Mit Rotriewe um die Enner,
Un Reddich druff rum gsaet;
Uff eens sin Friehgrumbiere,
Tomaetes un so weider;
En anners iss in Schiere
Fer different Aart Gekreider.

Ee Schtick hot Gummere, schpode,
Paar Schtreeme hen Selaat,
Un cantaloupes gerode
So grooss wie en Naab im Raad.
Zwee Seide um der Gaarde
Hen scheene Kannsdrauwe Schteck,
Un Grusselbiere, paar Sarde,
Hen hie un do en Eck.

En Aerbiere Schtick, un Gwendel,
Bloobaryer un Salwei Tee,
Un Saffrich mit geelrode Bendel
Duhne aa im Gaarde schteh.
'S gebt aa Andifti, Riewe,
Un Yuddekasche fer Pel,
Un hie un dadde schiewe
Paar fremme Blanse sich nel.

Dann wu mer am Dierche nei kumme,
Zwischich zwee Buxeschteck verbei,
Datt schtehne die alde Blumme,
Doch alle Yaahr gans nei;
Un eens vun selle Saarde—
Do wett ich dann en Bens—
Iss nimmi in viel Gaarde—
Des iss die "Schtruwwlich Nens.'

Awwer in mei Kindscheits Yaahre,
Zu mir en schee Gelock,
Die schennschte Blumme waare
Am Johnie-jump-ups Schtock.
'S iss noch en Land zu nenne,
En schmaales an der Wiss,
Die Blanse datt druff zu kenne
Fer niemand Dummes iss.

Datt finnt mer Rhubarb, Pederli,
Liebschteckel, Schpargelgraut,
Alantwatzel, Medderli,
Koppche-Blettche, Muddergraut,
Gaarde Gnowwlich, Rosemarie,
Schpeck-un-Oier, Hazschparrgraut,
Alder Mann un Aldi Fraa,
Haahnekemm un Fuxeschwens.

Dickschte Aerbiere news draa,
Schwerdelcher schier wie en Sens
(Die mit Blumme, groosse blooe),
Siesse Schropps un weisse Lilye,
Ridderschpaare, Hinkelglooe,
Korianner un Kamille—
Deel fer Krankheit hinnergeh,
Deel fer Gschmack un deel fer schee.

The above verses appeared in the Pennsylvania German Magazine for January, 1913. The name of the author is not given.

For the following information about some of the less familiar plants above mentioned we are grateful to Miss Ida V. Hollenbach:

Koppche-Blettche is the very familiar double canterbury bell. The single flower is cup-shaped and is either white or one of several shades of blue. The double flower has a circle of petals surrounding the base of the cup giving it the appearance of a cup on a saucer.

Schpeck-un-oier, or as we called it "die Schtannebluмm" is the single narcissus with white petals and a yellow-frilled center.

Fuxeschwans, also known as **Haahneschwans**, is a plant similar to the coxcomb or **Haahnekamm**, but the flower grows in a plumed tail; the name is also given to the seed tops of a coarse grass about two feet high and resembling millet. The seed heads are thick and furry and from three to four inches long.

Alantwatzel (also **Olands**—and **Holandwatzel**) is elecampane, one of the best-known of medicinal herbs. It is much used in making cough medicine and can still be purchased in some drug stores.

Hazschparrgraut (or **Mudderkraut**) is motherwort, a plant of the mint family but not aromatic, medicinal for the heart and for "liver-grown" infants. Still to be found around barns as a weed.

Hinkelglooe (or **Zinkegrass**) is finger grass. Its seedhead has four spikes resembling chicken claws.

MEI HAERZ VUN LIEB GEDINGT

Weis: "Amerika"

Mei Haerz vun Lieb gedingt
Freehlich un luschdich singt,
O Haerr zu dir!
Wie schee dei Barriye—
Wie glee mei Sarriye!
Sanft wie der Marriye
Kummscht du zu mir!

Summer un Winder do—
Darrich Glaar un Schtarrem so—
Schtill kummscht zu mir!
Dei Wiegschtann yeder Nacht
Schockelt mei Haerz un lacht
Mit Mudderschtraahl un Macht—
Fiehrt mich zu dir!

En Fedder Vun Der Buschamschel Vun Bally, Pa.

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Editorials

In Blaze of Glory

Catasauqua today completes its week of celebration of the centennial anniversary of the boro and it can be expected it will be called upon to welcome and entertain probably the largest of the crowds which have been responding thruout the week to featureful programs.

Today the firemen of this section of the State will be on hand to join residents of the Iron Boro in celebrating the important occasion. They will make up the colorful parade which is to be held this afternoon. By their large numbers and enthusiasm they can be expected to add lots of spirit to the final day of celebration.

Concluding the day's offerings will be the historical pageant on Thomas Field at dusk this evening, followed by a fireworkds display that should attract record crowds.

Fortunately, the entire week has been favorable as to weather and Catasauquans and their many visitors have made the most of it. It is to be hoped that weather favorable for today's programs will be experienced and that the observance of the Centennial Anniversary can be concluded in a blaze of glory.

Good Citizen Returns

Not in the memory of many of us has there been such a demonstration of joy by so many persons upon the return to the community of a beloved leader as was provided by more than a thousand members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America who came to this city from all points of the compass on Thursday night. All came to welcome Reuben Bloch, manager of the local branch from the year of its opening (1932) until 1948 when he was transferred to Chicago.

Thursday night was just about as difficult and unpleasant for indoor meetings as can be imagined. Yet the garment workers swarmed into the city in a fleet of busses that cluttered the central business area during the evening and in private cars. Then they spent hours in business sessions and in expressions of satisfaction that Mr. Bloch has returned home to this city.

It might be added that a considerable representation of various groups and interests might well have been on hand at this meeting to welcome Mr. Bloch. During his dozen years in this community his helpful activities in many phases of civic life and affairs were outstanding. When he left this city five years ago it was with the regrets not only of the workers, whose union affairs he had managed so capably, but of the many community organizations in which he has served conspicuously.

In accord with the workers of ACWA members of these groups welcome the return of Mr. Bloch to this community and to its many - faceted life. They know and esteem him as a good and useful citizen.

What Price Freedom?

The migration of an individual is expensive and unless there be few or no home ties and no responsibilities, the average person in almost any state of society is wont to remain close to the soil in which his or her roots have been sunk.

Such migrations in considerable numbers as that of Germans from the Rhein-Pfalz and other provinces to Eastern Pennsylvania two hundred years ago; the migration of thousands of Irish to the United States following the "potato famine" in 1846; the movement of Slavic populations to American mining areas and steel production centers; the migration of Swedes and Norwegians to the lumbering regions near the Great Lakes and many others have made their indelible impress upon American history.

All of these were occasioned by economic pressures of one kind or another, plus such elements as the search for religious freedom in the case of our Pennsylvania Dutch.

In all the cases there were few if any political restraints to the man or the woman or the family which wished to emigrate. In fact there generally was encouragement. Such encouragement if not of economic nature at least was of spiritual character. The emigrants were accorded "moral support," as the saying has it.

Today there must be millions of people in East European countries who would like to pull up stakes and get out. Upwards of eleven or twelve million have fled, penniless, to the Western zones of Germany. Most of these were persons whom the Communist governments were glad to get rid of. But there are millions behind the iron curtain who would like to get out, as repeated incidents evidence.

They are forbidden to move. Or they fear, because they know, that their kith and kin whom they leave behind will suffer for their unscheduled and illegal departure. And, if they be possessed of any small means, they will not be able to take them with themselves on flight. In other words, flight from behind the iron curtain today means tearing up all one's roots and taking one big hazardous chance on establishing a new life in a foreign and unknown country where one may neither be understood nor be welcome.

So every time that a pilot is reported to have flown out of the Red countries and thrown himself upon the mercy of some foreign government; every time a man, like the skipper of the Batory, seeks asylum in some foreign country it can be understood that he has burned all his bridges behind him. He has wagered his all upon a single throw of the dice of fate. All are brave men and women. They have valued freedom above everything else. They have ventured their lives to achieve it.

Keep Busses Clean

There is a lot of sound, common sense in the suggestion yesterday by an anonymous letter-writer concerning litter-bugs who enter clean busses and leave them looking like hog sties.

The writer was gentle and meek in a plea to all users of the busses to keep these transportation units clean. It is to be hoped that such mild approach will be effective; that the better side of people's nature will have been appealed to and that the acts which are complained of have been due to rank thoughtlessness and carelessness; that there is going to be better behavior in the future.

The fact is that public transportation now is limited to the bus system. Many of these are brand new. They are spick and span in fresh paint and glistening varnish. When they are taken out on their initial runs each day they have been thoroughly cleaned.

Naturally ordinary usage is rough upon any vehicle. It is true of a private motor car. It is true of a public conveyance. But extraordinary usage is something different. For example, there were trolley cars in recent days in which the upholstery of nearly every seat was slashed by sharp instruments. Likewise, trolley cars got back to the barn at the end of the runs with litter deep upon the floors. Passengers during the late hours of the runs had to sit amidst such ugly surroundings.

It is said that it is "an ill bird that fouls its own nest." Almost every person who rides a bus is a repeater, that is to say he or she is a regular customer. Therefore the bus is his or her regular mode of conveyance. Therefore it is unreasonable for any one to create a litter and sit amidst it with any sense of pride or of comfort. Much less is it a matter of satisfaction to enter a bus which has been littered by preceding passengers.

So as our anonymous correspondent appealed, let us keep the busses clean not only out of deference to the sensibilities of others but also out of respect for ourselves.

Let's not be litterbugs, inviting the DDT of contempt and scorn from our fellow-passengers.

Marshall Scholars

The emphasis on the Coronation in the past few weeks overshadowed a British act of friendship toward this country which should not go unnoted.

The British government has set up a plan for 12 scholarships to permit American students two or three years' study at British universities. The 12 will be selected annually, three from each of the four geographical divisions, North, South, East, West, of the United States.

They will be known as Marshall scholarships, and will be Britain's way of saying thanks to the people of the United States for the assistance given to Britain under the Marshall Plan.

An advisory council headed by the British ambassador to the United States and regional committees will select the scholars who will be given the awards. They may be of either sex, under the age of 28, with three years' college education.

Foreign student exchanges have been an excellent source of goodwill between nations for many years. The Rhodes scholarships, under which Americans attend British universities are well known, and many British students have studied in this country under the student exchange program. Their value cannot be measured, but it obviously is great.

The Marshall scholarships are intended for Americans who wish to improve their understanding of the British. In this world in which we have to stand together, it seems an excellent idea.—Houston (Texas) Post.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The late Albert Lasker, advertising tycoon and philanthropist, liked to think he knew how to do pretty nearly everything. Nor did he hesitate to tell specialists how they could improve their work. He told this story on himself: He was being driven to a hotel in the skiing country, bundled up in a big buffalo robe. He explained to the driver of the sleigh, "You ought to spread this blanket with the hair on the inside. It's a lot warmer that way." Then the driver observed drily, "Now weren't those buffaloes fools not to know a simple thing like that!"

A man with bulging eyes rushed into a lunatic asylum, and gasped, "Who escaped today?" "Calm yourself," soothed a doctor. "Nobody's run away in the past two months." "You must be wrong!" cried the man. "Somebody ran away with my wife this afternoon."

Wonder What Happened to All the Traffic?



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Higher pay does not necessarily mean that the worker gets more money to spend. Money is a receipt for time and skill exchangeable for goods and service. A man gets $1.75 an hour, but that has to be translated into food, shelter, clothes, household accessories, medical attention, transportation and other necessities in American life. The purchasing power of money varies as its acceptability varies. In a word, when a dealer rejects a nickel for a cigar and demands a dime for the same cigar, it is not the cigar that has changed but the value of money.

When the American dollar falls from 100 to 53 cents in purchasing power, the worker may or may not be able to equalize the increase in wages with the decrease in purchasing power. That is the practical aspect of the case.

The hourly rate for factory workers has increased from $1.06 in 1946 to $1.75 at the present time. The probability is that the hourly rate will be about $1.79 at the end of this year. (These figures are, of course, averages.) There have been eight increases since 1946 and another is in the making. In 1953, wages have been increased in a number of basic industries. In addition to increases in the hourly rates, there have been numerous advances in fringe benefits.

There can be no objections to high wages. The American economy is based upon the purchasing power of the entire population. A factory worker or a farmer ought to be able to buy and to maintain household equipment such as electrical refrigerators, television sets, deep freezers, and anything else the same as the richest men. The classlessness of the American society is best equated by the purchasing power of the American people.

Wages, Purchasing Power

The objection is not, to repeat, to high wages; it is to the value of those wages in purchasing power. While wages are highest in 1953, reports indicate that purchases are falling off in several important commodities. Further, the curbing of credit is an error in our type of market, which is based upon credit buying. While most Americans are in debt in the sense that they owe money for installment buying, our people do not look at the problem that way. They regard installment purchases as savings—they save and pay while they use. It is a sound method, making available to our people commodities which they otherwise could not get until they had accumulated large sums of money. It is pragmatic thrift.

The French peasant may save by hiding his money in a sock; the American saves by putting beautiful and useful things in his home or buying a new automobile. Actually, he is a smarter saver because he has the use of the desired things while he is saving his money by paying on the installment plan. It is a practical method.

Yet, even here the question of the value of money becomes a deterrent to purchases. While money falls in value, prices rise. In the United States, the two principal elements in price are wages and taxes. As there are no immediate prospects of tax reductions, the price will not be affected by that item. But the increase in wages must either be added to the cost of goods or taken out of the excess profits tax. This tax gives the government 82 cents out of the dollar. Firms can, by careful manipulation, so reduce excess profits that not they but the government covers the cost of additional expenditures.

Some Have Advantage

As the older and larger businesses have certain advantages under the excess profits tax law, they can so arrange their affairs that they can afford to increase wages out of what would have been a tax, instead of putting the additional cost on the price. The newer business firms do ot have this great advantage to a like degree and therefore suffer from wage increases in a competitive market.

The time is not far distant when the American economy will have to readjust itself to the realities of a lost foreign market, supported by various forms of aid, and of the neo-isolation which is being imposed upon this country by the failures of our policies in Europe and Asia. The shock of reality may be greater than any of our people have yet had to take.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 18:28-30

After Jesus had told the rich ruler to sell all that he had and to distribute it among the poor, Peter said: "Lo, we have left all and followed Thee.' Matthew's account, 19:27, adds: 'What shall we have therefore?' Jesus replied: 'Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.' This promise must evidently be taken in a spiritual sense, meaning that in Christ the believer will find a full equivalent for anything he is obliged to give up for Christ's sake. In short, the Lord Jesus Christ will be more to him than physical property, than relations, relatives and friends, as he finds peace, hope, joy, comfort, and rest, which material things cannot provide, since they are apt to pass away at any time. What we have in Christ endures throughout eternity. 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come' (1 Tim. 4:8), and Paul knew this by experience when he so write to his friend Timothy.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of June 27, 1928, a Wednesday

Charles Fritsch received the alumni medal for the highest average of the Allentown High School graduating class. He scored 94.08.

A reception attended by 100 members of the Sons of Union Veterans and allied organizations of Bethlehem last night honored Charles Young, new department commander of Pennsylvania.

Clarence Ritter was elected president of the Emmaus Exchange last night. Other officers elected were: Charles Fulmer, first vice president; Percival Druckenmiller, second vice president; Rexford Alloway, third vice president; and Walter Buzby, secretary.

Horoscope

Your future should be active, interesting and exciting. Your monetary position is likely to improve. Today's child may become a romantic soul, and the financial outlook is good.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WIL NA FOHR KUMMA: Wons tzu helfa is, wil der Stanley Frantz fon nagshd on Rising Sun da mushkrutta mohl fohr kumma — wil na der boss ob schneida so os sie net immer lecher in sei fish dom grawwa kenna. Der Stanley un fon da boova, hen 'n aryer shainer dom in der shwom gabout — uns aintsich'd os letz is, sie kenna ken wosser drin halta. Wie sie maina 's wear wosser drin grick'd er 'n loch un rinn'd lare.

Fer 'n weil hen sie net gawist wos die uhrsoch is os der dom so lecherrich wert, ow'r hen endlich ous g'funna os mushkrutta sich fon da run unna darrich der brusht fom dom niver grawwa un os sel die uhrsoch wor, os der dom lare garunna is. Now hen sie 'n shteam shoufel grick'd fer 'n neiie run grawwa — shpranga 's wosser fuftzae-tzwonsich foos weck fom dom brusht fom dom un maina die mushkrutta sotta sich noh darta draw ferweila, un der dom nimmy finna kenna won sie ons lecher grawwa gaina.

'S GEBT KEN GRUMBIERRA: May bei jups, wons uf 'm John Bachman fon g'shwishich Schnecksville un Neffs sei grumbierra aw kumt im gorda, is der Schmahl Hons kicha maishder 's shpote yohr in da grumbierra welt. Der John un sei Sarah hen ols fiel grumbierra gabauer'd, ow'r now os der Marcus Schneck iwwer ganumma hut, uns Johns hen sich 'n neiie hamet gabout mit ma grossa gorda, hut der John 'n gentlemon's lava, un ferweil'd sich 'n lot mit paar grumbierra shteck.

Hinkle un hawna hen sie kennie weil der John net moryets om fier uhr wocker gagray'd sei wil, un hen aw wenich shunshd im gorda wie grumbierra — Katahdins woh die Sarah maint os net gabutta kenta werra fer gwella, un roe broda in da pon. Wel aenicha waig, 'm John sei grumbierra sin mechdich shae in die hae kumma — alla ainer fon seina 250 shteck os er gablonst hut kot. Doh net long tzurick, is es 'm noh ow'r ei kumma sie maichda ferleicht der blight griega won er net shpraya dade, un ferleicht hut er aw 'n keffer odder paar g'sehna — sel kenna m'r net sawga.

Aenicha waig, der John is noh nunner tzum dochermon Marcus uf die bauerrei mit ra gees-kon, un hut gawunnert wies wear fer shpray soch socha griega fer sei grumbierra. Der Marcus hut 'm g'sawt woh er griega kent, un der John hut 'n kon fol mit hame, un sei shteck gute gagussa.

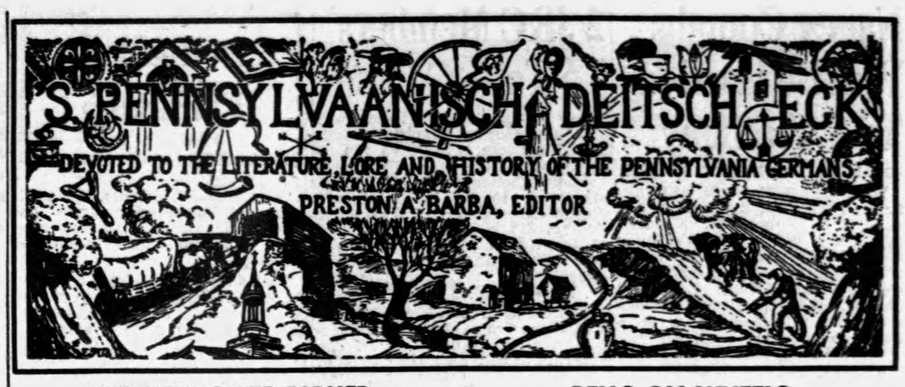
Owets hut der John gamaint die shteck dada blaich gucka, un bis da nagshda morya worra sie robble dar. Noh bis es recht druf un draw kumma is, hut er die shpray socha gons un gore glore druf gaduh — wor gamocht fer ebbas wie 'n gol odder so tzu ma barl foss wosser duh, un gore ken wunner os 'm sei shteck so shtarrick shpray socha net ferdrawga hen kenna. Fer die socha noch so fiela shlimmer mocha, hut er 'n shtuck ous g'shtocha, uns worra tzaea grumbierra draw so gross wie hinkel oyer.

Yar wel so socha gebts ewwa in da blonsa welt, 's same wie aw 'm John sei shwover Willis Helfrich shier grawd so dumma socha gamocht hut mit seim welshkern — yar grawd so dum wie aw der Pumpernickle doh weil tzurick seim graws im hofe gute gawolt hut fosfate druf duh. 'S graws um der Fegelskoshda rum hut fer 'n weil gore mechdich shtrubbich un blockich gaguck'd, ow'r hut sich now erhol'd —'s same wie aw 'm Willis sei sees welshkern. Der Willis hut fosfate ons welshkern, un die bladder ol rum ferbrent uf da ainta side fon da shteck, ow'r die kolva side secht er, dade shae un woxich gucka, un sei Minnie maint, 's gaibt 'n guter krop.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der John un der Willis ihra erfohringa aw net rum galauder'd howwa — 's same wies uns aw ewwa fiel is fer ebbes hoerra fon fosfate ufs graws duh won die sun sheind. In unser'm fol hen m'r uns ferlossa uf der weddermon—hut g'sawt 's gaibt tzwae dawg raya wedder, un hen ken drubba grick'd noch dem os m'r g'fosfate hen kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R So wie die leit ol iwwer om blauderra un wunnerra sin dawaiga, sots gore ken tzeit nemma bis die tickets drous sin fer da 22d Augusht der Hudson nuf gae.

Die tickets kumma rous grawd noch Fiert July, un tzaila net mainer tzu nemma wie farm yohr — 2100 leit is 'n shaenie drup, ferol os es boat Peter Stuyvesant shier 2800 nemma dade.



THE MENNONITE FARMER

Pioneer of Peace

Like some great Patriarch of old he stands
Among the sheaves, far from the town's embroil—
Bearded and gray, true sovereign of the soil;
A latter Boaz, at whose wise commands
The harvest turns to gold. Lord of wide lands—
Mellowed by cycles of unending moil—
He typifies the dignity of toil,
As earth attests the power of his hands.
Driven by persecution to our shore,
A man of peace and Christian tolerance rare,
With tranquil faith he thro' life's tumult goes,
Nor ever turns the needy from his door;
While thro' the years of patient work and prayer
He makes the valleys blossom as the rose.

This sonnet was written by Lloyd Mifflin, a poet of whom Pennsylvanians have reason to be proud. He was born in Lancaster County in 1846 and died there in 1921. He sang the beauties of the Susquehanna region and the rural life of Lancaster and the neighboring counties. This poem was read by the poet on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the first settlement in Lancaster County in 1910.

AN OLD NEWS ITEM

Apropos of the narrative "Bells on Wheels," appearing in the ECK for today, we publish here an announcement of the Hickory Pole Raising to be held in Lynn Township on December 31, 1892, in celebration of the election of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency of the U. S. Although sixty years have passed since the account appeared in THE ALLENTOWN ITEM, it deserves to be reprinted here for its local color and interesting references.—ED.

On December 31st coming the Democrats of old Lynn will have an old-time jollification and hickory pole raising at Jacksonville in honor of the election of Cleveland and a Democratic Congress. It is to be a regular love feast. The pole will be planted in the same hole occupied by the hickory erected on January 1, 1833, in honor of the election of Gen. Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, and in which again on New Year's day of 1885 a pole was planted in honor of Cleveland's election in November, 1884. The spot occupied by the several hickories is about an eighth of a mile west of the village. The first or Jackson pole, erected 60 years ago, was about sixty feet above the ground and bore this inscription: "Jackson and Liberty against Nullification." It stood for nearly twenty-five years. At the time it was erected in 1833 it was hauled to the spot it was to occupy by Jesse D. Follweiler on the self-same wagon upon which his grandfather (Frederick Lieser) had conveyed the old Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to Allentown to save it from falling into the hands of the British. The bell on reaching here was concealed under the floor of Zion's Reformed Church, corner of Hamilton and Church Streets, and was not moved back until after the close of the Revolutionary War. The hubs of the wagon are still held in preservation by descendants of the Follweiler family. A piece of the original Jackson pole, still buried in the ground, was taken out on the occasion of the Cleveland pole raising 52 years later, and is being kept as a relic. We have some of the chips in our office now. Hon. D. H. Creitz, t he present Warden of the County Prison, who was bred and born near Jacksonville, and whose mother was a born Follweiler, witnessed the raising of the Jackson pole, he then being about 9 years of age and was again present at the raising of the Cleveland pole on January 1, 1885, when the descendants of the Jackson democracy of the long ago assembled on the summit of the same old hill to raise a pole in honor of the first Democratic President since the close of the administration of President James Buchanan. The Cleveland pole was about 120 feet high, and was planted in the hole in which the original Jackson hickory had stood. At the top of it was to be seen the white flag of peace waving with the wind, and a little below two Union flags. About twenty feet from the ground was a movable banner bearing the inscription "Cleveland, Hendricks—a Restored Union and Victory." The jubilation was a glorious one, the people of almost the entire township being present. Music was rendered by the Jacksonville Cornet Band. Afterwards a very large procession left the hill for the public house of H. P. Reinhard, where an old-fashioned Democratic turkey supper was partaken of, and a very lively and sociable dance enjoyed. Hon. D. H. Creitz delivered an address in which he cited many historical events bearing upon the Democratic party. He was frequently interrupted by earnest applause. About 25 of the Democratic patriarchs who had participated in the raising of the hickory 52 years previous were present at the jubilee on the 1st day of the year 1885, and appeared happy and gay, and were honored and revered by the younger Democrats. On the occasion of the coming Cleveland jollification and the pole raising Hon. D. H. Creitz will again be the principal speaker.

DER FLAG MIT DE SCHTANNE

In Schrift-Deitsch deet mer saagge "flagge" odder "Fahne," awwer in unser Schprooch saage mir "der flag." Es iss nix schenners in der Welt as wie der Flag vun unserm Land sehne vanne amme parade. Der wind blost ihn. Die Mannsleit nemme ihre Hiet ab un all die Leit greische: "Datt geht der Flag."

Seller Flag waar schunn iwwerall in daere Welt. Es brauch niemand bang sei weegge ihm. Er schteht fer Freiheit un Verschtand. Er saagt, yeder Mensch sett sei voll Recht hawwe.

Es iss en Lied ass mir gleiche zu singe mitnanner. Des heesse mer, "The Star Spangled Banner." In Deitsch saagge mer, "Der Flag mit de Schtanne." Wann sell Lied gsunge watt, schtehne die Leit all uff, fer weise, was sie denke vun ihrem Land.

Des Lied iss gaar schliwwerich hatt zu singe. Es nemmt en Latt Wind. En alder Kall wie der Kaschbar kummt gans hinner Odem, bis er mit faddich iss.

Die Wadde sin aa net leicht auszudeele zu der Musick. Darum singe mir die mensch Zeit yuscht ee Vaerscht.

Im aerschte Weltgrieg hen sie en Mann gfange fer en Schpei. Awwer der Kall waar arrig scharref. Er iss schier devun kumme. "Sing der Star Spangled Banner," hen sie gsaat. Er hot alle vier Vaerscht gsunge. "Nau nemmt ihn naus un schiesst ihn," hen sie gsaat. "Er iss ken Amerikanner, schunscht kennt er yuscht der aerscht Vaerscht singe."

Do iss seller aerscht Vaerscht in Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch:

O saag, kennt ihr sehn', maryets frieh, arrig frieh,
Was so schee geguckt hot, wie die Sunn unner waar?
Viel Daagge devor hen mir ihn recht datt hie,
Der Flag mit de Schtanne fer uns halte vun Gfaahr.
Un darrich die gans Naeht hen die Flinte gegracht,
Der Flag iss gebliwwe un mir hen gelacht.
Un der Flag mit de Schtanne soll owwich uns sei;
Weil mir all schtarrig sin, bleiwe mir immer frei.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun de Lebanon News

BELLS ON WHEELS

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Frederick Lieser's wagon, drawn by four sturdy horses, rumbled over the cobblestones on High Street in Philadelphia. The clatter of the rims of the wheels had not been noticeable earlier that September morning in 1777 when farmer Lieser drove his wagon over the same streets on the way to the docks. Then the wagon had been heavily loaded with sacks of threshed wheat, and the weight dulled the sound of the iron on the stones.

Now Frederick Lieser was on his way home to Lynn Township in what is now Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. The farmer was happy. His pockets were filled with money, and he was proud of his sleek horses as they pranced along the street.

"Hi there, farmer! Stop your team!"

Lieser looked up quickly as a voice penetrated his reflections. On the sidewalk stood a man waving his arms eloquently.

"Who says I must stop?" demanded Lieser. I'm in a hurry."

"So are we," came the sharp reply. "Man, don't you know that the British are coming? They are invading Philadelphia from the west."

"That won't bother me, for a while at least," replied Lieser. "I'm headed up Lehigh way—never need to cross the Schuylkill."

"Good! My instructions are to send the bells to Allentown for safekeeping."

"Bells? Allentown? What do you mean?"

"I'm Benjamin Flower, Commissary of Continental Military Stores. Congress has instructed me to remove all large bells from Philadelphia lest they fall into the hands of the enemy."

"What would the redcoats want with bells?" asked the farmer.

"Melt them down for bullets to shoot at you," snapped the commissary. "Turn your team down Fifth Street to the State House."

"Independence Hall! Why go there? I want to go home."

"Because the State House bell has not yet been removed . . ."

"The Liberty Bell?"

"That's it. You will load the Liberty Bell upon your wagon and haul it to Allentown. There you will hide it in the basement of Zion's Church."

"But the risk . . . and it is too heavy . . ."

"We'll help you load it, and there will be a troop of North Carolina Cavalry to accompany you in case you have any trouble."

Just then another four-horse team passed the intersection at Fifth and High Streets. The huge wagon was loaded with church bells. Lieser recognized the driver. "Ho! Ho! Jake, I see they nabbed you, too. You shoud have stayed at home."

"The same goes for you, Fred," Jake replied. "I told Flower that you would be along soon and that your wagon was stronger than mine. That's why you have been chosen to haul the Liberty Bell."

"Very well, Jake Mickley. You've had your joke. But I'll wager you a plug of chewing tobacco that I'll get to Allentown before you get to Bethlehem, even with your head start."

"It's a bet, Fred," laughed Jake, and then to his horse he shouted, "Giddy-ap, there!"

There was some delay before Lieser and his team could get under way. The great bell had to be loaded, the troops had to be assembled, and small supply wagons had to be found. Jake Mickley had a head start of more than four hours on the Lieser team and its escort of horsemen under the command of Captain William Polk.

The wagon procession reached the northern outskirts of Philadelphia late in the afternoon. Captain Polk rode up to the farmer's wagon and asked, "Where is the nearest tavern at which we can stop for the night?"

"The Crown and the Plumpton are both good inns; farther on there is another known as Doyles' Tavern."

"Which can we reach by nightfall?"

Farmer Lieser scratched his head. "Depends upon what you mean by nightfall. If you say early evening, I'd say the Crown, but I'd rather put in another hour or so until we reach the Plumpton."

"You would? Why?"

"I've got to make up a lot of lost time, Captain. I have a wager with Jake Mickley. He's on ahead with a load of church bells."

"A bet, eh! I hope you win it." Captain Polk's sporting instinct rose. "We'll continue to the Plumpton tonight and tomorrow we'll pass the Mickley team. Where do you think he is lodging?"

"My guess is that he has put up at Doyles' Tavern."

"Very well, farmer. We'll get an early start in the morning and pass Mickley's team while he is still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes."

On the following morning when the troop and wagon train passed Doyles' Tavern, Jake Mickley was hitching up his team.

"What's wrong, Jake?" shouted Lieser. "Did those church bells keep you awake last night?"

"Just you wait, Fred," shouted Jake, goodnaturedly. "I'm unloading my cargo in Bethlehem. You will still have to drag yours all the way to Allentown. I'll beat you yet!"

That evening Lieser and his party were entering the town of Bethlehem when disaster overtook the strained wagon. There was a crack, the sound of heavy splintering, and a final great thump. One of the wheels of the wagon rested in the road near the Brothers' House of the Moravian settlement in Bethlehem. As Lieser and several soldiers viewed the damage, they realized that the old wagons in the train were to small to carry the heavy Liberty Bell. Soon, however, they heard the tread of horses' hoofs and the sound of wagon wheels, and then a powerfully built wagon came into view.

Jake Mickley was chortling as he spoke from the driver's seat. "Ha! Ha! Said I'd beat you. Make way for a good team."

"Hold on there," commanded Captain Polk. "Where are you taking those bells?"

"To a church, up there on the hill," replied Mickley, pointing to a building that could be seen several blocks away.

"Very well. Unload the bells and then come back here at once to get the Liberty Bell."

While Jake Mickley reluctantly did as he was told, Frederick Lieser strolled across the road to Rau's Apothecary, a drugstore already more than twenty years old, and made a purchase. On his return, Jake also stopped in the same drugstore. Then while the soldiers were busy transferring the Liberty Bell, Fred Lieser walked up to Jake and offered him a plug of tobacco.

"Here, Jake, you won the bet."

But Jake dug into his pocket and brought forth a mate to the plug that his friend offered him. "I just bought this for you, Fred. You got here first." And then both men laughed.

The next day the Liberty Bell was placed in the basement of Zion's Church in Allentown where it remained for nearly a year. Only after the British evacuated Philadelphia was it returned to its belfry.

IT HAPPENED IN PENNSYLVANIA. Arthur D. Graeff. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
(By courtesy of author and publisher)

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Editorials

If Reds Make War

The thieves have fallen out in Russia, the political head of Lavrenti Beria, boss of the secret police, has fallen and he may already be dead—shot in the back—or, what is most unlikely, on his way to Siberia.

From what the forces in Russia permit the world to learn about affairs back of the Iron Curtain we are led to believe that Beria made some serious errors. Even tho he was presumably No. 3 man in the Soviet regime since the death of Stalin, he will be put on trial for treason. Since trials are perfunctory matters in Russia and arrests are made only after decisions have been made as to the guilt of persons and the degree of punishment which is to be accorded it can be expected that Beria will be liquidated.

In this there will be verification of the Biblical prophecy that they who live by the sword shall perish by it. Beria rose upon the dead body of his successor just as he had followed, if not in fact brought about the death of his predecessor. Leadership in Russia since the Revolution 36 years ago has been well described by the slang phrase: "Dog eat dog."

The nature of the errors for which Beria has been condemned in advance is not revealed but speculation is that recent outbreaks in the satellite countries, especially Germany, have disturbed the Russian oligarchy. Since Beria was in charge of the secret police, who should have known everything and should have made arrests of the ringleaders before outbreak occurred, he appears to have become the scapegoat. It is likely that he will be punished, liquidated in all likelihood, for the failure of his police.

Supposition is that Malenkov and Molotoff continue in their No. 1 and No. 2 places and that they, or at least one of them, has been responsible for Beria's eclipse.

All this may be good news, or it may be bad news. It will be good news if there be encouragement therein to the captives of the Soviet to rid themselves of their chains. Or the disorders may prompt the Russian leaders to end the cold war and bring about peace with the West. It will be bad news if these internal difficulties become so serious that the Russian oligarchy will welcome and in fact embark upon war.

Memory is short which fails to recall the adventure in Spain by Hitler and Mussolini before World War II. It was an interesting diversion for the two bullies. Apart from giving them a lot of training in warfare it helped to improve their position among their own people. And it is also to be remembered that Mussolini went into Africa to fight a defenseless little people in Ethiopia and then into Greece to attack her gallant armies. Hitler with similar results but without declaration of war, took over Sudetenland and Austria. That pair of precious rascals consolidated their peoples and prompted patriotic spirit to blaze by war. They diverted attention from their own shortcomings by uniting their people against foes of their own making.

This is what the statesmen of the West really fear. There is good reason to believe that dissident elements in Russia are numerous and large in numbers altho it is certain that they are kept in subjection by the men who have the guns. But if Russia were to plunge into war those elements very largely would fight for Mother Russia or at least would do nothing to give aid and comfort to an enemy.

Just as patriotism has been the last refuge of scoundrels, so war can be and has been the last refuge of discredited politicians and of nations which have been unable to solve their internal problems. It is this which has to be feared from a country in which there is such evident unrest and ferment over a long and bitter period of virtual slavery for an entire people.

Use the Farm Ponds

Travel almost anywhere that you will in Lehigh County and you'll be pleased to see ponds of considerable size which very evidently were developed by their owners in recent years and, as is learned with a bit of inquiry, were prompted by desire to reduce fire hazards and to provide recreation facilities for farmers' families and their friends.

Opportunity to use these recreation facilities is at its height at this time of the year. The excuse offered years ago for the inability of large numbers of rural boys to swim does not hold any longer for facilities are right at hand for hosts of boys, and girls, as well. They do not have to walk many miles to a stream.

The fact is that a lot of these pools are hazards for young children. The quicker they can be taught to swim and be at home in the water the better it will be for parents' peace of mind and for children's safety.

If there be no elder children in the vicinity who can teach swimming, it is possible to bring children to Allentown or to any of the boros where there are supervised pools and where teachers of swimming are on duty most of the time and are very glad to aid. In fact, it is most likely that if any considerable group of non-swimmers who use one of these rural ponds will make appeal to the Allentown Chapter of the American Red Cross something will be done about providing a teacher.

Since rural folks now have these ponds, it is desirable that they also be able to swim in them as well as enjoy them for fishing and boating.

Tourists We'll Not Miss

Russia tinges everything with its politics and every responsible and intelligent national who goes abroad is perforce a party to the conspiratorial system of communism. Therefore this country can do well without the visit of the 15 Russian chess experts who were on their way to New York for big international matches and halted their tour in Paris when it appeared that the United States would require them to remain within a very small radius of New York City.

It appears that the Russian chess men desired to make their headquarters in the magnificent palace at Glen Cove, Long Island. Rather it can be supposed that the Russian system wanted to have them there during most of their stay so that they could not be contaminated by sight of the United States and its capitalistic system.

Until the Russians grant freedom of movement to Americans in their country there is no sense in affording them free movement in this country What's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

The United States will miss the chess players less than they will miss seeing the wonders of the United States.

The Refugee Bill

The Administration bill to add 240,000 refugees and other necessitous immigrants to the regular quotas during the next two years was meeting with opposition yesterday in the Senate Judiciary Committee. Some opponents thought that our nation of about 160 million souls could not absorb that many additional newcomers or that the wrong persons would get in. Actually the proposed immigrants would fall into two classifications: first, those who have escaped from Iron Curtain countries; second, those coming from over-crowded Italy and, in smaller numbers, from Greece and The Netherlands. In the first case we would be receiving proven enemies of communism; in the second we would be getting good stock who have no reason to love communism and who wouldn't receive passports if they had Communistic affiliations.

Opposition seems a little strange, except on the supposition that foreigners are not much good, anyhow, and that the less we see of them the better. That argument, moreover, doesn't make sense in the United States, except as it might be used by full-blooded members of the native Indian tribes.

Compromises in detail were being discussed yesterday. No one can prove that the specific number of 240,000 in two years is too small or too large, or that the allocations are scientifically accurate for the purpose the Administration had in mind. But the principle is sound. This nation was founded by lovers of freedom. We have room for at least a few more. N. Y. Times.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Whenever things become too complicated or the world seems to be going completely to the dogs, I go to the children, anywhere from six to 21, and in a few minutes my spirit is refreshed and my hope for the future strengthened.

We grown-ups are being bombarded day after day with bad news. If people on other planets had radios that could receive our news of newspaper deliveries from earth, I am sure they would exclaim "Gosh, I am certainly glad that I don't live on earth!"

So many people have wondered whether the recent tornadoes weren't caused by the atomic experiments in Nevada. I went up to Worcester, Mass., the other day to see what nature had done to that town and its environs.

I am not going to bore you with statistics or with a description of that frightful holocaust.

But there was something that impressed me more than anything else.

I passed a home in nearby Shrewsbury, the whole second floor of which had been destroyed by the tornado. It was a terrible sight!

But on the first floor, the woman of the house was carefully cleaning the windows, while one of the other children was removing rubble from the petunia bed.

And a little tyke—about six—was playing out in front.

When I stopped, he came to me and said proudly: "An atom bomb did this. Daddy told me."

I realize that we have all sorts of trials and tribulations in life. But so have we — and infinitely larger measure—goodness and decency and love and beauty and all the other God-given blessings.

Ask any child. Ask any teenager. They will tell you.

They have not yet been infected with the deadly germ of suspicion and mistrust.

They have not yet acquired the most dangerous of all diseases — fear.

At what age does a boy become a man, a girl a woman? Not just physically—that is easy enough to see.

It is when pessimism makes its first appearance, when the world has lost its rosiness, when the first signs of doubt begin to crop up.

I guess parents can best tell the change in the child. And they can tell, because they are the ones who make their children the adults they turn out to be.

Children can learn a whole lot from their parents.

But parents should never forget that they can also learn a whole lot from their children.

Youth does not live in beauty parlors, but in the minds and souls of the young.

Horoscope

Stellar portents seem divided, but indications are that new friendships will be formed and life should be interesting and, on the whole, successful for you. Born on this date a child will probably be fanciful and ambitions should be aroused early.

25 Years Ago

The Salvation Army yesterday was host to more than 150 children and some grown folks at an outing at Central Park at which an interesting program of games and contests was conducted and dinner and supper served the guests.

The Beaver



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — The government of Red China presided over by Mao Tse-Tung is not going to sign the armistice in Korea. Yet this same government was formally declared by resolution of the United Nations in February 1951 to be an aggressor.

The government of Red China whose capital is at Peiping is not to be responsible for honoring terms of the armistice in Korea, where more than 1 million Communist Chinese troops are stationed.

So, if the armistice is signed, the only parties legally bound by the agreement will be the United Nations and the weak and inconsequential puppet regime of the so-called North Korean government.

Prediction on Rhee

President Syngman Rhee of the Republic of Korea, whose troops hold 90 per cent of the fighting line, will probably not sign the truce but will informally honor its terms by ordering his own forces not to engage in hostilities until further orders.

Within the last few days the losses of the South Korean armies have been very heavy in resisting a Chinese Communist offensive. There is bad feeling in Korea, where rumors are current among the people that the United States military command actually has rationed ammunition and thus contributed to the heavy casualties.

It is known that the United States is putting considerable pressure on Syngman Rhee, having told him in effect that, if he doesn't sign the truce, he can hardly expect economic aid and also that it will be difficult for any mutual-defense treaty to go through the Senate.

Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for the most part feel that Rhee is being threatened with a policing of his troops by the United Nations command, especially if he doesn't sign the armistice. The letter from Gen. Mark Clark assuring the Communists that the U.N. would take over the discipline of the South Koreans has caused an unfavorable impression on Capitol Hill. Yet no measures are taken to compel the Red Chinese government to own up to its part in the Korean war and sign the armistice.

Knowland Statement

Sen. Knowland, acting Republican leader, has issued, with the knowledge but not with the consent of the White House, a statement in which he says in part:

"Under the armistice as negotiated for the past two years, the fiction was established and maintained that the only Communist forces in Korea were and are the People's Republic of Korea and the Chinese People's Volunteers. The Chinese Communist regime, which has been declared the aggressor by the United Nations and which supplied most of the armed forces, and with the help of the Soviet Union supplied the planes, tanks, guns and ammunition, has not been a party to the negotiations, does not sign the armistice and does not guarantee that the armistice will be respected once it is entered into.

"In effect, the responsibility of the Chinese Communist regime of Mao Tse-Tung for making aggression or keeping the peace is ignored. No responsible official of that regime signs or underwrites anything. We, however, will be obligated, if and when we sign, by the signature of Gen. Mark Clark, U.S. Army and commander of the United Nations command.

"It is my personal belief, which I state on my responsibility as a senator of the United States, that we have now arrived at one of the great turning points of history."

When the truce negotiations began, on June 30, 1951, Gen. Ridgway addressed the Red representative as the "commander-in-chief of the Communist forces in Korea." When the reply came, it was signed by the "commander of the Chinese Volunteer Forces."

On July 4, 1951, this correspondent wrote: "One of the reasons the American government has ordered Gen. Ridgway to ask to see credentials of the opposing commanders is that an armistice made with a group of 'volunteers' could be repudiated by the Peiping regime any time in the future. Unless the Communist authority in Peiping in some way assumes responsibility for what is being done by Gen. Peng Teh-Huai, there can hardly be any agreement that would assure the honoring of the armistice once hostilities are stopped."

Any dealings with a commander in the field do not in any way involve political or diplomatic recognition, so there can be no excuse for failing to require the Peiping regime to sign the armistice. It is believed the American government has been consulting with its allies about the problem.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IN RA FIX: Won sei lebdawg 'n painter in ea fix wor, sols uns wunnerra eb aenich ebber da Pearl Rauch fon Krumsville 's wosser raicha kon. Die Pearl gait bardich nei fer shlofe shtubba un parlors painta—grawd wie aw 'n lot onnerra painter heit tzu dawg, sie maint paper bobier wear ous date, un rote ol ihra kustomers fer painta in blotz fon paperra.

Die Pearl hut shun dale grossa chobs kot doh in kartz'm — hut 'n shlofe shtub gapaint ons Fred Kressleys, un so aw fers Freds' boo Paul, un sei Madeline, un aw fer 'm Fred seinra Eva ihra Mam die Ellie Merkel. 'S wor om leishda blotz os die Pearl ow'r arya shtraich gamocht hut — hut 'n gonser kessel paint iwwer 's bae nunner galair'd, un die paint hut net garaich'd fer die shtub fartich mocha. 'S aintsich'd noh tzu duh, wor noch da shtadt gae paint hola, ow'r die Pearl wor tzu arrick fersou'd fer om paint shtore nei gae, un die Madeline woh sie ganumma hut, hut gae missa die paint hola. Wie der paint mon wissa hut wolla wos fer 'n farab os sie wotta, hut die Pearl 's bae tzu da mashine dier nous k'hova, un g'sawt er sot sel matcha so nagshd os er kent.

Die barichda sin, die paint het tzomma gaboss'd wie won sie ol ous 'm sama kessel kumma wear. Der aintsich'd druvel wor, die Pearl hut gore net gawist wie sich tzu reinicha fon da paint. Endlich hut sie k'hoert 's Paul Kressleys' wotta noch Florida gae, un hut gawunnert eb sie net mit kent. 'S Pauls' worra froh fer kumpany howwa, un die Pearl hut ous gamocht dart drunna dade niemond sehna os sie so arrick fershmiert wear mit paint — un bis sie dada, wear 's onner bae shwartz ferbrent fon da sun, un bei selra tzeit dade die paint sich ob shaila—un wie sie aw hut.

Un doh shwetza fons Fred Kressleys, kenna m'r aw net helfa os wie tzu denka, om Fred "Fritz" Kressley sei fisher trip noch 'm sae net long tzurick. Er hut tzwae fon seina boova der Paul un der Earl mit ganumma, un sin ol gonga in da hoffning fer tzurick kumma mit ma gonsa tzuver fol fish.

'N onnerer boo Rob hut da grammie Ellie Merkel g'sawt, sie sot free owets niver kumma mit ma messer fer helfa die fish butza. Die Ellie is aw gonga, un hut so gore ihr'm mon Willie ken ruh galust bis er aw mit da mashine niver is, un hut der shlife shtas mit ganumma fer die messerra shleifa so os sie die fish g'shwinder butza kenta. In blotz fon ow'r free owets hame kumma wies gatzailt wor os sie dada, sin sie net hame kumma bis so uhra nina—un sie hen aw ordlich fish kotta—fon da grase secht m't besser nix.

'S hais'd, sie hetta fish gabutzt bis noch da halb nocht, un hetta ferleicht shoffa missa bis moryets dawg helling, won die painter'n Pearl Rauch net datzu kumma wear, uns hais'd, sie kent sich grawd so'n guter g'shick gewwa fish butza os wie aw fer die paint barsh'd on da wond ruf un nummer sheeva.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Des is der owet, yar den owet kumma die liegner tzomma im Egypt Memorial park, Egypt, sehna war die graish'd lieg fertzaila kon.

Allis is Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, un sin shure os es 'n aryie shaenie tzeit gebt fer alt un yung—un oh yar, fon owets halver siva bis so uhra ochta, gebts aw 'n "Patrillo" band koncent—ebbes neias in da nochberschoft.

Today's Text

By ROBERT R. FRITSCH

Luke 20:27-40

We read that the Sadducees, a Jewish sect, did not believe in the possibility of a resurrection (Someone made the remark, Therefore they were sad-you-see!). One day some of them came to Jesus with a supposed case of a woman who had married seven brothers in succession, each one upon the death of the preceding husband. Their question was, 'Whose wife of the seven will she be in the resurrection?' Evidently in their minds this would create a serious complication, should there be any truth in the doctrine of a resurrection. Jesus answered them thus: 'The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage, but they who shall be counted worthy to obtain the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angles, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.' What little we know of the nature of the next world, we know only from Scripture, but to speak of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, if they were not living, would be an absurdity, vs. 7-38, for God is the God of the living, and not of the dead.



THE GINGERBREAD BAKER

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

MANY customers came to Christopher Ludwig's bakeshop in Letitia Court. It was true that his gingerbread was the best that could be found anywhere in Philadelphia, or in any other city in the American colonies. People enjoyed the delicacies that came out of Christopher's oven. At Christmastime there were many kinds of cookies. Some were sprinkled with cinnamon, others were shaped like birds, hearts, or barnyard animals, still others had black walnut kernels pressed into the crusted centers. On Shrove Tuesday the middle-aged German baker supplied his customers with fassnachts, a kind of doughnut fried in deep fat. At other seasons of the year there were marzipans, springerlies and other sugary tempters for a sweet tooth. The year-round stock-in-trade, however, was loaves of tangy gingerbread and dome-shaped loaves of white break baked from wheat flour.

The customers came to buy bread, but they lingered near the counter to listen to Chistopher Ludwig's tales of adventure. There were stories about his exploits in Turkey, Persia, and India. He could show his wide-eyed listeners how the Moslems wielded scimitars, how Hindu magicians untied two strands of rope without knotting the ends, or how the tails of Persian sheep were tied over their backs to keep the long wool from dragging on the ground. Small children looked upon his shop as a fairyland where a kindy prince gave them good things to eat and told them stories about never-never land. Older people, in deference to Ludwig's extensive experience and sound judgment, gave him the gratuitous title, "Governor of Letitia Court."

"How different is this America from Darmstadt," mused Ludwig one evening while he was closing the wooden shutters of his shop windows. "In Germany there was only trouble, wars, hatred, famine, taxes, tyranny. In this country there is peace and plenty."

He had come to America in 1754. After twenty years in the baking business he had accumulated a substantial fortune. His neighbors loved him, the city of Philadelphia was growing, and, except for one thing, the future looked very bright. Trouble was brewing between the American colonies and England, the mother country. That very evening one of the merchants on High Street had brought a paper to Christopher's bakery and had asked him to sign it. The merchant had explained that it was an agreement that Americans were making among themselves to refuse to buy goods from England until the mother country relaxed some of the severe laws imposed upon American trade.

"But I don't buy my flour from England," Christopher had said. "The farmers up Lancaster way take their wheat to the grist mills and have it ground into flour. I buy the flour from American millers."

"But your cinnamon, sugar, anise, caraway seeds, cloves, nutmeg—where do you buy them?"

"Ah! I had not thought about them," Christopher had replied. Taking up the turkey quill, he signed the agreement.

"That makes you a patriot," the merchant had remarked.

"A patriot," Christopher now reflected, "is one who loves his country." His country? "Indeed, this is my country. I wonder what will be expected of me, a gingerbread baker?"

A few months later Christopher learned of the brave stand whieh the minutemen in Massachusetts made at Lexington and Concord. Then came the news of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys. The battle of Bunker Hill and Washington's call for troops finally spurred the baker to action. He latched the wooden shutters of his shop, locked the door, and marched off to join the American army.

At the Battle of Long Island, Private Ludwig, aged 55, narrowly missed capture by the enemy. The soldiers who had surrounded him spoke the German language. Ludwig answered them in their own tongue, leading the Hessians to believe that he was one of their own infantrymen. The news of his adroit escape reached the ears of General Washington. The commander-in-chief summoned Christopher Ludwig in his tent. "Private Ludwig, I have learned that you speak the language of the Hessian soldiers fluently."

"I do, your excellency. I was born in Hesse-Darmstadt," answered the private.

"Good! Then, perhaps, you will serve as an interpreter when I question some of the prisoners."

Christopher became a very useful man in the American camp, from thence forward. Not only did he secure a great deal of valuable information for the army, but he was successful in prevailing upon the captured Hessians to desert the British and join up with the American armies. On several occasions Ludwig went to the British lines to induce Hessians to come over to the American side. "Look at me!" he told them. "I am an American; I am free; I serve no master. The same freedom can be yours."

When Washington selected Von Heer's Troop of Horse as his personal bodyguard, a cavalry unit recruited near Pottstown and Lebanon, there were eight soldiers in the company who had formerly worn Hessian uniforms. The bodyguard, selected from Pennsylvania volunteers, remained loyal to their commander throughout the entire conflict.

There was great rejoicing when the Declaration of Independence was read to the soldiers in the camp in which Ludwig was stationed. Later the battles of Trenton and Princeton netted nearly a thousand Hessian prisoners for the continental forces. Private Ludwig was called upon to do the interpreting when these prisoners were interrogated.

But there were dark days ahead. The army suffered a stinging defeat at Brandywine and another at Germantown. The British invaded the city of Philadelphia. Christopher was glad that he had closed his bakery in Letitia Court; otherwise, he would have been forced to bake bread for the redcoats.

Washington and his men retreated, first to Whitemarsh and then to the bleak hills of Valley Forge.

The winter of 1777-1778 was cruel. Thousands of dispirited soldiers shivered as they huddled close together around log fires on the slopes along the Schuylkill at Valley Forge. Food was scarce; the men grumbled. There were repeated threats of mass desertion from camp. One of the chief complaints was that the bread being served was unfit to eat. It was soggy and tasteless, and there was too little of it.

Among the soldiers were several men who had visited Christopher Ludwig's shop in Letitia Court.

"Why don't you bake bread for us?" one of them asked him.

"I'm only a poor gingerbread baker," replied Ludwig. "I have no money to establish a bakery here or to contract with Congress to supply the army."

The praises of Ludwig's bread were spread through the camp. Soon General Washington also learned of Private Ludwig's special talent. Congress, in session at York, was asked to give Ludwig a commission and a contract for baking bread for the army. Baker-general was the title by which he was to be known. Thus by one sweep of the pen a private was promoted to a general. The contract required that the new baker-general be held responsible for providing one hundred pounds of bread for every hundred pounds of flour furnished him by the commissary of supplies.

When the baker-general heard the terms of the contract, he shook his head and declared that he had no desire to cheat the government. The officers who had approached him were amazed. That provision, they explained, had been placed in the agreement to make certain that he would not cheat.

"I shall return one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread for every hundred pounds of flour," Ludwig declared stubbornly. "You see," he explained, "by adding salt, water, and other ingredients to the flour, the total weight increases by one-third. That is what I shall furnish." The officers now realized that other bakers had been profiteering. It was this simple act of integrity, that won for General Ludwig the high praise of the commander-in-chief, who thenceforth referred to his baker as "my honest friend."

A great strain was placed upon the baking ovens of the continental army after the final surrender of the British army. Washington ordered bread for the 6,000 starving British soldiers. This assignment, added to the needs of the American and French forces, greatly taxed the baker-general's resources, but the work was accomplished successfully.

After the war Ludwig opened a bakery in Germantown. Again he prospered and gradually accumulated a fortune. During the yellow fever epidemic of 1793(he personally carried bread to stricken families, making no charge for food or service.

When George Washington died in 1799, "his honest friend," the gingerbread baker, was a sickly old man. Some friends came to see him and urged him to subscribe to a book dealing with the life of George Washington.

"No," the old man shook his head. "I shall soon join Mr. Washington. Then he can tell me all I want to know about his life."

Not long thereafter Christopher Ludwig died. His will stipulated that the interest from the money he left was to be used to educate the children of Philadelphia. Today the Christopher Ludwig Fund is administered by the City Board of Trusts of Philadelphia.

IT HAPPENED IN PENNSYLVANIA, Arthur D. Graeff, The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
(By courtesy of author and publisher)

THE ORIGINS, PECULIAR PHILOLOGICAL FEATURES, AND CURIOUS CONNOTATIONS OF CERTAIN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WORDS, PART II

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

ALLFATT or ALSFATT

The form **allfatt** for "always" is gradually replacing **alsfatt** in all sections of the PG (Pennsylvania German) dialect area. The members of the younger generation use **allfatt** almost exclusively, and only in Lebanon and Schuylkill counties does one still frequently hear the form **alsfatt.**

The StG (Standard German) equivalent of **allfatt**) is **allesfort** or **alsfort.** The latter is also the regular form in the RP (Rhenish Palatinate) dialects. In the PG form we again have an illustration of the distinctive PG phonetic peculiarity, namely, the complete disappearance of the r-sound after short a when followed by a dental, e.g. PG **datt, Hasch, kaz, vazeh** (Middle High German **dort, hirz or hirze, kurz, vierzehen**).

AMSCHEL

The PG dialect word for "robin" is **Amschel.** Etymologically, this PG word is connected with StG **Amsel,** which, however, is used only to designate the "ousel" or European blackbird" (Turdus merula). The "broadening" of the s after m is a feature peculiar to Middle and South German dialects. The form **Amschel** occurs also in the RP dialects, but always in the sense of StG **Amsel.**

The question therefore arises: Why should the German settlers in Pennsylvania have chosen this word to designate the American robin? Why, as in many other cases where they found the dialect vocabulary inadequate for the emergencies of their new environment, did they not borrow the English word and subject it to the phonemic and morphological patterns of the dialect? The reason, I believe, is to be explained by the fact that the robin is the most widely known and favorite bird in the PG area. It would hardly have been fitting and appropriate therefore for the early German settlers in Pennsylvania to use an English loan word as the name for their favorite bird. It was more natural for them to take the name of their most common singing thrush in Germany, namely, die **Amsel** (Turdus merula), and apply this name to the most common singing thrush in Pennsylvania, namely, our American robin.

ARRIG

Many PG words, whose MHG (Middle High German) and StG equivalents have a variety of meanings, have become restricted to one or two special meanings. PG **arrig** (MHG **arc**) is a good illustration of this specialization of meaning. In MHG this word was used in the sense of "bad or wicked" and "stingy." PG, like the RP and Swabian dialects, has lost the latter meaning, but the first meaning is still preserved. In addition, PG **arrig** regularly replaces StG **sehr.**

In the Westrich dialects **arch** is the regular form of this word, but the Eastern RP dialects, like PG, use the form **arrig.**

BASCHDE

The PG word **baschde,** meaning "to husk corn)," is related etymologically to MHG and StG **basten.** In MHG **basten** could be used in the sense of "peeling the bark off trees," a process not unlike "removing the husks from the ears of corn." Here we have another instance, where the German settlers in Pennsylvania, instead of using an English loan word to describe this process which was new to them, took a word which they alraedy had in their vocabulary and applied it to the new situation.

BLESSIER

The StG etymological equivalent of PG **Blessier** is **Plaesier** (a loan word from French **plaisir**). **Blessier** is also the regular form and a very common word in the RP and Swabian dialects.

The occurrence of this word in PG and other Middle and South German dialects is somewhat surprising, for a foreign word is not often taken into the **Volksprache.** Apparently, the word already must have been in common usage in the various Middle and South German dialects spoken by the early German settlers in Pennsylvania, otherwise it would not have become so popular in PG.

BODDEL

PG Boddel, which is the regular word for "bottle" in the dialect, is probably an English loan word; in any case, the accent of the word has been influenced by English "bottle."

The form **Buttel** does occur in StG but this is a loan word from French **bouteille** and is not in common usage. **Flasche** is the word generally used for "bottle" in StG. In the RP and Swabian dialects the form **Buttel** (or **Buddel**), with the accent on the last syllable, occurs but it is used only to designate a special kind of bowl-shaped bottle (See the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch,** I, 1559). **Flasch,** which does not occur in PG, is used to designate all other kinds of bottles in these Middle and South German dialects.

DAPPER

The StG etymological equivalent of PG **dabber** is **tapfer.** StG **tapfer,** however, mean "valiant," "brave," "courageous," "strenuous," "gallant," or "good." (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** XI, 134). PG **dabber** has a restricted usage; it is used only adverbially and in the sense of "quickly" or "at once." **Dabber** also occurs in the RP and Swabian dialects, but it has, in addition to the PG meaning, also the meanings of StG **tapfer** (See the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch,** II, 62).

LUCK

The MHG equivalent of PG **luck,** meaning "porous," "friable," "light (of cake)," is **lucke.** In StG this word has been replaced by **locker,** but in the Bavarian and Alemannic dialects **luck** is still the regular form (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** VI, 1224). It is also the regular form in all of the RP dialects, with the exception of the Northwestern and Southwestern dialects, where **mill** is the most common form.

REWWER

Scholars do not agree on the origin of PG **Rewwer,** the regular word for "river" in the PG dialect. The word does not occur in any of the RP, Swabian, or Swiss dialects. Some **Germanisten** have suggested that it comes from StG **Revier,** but this does not seem plausible, since **Revier** is a very uncommon word in StG; the regular word for "river" in StG is **Fluss.** It seems more reasonable to assume that PG **Rewwer** is simply a loan word from English "river."

TSCHAA-E or KAUE

tschaa-e and **kaue** are regional variants for the verb "to chew' 'in PG. The former is the regular form in the Western area (i.e. in Centre, Clinton, Dauphin, Northumberland, Schuylkill, Snyder, and Union counties), whereas **kaue** is the form generally used in the Eastern area. In the Western area, for example, one always says **Duwack tschaa-e** and never **Duwack kaue** for "to chew tobacco," and "chewing tobacco" is always referred to as **Tschaaduwack** in the Western area.

The verb **tschaa-e** does not occur in any of the RP, Swabian, or Swiss dialects and seems to be a "contamination" of English "chew" and German **kauen.**

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Editorials

Hazards of 'Tall Corn'

You do not have to go west of the Appalachians to get into country "where the tall corn grows." Hot weather, and especially warm nights, has made this local crop rise in height and expanse of foliage with almost the speed of Jack's celebrated beanstalk.

It is a good sign for local farmers, but it develops a hazard which every motorist should be aware of, for fields of tall corn at many places reduce visibility close to zero. Only by the most cautious driving, especially by motorists emerging upon open roads from side roads that are flanked by the crop, will serious accidents be averted.

The situation presents a present problem. We can not term it an evil for food is needed and there comes a time in the crop routine when any one field is planted to corn. If that field happens to be along a highway the crop by midsummer (or earlier if there be hot weather and sufficient rain) will be like a wall thru which nothing can be seen. Furthermore, in this era of agriculture few are the fences which farmers set up around their acres. Instead there is close planting right up to the gutters or to the shoulder of the highway.

A condition and not a theory therefore is presented to our motorists at this season of the year. It will continue until the corn is cut in October. Motorists may as well reconcile themselves to the problem.

However property owners who have tall hedges and other shrubbery flanking roadsides can do a lot for the motoring public by keeping the herbage trimmed. This will conduce to some degree of safety where there is emergence of traffic from side roads with or without "stop" signs to heavily traveled highways.

Big 4 Meet Unlikely

The foreign ministers of the United States, Great Britain and France have been meeting in Washington and in addition to many other matters upon which they have been sitting and reaching decisions is an expression of opinion that a Big Four meeting — Russia being No. 4 — should be arranged for some date in the early autumn.

There is so much unfinished business which jointly concerns these four countries that all possible effort should be made to clean it up. Prominent among these matters is a peace treaty for Austria which eight years after the surrender of the Nazis remains virtually a subject nation. And there is the matter of the restoration of the German people under one national government.

But like the man who issued invitations to a wedding feast, many can be invited but not all will come. There is little likelihood that Russia will agree to such a top-level conference because anything that gives any promise of making for peace anywhere in the world is not desired. Unless a great deal of favorable propaganda can be derived from it, there will be no early peace treaty for Austria and withdrawal of the foreign troops now there. Unless there be a jointure of East and West Germany under terms which would sovietize the German people and put them under the control of the Communists in the East there is likely to be no agreement.

Furthermore, it may be embarrassing at this time and for some while to come to make any efforts for meetings with responsible Russian heads.

Who can tell who will be the premier in September? In fact, who can tell who that top banana will be next week?

It might be embarrassing, (and therefore something to be avoided by the Russian leaders) to make any commitments at this time with respect to a proposed meeting months hence. And it might be insisted upon by the responsible head, no matter who may turn out to be in power in September or October, that any Big Four conference be held in Russia. It is doubtful whether any one of the thugs trusts the other thugs out of his sight or from one minute to the other. A premier who leaves Russia today is likely to find his office occupied by another mean and even nastier Russian upon his return home.

Apart from the great divergence of opinions and interest which made previous Big Four meetings historical farces, present uncertainties would seem to stand in the way of any Big Four sessions in the near future.

They will not get together because there is no sincere desire to settle the many difficulties. It serves the Red purpose to leave the difficulties fester. And if the way could be cleared, the participants and their authority would be dubious. The Reds want confusion and dissatisfactions for they know they always have a lot of ways to dupe a gullible world into thinking that all others but themselves are responsible for the troubles.

Motorists, Be Patient

Again it is pertinent to urge all motorists to avoid the central section of the city if it be at all possible during the next week or so. This advice is in the general interest and in the particular interest of each and every motorist and party who dislike delays in traffic.

Until further notice Allentown's streets in the central business section will be torn up while undergoing repairs and almost complete rebuilding of the service lines that lie beneath the paving.

In fact it is the latter job which is taking most of the time. Where a mere matter of repaving is involved, speed is easily achieved. Witness the business of repaving North Sixth Street during Friday when, within the hours of a working day, that street was paved from curb to curb from Hamilton Street to Chew.

If at all possible remain away from Hamilton Street. Permit the limited accommodations of that thorofare at this time to be used by the buses whose routes are established thereon and which can move more persons than the average dozen cars, together with trucks which are making necessary deliveries in that area.

The present is a time of some trial for a good many motorists who would like to use the street without let or hindrance. But this trial too shall pass away. When the current situation has ended there will be high satisfactions over the excellent program of street improvements which has been carried out.

The Missing Senator

It has been a long time since we have heard anything that has given us quite the same kind of jolt as an advertisement about The Washington Star in the current issue of Editor & Publisher. This advertisement says that "95 out of 96 United States Senators buy and read The Washington Stars."

This is a great compliment to our venerable contemporary in the national capital and we are glad so to state. But we cannot be properly appreciative of the fact that 95 Senators read the Star because we now know that one Senator does not read it.

Who on earth is that one holdout? Surely it is not the Senate's only independent member, Wayne Morse of Oregon. He is too well-informed to brush off newspapers entirely. Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine is the only woman Senator, but there is no reason why the one feminine member should rule out the Star. Senator William Langer of North Dakota runs his own course on most matters, yet why would he resist the eventually inevitable in Washington? The Junior Senator from Wisconsin must make it his business to see who is in the headlines from day to day. And so on.

Some 2000 years ago a shepherd counted his flock in the field and found that one sheep was missing. Whereupon he went out into the night on the hills and found the lost one. The least the Senate should do is set up a committee to hunt out the wayward brother and bring him safely to shelter under the Star — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

SWEET ROBBERY

Although I've never sighed or sobbed
Or told about it to the cops,
I've often been held up and robbed—
Always in front of candy shops.

A drug store I can seldom pass
Without the fear that there will be
Some little highwayman or lass
In wait to say: "Shell out" to me.

Though this occurs in broad daylight,
I call for help, but none appears,
And no policeman is in sight
And no detective ever nears.

"Your money or your life," they say,
In what to me are plesant tones.
My choice is this: the dimes to pay
For lollypops and ice ceam cones.

(Copyright, 1953)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

99 july 18 sat try and stop me stk
By BENNETT CERF

The ardent awain of a young lady didn't even know it was raining buckets outside until he said his last good nights. The young lady decided, "You can't go home in this weather; you'd get soaked to the skin. I'll wake up Mother and have her fix up the guest room for you." When she came back downstairs, her beau had vanished, but soon the doorbell rang. She opened it and found him there dripping. "What happened?" she gasped. He held out a limp bundle and exclaimed, "I had to run home and get my pajamas, didn't I?"

In the French Quarter of New Orleans, someone spotted a one-room apartment for rent. The sign outside read, "No bath; suitable for author, artist or actor."

(Copyright, 1953.)

Topic of Conversation



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

PARIS, France — Remember the old Nazi "tourists" who turned out to be plain clothes intelligence officers with ubiquitous little cameras photographing crossroads, fortifications, installations and troop barracks all over Europe?

Well, those "tourists" have Communist cousins. And at the moment these latterday travelers are photographing, among other strange military fauna in North Africa, nothing less than our atomic bomb vaults.

It's no secret that we're storing A-bombs all over Europe. Early in June, Gordon Dean, then chairman of our Atomic Energy Commission, told a House Appropriations Committee that we're making atomic weapons so fast we have no place to store them in the U.S. This is known all over Europe. Which is fine, for it instills respect for us, as does the fact that we're caching them all along the aerial defense arc stretched in front of the Soviet Union.

At our North African bases these bombs are buried in vaults which have sort of re-inforced "quonset hut" roofs.

We have 32 of these finished or about to be completed at the French Morocco air base in Ben Gurerir. Anyone can walk around these vaults, and French workers have been observed by anti-Communist union men photographing the strange looking huts.

But most fantastic of all is the word in labor circles here, which can be corroborated by American construction engineers, that the locks on these vaults are being made in England and are being hooked up electrically by French workers at the African bases.

Most French Loyal

No one doubts the honesty or loyalty of most of these English and French technicians. But they have not been subjected to a security check or to surveillance by British, French or American security officers. The foreign workers would consider that "repugnant", as would their unions.

The French electrical unions for the most part are tied up with the Communist-run CGT (The big Frenchlabor federation), and there's just no telling whether or not Communist sympathizers, Party specialists or actual apparatus workers have been slipped into this work of locking our atomic bomb vaults.

This we know: At end of last March the Parisian police, acting under the orders of the Paris Military Tribunal, raided the CGT headquarters.

The CGT had been calling on its members to sabotage the manufacture of arms and stall their shipment to Indo-China. At the same time, the CGT had attempted to disaffect the French army stationed in North Africa. This was done through Communist agents inside the North African forces.

The CGT has powerful forces in North Africa. On May 20, for example, 5,000 gas and electric workers called a 24-hour strike in Algeria. A week later the railway men struck for a day. Token strikes swept North Africa—pulling out even hospital workers. As recently as June 6, government workers for the sixth time in three months walked out during what they called a "Day of Struggle."

Our own Senate Sub-Committee on Internal Security dispatched special investigators to the French bases. They saw Communist activity, but could not get anyone to talk. Without friendly witnesses willing to fly to Washington, no hearings could be held. So, though we know of this infiltration, there's little we can do.

There's some talk now of a new Senatorial probe of the overseas construction program. Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, who looked into the Korean munitions shortage so effectively, is reported urging Sen. Styles Bridges to get the Senate Appropriations Committee to again investigate our overseas construction program.

Nothing could be more important than an investigation of all our bases — on this continent as well as North Africa.

Just consider this. Most of our bases have been built by labor supplied by the CGT—and the CGT's leaders are either in jail or hiding from the French Security Police. Alain LeLeap, the CGT General Secretary, is in prison. Another CGT leader, Benoit Frachon, is in hiding or in Moscow. When this Communist labor federation held its 29th convention here early in June, the gathering heard a recorded speech by Frachon which virtually urged them to revolt against the government.

This federation is being fought by the Confederation of Christian Working People and the Force Ouvriere (Third Force). But they're not making much of a dent. Unless there is a world outcry, our defenses will continue to be built by unions which are, in effect, fronts for the enemy's apparatus.

Today's Text

Luke 21:25-28

Few sayings of Jesus are as impressive as these four verses. They are a description of conditions at the endtime, and should be taken literally, although the expressions 'the sea and the waves roaring', v. 25 may indicate the tumult of the nations. Signs in nature were manifest at the time when Israel was about to leave Egypt, and at the time of Jesus' crucifixion. Distress of nations, with perplexity, is a particularly striking phrase. The word translated 'distress' occurs again only in 2 Cor. 2:4, translated 'anguish'. The word perplexity in the Greek is aporia, and means, literally, 'no way out.' It is used only here in the New Testament, although the related verb is used five times. And surely the nations and statesmen seem to be completely perplexed these days. Men's hearts are failing, v. 26, for fear of what may be coming on the earth. All this is the prelude to the coming of the Son in power and in glory. What a comfort is v. 28, bidding those who ar His to lift up the head, for our redemption draweth night!

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 18, 1928, a Wednesday.

Quietly and without ostentation, there has been underway in the new suburban development known as West Gate, the largest home building operation thus far to mark the development of any subdivision in Allentown.

All businessmen of Allentown and surrounding towns, whether members of the Chamber of Commerce or not, are eligible to make the 1928 Goodwill Tour to Washington, D.C. September 24, 25 and 26, it was announced at Chamber headquarters yesterday.

Horoscope

Your work should progress and be sure you utilize to the full the beneficent influences of the year ahead. Outstanding ability is likely to be shown in the child who is born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N LEE ROEDER'S GADICT: M'r hen yusht 'n glae bich'l grick'd, "Albuquerque Visitor," from Lee Roeder, assistant manager fom Albuquerque, Chamber of Commerce, woh 'n glae gadicht din is in English beim Lee, un woh er "You'll Stay, hais'd. Die weil os m'r nee net tzu arrick sin fer English drucka in unser'm kolumn weck fon Midwochs, gewwa m'r eich wos der Lee g'schriva hut in unser'm aigna waig fer so'n gadichd gewwa in da mutter shproch. Des is wies guck'd tzu unser'm aug—yusht fergessa net, mier sin ken dichter.

Duh Bleibsh'd

Shnouf net unser rohrie, glorie,
frishie luft,
Un sehn aw net unser sunna
shein ol iwwer,
Ich sawg d'r freind, won duh
dush'd,
Duh bleibsh'd.

Won duh 's wedder gleich'd,
shae un drucka,
Un owwich 'm kup 'n glorer,
bloe'r himmel,
Kum uns net p'sucha, brouch'd
net weiter gucka,
Duh bleibshd.

Won duh nochts gleich'd, so
ruich un keel,
Un Westlicha hivla gewwa d'r
'n hamelich g'fiel,
Sei wie der iwwerreshd fon uns
in darra shule,
Yusht bleib.

-G'schriva in English beim Lee Roeder, iwwersetzt beim P.B.

'S HUT CIGARS GANUMMA: Wos in da welt het der Vernon Mantz fon Steins Korner doh net long tzurick nochts gaduh, wie sei weedicher Pontiac 'm shtreidich werra is uf "Hawk Mountain," wons net gawest wear fer paar weibsleit os dawaig kumma sin — un 'm Fred sei soch fol cigars. Der Vernon, der Fred Snyder, un der Warren Kocher worra uf 'm hame waig fon Drehresville, woh sie 'm Charl Danner seinra dochter Lena ihra hochtsich fersht ei ganumma hen kotta. Die Lena is fert g'floga mit ra Shpatz, un denk der Vernon het g'fiel'd fer fert fliega mit da voy, wie der Pontiac 's airsht k'hoosh'd hut, un noh shtoppa hut shpringa.

'S wor shpote in da nocht, un die boova hen gore net gawist wie aw tzu gae. Endlich is 'n mashina dawaig kumma un hut g'shtopt, uns worra tzwae weibsleit druf, aw gaduh in iwwer hussa. Sie hen gawunnert wos letz wear, un wie der Vernon g'sawt hut in seim aller beshda Englisha, die g'shicht wot nimmy shpringa, sin die weibsleit fon ihr'm kar, hen der Pontiac mohl iwwer gaguck'd, un g'sawt sie weara mashina mekanicks, un dada shoffa on da Keiser-Fraizer kumpany on Willow Run.

Aenie hut sich hinnich 's rawd k'huck'd un der Pontiac wenich hinnershich lawfa lossa, un ferhoftich sei won die inshein net g'shprunga is—ow'r net long. Noh hen sie der feddersh'd deckle, odder ewwa der "hood" uf gamocht, un aenie hut g'sawt, "no wonder this thing won't run, the water hose busted." Unna aenich ebbes weiter sawga, hut aenie fon na in der iwwer hussa sock galong'd un 'n sock messer rous gatzoga, un sie hen awfonga der druvel fixa.

Der Fred, wie immer sei gabrouch won er sella waig fon hame gait, hut 'n gonser sock fol cigars kotta. Wie der Vernon g'sehna hut wos die weibsleit om duh worra, hut er g'sawt, "Fred die mocha headway, geb na yaders 'n cigar." Ols hen die weibsleit fert g'shoft, un alla gabut hut der Vernon 'm Fred g'sawt, er sot na cigars gewwa, un hut so fert gamocht bis die hose g'fix'd wor, un 'm Fred sei cigar sock wor lare.

Der Vernon het die weibsleit aw noch garn ganunk batzawlt wie sie fartich worra die mashine fixa, ow'r sie hen g'sawt sie wotta nix, weara yusht froh os sie der druvel fixa hetta kenna. Mit sel'm sin die weibsleit ihra waig fert, un der Vernon, der Fred un der Warren sin aw hame—uns wor fier uhr moryets bis sie hame kumma sin—donkbore un froh os sie net die gons nocht uf 'm Bloe Barrick hucka hen breicha—un wie sie gamaist hetta, won die weibsleit net dawaig kumma weara.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R So fiel leit hen shun gawunnert wie weit os m'r da 22d Augusht der Hudson nuf gangda —sel is hard tzu sawga, m'r gaina nuf, so os m'r widder tzurick kunna om Bear Mountain park sin bis halver drei, un woh fer tzwae shtun ob g'shtopt wert.

Today's Text

Luke 21:25-28

Few sayings of Jesus are as impressive as these four verses. They are a description of conditions at the endtime, and should be taken literally, although the expressions 'the sea and the waves roaring', v. 25 may indicate the tumult of the nations. Signs in nature were manifest at the time when Israel was about to leave Egypt, and at the time of Jesus' crucifixion. Distress of nations, with perplexity, is a particularly striking phrase. The word translated 'distress' occurs again only in 2 Cor. 2:4, translated 'anguish'. The word perplexity in the Greek is aporia, and means, literally, 'no way out.' It is used only here in the New Testament, although the related verb is used five times. And surely the nations and statesmen seem to be completely perplexed these days. Men's hearts are failing, v. 26, for fear of what may be coming on the earth. All this is the prelude to the coming of the Son in power and in glory. What a comfort is v. 28, bidding those who ar His to lift up the head, for our redemption draweth night!



THE ALL-SEEING EYE

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

"Oof! Confound that word! Everytime I turn about on this cot that bad leg pains me."

"You must lie still, Marquis," cautioned Liesel Beckel, who was acting as nurse to the wounded soldier. "Doctor Otto left strict orders about that, you know."

"Otto! Day in and day out you quote Dr. Bodo Otto as if he were the king's own counselor," the patient on the cot spoke impatiently.

"He is the surgeon-general to the Continental Army," replied Liesel as she picked up a threaded needle and a piece of cloth.

"Whatever his title or rank, this Doctor Otto is cruel, keeping me imprisoned here in your father's house while I should be figthting at the side of General Washington.'

"A prisoner? Why, Marquis de Lafayette, I did not know that you felt that way about our care of you. We thought. . . ."

"There, there, my pretty mademoiselle, excuse my impetuous tongue. I meant no offense. Quite the contrary, I feel deeply indebted to you, your family, and the kind Brothers and Sisters of Bethlehem who have sheltered and cared for me."

"You are so young to be an officer in the army, Marquis, and so far from home. Tell me about your native country." As she spoke Liesel began to ply the needle, plunging red thread through bleached linen cloth. Lafayette watched the dexterous fingers for a moment before he replied.

"France? Oh, there isn't much to tell you that is worth listening to. It is a country of many ancient ills and may of its people are unhappy. They long for the chance to be as free as you are here." Then, curiously, the Frenchman asked, "Pray tell me, Liesel, what design are you sewing into that piece of cloth? It begins to look like an ordinary square."

"I'll tell you if you promise to help me," replied the girl.

"Help you? How can I do that? I cannot even guide a thread through the eye of a needle."

"You were at the Battle of the Brandywine Creek, Marquis."

"And, indeed, I have sufficient reason to remember it, for that is where I got this wound in my leg."

"And at Brandywine did you see the new American Flag that Betsy Ross made? It was unfurled for the first time."

"Yes, I saw it—a lot of stripes and stars. Why?"

"I want you to tell me how the stars and stripes were arranged. I want to sew a flag on this sampler. Now, what is the color of the topmost stripe?"

"Red," replied the soldier, "and then, by alternating with white, the lowest stripe, the thirteenth, is therefore also red." Liesel made some notes on a piece of paper.

"And the stars," she asked, "how many points have they?"

"That is something that I noticed with considerable surprise. The stars have only five points. Most of the stars I have seen have six. It must be difficult to cut a five-pointed star out of a piece of cloth."

"Not difficult at all," replied Liesel as she folded a piece of paper into several creases and then, with one clip of the scissors, cut out a five-pointed star.

"Mirable!" exclaimed Lafayette. "Some day, ma chere, you will make a fine wife for . . ."

There was a rap on the door of the bedroom. Still blushing at the remark her patient had made, Liesel dropped her sewing and rose to open the door. A tall officer stood there, resplendent in a bright colored uniform. With an accent Liesel did not recognize, he asked, "Will you please inform Marquis de Lafayette that Count Casimir Pulaski wishes to pay his respects?"

"Count Pulaski," exclaimed the Frenchman, trying to rise up on the cot, "the great hero of Poland! It is unfortunate that you must come to me when it is I that should go to you. You see the cast on my leg, dear Count." Liesel discreetly left the room.

"Feudal prerogatives are out of order in this free country, my dear Joseph. We are comrades in arms in the great cause of American freedom. How fares the injured leg?"

"It is mending nicely, they tell me, but I curse the inaction it necessitates. Casimir, tell me, do you have a command?"

"Yes, as you know, I landed at Baltimore in Maryland. There I raised nearly a regiment of soldiers. We shall join the Continental Army in the spring, after Washington leaves Valley Forge."

It's a wonderful thing that you are doing for this country, Casimir, coming all the way from Poland to help our cause."

"And you, too, my dear Marquis. I sometimes feel that in fighting America's battles against tyranny, I am also fighting for the ideals which the Polish people chersh, though thus far in vain."

"And the French people, also," agreed Lafayette. "Who knows, some day our people may throw off their chains."

Count Pulaski nodded as he prayed, "May heaven speed the day."

"These new troops of yours, Casimir—are their spirits high?"

The Pole shook his head. "Alas! No. They are earnest and hard working in their efforts to learn the manual of arms but there is something lacking. Some spark, perhaps, to fire their zeal. I wish I knew just what . . . ." He paused and then asked, "What is this cloth with red stitches in it and this strange star cut from paper?" The count referred to the sampler and the designs upon which Liesel Beckel had been working.

"That is the beginning of a new flag, Casimir. The sisters here at the Moravian settlement are highly skilled in needlework. My nurse, Liesel, has been . . ."

The bedroom door swung open. Liesel entered, carrying a pewter tray. A steaming coffee pot stood in the center. Thin slices of dried beef, a rectangular cake, and a dish containing colored candy wafers also rested on the tray which Liesel placed on a table near the bed.

"This is the Moravian version of afternoon tea," observed Lafayette to his Polish friend, "only with variations."

"I sense that coffee instead of tea is one of them," replied the count as he rose to assist Liesel in the serving.

Count Pulaski bent his head over a cup of coffee, but his eyes were fixed upon the unfinished sampler which lay near the pewter tray. Lafayette, half-raised upon his pillow, caught a peculiar gleam in the eyes of his friend as the Pole continued to stare at the piece of needlework.

"Casimir, you seem transfixed," the Frenchman remarked, almost reproachfully. "What has so fascinated you?"

"That piece of cloth, Joseph—you say that the sisters here are skilful with the needle?"

"They are, indeed. Note these bed coverings, the doilies . . ."

"Ah, Eureka! I have the answer," Pulaski suddenly cried. "My troops need a banner under which to rally. Do you think, Joseph, that the sisters would do this for my regiment?"

* * * * *

"I wonder whether General Pulaski will like the banner when he sees it?" Sister Anna Maria was sewing the green letter "U" on the expanse of red silk.

"We have followed his instructions in every detail He should be pleased." Sister Barbara joined the two ends of a thread, knotting them securely. Then she continued, "But I hope he understands what those Latin inscriptions mean that Sister Amelia has worked into the cloth so neatly."

"Tell us about them, Amelia," begged Anna Maria Nitschman. "Please."

"Very well, but you must stop your work because I shall have to reverse the sides."

Needles, thimbles, thread, and fingers became idle at once.

"Now this one, around the letters 'U.S.,' reads Unitas Virtus Fortior; it means 'United Valor Is Stronger.' "

"That is a noble sentiment, especially for soldiers," exclaimed Barbara Senseman. "And the 'U.S.,' that means 'us,' I suppose," laughing at her sally.

"Perhaps it does, in a larger sense," said Anna Maria. "Now let's turn the banner over. Non Alius Regit," she said. "That might as well be Greek to me."

"In order to understand the meaning of that inscription we must consider the eye."

"Oh, yes, that big eye set in the circle of thirteen stars. I've been seeing it in my sleep."

"Well, doubtless the eye has been seeing you, too, Barbara, for it is the All-Seeing Eye. But seriously, the eye is symbolical of God and His almighty power, and the Latin phrase around it declares that 'None Other Shall Reign.' "

"That's telling King George the Third something he needs to know about 'U.S.' Can he read Latin?"

"An end to your banter, Barbara," warned Sister Amelia. "We must hurry in order to have this flag completed in time, for it to be consecrated during the services on Sunday."

* * * * *

Spirits were high in the ranks of Pulaski's Legion as the count's regiment was known. The banner with the strange design was carried at the head of his troops during many battles of 1778 and 1779. It was carried over many creeks and rivers while the American armies tried to defend Virginia. Southward through the Carolinas marched Pulaski and his men under their banner, through the swamps of Georgia, up to the British positions near Savannah. There the brave Pole fell, mortally wounded.

Loving hands spread the banner across the dying hero. Pulaski's banner became his shroud.

* * * * *

Forty-five years passed; it was 1824 and Lafayette was now nearly seventy years old. Most men of that age would not risk an ocean voyage during the days of slow moving ships. But the aged Marquis was determined to visit the scenes of his youthful adventures in the new world. He arrived safely in 1824 and everywhere he went he was feted. The city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, among others, staged a tremendous celebration.

Baltimore, Maryland, left nothing undone in giving the hero a handsome welcome. A great parade was formed. As the procession moved along the main street of the city, the guest of honor sat on the viewing stand watching its progress. Suddenly he turned to a neighbor on the platform, asking excitedly, "That crimson banner, passing there. Do you see it? The one with the All-Seeing Eye in a circle of stars: Is it . . . can it be . . . ?"

"Yes, the members of the Parade Committee thought it would warm your heart to see General Pulaski's flag once again."

"The same flag; the one Liesel . . ." the Marquis was touched.

"The identical banner, Marquis," replied his neighbor. "We have it in safe keeping here in Baltimore, forever."

Far to the north, in Massachusetts, a young man read an account of the exhibition of the banner. Soon afterwards, the young man, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, wrote a poem:

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, myterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes.
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner; and, beneath
Thy battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."
The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

IT HAPPENED IN PENNSLYVANIA, Arthur D. Graeff, The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

(By courtesy of author and publisher)

FER DIE KINNER

Viel gleene Droppe Wasser,
Die Felse un der Sand,
Des macht der mechtich Ozean,
Un all des drucke Land.

* * *

O gleener Schtann, ich wott ich wisst!
Yuscht eemol saag mir was du bischt!
Bischt so weit vun daere Welt,
Blinkscht wie en Aag am Himmelszelt.

* * *

Wann all die Millich Wasser waer,
Un's Wasser all waer Dinde;
Was sott mer duh fer Brod un Kees,
Was sott mer duh fer Drinke?

* * *

En Mann der gleicht ken Weezebrod,
Sei Fraa die gleicht ken Gruscht;
So hen sie des all gleich verdeelt,
Noh waar als ken Verluscht.

1953 D. GEO. KNECHT

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Editorials

Reds Don't Want Peace

With hope in their hearts but with deep fears that they again will be disappointed the American people await the next meeting of the negotiators for a truce in Korea when, according to the optimists, a cease-fire order will be agreed upon.

Already just about every mother in the country who is immediately or remotely concerned with furnishing a son or sons to the armed forces is nursing high hopes. If her son be in Korea she is counting the days until he will be returned home. If he is in training somewhere in the United States she is breathing a bit easier at the thought that service does not mean participation in war. If he be subject to the draft she derives cheer from Secretary Wilson's hint that, if a truce be arrived at, decrease in the number of men called for service can be expected.

If optimism and if faith in the people with whom the United Nation represenatives must deal in arriving at a truce could help to bring about such a truce, every American would force himself to be an optimist, even if by nature and past experience he is a pessimist.

But the pessimists, who look back upon a year and a half of futile strivings for peace, are likely to continue to be pessimists. They have been deluded by promises and false rainbows of hope so often that they will not believe a thing until they know that the negotiations have been successful and that troops on both sides have been directed to cease battle and have retired from the present battle front.

The pessimists frankly believe that the Communists do not want peace and that it is not going to be arrived at during the present negotiations. They believe the Chinese have a program of delay with the hope that it will enable them ultimately to gain control completely of South Korea.

Every lull in activity during 18 months past has been followed by intense attacks which have been made possible because the Chinese were given a long period to recover, to reorganize their ranks, to quit their men and by their spy system to have learned the places most vulnerable to successful attack. By this program they have inched their way southwardly along the Korean peninsula. They are encouraged to continue such false motions for peace while building for war. It has paid off in ground gained and added prestige. They must see hope of driving the American troops completely out of Korea by these nibbling tactics.

There is no substitute for victory in a war. On that basis, the United States as the principal element in the United Nations opposition to the Communist aggressors in Korea has lost its first war. The Reds must be eager to make that loss conclusive and indisputable.

All their excuses for failing to ratify a truce are weak, and untruthful.

Who will believe for example that China is afraid South Korea will reopen the war and fight a million Chinese, knowing that the troops of the United States will not support the South Koreans! That must be exactly what the Reds would like to have happen. It would be invitation to the Reds to march right into Pusan.

It is a pretty safe guess however that the Reds desire anything but peace. They are "stalling for time" knowing that time is on the side of the Orientals. The Occidentals' attitude is a desire to finish a job quickly and go home. American troops probably will do that but it appears very likely that they'll come home a beaten and not a victorious army.

It is not a bright prospect. It is not helpful to American pride. But it is the pessimistic outlook that has been shaping slowly during more than eighteen months—a period during which the American people many times have been on the eve of rejoicing only to be cast into the depths of disappointment when a peaceful tomorrow fails to come.

Audubon Home a Magnet

Lehigh County's commissioners are striving to do their part in making Pennsylvania attractive to the tourist trade by wider publicity for the Trexler Lehigh County Game Preserve.

Montgomery County's board of commissioners, in addition to other projects, is laying plans for the development and publicizing more widely of the famous country home of John James Audubon in the town of Audubon on a tract of more than a hundred acres known for more than two centuries as Mill Grove Farm.

Purchased two years ago the large tract which spans the Perkiomen creek already has attracted thousands of people, particularly amateur ornithologists. This is because it was in the fine old colonial home on the property that the world - famous naturalist did much of his work. Here he began his 3000 - page "Ornithological Biography" and met and married Lucy Bakewell who was destined to play such a great part in his struggle not alone for public recognition but for life itself.

Wherever birds are spoken about and known in these United States, the name of Audubon is venerated.

His home, which was saved from ruin more than a century ago by Samuel Wetherill and preserved by his descendants until its purchase by Montgomery County two years ago, can be made one of the biggest magnets for tourists who come to Pennsylvania.

It is good to learn from the commissioners that they are planning to make a complete restoration of the mansion house, to set up the large estate as a bird and wild-life sanctuary. In addition they will provide attractive areas for recreation for large numbers of people who wish to learn more about one of America's greatest men in her earliest days and will gain inspiration by a visit to the environment in which he performed much of his monumental work.

Emmaus' Fine Job

The congratulations of this entire community must go out to Emmaus which on Thursday valiantly strove to meet a quota of 150 pints of blood for the armed forces in Korea by producing 166 volunteer donors.

It was not thru lack of spirit and willingness that only 147 pints were yielded. The hard and fast rules which have been set up for the protection of the public turned back 19 persons who for some physical reason or other were not accepted. They were willing but the Red Cross could not take them in their own interest.

Considering the population of the town the turnout was splendid. When better than two per cent of the population of any community turns out upon a single day for the donation of blood it is really outstanding.

Yesteryear Orators

Independence Day celebrations afforded a nostalgic reminder of the passing of the old - time Fourth of July orator. In the old days no celebration was complete without the piece de resistance, an orator who would lash his audience to a frenzy of patriotic fervor as he twisted the lion's tail and made the eagle scream.

The Fourth of July oration appears to have gone the way of all human things. Which is a pity, for oratory in general has declined to an extent that it almost seems to be a lost, or at least, a forgotten art. Where, indeed, are the orators of yesteryear? Not in public life, certainly, for who is there among contemporary figures who could match William Jennings Bryan or Joseph Weldon Bailey?

Excepting Britain's venerable prime minister, Sir Winston Churchill, orators do not orate like they used to, with sonorous sentences, rounded periods, and excellence of rhetoric and pronunciation. Speakers of this type belonged to an era in which men lived more leisurely and reflective lives. Today the demand is for facts presented forcefully but with an eye on the clock. — Houston (Texas) Post.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

To say that a thousand vacation jokes have been told during the past weeks would be putting it conservatively.

Vacation jokes during June, July and August are about as prevalent as mother-in-law jokes during any time of the year. By the way, I have noticed that during the past couple of years mother - in - law jokes have decreased quite a bit in popularity.

Could it be that mothers - in-law are getting more popular or that the jokes about them are getting stale and possibly no new ones are available? I don't know. Perhaps the subject requires some study and a professorial report.

Most of the vacation jokes seem to deal with the many troubles all vacationers encounter.

They ridicule the money one has to spend on a trip. Among them are the jokes about mosquitoes, flat tires, bad food, lost tickets, summer romances, upset canoes, fish that got away.

However, one of the most popular subjects is that of the advantage of staying home on your vacation.

The other day I read a whole article in a national magazine about the "joys" of not going away and how to have a perfectly dismal time in your own bailiwick.

Just about a week before it was time to go back to work, the master of the house was so bored that he decided to take the family on a trip — and away they went loaded to the gills with baggage all singing lustily "Home Sweet Home."

Very few of us go on vacation trips for our health. The average vacationer's health is just about as good as the next vacationer's health.

If it were too good one of the favorite subjects of vacation conversation would be eliminated.

What could be more interesting than to tell the person sitting next to you on the resort porch, all about your last operation? I can think of only one subject which might interest him more than your operation — and that is his own.

I have learned more about ulcers, heart trouble, migraine headaches, gout, varicose veins and fallen arches, on vacation trips than I could have possibly gotten out of the most elaborate doctor book.

No it isn't health that we seek —it is change.

We may have a beautiful home. But even beauty palls without change.

We may have a lovely wife. How much lovelier she looks to us when we go on a trip and see other men's wives! Aren't we the lucky one?

We may have the dearest little children — a bunch of darlings. But around the middle of year they get on our nerves, particularly after school lets out and they don't know what to do with themselves. So we take them on a trip. We compare them with the children of our fellow vacationers (I was going to say fellow sufferers). What brats those other kids are! How suddenly our own kids are the little angels again that we knew all the time they were.

That is what vacation trips are for. To make us see our own blessings. To make us appreciate our homes, our wives, our offspring. To make us realize that our "Home," is indeed the "Sweet Home" of which we sing.

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Good fortune and happiness in social life are foreseen for you. Born today a child should possess outstanding artistic talents.

The Vacation



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON—President Eisenhower's reply at his press conference this week to a question asking for an appraisal of his first six months in office has occasioned a variety of comments — some of them making the point that the President seemed on the defensive.

Mr. Eisenhower is not the type to blow his own horn, and yet he is well aware that people are impatient for certain fundamental changes in the Truman policies that have not yet been made. There was something, therefore, modest and restrained in the President's evaluation of his first half-year. Actually he has made real progress in learning what the presidency is about.

Disinterested persons, irrespective of political affiliation, will concede not only that Mr. Eisenhower is as well liked as any President in a half century, but that there exists on almost every side a sincere wish to have him succeed.

Having paid tribute to Mr. Eisenhower's conscientiousness of purpose and fairness, as he understands the issues, one can still say that his first six months have recorded a number of negative developments for which misguided advisers have been largely responsible. Every President is in a sense a puppet. He is pushed in one direction or the other by those with a prejudice in favor of his or that policy, and often the group pressures reach him and influence him when he least suspects them.

Rules About Politics

There are, however, certain inexorable rules about politics in which sound advisers would have within six months indoctrinated Mr. Eisenhower. Thus, for example, it is politically a mistake to plunge headlong into any unnecessary controversy within one's own party — especially when it has such a narrow margin as a majority.

The Bohlen episode was hailed as a "victory," but it was a costly one. The fight against Rep. Dan Reed on the excess-profits tax left wounds that will not soon be healed. If the administration had let the House members vote as they wished on that issue, the Senate could have adjusted the measure in conference. As it is, the principle of "no change" in the tax laws now has been broken anyway by a bill that reduces taxes on movies which, it is conceded, will not reduce the admission price but will save many movie houses by letting them pocket the difference. It cuts $100 million in tax revenue, too.

Also the vote on foreign aid in the House shows a growing hostility to the administration which is not exactly an accumulation of resentments but is an insistence on what most of the Republicans think is a Republican viewpoint in accord with campaign promises.

Worst of all was the President's ill-advised and unnecessary speech at Dartmouth on "book burning" — a reflection on his own Department of State — which was hailed with glee by Democrats but which has caused bad feeling in Republican ranks in Congress. Next was Mr. Eisenhower's issuance of an unfortunately phrased telegram on the Matthews affair, which again was a superfluous act from a political viewpoint — an unnecessary manifestation of hostility toward a substantial number of Republicans in America who feel deeply on the subject of "Left Wing" penetration into our institutions.

The President told his press conference he has not been trying to create friction or indulge in personalities. He has failed nevertheless to erase the impression on Capitol Hill that he has declared war on a large body of American citizens throughout the country who happen to think McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade has been necessary to alert other citizens on how readily the Communist conspiracy can dupe well-meaning clergymen, for instance, to say nothing of persons in other institutions like labor unions, the press and the colleges.

Party Split

But, irrespective of the merits of these controversial subjects, the fact remains that after six months the Republican Party is split badly and "harmony" is sadly missing in Congress, and it goes deeper than mere "differences of opinion." It is all the more tragic because sound political advice coud have prevented the break. Maybe the next six months will bring a reconciliation. The President will learn with more experience that, while a battle with Republicans in Congress and the alienation of millions of Republican voters throughout the country may bring applause from Democrats and "Left Wingers" who never vote the Republican ticket anyhow, such tactics will not win more seats for the Republican party in Congress in 1954.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FIER OYER, UN NET MAY:

Is es net wunnerbore wie drixfol os hinkle sei kenna won sie wolla —kenna sich awshicka wie won sie laiga wotta, un duhna net. M'r kenna uns noch gute erinnerra on 'n erfohring os m'r selwar kotta hen longa yohr tzurick in da alta hamet nagshd on Rising Sun.

Da Grammam ihra hinkle hen winders shtoppa laiga, un nix hut gabot fer sie tzurick uf die neshder griega. Sel wor noch die tzeit woh bol yadwr londs familia wei gamocht hut, un hen sel yoh 'n arbadich gute fess'l blackbierra wei kotta. Guter wei hut ow'r immer 'n waig kot fer ferfleiga, so os es fos gawainlich lare werra is kartz fer da Oshterra. 'S foss lare, hen die blackbierra—odder wos ever shunshd os gayus'd wor fer wei mocha, ous galairt sei missa, fers fos reinicha fer der kummend summer widder wei nei mocha.

Wel, m'r hens foss ous galairt mit da blackbierra—bout tzaea, g'wart, un woh noch ol 'n shae mushder kotta hen un hen's airsht net recht gawist wos tzu duh mit. Endlich hen m'r ous gamocht die hinkle dada summers alla orta obsht fressa, un maichda aw die blackbierra gleicha, un hens gons blackbierra waisa in die hinkle ben galairt. Sei lava hen m'r ken hinkle sehna aryer iwwer ebbes har gae wie sellie hinkle die blackbierra g'fressa hen.

Now der wei wie shun g'sawt wor graftich, un so aw die Blackbierra. 'N shtun odder paar shpaiter wie die Grammam on da hinkle ben ferbei is uf 'm waig noch 'm kee shtol fer melka, is sie fon wunner shtae gabliva die hinkle badrochta. Die blackbierra woh sie nix dafon gawist hut worra ol g'fressa, un die hinkle woh free'r im dawg ken farab in da kem kotta hen, worra fire rote, un in blotz fon mauderrich rum hucka wie hinkle gawainlich duhna won sie net laiga, worra om singa un goxa, sin nonner noh g'shprunga un hen g'fochta os gross ordich wor.

In blotz fon gae melka, is die Grammam tzurick nei ins hous un hut g'sawt sie wist net wos es gewwa het mit da hinkle, ow'r ihra lushdichkate noh, so wohl wie aw da rota kem, dade sie glawwa os sie glei awfonga dada laiga. Shpaiter huts gore heftich garobb'ld, im longa huls wie sie ous g'funna hut os die hinkl hinkle imsuf worra, un sich fer sel so aw g'shick'd hen.

Now drowwa in Egypt ons Lloyd Diehla huts net long tzurick aw shier yusht so straich gewwa—yusht darta worra die hinkle net im suf — der Lloyd mocht ken wie. Doh im free yorhr hut 'm Lloyd sei fraw die Barbara, bout 'n dudsend rota Hampshire hinkelcher grick'd fom boo Joe Laub on Neffs. Sie sin gawoxa wie glaina harsh, un die Barbara hut shun fer etlicha wocha, dawg fer dawg gaguck'd, sehna eb die hinkle net laiga dada.

Fer sie ols noch eifericher mocha, hut sie ous g'funna os 'm Joe sei hinkle ous da sama drup awfonga hen laiga. Der Lloyd wor do shun weil ordlich drowwa ons Joes' helfa painta, un die Barbara is aw ols mit. Owets hut sie ols shier net worta kenna bis es tzeit wor fer hame gae—yusht fer sehna eb ihra hinkle galaig'd hetta. Ae dawg is sie dahame gabliva, un owets weil noch dem os der Lloyd dahame wor, is wie widder noch 'm hinkle shotl. un is bol frei owwa iwwer die ben rous gajump'd un hut gagrisha, "Lloyd, Lloyd, die hinkle hen awfonga laiga. Ferhoftich sei won sie net hen—hen heit fier oyer galaig'd."

Der Lloyd hut sich aw g'shiek'd won ers shier net glawwa kent—un wie er aw net hut. Der Lloyd hut gawist wos die Barbara ols noch net wase—er hut sellie flier oyer fons Joes' mit runner gabrocht un sie in die hinkle neshder galaig'd—un sel is die shuld os die hinkle die tzeit nimmy galaig'd hen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r

Der Earl Graber fon East Greerville sin die barichda, het die gons west ous gakess'ld VO sucha un naryads kenner finna kenna so gute wie wos sie hen in Montgomery Kounty.

Der Earl wil ow'r net howwa os die socha rous kumma, wil net howwa os der Johnny Wetzel fon Macungie ous fin'd, uf wos er ous wor drous west.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 22:24-27

When we call to mind the statement made by Paul in Phil. 2:7-8 that Jesus, the Son of God, left His Father's throne, took upon Him the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men, and humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even death on a cross, we are strangely impressed, perhaps depressed, to read in connection with the passage describing the institution of the Lord's Supper, a memorial of that death, that there was a dispute among His disciples as to which of them was to be regarded as the greatest! Jesus rebukes that spirit by saying (quoting the Revised Standard Version): 'The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and those in authority over them are called benefactors. But not so with you; rather let the greatest among you become as the youngest, and the leader as one who serves. I am among you as one that serves.' In Jeremiah 45:5 we read: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.'



UNGEZIFFER

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

ES GEBT zwee sarde ungeziffer—glee ungeziffer, so ungeziffer wie keffer, micke, leis, schpinne un dausenfiesser—un gross ungeziffer, die ungebutzte nixnutziche mensche. Mir welle awwer juschd vum gleene ungeziffer schreiwe.

A year ago the United States Department of Agriculture published a large volume on Insects, which tells us that there are 686,000 different kinds of insects in the world and more than 82,000 of these in North America. Two hundred years ago at the time when most of our ancestors were migrating to Pennsylvania, Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, had just finished his book classifying plants and was working on the first book to name animals according to our modern system. When this was completed Linnaeus had listed by name only about 1900 insects. This shows the extent to which man's scientific knowledge on the subject has increased since that time. Even if scientists have been able to list so many different insects and although in recent years they seem to have become infinitely more troublesome to farmers and gardeners, the average man in the field today cannot identify by name many more insects than did his forefathers two hundred years ago. A person who can name more than several score is the exception rather than the rule. To the rest of us they are all flies, lice, bugs, beetles, etc.

In the Pennsylvania German dialect the word **ungeziffer** refers not only to insects but includes vermin of various kinds such as spiders, certain myriapods, crustaceans, etc. In 17th and 18th Century books on farming and gardening, insect pests received scant mention. These books were more concerned about damage done by birds. There is no doubt that indiscriminate destruction of bird life upset a balance in nature. Such insects as are mentioned in these old books are generally those found around habitations and are those destructive of crops.

Of general names our dialect has a pretty good selection—a bug or beetle of any kind is **der keffer**, any kind of fly is **die mick** or **die muck**, a spider is **die schpinn**, true lice and aphis are **die leis**, a caterpiller is generally **die raub**, a larva of grub is **der warrem**, and eggs of insects are **die niss**. When we come to specific names, however, our vocabulary is very limited, although perhaps not more so than that of an average English-speaking neighbor. Some of these specific names date back hundreds of years and others, like **grummbierekeffer**, were made up here in Pennsylvania. For the most recently introduced pests we often adopt the common English names, like Mexican bean beetle and Japanese beetle.

Of the names brought from Germany, one of the oldest is **der kelleresel**. This curious little creature was mentioned in writings as early as the 2nd Century A. D. For those who may not know, **der kelleresel** is the common pillbug or sowbug found under stones, in cellars and other damp places. It is not an insect but a crustacean. The origin of the name is not entirely clear but **esel** is believed to be derived from the Latin diminutive for ass, and the name may have been given because of the similarity of its gray color to that of a donkey, or it may come from the fact that this little animal, when touched, rolls itself up into a ball and like a donkey becomes stubborn and refuses to move. In early writings it is called simply **esel** and **keller** was prefixed later. Bock, in his **Kreutterbuch** (1546) wrote, "das grawen Thierlein . . . zu Teutsch Esel genandt." Among beliefs and superstitions, a **kelleresel** put in a bag and hung around the neck was believed to be a cure for whooping cough.

Such a useful creature as the honey-bee is hardly **ungeziffer** under the general meaning of that term, but since it is an insect it must be mentioned here. Old-timers relate stories of huge quantities of "wild honey" found in hollow trees, tales that rival those of hunters and fishermen. However, the honey-bee was not originally found wild in our forests; it was introduced to America by the early settlers. To Pennsylvania German farmers, in common with all other settlers, honey was a very important household commodity before the introduction of cane sugar. Old farm inventories show that nearly every household kept bees. The name for the bee is **die iem. Die Biene** was used in almanacs, newspapers and other printed and written matter, but apparently was little used in conversation. The old-fashioned beehive made out of straw is **der iemekarb**, a wooden hive is **der iemekaschde**, a comb of honey is **die hunnichroos**. The principal ingredient of old-fashioned **lebkuche** was honey; in fact **leb** is believed to have been derived from the name of a particularly fine kind of honey.

Ants, hornets, wasps, bumblebees, crickets, grasshoppers, butterflies and moths all have names brought from the Old World. An ant is **die iemens** from **die Ameise**; a hornet is **der harnesel** from **die Hornisse**; a wasp is **die weschp**; a bumblebee is **der hummel** and in some localities **der hummler**. Yellow jackets were unknown in Europe so our people added the descriptive prefix **geel** and we have **geelweschp**. Mud wasps are **dreckweschpe**. A cricket is **des gricksel** and both grasshoppers and locusts are **hoischrecker**. When a Pennsylvania German says **locus** he refers to the "17-year locust" or cicada.

Die fleddermaus is a butterfly or moth, although the unsuspecting might mistake this for **Fledermaus** which in German is of course a bat. A butterfly is also sometimes called der **summerfoggel** but **schmetterling** is rare except where there was contact with later German-speaking immigrants. A small moth, particularly a clothes moth, is **die schaab**. A daddy-long-legs is **der schneider**, perhaps from the position of its legs which resemble those of a tailor in a squatting position.

The most interesting names are those descriptive of new and strange insects which our forefathers found in America. Dragonflies occur in many parts of the world, but **der Schlangehieter** for both dragonflies and damselflies, seems to have originated in Pennsylvania, possibly suggested by the English "snake doctor." It is hardly necessary to say that **der kiehdreckroller** is the common dung beetle or tumblebug. An insect not so commonly known, but well-known to boys who fish along small streams, is **der kaffireeschder** or whirligig beetle. This name recalls memories of the days when coffee beans were bought green and every family did its own roasting. The name of these insects was suggested by the shape of the animals and the similarity of the movement of coffee beans in a roasting pan to that of these beetles performing on the water. Water striders, for some unknown reason ,were called **seesuckers** by boys in our neighborhood.

Die hawwerlaus is the small black midge that appears in greatest numbers when the oats are ripe and the name is easily understandable by anyone who has experienced the annoyance of this insect. Not so easy to explain is **der hawwergees**, the name for the katydid. The shrill sounds of this insect are heard on hot summer nights at oats harvesting time, but why should they be called **gees** or goats? The katydid is an American insect but the name **hawwergees** was brought from Germany where it is used in another sense. In the Palatinate there is an expression, "Wer sich ungeschickt anstellt, ist eine dumme Hawwergees."

And then we have such names as **der hosse-beeschlupper**, a species of small ill-tempered bumblebee (Bombus tenarius) named after its favored approach for attack which is up the inside of trouser legs. Many a farmer has memories of these little imps, dating back to the days when meadows were still mowed for hay. After the hay had been harvested the young boys of the neighborhood, armed with bats, cleaned out the nests with the cry "Hummle brumme, loss sie kumme." Later in the summer when the yellow-face drone bumblebees appeared, the young lads showed off their prowess by catching them in their bare hands, knowing of course that "weisskepp schteche net."

In a newly settled country with large areas of forests and undrained swamps, insects were very numerous. This was especially true of flies, gnats and mosquitoes. The most obnoxious here in Pennsylvania were the striped horseflies and deer flies (Chrysops and Tabanus) which are **die buschmicke** and **die haerschmicke**. Bot flies are **die breemmicke**, or sometimes **die nissschisser**. Bluebottle flies are **schmeesmicke**. In Europe gnats in general, including mosquitoes, are **die Schnake**. Here only small gnats are schnooke—mosquitoes were so plentiful that they had to have a name of their own—**mushgieter**. Every traveller who visited the American colonies in the early days had something to write about the terrible swarms of mosquitoes. For a German's impression we have that of Lieutenant Waldeck (of the German mercenaries with the British Army):

"Ich sahe heute eine Kuh gelaufen komman, die gewis eben so viel Musskiten als Hare auf sich sitzen hatte, und an verschiedenen Orten sassen sie so Klumpenweise wie die Bienen sich zur Schwaerme Zeit fuer die Stoek anlgen . . . sie saugen sich so voll Blut dass sie so dicke als ein Gerstenkorn werden."

But not all insects are pests. There is nothing more delightful than the frolic of fireflies over a lawn or along a dark country road on a summer night. Fireflies were entirely new to settlers from all parts of Europe. They have in the Old World the glowworm which the Germans call Johanneswurm, but only the female emits light and she is not capable of flying. Here again we have a German description of Captain Wiederholt of the Hessians:

"Die bey uns sogenannten Johannis Wuermchen so des Nachts also ob es Feuer sei scheinen, sind hier in unsaeglicher Menge . . . so dasz wenn sie des Nechts fliegen, Mann sie vor lauter Sterne ansieht welches in einer dunkeln waldigen Gegend ein angenehmes Schauspiel ist. Sie werden hier Fire Flies gennant."

The prize description of fireflies, however, comes from Gottlieb Mittelberger in his "Journey to Pennsylvania" (1750-1754) a translation of which is—

"One of the beauties of Pennsylvania are the fire-flies that fly about so plentifully by night in the summer time, that it seems as if it were snowing fire. Some years ago a newly arrived German man was badly scared by them—for as he was working in the field late one evening, and some fire-flies, which were totally unknown to him, were flying about him, our honest Hans was so frightened that he dropped everything and ran hastily home. As he came in fear and trembling to his family, he said: "O God, shield and protect us! How many fiery spirits fly about in this country! O God, would I were in Germany again!' "

Such an interesting little creature had to have a name—the English-speaking neighbors called it firefly or lightening bug. Who can say that the Pennsylvania German is dull and unromantic? No, to him this delightful insect is not a fly or a bug—it is a little bird—**en feierfeggelche**, a little bird of fire!

As mentioned before, the insects that were of most concern were the household pests. There were as yet no commercial means for combatting vermin. As far as the crops in the fields were concerned, the farmer had to be content with what was left. Around the house there were swarms of houseflies, but the housewife was not too much bothered by them—everybody had them—there were as yet no screendoors or fly paper. Even the best housewife sometimes found a few **schaawe** or **silwerfisch**—that could not be helped — awwer fer schwowe odder wanze zu hawwe, sell iss en schand!

Du marderich fie, mensche fresser—Du Wans!"

About anything so close to everyday life as **ungeziffer** there are bound to be some superstitions and beliefs. Superstitions is perhaps not a good word because most of those things which we now think as superstitions were actually believed by the best minds and most educated people in the 15th and 16th Centuries. Some of these beliefs were put down in printed books by scholars of that time; others were handed down by word of mouth and perhaps varied a little each time they were repeated. There are still people among us who claim to have the power to charm wasps and bees so that they will not sting—er kann weschpe un hummle banne.

Here are a few methods of getting rid of vermin, taken from old books: In the German edition (1586) of Matthiolus's **Kreutterbuch**, translated and enlarged by Joachim Camerarius, one of the most noted scholars of his time, we find, for instance, several uses for Wermut (artemesia or wormwood) —"wormwood in clothes closets keeps away clothes moth; the smoke of wormwood drives away houseflies; a brew of wormwood on the bottom of bedposts keeps away **Wandleuse**" — All of these may have some merit even today, but in the same book and in the same serious vein we read the following:

"Wider the Rauppen und Wuerme auff dasz sie die Raeben keinen Schaden thun: Nimm die sie die Raeben keinen Schaden thun: Nimm die Rauppen oder Wuerm zerreib sie auu einem Wetzstein darauff wetze dann das Messer damit du die Raeben schneidest im Freuhling. Oder nimm die Wuerme lasz sie in Oel ertrincken und verfaulen. Mit solchem Oel schmier das Messer wenn du die Raeben schneiden wilt."

To keep caterpillars and worms from damaging vines—Take the caterpillars or worms and crush them on a whetstone and sharpen the knife with which you are going to trim the vine in the spring, or take the worms and let them drown and rot in oil and grease the knife with which you are going to trim the vine.

Similar prescriptions, which we now read with amusement, are found in Jacob Schnee's **"Wohlerfahrne Baum-Gaertner"** printed in Lebanon in 1799.

The **"Haus - Land - und Wirtschaffts Calendar"** (Frankfurt 1740) contains instructions to get rid of **Erdfloehe** — "Erdfloehe zu vertreiben dienet die Aschen vom harten Holtz." Up to the present generation wood ashes were still used effectively for this purpose in home gardens. The same calendar says **Kraut-Rauppen** can be **ausgetrieben** by using smoke—this is of more doubtful use.

Among the recipes that were handed down by word of mouth is the following which was related only this past winter by an old lady who remembers it from her own experience.

On the day before Ascension Day (Himmelfahrtdaag) clean every room of the house and save a bit of the sweepings from each room—clean out the horse stalls, the cow stables, the pig sty and the henhouse, and in like manner save a bit of the dirt from each—take all these bits of dirt and throw them over a fence into a neighbor's field. This will rid you of all vermin for the ensuing year. Be careful however that you do not do any cleaning on Ascension Day itself for if you do the charm will not work! (My informant did not remember if the vermin dies or if it is transported unto the neighbor's property. If the latter is the case, I hope my kind readers will stick to the spray gun.)

Another charm which at one time had wide acceptance was one for getting rid of bedbugs and cockroaches. This one is decidedly unethical because the vermin is passed on to an unsuspecting victim—"Schwowe odder wanse zu verdreiwe, binn drei alde sent un drei schwowe (oder wanse) in en sack un leeg sie uff en greizschdrooss. Wer der sack uffhebt kaaft die schwowe (odder wanse)."

Nor must one believe that such beliefs were peculiar to Germans or to people of any one nationality. Here is one from an English source—In the 14th Century a physician to the King of England had trouble of finding a cure for "stone." After much research he came up with this marvelous remedy—'At last I bethought myself of collecting a good number of those beetles which in summer are found in the dung of oxen (our kiehdreckroller), also of the crickets which sing in the fields. I cut off the heads and wings of the crickets and put them with the beetles and common oil into a pot; I covered it and left it afterwards for a day and night in a bread oven. I drew out the pot and heated it at a moderate fire; I pounded the whole and rubbed the sick parts. In three days the pain disappeared."

There is a serious side, however, to the subject of **Ungeziffer**. One of our own people, Frederick V. Melsheimer, was one of the first in America to pursue a scientific study of insects. His book, "A Catalogue of the Insects of Pennsylvania," published in 1806, was the first of its kind in this country and Melsheimer has sometimes been called the Father of American Entomology. Our farmers, too, know that insects mean a lot more than folklore. To the modern farmer they mean a constant struggle and expense, involving the purchase of costly insecticides and the latest equipment without which our food supply would soon be at the mercy of these ever-increasing hordes.

Boyersford, Pa., Spring—1953

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Editorials

'Mr. Republican' Passes

He aspired to the Presidency of the United States. He strove long and with intelligence and vigor to achieve nomination for that office at the hands of the political party which he had served faithfully and well for four decades. But fate denied Robert A. Taft the honor and even the opportunity of competing for it in the arena of American politics.

Yesterday it became evident that it was just as well that it had so happened. At the apparent height of his intellectual power his life came to sudden end in New York Hospital where he had been a patient.

Senator Robert A. Taft, who was honored by all who knew him and respected even by those who were politically opposed to him, thus enters the small group of those Americans who rose to such public eminence that they were favorably and widely considered for the Presidency and all but achieved that exalted post. It is to be noted that included in that list are the names of Americans who are equally or almost equally honored with men who achieved the Presidency. Even in defeat, whether at national conventions or in national elections, such names as James G. Blaine, Samuel J. Tilden, William Jennings Bryan, Alfred E. Smith, Wendell Willkie and Adlai Stevenson never lost their lustre nor the regard felt for their owners by the American people. The name of Robert A. Taft now joins that category of Americans who have been glorious even in defeat.

"Mr. Republican," the highly descriptive metaphorical term by which he was known to the American people, dignified his title thruout his days. Little minds, which could not understand, expected bitterness on his part following the conventions last summer and the elections in the autumn. Some little minds which can think only in terms of revenge and reprisals vainly sought to find evidences of bitterness in Mr. Taft's attitude to a new administration and strove, when they could not be found, to stir up differences between the man in the White House and the man who had given him a hard fight for the Republican nomination.

Great men best show their greatness in defeat. Millions of Americans believed that Senator Taft was unusually well trained and sufficiently capable to fill the office of the Presidency. He also believed in himself. But in manly fashion he met defeat. He was not an Achilles who "sulked in his tent."

Robert A. Taft was great in life. He continues great in death for in the most striking manner which is possible for an American he demonstrated that a good American citizen abides by the will of the American people and regards their verdict as approaching the divine in finality and wisdom.

Progress in Emmaus

Emmaus, most rapidly growing community in this county and progressive in its spirit comparable with its growth, has taken another forward step—installation of an extensive fire alarm system.

Hitherto alarm of fire has been spread by word of mouth or by telephone. A well-organized and well-equipped fire department, manned by good citizens, has been able with high success to fight fires and to hold losses to low figures.

But the town may have been lucky in addition to being blessed with good citizens, good equipment and abundant water supply. The time may come when speedier and more certain alarm will be direly needed in order that a serious fire can be kept within bounds thru swift report and then swift response by the firemen.

Emmaus is determined to do this. It will set up an alarm system which, being in the open, is accessible to the public at all hours of the day and night. Having a unit in every neighborhood, makes swift report and alarm of any fire possible no matter in what part of the boro fire may break out.

Radio-Phone Service

Quite a number of local businessmen will undoubtedly be served well by the mobile radiotelephone service which the Bell Telephone Co. will establish in the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton area during the autumn.

Under this system occupants of motor cars equipped to tune in by radio with a central station will be able to effect telephone connections with any telephone in the immediate area and in fact with any telephone in the United States.

An executive who is on his way to work or on his way to an appointment can call and speak to almost any one not only as our police in Allentown speak with their central station and with police thruout the area but also with people in distant parts of the country.

Only a few weeks ago the efficiency of a system such as will be set up here was illustrated for a local dog breeder. He had advertised some puppies for sale. He had gotten a prospect in Detroit. The prospect was called at his office in Detroit but, inasmuch as he was not there, connection was effected with the man as he was driving along some highway. The sale was effected by radio telephone and the story came out when the dog was shipped to her future home.

The occasions for the use of the new system will be multitudinous. Many businessmen will move around with greater confidence and assurance knowing that even while far distant from other telephones they can, while travelling in their radio-telephone-equipped car, be in almost immediate touch not only with their homes and business places, but with their clients. And if they don't worry about the expense of social calls, they can be in touch likewise with their friends and engage in nothing more important than arranging a golf foursome or a bridge game.

For Home and Office

Out in San Diego, at the Convair factory, two production engineers have been concerned with the problem of people who shout and lose their tempers in conferences and business discussions.

They think they've got the problem licked. With true inventive genius, they have developed the Convair Panic Switch. It's an electrical device that is turned on the moment a conference or conversation threatens to substitute noise for logic. In a moderate fracas the contraption flashes combinations of red, green, blue and yellow lights. If the fracas grows, the switch is set for emergency, and the lights blink, bells ring and a fancy antenna over the set quivers in fear.

If that doesn't halt the trouble, the switch is thrown to "riot" position—and a horn joins the machine's other frenzies. So far, say the inventors, it's been a complete success. They report in Manage magazine that the "riot" action of the machine never fails to reduce hysterical shouts to frustrated murmurs.

Here's something the world has been waiting for. Its uses are endless. It belongs in every home, in every Washington office—and, most of all, at the center of every international conference table.

—Milwaukee Journal

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A college professor recently translated a 20,000-word manuscript from Latin into English. For his labors, which took him more than a month, he received a check for $500 from his school.

He was quite delighted. Five hundred dollars means a lot to a college professor.

About a week later there was a letter addressed to his wife in the mail. In the upper left hand corner of the envelope was the name and address of a large manufacturer of refrigerators.

The wife opened it and out rolled a check for $1,000. With it was a note, telling her that she had won the contest for the best letter of 25 words or less on the subject, "Why I like this refrigerator."

Both the professor and his wife were doubly delighted, of course. Fifteen hundred is just three times $500 and you can buy three times as much with it, even in these days.

A college professor is usually a pretty logical individual, and so was this one.

He took a pencil and a piece of paper and put some figures down.

"Interesting," he said, "very interesting indeed!"

"What's so interesting?" asked his wife.

"Well," said the savant, "here I am with years and years of study and teaching, getting 2½ cents a word for a month's work. But you dash off a 25 word letter in a couple of minutes and get 40 dollars a word for it. Isn't that interesting?"

And indeed it was!

Probably our professor thought of the injustice of whatever or whoever was responsible for such a condition.

But he didn't realize that money has no education and that in the sight of the almighty dollar a housewife is just as worthy of being its custodian as the most intellectual professor in the world. Perhaps even more so.

The other evening some people were discussing the latest discovery of the scientists that you don't fall asleep by counting sheep.

You should count something with which you are familiar.

"Like for instance," said one of the women participating in the discussion, "a housewife should count mops and brooms."

Which prompted my wife to say that if, being a housewife, she were to count mops and brooms she would not only stay awake all night, but she'd probably have to be taken to a lunatic asylum first thing in the morning.

Don't you ever worry because you haven't a million dollars and see no earthly chance of ever having more than just a modest savings account. Money really isn't everything.

I just heard of a man, in nearby Fairfield, who gave up a lucrative building business with its splendid income, because he figured that man's mission in life is not to GET but to GIVE.

So he is now taking a course at Columbia University and next year he will start as an interne in one of New York's hospitals. One of his brothers felt the same way and is now a priest, bringing solace and comfort to many lost souls.

By the way, I understand the college professor's wife doesn't even use the refrigerator which she prefers to any other brand. However, that isn't part of this story.

(Copyright 1953)

But Isn't This Where I Came In?



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Few men, in our times, have evoked such loyalty who had nothing to offer but their minds. Bob Taft never asked anyone to favor him or to support him. In fact, at times, he even riled his personal friends and political supporters by his rejection of guile and trickery as a tool means to a good end.

Only once did I see him hurt by other men's operations and that was in the 1952 convention oer the slogan, "Thou Shalt Not Steal," an unfair attack on the efforts of his partisans to hold the Texas delegation. Some months later, when I discussed the matter with him, his answer was the mild "damn fools!"

During the convention, I spoke to him about what his chances were and he said that it seemed to him that the Eisenhower people had more votes and that the task was to keep the Republican Party together. Unusual in these days, Taft has rigidly believed in political parties as essential to the continuance of our institutions.

Aid to Eisenhower

After President Eisenhower was ensconced in the White House, six or seven of Bob Taft's personal friends met with him at dinner in a private home in New York to review the prospects of the Republican Party. Bob Taft took the position that it was his bounden duty to help Eisenhower if he could. His problem at that moment was to get to the mind of the President without the constant interference of the palace guard, for whom he had little respect either as men or as Republicans. He liked Ike but feared that he would suffer from a lack of familiarity with the processes of government in this country.

He spoke as though they had never been opponents. Among his intimates, he said not one word of defeat, of disappointment, of how much better he might have done this or that. Defeat was part of the game of life; the business of life had to go on.

I took him to his train after this dinner and we talked further about Ike. He reminded me that during the campaign, he had asked his friends and followers to support Eisenhower wholeheartedly. He reminded me that in the course of campaigning, he and I spoke together in Philadelphia for Eisenhower and that I had said that he was killing himself in this campaign. His reply to me that night in Philadelphia was that the Republican Party was so split that every human effort must be made not only to elect Eisenhower but to hold the party together. In the taxi in New York, he recalled that conversation and said that the essential task is unchanged and that Eisenhower and the party still needed help.

Progressive Senator

To many who did not know him, Bob Taft seemed to be a mulish reactionary. Yet when one looks at his legislative record, his was one of the most progressive voices in the United States Senate. He introduced and carried through to legislation social measures of the widest benefits. Bob Taft was a practical person who recognized that the responsibility of the legislator was to relate social advances to the national economy, to avoid the pitfalls of unconstitutionality, and to maintain a balanced system of life in the United States, so that initiative and incentive and impetus to ingenuity would not be destroyed. He also recognized that in a free society, government is neither by edict nor by mob pressures, but it is a compromise among contending and differing groups and between the two parties.

During the past few years, Taft's personal burdens have been heavy, indeed. His wife, Martha, long his political companion, wise in her own right, became irreparably ill. Attached to her by more than connubial ties, he found her absence from his world of action almost intolerable. He cared for her with gentleness in spite of the many public demands. It cannot be said that he took her illness in his stride; it can be said that his personality has been torn between his sense of obligation to his wife and partner and his consciousness that his party had its last chance for survival in 1952.

The Republican Party has no substitute for Robert A. Taft. He has been its leader by general acceptance in all the ways that matter in American life. There is no one to replace him.

(Copyright, 1953)

Public Opinion

SPANISH WAR VETERAN'S WIDOW PLEADS FOR MONUMENT

To the Editor:

I repeat: Don't move the monument.

I am a little old lady of 70 years, widow of a Spanish War veteran. I came to Allentown in 1919. I have a lasting impression of the monument as I gazed upon it the first time while entering the city.

I felt here I would find a true spirit of patriotism. For it indeed gave honor to all veterans. How lovely it stands, representing the true blood of stalwart Pennsylvanians. As the years go by let the same spirit grow with the age of the monument.

I am a patient at 17th and Chew and helpless to protest, but I have been praying someone would come to the monument's defense.

Judge, I salute you and while unable to walk I can root for you and pray God to maintain the monument where it now stands.

Ada L. Hunter
1310 Chew St.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of August 1, 1928, Thursday.

At a comparatively short session of city council on Tuesday morning, a resolution was passed granting permission to Kaeppel and Kester to pave Union Boulevard from Irving to Fenwick Street, with 7-inch concrete.

A combined life saving and swimming meet will be held today at 2 p.m. on the beach at River Front Park.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OHRMER JOHN: Der John Creveling doh fon da shtadt, un woh im Kourt hous shoft, wor doh net long tzurick tzu badauerra wie er un sei Mame noch Reading worra 'n fersommling ei nemma uf gamocht fon Kourt Hous ombtsleit fon da gonsa shtawdt. On selra fersommlin hen sie immer 'n grosser fress —odder ferleicht hetta m'r 's aw 'n essa haisa solla — aenicha waig, 's gait ols gore mechdich hoch baenich har un der John hut sich ferparbas 'n neiie suit glaider kauft fer sella owet ei bracha.

Die barichda sin, der John het shier net worta kenna bis die tzeit kumma wear fer noch 'm supper gae — hut sich ob weissa wolla mit seina neia lumba. Un endlich noch wos g'sheind hut wie so'n glaenie aewichkeit, is aw die tzeit from supper kumma, un der John hut sich uf g'sodd'ld. Allas is gute gonga bis er sei neia hussa aw tziega hut wolla, un woh ol die die ginnie nei tzu ghae worra. So weit os die lang aw gonga is, wor nix tzu sawga — wos noch mainer wor, won die hussa bae aw abisel kartz gawest weara, sel het niemon g'sehna won er om dish k'huck'd het, ow'r sie worra ol in die welt nei tzu tight un der bouch rum.

Der John is so bahoft fer abissel shtarrick shwetza, un grawd on selra tzeit is die sawg, het er so shtarrick g'shwetzt os sie Mame 'n evens nimmy fershtae hut kenna. Seina moshions noh hut sie ow'r grawd gamoodmos'd os ebbes letz wear mit seina hussa, un der John hut sei alta un sei neia navich nonner k'hova, un die neia worra hondas braiding tzu shmawl in da braiding, un die Mame hut grawd gawist os er uhrsoch kotta hut fer gnutterra.

Wos tzu duh wor noh die froke. Die nei suit glaider hut tzwae paar hussa kot, ow'r die Mame woh ei gapock'd hut fer noch Reading gae, hut net gamaint os es notewenich wear fer die tzwae paar mit nomma, un hut yusht ae paar ei gapock'd. Unnich da umshtanda, het er obsalut 's onner paar howwa solla fer aw brovierra — un wohs hais'd het 'n sare gute gaboss'd. Yusht er hut sie net kotta, uns aintsich'd tzu duh, wor sei altie suit glaider weara fer noch 'm supper gae—ebbes os der John fireich uf 'm shtrich kotta hut tzu duh.

'S hais'd ow'r, 's wear net tzu olmechdich hel gawest in da ess shtub, un niemond het gawist os der John ken nieie suit aw het wie er un sei Mame — un kens fon ihna hut bohna g'sawt dawaiga. Wos noch mainer is, m'r sin net tzu shure os der John die socha ferleicht hous howwa wil, un besser sawga nix may weiter, so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fiel hen shun gawunnert ferwos m'r des yohr so shpote im mohnet der Hudson nuf gangda — un ferwos m'r Somshdawgs gangda in blotz fon Sundawgs, wie farm yohr.

Ae ontwert gebt ocht uf die tzwae froga — der 22d Augusht wor der airsht dawg os es miglich wor fer 's boat Peter Styvesant laenich howwa — onnerra dawga hetta m'r gae missa mit alla hond onnerra leit druf os tzu finna sin—uns wear so shtinkich fol werra os m'r net rum gakent het.

Denna waig he m'r 's boat laenich—yusht unser aignie drup leit druf, un woh m'r halta wolla so nagshd on da 2,000 os miglich, ferol os es boat shier 2,800 nemma dade.

Today's Text

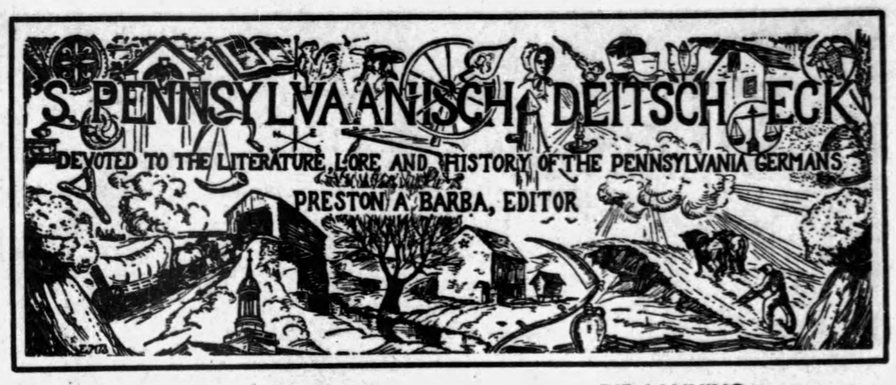
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 22:44-46

The intensity of Jesus' agony is in part at least expressed by the statement that His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. It seemed as though He was under great stress, strain and pressure. It may be more than coincidence that this particular scene took place at a spot called Gethseane, which, as a Hebrew compound word, means an oil press, referring to the oil of the olives which grew in the Garden. It was in a garden that sorrow, sweat, and thorns were announced as a sign of the curse on mankind because of man's sin. (Gen. 3:16-19). According to Rev. 22:3, there is a time coming when there shall be no more curse, as the Man of sorrows, sweating under the burden of sin, and taking the crown of thorns on His brow, became a curse for us, according to Gal. 3:13. And this because of sinful man's mockery of Him. Agony indeed! Having kneeled in prayer, He now rose up to come to His disciples and to find them asleep. Even so today, how many are spiritually asleep, having no heart for these things, only to suffer eternally what could have been avoided by acceptance of Christ as Savior!

Horoscope

You should reap due reward for your industry, initiative and foresight. Look for exceptional cleverness in the child born today.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

Ich un der Mawny, der Rossem, der Jonathan un der Carniel Nemme Widder en Trip in Unsere Machine. Was als ghaeppent iss.

VUM JIM BRENASEL

CHAPTER DER AERSCHT

"Suppose mir deede widder en trip nemme in der flying machine," saagt der Mr. Carniel, wie mir mol ee owed die question vun electric lights fer's schteddel fully discussed hen ghatt.

"Ich waer agreed," saagt der Jonathan; die Zeit watt mir lang, un mir sedde absolut mol widder e wennich excitement hawwe."

Mir hen ennihau agreed, ass mir Freidaags die neegscht Woch abschtaerte. Unser intention waar fer mol es aerscht an different bletz im county rum geh, so ass die leit unser wunderbaari flying machine sehne kennte, un fer dernoh en trip nemme naus darrich die West.

"Iss sell net wennich en schlechter daag fer zu schtaerte, buwe?" froogt der Mawny; "Freidaags iss en ungluecklicher daag. Mei Mam hot mol lattwarrick gekocht Freidaags, un der gans kesselvoll iss ihre verdarwe."

Der Mawny waar wennich en kwierer ding, un mir hen sei dumme expressions of course net gemeint. Awwer ich hab doch noochderhand draa gedenkt, wie mir in allerhand elend kumme sin.

They Plan to Take Off from Ephrata

Mir hen unser arrangements gemacht fer Freidaag vermiddaags vun Efridaa abzuschtaerte, un hen permission grickt fer die lot newe am Band Hall zu yuse fer unser ascension zu mache. Der Mawny hot gemeent sell waer en guder Blatz fer abzuschtaerte, fer die Ursach, ass sie ken pavements hen in sellere nochberschaft, un ass mir uns net so wiescht weh duh deede, wann eens odder es anner vun uns aus der machine falle deet. Der Mawny hot immer weit vannenaus sehne kenne.

Die Leit sin vun alle directions beikumme—in buggies, in schpringswegge, in mischtwegge, uff gell un bicycles, un viel uff der cars un zu fuss.

"Why, des biet alles, ass ich in meim lewe noch gsehne hab," saagt der Jonathan wie ich un er unser weeg darrich die crowd g'forced' hen uff der Mainschtrooss, yeders mit eme groose sackvoll bolognas un schunkefleesch wu mir bei em Balser un em Nasinger kaaft hen ghatt fer unser trip.

Es waar nau en farrichterlichi crowd um die flying machine rum, un mir hen schier gaar net blatz genunk ghatt fer die machine ready zu griegge.

Mawny Addresses the Multitude

Ich hab ge'noticed' ass der Mawny der gans marriye e wennich gschpassich ge'act' hot, un wie er denoh uff eemol uff der cylinder vun der machine gegraddelt iss un hot en speech gemacht zu der crowd, dann waar ich convinced, ass ebbes letz waar mit ihm. Sei zung waar evidently aardlich schteif, un er hot gschlicksert wie alles.

Der Mawny hot druff insist ass mir die band rausgriegge sedde, un fer ihn un die grooss crowd zu pliese, dann hot der Mr. Carniel die announcement gemacht ass es nau glei music gaebt, un in zwansich minudde noch sellem waare zwelf members vun der band owwe uff em dach vum Band Hall, un hen nau wunnerbaar schee gschpielt die weil ass der Mawny owwe uff em cylinder gedanst un geyohlt hot.

Un was waar des drum mit mensche, net yuscht um die machine rum, awwer iwwe die gans Main Schtross, Washington un Lincoln avenues, un die Schtate un Locust schtroosse. Ich hab noochderhand gheert ass der Bryson, der Butzer, der Seldomridge, der Hoffman, der Herschelroth, der Kraatz un der Mart Bixler completely ausgebutzt waare vun alles ass sie zu esse hen ghatt in ihre restaurants, un hen noch Lengeschder 'telegraph'e misse fer Kuddelfleck, bananas, ice cream and so gfraes. Die Wattsheiser un schtore hen aa en wunnerbaari gudi bissniss geduh, un der weeg wie ich un der Jonathan es ausgfiggert hen, dann hot selli grooss crowd net wennicher ass siwwe hunnert daaler ins schteddel gebrocht seller daag.

Die seidemiehl un all die cigar factories hen abschtobbe misse seller daag, un die hands hen all en feierdaag ghatt.

So about halwer elfe seller vermiddaag hen mir die machine alles reddi ghatt fer unser ascension zu mache, un der Mr. Carniel iss owwe uff der cylinder gange un hot der crowd gsaat, ass sie nau blatz mache sedde.

Der Rossem hot die gas chambers alles reddi ghatt, un am Mr. Carniel seim signal hot er uff eemol en lever gedreht un die machine iss wie en Schtraahl in die Heeh gange, yuscht wie die band en livlier jig gschpielt hot, un wie mir der machine die grooss crowd ge'joined' hen in drei cheers ass mir fer meileweit heere hot kenne.

O, was hot des drum gemacht!

Seed Schaeffer, the Stowaway

Wie mir so aardlich hoch in der heeh waare, dann hen mir uff eemol ge'noticed' ass die leit unnich uns arrig excited waare un hen motions gemacht uff en Aart ass wann ebbes arriyes letz waer an der machine.

"Er fallt gewiss runner!" hen mir sie heere greische.

"Was um der schinner iss letz ennihau?" saagt der Jonathan.

Awwer yuscht selli segund hen mir ebber heere farrichterlich yohle graad outside an eens vun der gas chambers, un dihr kennt denke wie des uns surprised hot. Die members fun unsere party waare all inside der machine, un mir hen graad gewisst ass des ebber sei muss, ass net zu unsere party gheert.

Ich un der Jonathan sin graad die schteeg nuff uff der top vum cylinder, un wie mir newe iwwer die side vum linkse gas chamber nunnergeguckt hen, dann hen mir ebbes gsehne ass uns die haahr graad in die heeh schteh hot mache.

Weit newe am chamber drunne, mit de bee un aerrem securely hinnich de schtrick wu vum gas chamber nuff iwwer der cylinder gange sin, hen mir der Seed Schaeffer sehne henke mit ere cigarette im maul!

"Let her go, buwe!" greischt der Seed, wie er uns gesehne hot un hot dernoh widder farrichterlich aafange zu yohle, "des geht nau dandy!"

Dihr kennt denke, wie ich un der Jonathan gfiehlt hen, wie mir der Seed gsehne hen in seinere gfaehrliche position. Wann eener vun selle schtrick verrisse waer, dann waer der Seed of course gfalle, un mer kann denke, ass es dernoh in en paar daag so en aardlichi groose leicht gewwe hett.

Ich bin graad nunner in der cylinder un hab de annere kals gsaat ass der Seed Schaeffer datt outside am gas chamber waer, un ass mir die machine widder nunner losse misste.

Die machine waar bei daere zeit nuff iwwer die Mt. Springs gedrifft, awwer en groosi crowd iss nooch zugschprunge kumme, un wie mir runner kumme sin in die lott graad vum Clausen seim shop niwwer, dann glaawich really ass fimf hunnert leit datt waare.

Mir hen der Seed rausgraddle mache, un wie mir dernoh schur gemacht hen ass er sich net widder arryets schunscht in der machine verschteckelt hot ghatt, dann hot der Rossem der lever gemuft un mir hen der crowd goodbye gewwe.

Der Rossem hot die glee inschein gschtaert un mir waare glei an Hinkelschteddel.

"Mir sedde absolut do schtobbe un hands scheke mit em Governor Weller," saagt der Jonathan; "der Jeck iss yuscht about en feiner kall, un ich bin schur, ass er uns gleiche deet zu sehne."

Governor Weller Catches a Carp

Mir hen accordingly en descent gemacht im Bard seinere wiss, un waare glei umringt mit ere groosse crowd. Awwer der Governor waar net um der weeg, un wie mir hands gscheekt hen ghatt mit der crowd, dann sin mir widder ab. Wie mir awwer dernoh widder so aardlich hoch in de heeh waare, dann hen mir der Governor sehne so en aardlich schtick an der Conestoga drowwe hocke am fische. Mir hen aa ge'noticed' ass er uff eemol arrig excited iss warre, un wie mir unser telescopes raus grickt hen un hen closer geguckt, dann hen mir ge'noticed', ass der Governor en farrichterlicher groosser carp raus gezogge hot ghatt un waar am rassle mit em fisch im graas. Der carp waar ennihau drei fuss lang, awwer der Jeck hot ihn glei gebennicht ghatt un hot ihn mit eme schtrick wedder en baam gebunne.

Mir waare dernoh glei in Nei Holland. Un was hen die leit datt drum geyohlt wie sie uns gsehne hen! Der Andy Miller hot uns motions gemacht ass mir schtobbe sedde, awwer unser zeit waar zu kaz, un mir sin rumgedreht un sin lings niwwer geeich Reamschteddel un vun datt noch Adamschteddel.

Der Mawny hot dernoh absolut noch Reading geh welle, awwer sell hot uns net g'suit, un mir sin iwwer der barrig niwwer an Reinholds Station, un vun datt noch Denver. An Denver hen mir en descent gemacht, un waare graade umringt mit ere grosse crowd. Der Jesse iss aa als in balloons nuff gange, awwer er hot doch gemeent unser machine waer en groossi improvement uff die ordinary balloons.

Vun Denver sin mir niwwer noch Schoeneck, un sin yuscht nidder genunk nunner gange fer em Al Schtober drei rechte gude cheers zu gewwe, un sin dernoh ab zerick noch Lincoln.

Three Cheers for the 'Constitution'

An Lincoln hen mir of course schtobbe misse, un hen yuscht about en gudi reception grickt. Es waar glei en groossi crowd um uns rum, un die leit hen unser machine vun wunner beguckt. Der Bardy iss uff der cylinder gegraddelt un hot en speech gemacht zu der crowd, un hot explained ass des nau die machine waer, wu die leit so oft devun im REPORTER gelese hen. Er iss dernoh widder runner gegraddelt un hot mich un die annere members vun der party introduced zu der crowd. Mir hen der Mart Gla un der 'Saias Etnover gut embraced, un hen hazhafdich hands g'shaked' mit em Demmy, em Humphy, em Johnny Bishop, mit em "Stump," em "Boatchy" un viel annere leit. Der "Boatchy" iss denoh aa uff der cylinder gegraddelt un hot yuscht about en guder speech gemacht. Er hot deel farrichterliche groosse wadde geyused—jaw-breakers ass ich ewwe positively gaar net rausschaffe kennt—un hot explained wie unser flying machine so en scheeni illustration waer, wie sie gracefully darrich die luft geht, vum universal liberty wu unser leit 'enjoy' e un wu ihne unsere Constitution. Die breeder, liberal scope vun unsere Constitution. Die crowd hot dernoh drei cheers gewwe fer die "Constitution un Liberty." Die crowd hot dernoh wunnerbaar gheilt wie mir ihne good-bye gewwe hen un sin ab.

Vun Lincoln sin mir niwwer noch Akron gange, un datt hot der Wilson Zwally uns introduced zu der groosse crowd, wu glei zammekumme waar. Akron iss yuscht about en scheener blatz, mit viel scheene meed.

Mir hen ken zeit ghatt fer an Millway zu schtobbe, awwer mir sin doch so aardlich nidder nunnergange un hen em Harvey Rettew drei gude cheers gewwe wie unser machine gracefully nuff geich em Haasebarrig gange iss.

Mir hen net exschpeckt ghatt fer viel leit zu sehne uff em Haase Barrig, un mir waare yuscht about surprised, wie mir unser descent uff em race track gemacht hen ghatt, wie mir dernoh en groossi delegation sehne hen kumme, mit em Henry Reinhold vannedraa. Der Hen hot uns introduced zu der crowd, un hot yuscht about en scheener speech gemacht. Uff em Haase Barrig hot's aa scheene meed, un der Mawny hot absolute e paar daag datt bleiwe welle. Mir hen uns awwer net lang uffghalte, un waare glei uff em Weeg fer noch der West.

Selli nacht hen mir in Harrisburg gschtobbt, un der naegscht daag sin mir ab darrich naus.

Mir hen deel wunderbaare experiences ghatt, un der Mawny hot uns in viel druwwel grickt uff sellere trip. Des kann ich of course net alles 'explain' e in dem aerschte chapter, un fer selli uhrsach duhn ich do unne draa

To Be Continued

DIE LANNING

Was batt die Lanning? nix—un viel;
'S depend en wennich uff der Kopp.
En mancher eifersicht'cher Dropp
Mit frieschem Mut un hochem Ziel.

Hot's Hann schier gaarli rausgschtudiert—
Un was hot's dann am End gebatt?
Ei, endlich hot er, bleech un matt,
Sei Krefte gans veruminiert.

Der Zweiwel hot sei Seel verzwannt;
Uff dunkle Barye rum iss er
Waahnsinnich gschtolpert hie un her,
Un hot der recht Weg net gelannt.

Die Lanning muss verwandelt sei
Ins Lewe—yuscht wie Brod zu Blut,
Schunscht dutt's em Mensch gans wennich gut,
Kann gaar noch Schaade duh debei.

Es gebt en Scheeheit vun der Seel,
En lieblichi Gerechtichkeit,
As sich verschennert mit der Zeit,
Un iss vum waahre Gott en Deel.

Sell iss die Haabtsach; in der Daat,
Sell iss es eensichscht Ding as bschteht,
Wann Welt un Himmel mol vergeht,
Un sell hot aa die Mammi ghatt.

In ihrem kleene Finger waar
Meh Weisheit vun de rechte Satt,
As mancher Witzkopp finne watt
In all de Bicher gross un raar.

St. Louis, March 7, 1903 — CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER This notable tribute to the poet's mother was first published in The Pennsylvania German for July, 1903. It was later included in the collection of Ziegler's poems, edited by Dr. Harry Hess Reichard and published in the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Vol. I, 1936.—ED.

DER JIM BRENASEL

JohnWesley von Nieda, who wrote under the pen name of Jim Brenasel, may lay claim to having been the earliest writer of fictional narrative in Pennsylvania German literature. Hitherto he has received but little attention at the hands of our literary historians for the simple reason that he wrote only for the newspapers of the day, whose files had either been lost or escaped the attention of the researcher.

But for a few short sketches (see the Eck for July 30, 1949, March 17, 1951, May 31, 1952 and March 7, 1953) von Nieda's fiction has remained inaccessible to the readers of today. In his sketch of John Wesley von Nieda's life and works (see the Eck for July 23, 1949) Heinz Kloss points out that the Pennsylvania Germans have produced only two novel-writers in the dialect: Charles C. More (1848-1940) and John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939). More was the conscious artist who wrote with the skill of the literary craftsman. But von Nieda, who sought anonymity under a nom de plume, wrote in a careless manner for the reader of the day without thought or ambition for his future place in the annals of our dialect literature. Printer and compositor by trade, he is said quite often to have composed his serial stories while setting the type for the same, sometimes with his friends looking on and offering advice. His prose shows careless workmanship and the use of an over-abundance of English words, but his fertile imagination and grotesque inventiveness won for him a place as the Jules Verne of our dialect literature. Long before the age of the aeroplane and the submarine the characters of his fiction journeyed through the air and under the sea.

Charles C. More, although John Wesley von Nieda's senior by seven years, wrote all of his novels after his 60th year. Von Nieda's first literary activities would seem to have been in the Eighties of the 19th Century. With his brother Daniel S. von Nieda he founded "The Ephrata Saturday Review" in 1878 and soon thereafter began to write sketches and short stories for the paper.

The narratives of Jim Brenasel were long believed to have been lost. Thanks to Mr. Guy F. Reinert, who had access to private newspaper files, we are able to offer our readers Jim Brenasel's "En Trip in der Luft" which was published first in the "Ephrata Reporter" where it appeared as a serial from June 25, 1897 through Sept. 10, 1897.

"En Trip in der Luft," beginning in today's issue of the Eck, will run through twelve installments. Our readers may wish to save the issues in order later to reread this wild story in rapid sequence. The readers will please remember, while reading "En Trip in der Luft" that Orville and Wilbur Wright only achieved their first more fruitful experiments at Kittyhawk, N. C. in 1903.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Blood Need Continues

Fighting has ended in Korea. This probably has been taken by many persons as a signal to make no donation of blood when the Red Cross mobile blood unit comes to town.

No conclusion can be more serious if it be adopted widely thruout this country. While the fighting has ended, the care of injured and sick men continues. Furthermore, there is no assurance whatsoever, from the terms of the truce which was entered into, that conflict will not break out again. There is much belief that the Reds will use the period of a truce to build up their forces and their supplies for devastating attack. If such attack come, the blood banks in Korea and in base hospitals thruout the Pacific area will be depleted speedily.

Of immediate and indubitable importance however is the need for blood in the United States in the treatment of communities which are threatened by epidemics of infantile paralysis.

For weeks we have been reading about the tremendous demand for gamma globulin, derived from human blood, which has been made by communities in New York, South Carolina and Texas following extensive outbreak of the disease. More than a hundred thousand little children — 6 months to 10 years of age — were inoculated in these mass operations.

The Red Cross has been gathering blood not alone for the soldiers in Korea but for the little children in the United States who may be threatened by polio.

That is why Allentown was visited again yesterday by the mobile blood unit. That is why the unit will make two more visits to this city during the current month.

But how must this community feel after yesterday's visit, when only 32 pints of blood were yielded altho the goal set was for 150 pints? How will this community feel if a polio epidemic break out here this summer and appeal has to be made for the inoculation of, let us say, thirty to forty thousand little children, and it will be realized immediately and with some sense of shame that such small local contribution was made to this cause?

It is to be hoped that firm resolve will be made by many to do better next time. Certainly this is not the job of a few persons like that splendid gentleman who turned out yesterday for the 32nd time, according to the Red Cross records, to give a pint of blood. He has thus given a total of four gallons of blood and almost certainly will give more as time goes on.

The community cannot feel very happy about yesterday's results. We cannot feel happy particularly because in the course of the visit some one found occasion to make an invidious comparison between the attitude of this city's people in this respect and that of little Berwick, a boro of about ten thousand people.

That community, only a tenth the size of ours, is visited every six weeks by the same blood unit that comes into this community. Religiously the community every six weeks supplies a total of 300 pints. At yesterday's rate, this community would supply in a month only 96 pints or 144 in a six-week period. Yet at Berwick's rate, this community's yield should be 2,000 pints in the course of three visits during a month.

It is to be hoped that the situation will be redeemed when next the blood unit comes to Allentown.

More Super Highways

It is good news that comes out of Harrisburg concerning plans of the Highway Department, with especial encouragement from Governor Fine, for construction of a splendid all-weather highway northwardly from the Pennsylvania Turnpike, thru the anthracite coal region, to New York's state line.

The exact route has not been indicated but it is the general idea which is important. The Pennsylvania Turnpike has proven to be so popular and has proved to be so important for transportation in Pennsylvania that huge feeders well may be attached to it at a number of points as time goes on, as construction is possible and as financing is practicable.

Early next year is expected to see completion of the Turnpike to the Delaware River from King of Prussia. With that job done, the highway will be open from the Delaware to the Ohio State line.

It should be only a few years until Ohio is able to build its connecting road across the State for a distance of 241 miles. Hitherto that state's project, which will connect with the Pennsylvania Turnpike, has been retarded by political and business fights. One of the last, but one of the most stubborn of these fights, was ended last week when the Ohio Supreme Court determined that the highway may be built of concrete, even tho bids for asphalt paving are and likely will be lower. The State will be permitted to determine for itself which type of paving is desired and will be able to buy it regardless of lower prices for other articles which are considered not so desirable.

Certainly thousands of motorists will welcome the day when Ohio has a highway bisecting the state from east to west and that will afford swift and comfortable travel comparable to that which the Pennsylvania Turnpike provides.

Safe Passing Space

Because travel by motor car is at its height during the summer months and because all motorists have a concern for their safety, (even tho they may not always show it), it is highly important that drivers realize the large amount of space which must be traveled by their cars in the course of passing a car and swinging into line ahead of it.

This knowledge is important especially upon two-lane highways. It is important likewise upon three-lane highways where, despite a lot of room, all too many accidents occur. Almost all headon collisions upon two-lane and three-lane highways are due to the fact that one of the drivers concerned miscalculated the distance he was required to travel in passing a car just ahead with safety.

Few motorists realize that at 50 mph they should have at least 1,200 feet, (or almost a quarter of a mile), of open road ahead of them in order to pass a car which is traveling at 50 mph. If a vehicle be approaching from the opposite direction the minimum safe clearing distance must be doubled.

All these distances become greater as speeds of the cars which are about to be passed and as the speeds of approaching cars are greater.

The important thing to do is to estimate carefully the passing distance before pulling out around the car ahead. If there be uncertainty in one's judgment as to distance, it is best not to take a chance. Wait for sufficient clearance, then pass and pass safely.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

SITTER - OUTER

I have to leave dancing to others
because
I can't waltz around as I did
once.
If I try it, for breath I must
frequently pause—
A bodily weakness I hid once.

Now I sit on the sideline with
company gay
I'd gladly have whirled in a
two-step.
I haven't the heart for the
rhumbas they play
And I never have learned any
new step.

When discussing the weather
my partner and I
At the side of the room may
be sitting,
I am asked: "Why not dancing?"
I promptly replay:
"At the moment I'm just baby
sitting."

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Aug. 8, 1928, a Thursday.

Another successful season of the summer school of education at Muhlenberg College came to a close today as the students presented their annual summer school play.

What promises to be the most elaborate band concert staged at West Park during the current season will be given Friday evening at 8:15. The Allentown Band will be conducted by Alburtis Meyers.

Three of the veteran preachers of the denomination paid a visit to the Waldheim camp yesterday, The Rev. A. W. Warfie, Rev. J. L. Gunther, and Rev. H. M. Wingert who are retired.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Early in his journalistic career, Bob Considine toiled for the late, able "Cissy" Patterson on the Washington Times-Herald. Shortly after he left to achieve greater fame in Manhattan she phoned Bob to ask that he write a full-page article on a controversial subject. Bob banged out a honey and air-mailed it to her. "Cissy" phoned the next day and enthused, "It's exactly what I wanted, Bob, and I insist on paying for it." "Shucks!" deprecated Bob, "I don't want anything at all. I did it for an old friend." "No! no!" insisted "Cissy." "Let's settle it this way. What did you get for your last article in Cosmo?" "Seven hundred, fifty bucks," answered Considine, "but that hasn't anything to do with this. Please forget about it."

Two days later he got a check for $500 with a note in longhand that read, "Dear Bob: I called Cosmopolitan."

(Copyright 1953)

Horoscope

Unexpected good fortune may be in store for you. Conserve your resources. Born today a child is likely to be self-reliant and good-natured.

Wild birds do not sing more than eight of 10 weeks in the year.

Shaky Structure



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The armistice signed in Korea isn't worth the paper it is written on.

Concrete evidence of the faithlessness of the barbarian Communists who put their signatures on the document now has become known to the world.

For, on April 11, 1953, the Communist command in Korea pledged itself in writing as follows:

The Korean people's army and the Chinese People's Volunteers shall deliver sick and injured captured the personnel at the rate of approximately 100 a day until delivery of all sick and injured captured personnel to be repatriated by the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers is completed.

"The number of persons actually delivered each day shall be contingent upon the ability of the United Nations command to receive them, but delivery shall in any case be completed prior to the termination date of this agreement."

Another provision stipulated that the agreement was "effective when signed and will terminate 20 days after the commencement of repatriation of sick and injured captured at Panmunjom."

The repatriation began on April 17, and the 20 days were up on May 7. Yet on Tuesday of this week there began an exchange of supposedly healthy prisoners, and the dispatches from Korea tell of the delivery of Americans and South Koreans to our lines in such bad physical condition that their illnesses and their wounds and their weakened bodies plainly could not all have developed since May 7, 1953.

The whole world knows now that the United Nations has been tricked and deceived with respect to the delivery of sick and wounded prisoners.

Holding Americans

But what is more significant is that Gen. Mark Clark, Far Eastern commander, has disclosed through a press conference in Washington that, when the Communists declared they had only 3,313 Americans, he had asked Washington to tell him what to do and the word came back to go ahead and accept that figure. At the same time, Gen. Clark reveals, there was information available pointing to the fact that from 2,000 to 3,000 more Americans were being held prisoners. The decision, he says, was made by the U. S. and the U.N. to accept the 3,313 and to make a protest after the armistice agreement was signed.

No word of this was allowed to leak out at the time to the American people or to the peoples of allied countries. Misleading of public opinion is not infrequent even in the "free world." So anxious was the U. N. apparently to get an armistice at any cost that the policy adopted was to take whatever the Communists offered and hope for the best afterward.

This means, unfortunately, that, if the Communists still hold 2,000 to 3,000 Americans as prisoners, they have played one of the cruelest jokes that a gangster regime in its most fiendish movements could devise. For it suggests that the 2,000 to 3,000 now will be held for ransom and, unless peace terms acceptable to the Communists are granted, the prisoners will never be returned to their homes.

This kind of leverage is understandable among Orientals. The "truce" technique is an old one in China, and the American government should have known by reason of what has happened in China's civil war that a "truce" is merely a device to gain further objectives.

Now the U. N. is faced with a humiliating defeat at the so-called "political conference" before it even begins.

The question is asked: "Should hostilities be renewed when the political conference fails?"

No Hostilities

It isn't at all necessary to resume hostilities. The theory of an enlarged war is one of the invalid assumptions usually attributed to anyone who ventures to suggest that the "cold war" can be won in other ways. It could have been won and can be won provided the allies are faithful to each other and provided the U. N. is realistic about the difference between fidelity and treason among its members. For an embargo on all trade with the Red Chinese and upon their ally — the Soviet Union — would be pressure enough to force a complete change in the viewpoint of the Communists. Such pressure can be supplemented by a blockade by the navies of the U. N. but, so long as Britain's commercial interests, who apparently control both major parties in England, can insist on trading with the enemy and on the admission of Red China to the Security Council of the U. N., barbarism will have the upper hand in the Communist Far East.

The major powers unquestionably have lost face in Asia by their policies of timidity and appeasement. Any policy they adopt now is bound to be doubly difficult. For it is known everywhere that the attitude of submissiveness by the U. N. arose despite the knowledge its member governments must have had all along about the treatment of prisoners.

The tales of horror which are being brought back by returned prisoners indicate that, while the enemy may still hold 2,000 to 3,000 Americans who are presumably alive, the other 5,000 or more making up the total of 8,705 officially listed as missing in action were probably murdered. Already returning prisoners tell of mass graves where their comrades were buried after unspeakable torture and cruelty. That's the responsibility of the two Communist forces whose commanders put their signatures just a few days ago on the armistice agreement — a scrap of paper that now can be expected to be breached in other respects as time goes on.

(Copyright 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wayside Motor Court
Drei Mile Unnich Danville, Va.
Der 5d Augusht, 1953.

My Lieva Laiser:

M'r sin die nocht yusht bout 50 mile weck wie die grobb flieg'd fon Roanoak, woh m'r ledshd nocht worra, ow'r sin 324 mile g'fohrra fer doh har kumma—uf da onner side da Blue Ridge barya. M'r sin da morya 's lond unna nous g'fohrra uf route 11, so weit wie Abingdon, un noh widder der same waig tzurick ruf bis noch Fort Chiswell, un darta uf route 52, un awenich shpaiter, uf route 58, iwwer tzwarich iwwer die barya riwwer noch Danville.

Die shtawdt Virginia hut wunnerbore fiel lond—der gross druvel is, sie hen ken plotz fers ousa nonner mocha. Drei hunnerd fier un tzwonsich mile mawg aw net sheina fer arrick weit sei fer fohrra imma dawg, ow'r los uns eich des fertzaila—won m'r ol die grumma waiga grawd shtracka kent woh m'r helt drum rum sin, weara m'r drei mohl so weit g'fohrra wie m'r so sin. On fiel bletz gaits so kartz um die ecka rum, os m'r arrick ochtsome sei mus odder m'r fohrt sich selwar hinna nei. M'r missa ow'r sawga os die leit uf da waiga sare ochtsome sin—hen heit widder rum gabrocht mit ous ma axident sehna, un worra aw net in g'fohr.

'S wor fiel bauer lond woh m'r darrich sin, ow'r 's grebshd dale dafon is shtaenich un mauger dabei, un kon net sehna wie die leit 'n lava mocha kenna. Wos noch mainer is, die nadure is 'n lot lond om tzurick nemma os ruich leit, uns wox'd uf in bame un ungrout. Hoy, welshkern, un duwock sin bout die aintsichda krops os m'r sehnt—un der duwock ol in blumma, guck'd net tzu gute ous. Shofe un fee fer flaish huts ow'r fiel, un hee un doh is 'n hinkle bauer. Wie aw dahame rum, fiel grossa shirra shtaina lare, un fiel dafon sin om tzomma falla. Bauer heit tzu dawg hen may wenich yusa fer 'n grossie shire. Die hameta on da manshda bletz sin in gute ardre, fiel sin goms rum ei g'fens'd mit board odder rigel femsa, un hen shaina blumma.

Die widdering wor widder feranderlich, un gore net os wie dahame. Bei uns wona rayerra wil, bruts weil, noh ferleicht rayer'ds, odder wert widder shae. Net so doh hunna in da barya, woh m'r da gonsa dawg drin rum gakess'ld sin. Doh shein'd die sun, noh sehnt m'r 'n shwartzie wolk, un die nagshd minute rayer'ds os die shtrawla fliega. 'S airsht sehnt m'r 'n rayerra hiwwa odder driwwa omma barrick nunner, un glei badrefts em. So shnell os die ow'r heit ols kumma sin, so shnell sin sie aw widder fertzoga.

M'r hen so halver im sin kot fer der Blue Ridge Trail fohrra fon Tennessee darrich North Carolina ruf noch Fancy Gap, Virginia, ow'r die widdering hut uns widder net gaboss'd. Noh in blotz fon der barrick fohra da longa-waig, sin m'r iwwer tzwarich driwwer, uns wor gore wunnerbore shae. Wie leit lava kenna so weit nava drous kon m'r waricklich net sehna—uns kaysh'd fon ol, m'r sehnt net fiel hameta woh der ohrmuth tzu da fenshterra rous guck'd 'r shtaid 'n mashine odder paar bol on yader'm blotz. Geil sehnt m'r sare wenich—hen net may os 'n dudsend g'sehna in tzwae dawg, un doh worra etlicha dafon uf trucks, all'm noh uf 'm waig tzum shinnerhonnas.

Da morya hen m'r 'n kayose erfohring kot im Howard Johnson ess blotz on Roanoak. Wie m'r nei sin so uhrra siva, hen etlicha hinna im eck k'huck'd, un woh so wohr os allas fon unserra Green shtross nochberra worra—der shule maishder Charles O'Brien un sei fraw, un boo Charles, so wohl wie aw sei elterra, der heiser un lond ferkaufer Charles O'Brien, un sei fraw Elizabeth, un ihra dochter Mary, woh shule halt in da South Mountain hoch shule 'M shulemaishder Charles sei fraw hut die Katerinah 's airsht gakent om hute. Sie hen die nocht g'shpend on da "Natural Bridge," un sin uf 'm waig fer 'n dochter un ihra mon, odder ewwa 's Charles Liebermans p'sucha, in Houston, Texas.

M'r hen now fer tzwae nochta uf g'shloga kot in arya shaina motels — yaders mit air conditioning. Worra alla bait nei, hen fon da beshda bedder, un sin net tzu koshdbore on $8 die nocht. Danovet om ocht uhr hen m'r die ledshd shtub dah grick'd—un war langer wie sel wort hut oft mohls druvel fer blotz finna on fershtannicha bletz.

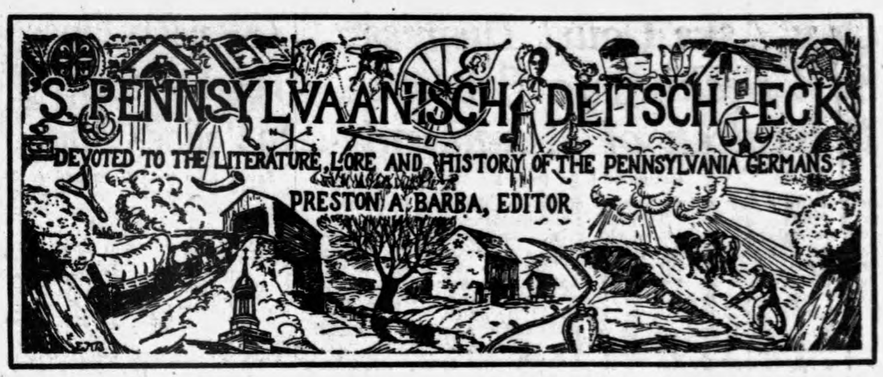
Wie immer, der
Pumpernickle.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 23:12-19

Strange that Pilate and Herod, who had been 'on the outs' with each other, should have become reconciled because both of them had sat in judgment on Jesus, v. 12. They were most likely not animated with any special feeling of hatred toward Him personally. But it is no less true that they agreed to desprising Him, and in insulting Him, and were utterly unbelieving as to His claims to faith and respect. But Jesus is facing Pilate once more, and once more he tells the chief priests, the rulers, and the people, that he had examined Him and could find no fault in Him concerning those things whereof they had been accusing Him. Furthermore, he tells them that Herold had come to the same conclusion, that He certainly had done nothing worthy of death. Pilate then suggested that he chastise Him (a sop to the people) and release Him, as it was the custom at Passover for the Romans to release a prisoner, to show their good-will to the Jews. But at once they shouted: 'Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas;' who was a murderer then being held in prison.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER ZWETT

Wie mir schunn so en aardlich schtick vun Harrisburg fatt waare in unsere flying machine, dann kummt der Jonathan zu mir un saagt:

"Jim, weescht du ass mir en groosser mistake gemacht hen?"

"Uff was fer en aart, Jonathan?" froog ich.

"Why," saagt der Jonathan, "mir hedde absolut der Mawny datt in Harrisburg in sellem insane asylum losse selle. Der Mawny watt alle daag narrischer, un ich glaub really ass mir noch farrichterlich druwwel griegge mit ihm."

Un der Jonathan waar aa ferschur net viel aus em weeg. Der Mawny hot nau yuscht about dumm geaeckt ebmols, un mir sin in viel druwwel kumme ass mir ewwe gut verhiede hedde kenne, wann er net bei uns gewest waer.

Mir hen an viel differente bletz abgschtobbt in de differente schtaate, un groosse crowds sin kumme fer unser wunderbarri machine zu sehne.

In Chicago

Mir hen of course in Chicago abgschtobbt, un der Mr. Carniel waar nau yuscht about favorably impressed mit der appearance vun sellem Blatz.

Unser intention waar fer yuscht about drei daag in Chicago zu s c h p e n d e, awwer es iss ebbes ghaeppent ass uns viele lenger datt uffghalte hot.

Mir hen unser descent gemacht ghatt imme aardliche groosse park, un hen erlaubnis grickt vum mayor fer die machine datt zu halde so lang ass mir in Chicago bleiwe.

In der crowd wu graad um uns rum waar, hot mer of course alle Sadde leit sehne kenne. Ich hab en kall in der crowd gsehne, ass mich graad so ewennich umleidich impressed hot. Er waar en groosser, schtarriyer ding mit lange schwaze haahr un en groosser buschicher baart. Er hot gleene schwaze aagge ghatt, un die hen nau yuscht about en umleidichi expression ghatt, wie sie vun eem bis ans anner in unsere party getraewelt sin un hen dernoh zu alli appearance alli detail vun unsere machine arrig carefully beguckt.

"Sellem kall sei appearance un weegge sude mich net arrig, Jim," saagt der Jonathan; "was fer en kall denksch du ass er iss, ennihau?"

"So neegscht ass ich tschotsche kann, dann iss seller kall en Anarchist, Jonathan," saaggich; "awwer ich kann net denke, ass er eensichi uhrsach hawwe sed fer uns ebbes in der weeg zu leegge."

"Un sin die Anarchists gfaehrliche leit?" froogt der Jonathan.

"Yuscht about," saaggich; "sie sin arrig careless mit dynamite, un draagge sell schtoft in de seck rum, ass wann's yuscht so viel tschaaduwack waer."

Meet Professor Carl Zweingelli

Der Mawny hot graad hinnich uns gschtanne un hot die conversation of course gheert wie er mit etliche so aardliche frische meed g'flirt' hot in der crowd.

"In so eme case wie sell," saagt der Mawny, wie er en feini lawyer attitude genumme hot, "misse mir en conciliatory policy adopte—mir misse den mann cordially an der hand nemme un unser hospitality extende in en becoming weeg."

Un eb mir recht 'realize'e hen kenne, was er gemeent hot mit seine groosse wadde, dann hot der Mawny sich darrich die crowd gschafft ghatt un hot hands g'shaked' mit em Anarchist.

In der naegscht minutt hot er der ding in der machine ghatt un hot ihn introduced zu uns als der "Professor Carl Zweingelli, chemist and authority on high explosives."

Ich hab gfiehlt fer der Mawny recht complete zu kicke, awwer ich hab doch mei zann drunne ghalte un hab der Zweingelli heesse sitze.

"Mir welle es net gsaat hawwe, ass mir deficient sin in unserm hospitality," saagt der Mawny, wie er en boddel voll vum Mr. Carniel seim beschte wei raus grickt hot un er un der Zweingelli hen die boddel mitnanner geleert.

Des waar yuscht about cheeky vum Mawny, awwer mir hen doch nix saagge welle.

Mawny Vanishes

Der Mawny un der Zweingelli waare glei uff gude terms, un wie die boddel leer waar, dann hen sie aafange zu singe un zu yohle.

Der Mawny hot dernoh absolut noch en boddelvoll vum Mr. Carniel seim wei hawwe welle, awwer des hen mir net erlaabt. Der Mawny iss dernoh farrichterlich bees warre un hot uns all dresche welle. Wie er gsehne hot ass er des net duh hot kenne, dann iss er schpeitvoll warre, hot sei hand ge'grabbed' un iss ab in die schtadt nei mit em Zweingelli.

"Des dutt's seilewe net," saagt der Rossem; "der Mawny iss wennich en simpler ding, un waer weess, was die Anarchists net du kennte mit ihm. Mir misse der Mawny zerick bringe."

Ich un der Jonathan sin dernoh graad abgschtaert in der direction wu der Zweingelli un der Mawny gange sin, awwer mir hen gaar nix meh vun ihne sehne kenne.

Mir hen seller gans nammidaag un bis schpot selli nacht gsucht fer der Mawny awwer er waar net zu finne.

Fer drei daag hen mir alle sections vun der groosse schtadt ausgsucht, awwer es hot alles nix gebatt. Der Mawny waar net zu finne.

Dihr kennt of course en idea forme wie mir gfiehlt hen. Der aarem Mawny waar verleicht dod bei daere zeit, odder ennihau in so umschtende ass er net drin sei hett selle.

A Detective Is Employed

Ich un der Mr. Carniel hen en consultation ghalte der dritt owed, un sin zu der conclusion kumme ass mir en detective dinge deede fer der Mawny zu suche. Darrich der mayor hen mir en detective verwischt ass gut bekannt waar mit de locations vun de Anarchist societies ihre headquarters, un der hot uns verschproche ass er der Mawny fer schur finnt wann er noch in der schtadt iss.

Der viert daag nooch sellem iss der detective zrickumme un hot report ass er am risk vum seim eegene lewe, sei weeg in en gebei gemacht hot ghatt der owed devor wu en lot Anarchists en meeting ghatt hen. Er hot ausgfunne ass der Mawny datt waar, un ass die Anarchists ihn die gans zeit unnich der influence vun stimulants ghalte hen. Die Anarchists hen der Mawny verblaudert ass er browiere soll possession zu griegge vun der flying machine fer ihre use, un ass sie ihn dernoh president mache deede vun eens vun ihre societies. Sie hen em Mawny aa verschproche ass er sei pick nemme kennt vun de leddiche female members fer en fraa. Des hot der Mawny gut gsuut, un er waar reddi ver dernoh der neegscht owed in die flying machine zu geh, sei alde kummraade zu'chloroform'e darrich die nacht un fer dernoh der Anarchists voll possession zu gewwe vun der machine.

"Sell seddelt mich mit em Mawny," saagt der Jonathan; "ich waer nau in favor fer graad abzuschtaerte un der Mawny zum deihenker geh losse."

"Sell deet net schaffe," saagt der detective; "die chances waere, ass die Anarchists eier kummraad distruste deede un deede ihn verleicht bletzlich dod mache. Sie gewwe net viel um me mann sei lewe."

"Sell iss so," saagt der Rossem; "mir deede besser schur mache, ass mir der Mawny safe hen, un dernoh kenne mir unser departure nemme.

The Anarchists Are Plotting

Der detective hot uns der Anarchists ihre plans fer selli nacht dernoh meh fully expleent.

About sexe vun de Anarchists hen reddi sei selle hinnich de beem im park fer uns aus der machine zu schleefe so gschwind ass der Mawny der signal gewwe deet ass mir all unnich der influence vum chloroform waere. Der Mawny hot dernoh die machine 'operate'e selle fer die Anarchists, un sie hen arriyi calculations gemacht wie sie dernoh noch em alte land geh wedde un wedde datt die different European capitals in die heeh blose mit dynamite ass sie vun der machine nunner falle deede losse.

Mir hen em detective dernoh dreissich daaler gewwe fer sei arriwet, un er iss ab.

Der Rossem hot die machine alles reddi grickt seller owed fer graad abzuschtaerte so gschwind ass der Mawny beikummt.

"Ich meen es kann net sei ass der Mawny so dumm iss un deet sei alde kummraade so wiescht bedriegge," saagt der Jonathan wie mir seller owed in der machine ghockt hen un hen patiently gewaart fer der Mawny.

Awer was waare mir surprised, wie der Mawny un der Zweingelli en paar minudde noochderhand in die machine gschteppt sin.

Un die seem segund hot der Rossem der lever gedreht un die machine iss in die heeh gange wie en schtraahl, yuscht wie der Mr. Carniel em Zweingelli en revolver fers Gsicht ghowwe hot.

To Be Continued

SEVEN SWEETS AND SEVEN SOURS

By RACHEL de ROSSET

This is the day of investigations. The government has set us an example. To the information pollster nothing is sacrosanct. Even the kitchen has been invaded by statisticians. Not content with translating the creative pinch of this and a handful of that into a table of measurements, they must now ascertain the calory count and the vitamin content of each and every food. One of our last strongholds —the Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch kitchen has been investigated in an attempt to catalog the seven sweets and seven sours.

This examiner interviewed authorities and delved into culinary literature in order to sift the facts from the fiction regarding the origin of this euphonism. The outcome of the search showed few facts but much fiction on the subject of seven sweets and seven sours.

Recent periodicals abound in regional fiction. Editors have become aware of the headline possibilities of euphonious alliteration. Gladly do they print such captivating captions as: "Beards and Bonnets", "Blue Gates and Buggies" and "Seven Sweets and Seven Sours". Even a Canadian columnist allowed his adjectives to wax alliterative when he advertised a Pennsylvania folk festival where the "gusset-groaning" gourmands lay "spread-eagled on the sward."

Turning from fiction to facts, just when and where did the expression, "seven sweets and seven sours" first appear in print? It was supposed that our dean of Deitsch lore, Cornelius Weygandt could claim the honor. Warily, he admits only that his recollections of the expression were oral hand-me-downs from Samuel Pennypacker, a governor of Pennsylvania, and from Michael Oberholtzer, a former proprietor of Croll's Hotel at Skippackville. Mr. Weygandt gives no clue to any original written source.

The earliest mention in print found by this investigator was that contained in "Pennsylvania Dutch and Their Cookery" by J. George Frederick (Business Bourse, N.Y. 1935.) The book itself bears a fairly recent imprint but the author is recording early family history. He writes, "At Fredericksville still stands the long, stone Black Horse Inn which my great grandfather and his father before him ran . . .In it in olden days my grandmother dispensed to the infrequent travelers hospitality as well as entertainment with the true Dutch prodigality. They had a farm to supply them, and the table groaned with its food—always plus the traditional seven sweets and seven sours." In a later chapter he mentions the subject again, " . . . the Pennsylvania Dutch cuisine has always insisted that a dinner is quite incomplete—indeed any meal where meat in any form is served—without several kinds of sours and preserves. I have always contended that this is dietetically very sound."

In the bibliography which resulted from a search for printed instances of seven sweets and seven sours there is almost no recognizable agreement. Few writers went so far as to give lists. Most articles spoke of sweets and sours as relishes to be served with the main course. A few, however, insisted on including desserts among the sweets. The inclusion of the alliterative expression merely seemed to be a necessary bit of local color no more accurate than the lamentable "dumb dutch" appellation.

There is no denying that the expression has caught the popular fancy and seems here to stay. Like most of our Pennsylvania German traditions, sweets and sours had a good practical reason for coming into being. Sugar and vinegar are excellent preservatives. Waste was a cardinal sin. Such bounty as the summer season bestowed on early pioneers had to be saved for winter wants. Butchering yielded an abundance of meat rich in fat. Cooks were wiser than they realized when they served molasses with fried scrapple, preserved cherries with fried eggbread. Sweets make fat more digestible. Crisp pickle relishes made the brine and smoke-seasoned dried beef and sausage more palatable.

Thus, sweets and sours were culinary common sense. No Hausfrau whose main interests were Kiche, Kinder und Kirche ever found difficulty in supplying this varied abundance of sweets and sours. She might find it difficult, indeed, to be limited to seven. As Ruth Hutchinson says in her "Pennsylvania Dutch Cook Book," "sweets and sours are meant to be eaten not counted!"

No one has made a more exhaustive search for authentic receipes than Editor Barba. His word on this subject should be final. What does he say of limiting sweets and sours to seven?

"Bounteous though our tables be, we have never met with the 'seven sweets and sours' served up so generously in books about the Pennsylvania Germans in recent years. It is a notion to be classed with similiar inaccurate pleasantries such as the 'blue gate' of the Amish and the Hexefiess on our barns."

NET RECHT VERSCHTANNE

Es deet net viel Druwwel in der Welt gewwe, wann die Leit yuscht nanner besser verschteh deede. Ich hab moll en halwer Daag Religion iwwerschwetzt mit me Mann. Am End waare mir weider vun nanner, as wie mir aafangs waare. Do waar ebbes letz. Mir hen nanner ausgfroogt un hen gelannt, ass ich vun eem Ding am Schwetze waar un er vun gans ebbes schunscht. Ken Wunner ass mir nanner net verschtanne hen.

Mir Leit do rum duhne oftmols es Deitsch un es Englisch darrich nanner mixe. Sell gebt awwer en Metzelsupp.

Es waare moll zwee Rumleefer. Die sin oweds an en Bauerei kumme. Der Eent waar Deitsch un der Anner waar Eirisch. Der Bauer waar gutmeenich un hot die Beddelleit in seinre Scheier schlofe losse. Maryets iss der Deitsch wacker warre un hot gsaat zum Eirische, "Schteh uff, es iss hell Daag." "What do you call me?" saagt der Eirisch, "a helldog?"—Noh hot's awwer en Gfecht gewwe!

En Pennsylvaanisch Deitscher hot Bsuch ghatt. Es hot geguckt oweds, as wann es reggere meecht der naegscht Daag. Endlich iss die Sunn awwer hell unnergange. Noh hot der Deitsch gsaat, "It won't rain tomorrow. De Hell comes out hinner der Scheier un der Mond hangs out like a Beindblech."

Es waare moll en Latt Leit annre Paerdi. Mer hot schier net schteh kenne, so voll waar's. Der Yockel waar aa datt. Er hot sei Sunndaagsschuh aaghatt un sei Fiess hen ihm wunners weh geduh. Dann dret so en fratzicher Englischer ihm noch uff der Fuss un hot gsaat, "I beg your pardon." Sell hot der Yockel awwer verzannt. Er hot gsaat, "Fer drei Cent deet ich dich uff der Grund schlagge. Es aerscht dredscht mir uff die Fiess, noh witt mir noch baking powder verkaafe. Weck mit dir! Ich will kens vun deim verschinnerte baking powder.

Ya, mei Freind, oft warre mer schtreidich, weil mer nanner net recht verschtehne.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News.

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Editorials

'Mr. Republican' Passes

He aspired to the Presidency of the United States. He strove long and with intelligence and vigor to achieve nomination for that office at the hands of the political party which he had served faithfully and well for four decades. But fate denied Robert A. Taft the honor and even the opportunity of competing for it in the arena of American politics.

Yesterday it became evident that it was just as well that it had so happened. At the apparent height of his intellectual power his life came to sudden end in New York Hospital where he had been a patient.

Senator Robert A. Taft, who was honored by all who knew him and respected even by those who were politically opposed to him, thus enters the small group of those Americans who rose to such public eminence that they were favorably and widely considered for the Presidency and all but achieved that exalted post. It is to be noted that included in that list are the names of Americans who are equally or almost equally honored with men who achieved the Presidency. Even in defeat, whether at national conventions or in national elections, such names as James G. Blaine, Samuel J. Tilden, William Jennings Bryan, Alfred E. Smith, Wendell Willkie and Adlai Stevenson never lost their lustre nor the regard felt for their owners by the American people. The name of Robert A. Taft now joins that category of Americans who have been glorious even in defeat.

"Mr. Republican," the highly descriptive metaphorical term by which he was known to the American people, dignified his title thruout his days. Little minds, which could not understand, expected bitterness on his part following the conventions last summer and the elections in the autumn. Some little minds which can think only in terms of revenge and reprisals vainly sought to find evidences of bitterness in Mr. Taft's attitude to a new administration and strove, when they could not be found, to stir up differences between the man in the White House and the man who had given him a hard fight for the Republican nomination.

Great men best show their greatness in defeat. Millions of Americans believed that Senator Taft was unusually well trained and sufficiently capable to fill the office of the Presidency. He also believed in himself. But in manly fashion he met defeat. He was not an Achilles who "sulked in his tent."

Robert A. Taft was great in life. He continues great in death for in the most striking manner which is possible for an American he demonstrated that a good American citizen abides by the will of the American people and regards their verdict as approaching the divine in finality and wisdom.

Progress in Emmaus

Emmaus, most rapidly growing community in this county and progressive in its spirit comparable with its growth, has taken another forward step—installation of an extensive fire alarm system.

Hitherto alarm of fire has been spread by word of mouth or by telephone. A well-organized and well-equipped fire department, manned by good citizens, has been able with high success to fight fires and to hold losses to low figures.

But the town may have been lucky in addition to being blessed with good citizens, good equipment and abundant water supply. The time may come when speedier and more certain alarm will be direly needed in order that a serious fire can be kept within bounds thru swift report and then swift response by the firemen.

Emmaus is determined to do this. It will set up an alarm system which, being in the open, is accessible to the public at all hours of the day and night. Having a unit in every neighborhood, makes swift report and alarm of any fire possible no matter in what part of the boro fire may break out.

Radio-Phone Service

Quite a number of local businessmen will undoubtedly be served well by the mobile radiotelephone service which the Bell Telephone Co. will establish in the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton area during the autumn.

Under this system occupants of motor cars equipped to tune in by radio with a central station will be able to effect telephone connections with any telephone in the immediate area and in fact with any telephone in the United States.

An executive who is on his way to work or on his way to an appointment can call and speak to almost any one not only as our police in Allentown speak with their central station and with police thruout the area but also with people in distant parts of the country.

Only a few weeks ago the efficiency of a system such as will be set up here was illustrated for a local dog breeder. He had advertised some puppies for sale. He had gotten a prospect in Detroit. The prospect was called at his office in Detroit but, inasmuch as he was not there, connection was effected with the man as he was driving along some highway. The sale was effected by radio telephone and the story came out when the dog was shipped to her future home.

The occasions for the use of the new system will be multitudinous. Many businessmen will move around with greater confidence and assurance knowing that even while far distant from other telephones they can, while travelling in their radio-telephone-equipped car, be in almost immediate touch not only with their homes and business places, but with their clients. And if they don't worry about the expense of social calls, they can be in touch likewise with their friends and engage in nothing more important than arranging a golf foursome or a bridge game.

For Home and Office

Out in San Diego, at the Convair factory, two production engineers have been concerned with the problem of people who shout and lose their tempers in conferences and business discussions.

They think they've got the problem licked. With true inventive genius, they have developed the Convair Panic Switch. It's an electrical device that is turned on the moment a conference or conversation threatens to substitute noise for logic. In a moderate fracas the contraption flashes combinations of red, green, blue and yellow lights. If the fracas grows, the switch is set for emergency, and the lights blink, bells ring and a fancy antenna over the set quivers in fear.

If that doesn't halt the trouble, the switch is thrown to "riot" position—and a horn joins the machine's other frenzies. So far, say the inventors, it's been a complete success. They report in Manage magazine that the "riot" action of the machine never fails to reduce hysterical shouts to frustrated murmurs.

Here's something the world has been waiting for. Its uses are endless. It belongs in every home, in every Washington office—and, most of all, at the center of every international conference table.

—Milwaukee Journal

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A college professor recently translated a 20,000-word manuscript from Latin into English. For his labors, which took him more than a month, he received a check for $500 from his school.

He was quite delighted. Five hundred dollars means a lot to a college professor.

About a week later there was a letter addressed to his wife in the mail. In the upper left hand corner of the envelope was the name and address of a large manufacturer of refrigerators.

The wife opened it and out rolled a check for $1,000. With it was a note, telling her that she had won the contest for the best letter of 25 words or less on the subject, "Why I like this refrigerator."

Both the professor and his wife were doubly delighted, of course. Fifteen hundred is just three times $500 and you can buy three times as much with it, even in these days.

A college professor is usually a pretty logical individual, and so was this one.

He took a pencil and a piece of paper and put some figures down.

"Interesting," he said, "very interesting indeed!"

"What's so interesting?" asked his wife.

"Well," said the savant, "here I am with years and years of study and teaching, getting 2½ cents a word for a month's work. But you dash off a 25 word letter in a couple of minutes and get 40 dollars a word for it. Isn't that interesting?"

And indeed it was!

Probably our professor thought of the injustice of whatever or whoever was responsible for such a condition.

But he didn't realize that money has no education and that in the sight of the almighty dollar a housewife is just as worthy of being its custodian as the most intellectual professor in the world. Perhaps even more so.

The other evening some people were discussing the latest discovery of the scientists that you don't fall asleep by counting sheep.

You should count something with which you are familiar.

"Like for instance," said one of the women participating in the discussion, "a housewife should count mops and brooms."

Which prompted my wife to say that if, being a housewife, she were to count mops and brooms she would not only stay awake all night, but she'd probably have to be taken to a lunatic asylum first thing in the morning.

Don't you ever worry because you haven't a million dollars and see no earthly chance of ever having more than just a modest savings account. Money really isn't everything.

I just heard of a man, in nearby Fairfield, who gave up a lucrative building business with its splendid income, because he figured that man's mission in life is not to GET but to GIVE.

So he is now taking a course at Columbia University and next year he will start as an interne in one of New York's hospitals. One of his brothers felt the same way and is now a priest, bringing solace and comfort to many lost souls.

By the way, I understand the college professor's wife doesn't even use the refrigerator which she prefers to any other brand. However, that isn't part of this story.

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But Isn't This Where I Came In?



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Few men, in our times, have evoked such loyalty who had nothing to offer but their minds. Bob Taft never asked anyone to favor him or to support him. In fact, at times, he even riled his personal friends and political supporters by his rejection of guile and trickery as a tool means to a good end.

Only once did I see him hurt by other men's operations and that was in the 1952 convention oer the slogan, "Thou Shalt Not Steal," an unfair attack on the efforts of his partisans to hold the Texas delegation. Some months later, when I discussed the matter with him, his answer was the mild "damn fools!"

During the convention, I spoke to him about what his chances were and he said that it seemed to him that the Eisenhower people had more votes and that the task was to keep the Republican Party together. Unusual in these days, Taft has rigidly believed in political parties as essential to the continuance of our institutions.

Aid to Eisenhower

After President Eisenhower was ensconced in the White House, six or seven of Bob Taft's personal friends met with him at dinner in a private home in New York to review the prospects of the Republican Party. Bob Taft took the position that it was his bounden duty to help Eisenhower if he could. His problem at that moment was to get to the mind of the President without the constant interference of the palace guard, for whom he had little respect either as men or as Republicans. He liked Ike but feared that he would suffer from a lack of familiarity with the processes of government in this country.

He spoke as though they had never been opponents. Among his intimates, he said not one word of defeat, of disappointment, of how much better he might have done this or that. Defeat was part of the game of life; the business of life had to go on.

I took him to his train after this dinner and we talked further about Ike. He reminded me that during the campaign, he had asked his friends and followers to support Eisenhower wholeheartedly. He reminded me that in the course of campaigning, he and I spoke together in Philadelphia for Eisenhower and that I had said that he was killing himself in this campaign. His reply to me that night in Philadelphia was that the Republican Party was so split that every human effort must be made not only to elect Eisenhower but to hold the party together. In the taxi in New York, he recalled that conversation and said that the essential task is unchanged and that Eisenhower and the party still needed help.

Progressive Senator

To many who did not know him, Bob Taft seemed to be a mulish reactionary. Yet when one looks at his legislative record, his was one of the most progressive voices in the United States Senate. He introduced and carried through to legislation social measures of the widest benefits. Bob Taft was a practical person who recognized that the responsibility of the legislator was to relate social advances to the national economy, to avoid the pitfalls of unconstitutionality, and to maintain a balanced system of life in the United States, so that initiative and incentive and impetus to ingenuity would not be destroyed. He also recognized that in a free society, government is neither by edict nor by mob pressures, but it is a compromise among contending and differing groups and between the two parties.

During the past few years, Taft's personal burdens have been heavy, indeed. His wife, Martha, long his political companion, wise in her own right, became irreparably ill. Attached to her by more than connubial ties, he found her absence from his world of action almost intolerable. He cared for her with gentleness in spite of the many public demands. It cannot be said that he took her illness in his stride; it can be said that his personality has been torn between his sense of obligation to his wife and partner and his consciousness that his party had its last chance for survival in 1952.

The Republican Party has no substitute for Robert A. Taft. He has been its leader by general acceptance in all the ways that matter in American life. There is no one to replace him.

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Public Opinion

SPANISH WAR VETERAN'S WIDOW PLEADS FOR MONUMENT

To the Editor:

I repeat: Don't move the monument.

I am a little old lady of 70 years, widow of a Spanish War veteran. I came to Allentown in 1919. I have a lasting impression of the monument as I gazed upon it the first time while entering the city.

I felt here I would find a true spirit of patriotism. For it indeed gave honor to all veterans. How lovely it stands, representing the true blood of stalwart Pennsylvanians. As the years go by let the same spirit grow with the age of the monument.

I am a patient at 17th and Chew and helpless to protest, but I have been praying someone would come to the monument's defense.

Judge, I salute you and while unable to walk I can root for you and pray God to maintain the monument where it now stands.

Ada L. Hunter
1310 Chew St.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of August 1, 1928, Thursday.

At a comparatively short session of city council on Tuesday morning, a resolution was passed granting permission to Kaeppel and Kester to pave Union Boulevard from Irving to Fenwick Street, with 7-inch concrete.

A combined life saving and swimming meet will be held today at 2 p.m. on the beach at River Front Park.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OHRMER JOHN: Der John Creveling doh fon da shtadt, un woh im Kourt hous shoft, wor doh net long tzurick tzu badauerra wie er un sei Mame noch Reading worra 'n fersommling ei nemma uf gamocht fon Kourt Hous ombtsleit fon da gonsa shtawdt. On selra fersommlin hen sie immer 'n grosser fress —odder ferleicht hetta m'r 's aw 'n essa haisa solla — aenicha waig, 's gait ols gore mechdich hoch baenich har un der John hut sich ferparbas 'n neiie suit glaider kauft fer sella owet ei bracha.

Die barichda sin, der John het shier net worta kenna bis die tzeit kumma wear fer noch 'm supper gae — hut sich ob weissa wolla mit seina neia lumba. Un endlich noch wos g'sheind hut wie so'n glaenie aewichkeit, is aw die tzeit from supper kumma, un der John hut sich uf g'sodd'ld. Allas is gute gonga bis er sei neia hussa aw tziega hut wolla, un woh ol die die ginnie nei tzu ghae worra. So weit os die lang aw gonga is, wor nix tzu sawga — wos noch mainer wor, won die hussa bae aw abisel kartz gawest weara, sel het niemon g'sehna won er om dish k'huck'd het, ow'r sie worra ol in die welt nei tzu tight un der bouch rum.

Der John is so bahoft fer abissel shtarrick shwetza, un grawd on selra tzeit is die sawg, het er so shtarrick g'shwetzt os sie Mame 'n evens nimmy fershtae hut kenna. Seina moshions noh hut sie ow'r grawd gamoodmos'd os ebbes letz wear mit seina hussa, un der John hut sei alta un sei neia navich nonner k'hova, un die neia worra hondas braiding tzu shmawl in da braiding, un die Mame hut grawd gawist os er uhrsoch kotta hut fer gnutterra.

Wos tzu duh wor noh die froke. Die nei suit glaider hut tzwae paar hussa kot, ow'r die Mame woh ei gapock'd hut fer noch Reading gae, hut net gamaint os es notewenich wear fer die tzwae paar mit nomma, un hut yusht ae paar ei gapock'd. Unnich da umshtanda, het er obsalut 's onner paar howwa solla fer aw brovierra — un wohs hais'd het 'n sare gute gaboss'd. Yusht er hut sie net kotta, uns aintsich'd tzu duh, wor sei altie suit glaider weara fer noch 'm supper gae—ebbes os der John fireich uf 'm shtrich kotta hut tzu duh.

'S hais'd ow'r, 's wear net tzu olmechdich hel gawest in da ess shtub, un niemond het gawist os der John ken nieie suit aw het wie er un sei Mame — un kens fon ihna hut bohna g'sawt dawaiga. Wos noch mainer is, m'r sin net tzu shure os der John die socha ferleicht hous howwa wil, un besser sawga nix may weiter, so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fiel hen shun gawunnert ferwos m'r des yohr so shpote im mohnet der Hudson nuf gangda — un ferwos m'r Somshdawgs gangda in blotz fon Sundawgs, wie farm yohr.

Ae ontwert gebt ocht uf die tzwae froga — der 22d Augusht wor der airsht dawg os es miglich wor fer 's boat Peter Styvesant laenich howwa — onnerra dawga hetta m'r gae missa mit alla hond onnerra leit druf os tzu finna sin—uns wear so shtinkich fol werra os m'r net rum gakent het.

Denna waig he m'r 's boat laenich—yusht unser aignie drup leit druf, un woh m'r halta wolla so nagshd on da 2,000 os miglich, ferol os es boat shier 2,800 nemma dade.

Today's Text

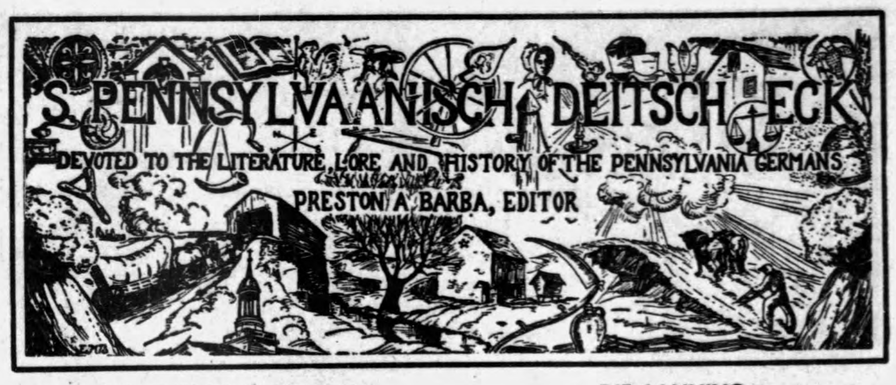
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 22:44-46

The intensity of Jesus' agony is in part at least expressed by the statement that His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. It seemed as though He was under great stress, strain and pressure. It may be more than coincidence that this particular scene took place at a spot called Gethseane, which, as a Hebrew compound word, means an oil press, referring to the oil of the olives which grew in the Garden. It was in a garden that sorrow, sweat, and thorns were announced as a sign of the curse on mankind because of man's sin. (Gen. 3:16-19). According to Rev. 22:3, there is a time coming when there shall be no more curse, as the Man of sorrows, sweating under the burden of sin, and taking the crown of thorns on His brow, became a curse for us, according to Gal. 3:13. And this because of sinful man's mockery of Him. Agony indeed! Having kneeled in prayer, He now rose up to come to His disciples and to find them asleep. Even so today, how many are spiritually asleep, having no heart for these things, only to suffer eternally what could have been avoided by acceptance of Christ as Savior!

Horoscope

You should reap due reward for your industry, initiative and foresight. Look for exceptional cleverness in the child born today.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

Ich un der Mawny, der Rossem, der Jonathan un der Carniel Nemme Widder en Trip in Unsere Machine. Was als ghaeppent iss.

VUM JIM BRENASEL

CHAPTER DER AERSCHT

"Suppose mir deede widder en trip nemme in der flying machine," saagt der Mr. Carniel, wie mir mol ee owed die question vun electric lights fer's schteddel fully discussed hen ghatt.

"Ich waer agreed," saagt der Jonathan; die Zeit watt mir lang, un mir sedde absolut mol widder e wennich excitement hawwe."

Mir hen ennihau agreed, ass mir Freidaags die neegscht Woch abschtaerte. Unser intention waar fer mol es aerscht an different bletz im county rum geh, so ass die leit unser wunderbaari flying machine sehne kennte, un fer dernoh en trip nemme naus darrich die West.

"Iss sell net wennich en schlechter daag fer zu schtaerte, buwe?" froogt der Mawny; "Freidaags iss en ungluecklicher daag. Mei Mam hot mol lattwarrick gekocht Freidaags, un der gans kesselvoll iss ihre verdarwe."

Der Mawny waar wennich en kwierer ding, un mir hen sei dumme expressions of course net gemeint. Awwer ich hab doch noochderhand draa gedenkt, wie mir in allerhand elend kumme sin.

They Plan to Take Off from Ephrata

Mir hen unser arrangements gemacht fer Freidaag vermiddaags vun Efridaa abzuschtaerte, un hen permission grickt fer die lot newe am Band Hall zu yuse fer unser ascension zu mache. Der Mawny hot gemeent sell waer en guder Blatz fer abzuschtaerte, fer die Ursach, ass sie ken pavements hen in sellere nochberschaft, un ass mir uns net so wiescht weh duh deede, wann eens odder es anner vun uns aus der machine falle deet. Der Mawny hot immer weit vannenaus sehne kenne.

Die Leit sin vun alle directions beikumme—in buggies, in schpringswegge, in mischtwegge, uff gell un bicycles, un viel uff der cars un zu fuss.

"Why, des biet alles, ass ich in meim lewe noch gsehne hab," saagt der Jonathan wie ich un er unser weeg darrich die crowd g'forced' hen uff der Mainschtrooss, yeders mit eme groose sackvoll bolognas un schunkefleesch wu mir bei em Balser un em Nasinger kaaft hen ghatt fer unser trip.

Es waar nau en farrichterlichi crowd um die flying machine rum, un mir hen schier gaar net blatz genunk ghatt fer die machine ready zu griegge.

Mawny Addresses the Multitude

Ich hab ge'noticed' ass der Mawny der gans marriye e wennich gschpassich ge'act' hot, un wie er denoh uff eemol uff der cylinder vun der machine gegraddelt iss un hot en speech gemacht zu der crowd, dann waar ich convinced, ass ebbes letz waar mit ihm. Sei zung waar evidently aardlich schteif, un er hot gschlicksert wie alles.

Der Mawny hot druff insist ass mir die band rausgriegge sedde, un fer ihn un die grooss crowd zu pliese, dann hot der Mr. Carniel die announcement gemacht ass es nau glei music gaebt, un in zwansich minudde noch sellem waare zwelf members vun der band owwe uff em dach vum Band Hall, un hen nau wunnerbaar schee gschpielt die weil ass der Mawny owwe uff em cylinder gedanst un geyohlt hot.

Un was waar des drum mit mensche, net yuscht um die machine rum, awwer iwwe die gans Main Schtross, Washington un Lincoln avenues, un die Schtate un Locust schtroosse. Ich hab noochderhand gheert ass der Bryson, der Butzer, der Seldomridge, der Hoffman, der Herschelroth, der Kraatz un der Mart Bixler completely ausgebutzt waare vun alles ass sie zu esse hen ghatt in ihre restaurants, un hen noch Lengeschder 'telegraph'e misse fer Kuddelfleck, bananas, ice cream and so gfraes. Die Wattsheiser un schtore hen aa en wunnerbaari gudi bissniss geduh, un der weeg wie ich un der Jonathan es ausgfiggert hen, dann hot selli grooss crowd net wennicher ass siwwe hunnert daaler ins schteddel gebrocht seller daag.

Die seidemiehl un all die cigar factories hen abschtobbe misse seller daag, un die hands hen all en feierdaag ghatt.

So about halwer elfe seller vermiddaag hen mir die machine alles reddi ghatt fer unser ascension zu mache, un der Mr. Carniel iss owwe uff der cylinder gange un hot der crowd gsaat, ass sie nau blatz mache sedde.

Der Rossem hot die gas chambers alles reddi ghatt, un am Mr. Carniel seim signal hot er uff eemol en lever gedreht un die machine iss wie en Schtraahl in die Heeh gange, yuscht wie die band en livlier jig gschpielt hot, un wie mir der machine die grooss crowd ge'joined' hen in drei cheers ass mir fer meileweit heere hot kenne.

O, was hot des drum gemacht!

Seed Schaeffer, the Stowaway

Wie mir so aardlich hoch in der heeh waare, dann hen mir uff eemol ge'noticed' ass die leit unnich uns arrig excited waare un hen motions gemacht uff en Aart ass wann ebbes arriyes letz waer an der machine.

"Er fallt gewiss runner!" hen mir sie heere greische.

"Was um der schinner iss letz ennihau?" saagt der Jonathan.

Awwer yuscht selli segund hen mir ebber heere farrichterlich yohle graad outside an eens vun der gas chambers, un dihr kennt denke wie des uns surprised hot. Die members fun unsere party waare all inside der machine, un mir hen graad gewisst ass des ebber sei muss, ass net zu unsere party gheert.

Ich un der Jonathan sin graad die schteeg nuff uff der top vum cylinder, un wie mir newe iwwer die side vum linkse gas chamber nunnergeguckt hen, dann hen mir ebbes gsehne ass uns die haahr graad in die heeh schteh hot mache.

Weit newe am chamber drunne, mit de bee un aerrem securely hinnich de schtrick wu vum gas chamber nuff iwwer der cylinder gange sin, hen mir der Seed Schaeffer sehne henke mit ere cigarette im maul!

"Let her go, buwe!" greischt der Seed, wie er uns gesehne hot un hot dernoh widder farrichterlich aafange zu yohle, "des geht nau dandy!"

Dihr kennt denke, wie ich un der Jonathan gfiehlt hen, wie mir der Seed gsehne hen in seinere gfaehrliche position. Wann eener vun selle schtrick verrisse waer, dann waer der Seed of course gfalle, un mer kann denke, ass es dernoh in en paar daag so en aardlichi groose leicht gewwe hett.

Ich bin graad nunner in der cylinder un hab de annere kals gsaat ass der Seed Schaeffer datt outside am gas chamber waer, un ass mir die machine widder nunner losse misste.

Die machine waar bei daere zeit nuff iwwer die Mt. Springs gedrifft, awwer en groosi crowd iss nooch zugschprunge kumme, un wie mir runner kumme sin in die lott graad vum Clausen seim shop niwwer, dann glaawich really ass fimf hunnert leit datt waare.

Mir hen der Seed rausgraddle mache, un wie mir dernoh schur gemacht hen ass er sich net widder arryets schunscht in der machine verschteckelt hot ghatt, dann hot der Rossem der lever gemuft un mir hen der crowd goodbye gewwe.

Der Rossem hot die glee inschein gschtaert un mir waare glei an Hinkelschteddel.

"Mir sedde absolut do schtobbe un hands scheke mit em Governor Weller," saagt der Jonathan; "der Jeck iss yuscht about en feiner kall, un ich bin schur, ass er uns gleiche deet zu sehne."

Governor Weller Catches a Carp

Mir hen accordingly en descent gemacht im Bard seinere wiss, un waare glei umringt mit ere groosse crowd. Awwer der Governor waar net um der weeg, un wie mir hands gscheekt hen ghatt mit der crowd, dann sin mir widder ab. Wie mir awwer dernoh widder so aardlich hoch in de heeh waare, dann hen mir der Governor sehne so en aardlich schtick an der Conestoga drowwe hocke am fische. Mir hen aa ge'noticed' ass er uff eemol arrig excited iss warre, un wie mir unser telescopes raus grickt hen un hen closer geguckt, dann hen mir ge'noticed', ass der Governor en farrichterlicher groosser carp raus gezogge hot ghatt un waar am rassle mit em fisch im graas. Der carp waar ennihau drei fuss lang, awwer der Jeck hot ihn glei gebennicht ghatt un hot ihn mit eme schtrick wedder en baam gebunne.

Mir waare dernoh glei in Nei Holland. Un was hen die leit datt drum geyohlt wie sie uns gsehne hen! Der Andy Miller hot uns motions gemacht ass mir schtobbe sedde, awwer unser zeit waar zu kaz, un mir sin rumgedreht un sin lings niwwer geeich Reamschteddel un vun datt noch Adamschteddel.

Der Mawny hot dernoh absolut noch Reading geh welle, awwer sell hot uns net g'suit, un mir sin iwwer der barrig niwwer an Reinholds Station, un vun datt noch Denver. An Denver hen mir en descent gemacht, un waare graade umringt mit ere grosse crowd. Der Jesse iss aa als in balloons nuff gange, awwer er hot doch gemeent unser machine waer en groossi improvement uff die ordinary balloons.

Vun Denver sin mir niwwer noch Schoeneck, un sin yuscht nidder genunk nunner gange fer em Al Schtober drei rechte gude cheers zu gewwe, un sin dernoh ab zerick noch Lincoln.

Three Cheers for the 'Constitution'

An Lincoln hen mir of course schtobbe misse, un hen yuscht about en gudi reception grickt. Es waar glei en groossi crowd um uns rum, un die leit hen unser machine vun wunner beguckt. Der Bardy iss uff der cylinder gegraddelt un hot en speech gemacht zu der crowd, un hot explained ass des nau die machine waer, wu die leit so oft devun im REPORTER gelese hen. Er iss dernoh widder runner gegraddelt un hot mich un die annere members vun der party introduced zu der crowd. Mir hen der Mart Gla un der 'Saias Etnover gut embraced, un hen hazhafdich hands g'shaked' mit em Demmy, em Humphy, em Johnny Bishop, mit em "Stump," em "Boatchy" un viel annere leit. Der "Boatchy" iss denoh aa uff der cylinder gegraddelt un hot yuscht about en guder speech gemacht. Er hot deel farrichterliche groosse wadde geyused—jaw-breakers ass ich ewwe positively gaar net rausschaffe kennt—un hot explained wie unser flying machine so en scheeni illustration waer, wie sie gracefully darrich die luft geht, vum universal liberty wu unser leit 'enjoy' e un wu ihne unsere Constitution. Die breeder, liberal scope vun unsere Constitution. Die crowd hot dernoh drei cheers gewwe fer die "Constitution un Liberty." Die crowd hot dernoh wunnerbaar gheilt wie mir ihne good-bye gewwe hen un sin ab.

Vun Lincoln sin mir niwwer noch Akron gange, un datt hot der Wilson Zwally uns introduced zu der groosse crowd, wu glei zammekumme waar. Akron iss yuscht about en scheener blatz, mit viel scheene meed.

Mir hen ken zeit ghatt fer an Millway zu schtobbe, awwer mir sin doch so aardlich nidder nunnergange un hen em Harvey Rettew drei gude cheers gewwe wie unser machine gracefully nuff geich em Haasebarrig gange iss.

Mir hen net exschpeckt ghatt fer viel leit zu sehne uff em Haase Barrig, un mir waare yuscht about surprised, wie mir unser descent uff em race track gemacht hen ghatt, wie mir dernoh en groossi delegation sehne hen kumme, mit em Henry Reinhold vannedraa. Der Hen hot uns introduced zu der crowd, un hot yuscht about en scheener speech gemacht. Uff em Haase Barrig hot's aa scheene meed, un der Mawny hot absolute e paar daag datt bleiwe welle. Mir hen uns awwer net lang uffghalte, un waare glei uff em Weeg fer noch der West.

Selli nacht hen mir in Harrisburg gschtobbt, un der naegscht daag sin mir ab darrich naus.

Mir hen deel wunderbaare experiences ghatt, un der Mawny hot uns in viel druwwel grickt uff sellere trip. Des kann ich of course net alles 'explain' e in dem aerschte chapter, un fer selli uhrsach duhn ich do unne draa

To Be Continued

DIE LANNING

Was batt die Lanning? nix—un viel;
'S depend en wennich uff der Kopp.
En mancher eifersicht'cher Dropp
Mit frieschem Mut un hochem Ziel.

Hot's Hann schier gaarli rausgschtudiert—
Un was hot's dann am End gebatt?
Ei, endlich hot er, bleech un matt,
Sei Krefte gans veruminiert.

Der Zweiwel hot sei Seel verzwannt;
Uff dunkle Barye rum iss er
Waahnsinnich gschtolpert hie un her,
Un hot der recht Weg net gelannt.

Die Lanning muss verwandelt sei
Ins Lewe—yuscht wie Brod zu Blut,
Schunscht dutt's em Mensch gans wennich gut,
Kann gaar noch Schaade duh debei.

Es gebt en Scheeheit vun der Seel,
En lieblichi Gerechtichkeit,
As sich verschennert mit der Zeit,
Un iss vum waahre Gott en Deel.

Sell iss die Haabtsach; in der Daat,
Sell iss es eensichscht Ding as bschteht,
Wann Welt un Himmel mol vergeht,
Un sell hot aa die Mammi ghatt.

In ihrem kleene Finger waar
Meh Weisheit vun de rechte Satt,
As mancher Witzkopp finne watt
In all de Bicher gross un raar.

St. Louis, March 7, 1903 — CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER This notable tribute to the poet's mother was first published in The Pennsylvania German for July, 1903. It was later included in the collection of Ziegler's poems, edited by Dr. Harry Hess Reichard and published in the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Vol. I, 1936.—ED.

DER JIM BRENASEL

JohnWesley von Nieda, who wrote under the pen name of Jim Brenasel, may lay claim to having been the earliest writer of fictional narrative in Pennsylvania German literature. Hitherto he has received but little attention at the hands of our literary historians for the simple reason that he wrote only for the newspapers of the day, whose files had either been lost or escaped the attention of the researcher.

But for a few short sketches (see the Eck for July 30, 1949, March 17, 1951, May 31, 1952 and March 7, 1953) von Nieda's fiction has remained inaccessible to the readers of today. In his sketch of John Wesley von Nieda's life and works (see the Eck for July 23, 1949) Heinz Kloss points out that the Pennsylvania Germans have produced only two novel-writers in the dialect: Charles C. More (1848-1940) and John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939). More was the conscious artist who wrote with the skill of the literary craftsman. But von Nieda, who sought anonymity under a nom de plume, wrote in a careless manner for the reader of the day without thought or ambition for his future place in the annals of our dialect literature. Printer and compositor by trade, he is said quite often to have composed his serial stories while setting the type for the same, sometimes with his friends looking on and offering advice. His prose shows careless workmanship and the use of an over-abundance of English words, but his fertile imagination and grotesque inventiveness won for him a place as the Jules Verne of our dialect literature. Long before the age of the aeroplane and the submarine the characters of his fiction journeyed through the air and under the sea.

Charles C. More, although John Wesley von Nieda's senior by seven years, wrote all of his novels after his 60th year. Von Nieda's first literary activities would seem to have been in the Eighties of the 19th Century. With his brother Daniel S. von Nieda he founded "The Ephrata Saturday Review" in 1878 and soon thereafter began to write sketches and short stories for the paper.

The narratives of Jim Brenasel were long believed to have been lost. Thanks to Mr. Guy F. Reinert, who had access to private newspaper files, we are able to offer our readers Jim Brenasel's "En Trip in der Luft" which was published first in the "Ephrata Reporter" where it appeared as a serial from June 25, 1897 through Sept. 10, 1897.

"En Trip in der Luft," beginning in today's issue of the Eck, will run through twelve installments. Our readers may wish to save the issues in order later to reread this wild story in rapid sequence. The readers will please remember, while reading "En Trip in der Luft" that Orville and Wilbur Wright only achieved their first more fruitful experiments at Kittyhawk, N. C. in 1903.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

It's Everybody's Bridge

With all good reason, the opening of the bridge across the Lehigh River at Catasauqua on Tuesday is to be made a gala occasion by the people of that boro and adjacent communities.

Hope had been that the bridge would be in readiness for use in time for the town's notable anniversary celebration earlier in the year. Now the community has the opportunity for a second big time and the people have decided to avail themselves of the opportunity.

In the celebration of joyfulness over the acquisition of this splendid public improvement the people of Catasauqua well may be joined by all the people of this entire county. It must be remembered that few public projects ever have received such virtually unanimous support as did this bridge. When the people of Lehigh County were asked to vote for a bond issue in order that the bridge might be built, the vote was not only huge in its favor but virtually every political subdivision in the county said "Aye" and did it with a huge majority.

In other words, people in the rural agricultural regions wanted the people of Catasauqua and of Whitehall Township to have a modern and a beautiful bridge for their convenience and their transportation needs. The people in other boros and in the City of Allentown said: "Catasauqua must have a new and a fine bridge." There was not a scintilla of selfishness expressed in any part of the county.

The bridge has been built with money which the public borrowed and which the electorate expressed the willingness and intention of paying. It is of course particularly a bridge for the people of the communities which it connects directly, namely Catasauqua and Whitehall Township. But both those communites are in themselves bridges to a vast surrounding community. The bridge is everybody's bridge for everybody's use as they find occasion to go to these communities, or to go thru these communities on their way to more distant points.

With all good reason, all Lehigh County well may take part in the happy event — the opening of this beautiful and safe bridge across the Lehigh River.

Farmers Take a Gamble

Upwards of half a million American farmers were expected to take part yesterday in a poll of opinion concerning the planting of wheat thruout the entire United States for next year's crop. On the results of the poll, which should be known today, the entire program of price controls upon the production of American food crops may be determined.

While this is what is termed a "bread and butter" issue, it has been an open question among American farmers. They made a guess whether they will be better off by continuing high price supports, but with reduced acreages of wheat, or by removing the quotas upon wheat acreages and by imposing no restrictions upon the amount of wheat which a farmer can sell upon the open market, but with lower price supports.

It is a case where the law, under which the vote was taken yesterday, in effect says, you can't have your cake and eat it too. If there is to be unrestricted planting of wheat, then the Government under the law is not going to be expected to take all the surplus which the farmers have not been able to sell on the open market. And pay 90 per cent of parity for each bushel. If the farmers are willing to plant just so many acres and no more (according to the quotas) then the Government will not only be willing but will be bounden to pay 90 per cent of parity for all surplus turned over to it.

All this hinged on the decision of the question: "Are you in favor of marketing quotas for wheat for the 1954 crop?" It was a plainly and a simply worded question. But the answer to it has vast possibilities.

The farmers undoubtedly will have voted according to their judgment as to which procedure will bring them the best income next year. For them it will be gambling, as the grain traders do, upon "futures." But the farmer, who deals constantly with chance and who gambles upon or against rain and drought, upon insect pests, hail and storm, upon national over - production or national under - production, finds nothing new in being compelled to make a decision involving the future. He does it every day with every crop. And he is the gamest loser in the world, just as he is the best and the soundest winner when luck goes his way.

Bore in for Knockout

It is the dictum of the prize ring that when a man has an opponent groggy, that is the time to throw all possible energy into achieving a knockout.

According to this line of thinking, but in political way, the West German government has changed its mind about discontinuing the distribution of food to hungry neighbors in East Berlin and East Germany.

Earlier in the week, it had been decided to discontinue the program for about ten days in order to effect reorganization of the food depots as made necessary thru the reopening of the public schools in whose buildings many of the depots were located.

However, such a clamor apparently came out of East Germany that the Bonn government and the authorities in West Berlin could not deny it.

So the feeding program is to go on. It easily may be that food packages will do more than bullets. At any rate, it has swept the Communists off balance in Central Europe. They appear to be frantic for many of their public officials are being demoted or thrown out of jobs completely, evidently in disappointment over over their inability to hold down the mobs or because of failure of their plans to produce enough food so that such a situation like the present one could not possibly have occurred.

Key to Living

Look at the word "truth" from any direction and it becomes apparent there is no more important word in our language.

Truth is the key to living. We learn as we seek truth.

In the field of science, men devote their lives to the search for the truth. Some find the answers. And our standards are raised as a result. Others never quite make the pinnacle. But their research helps others.

In our personal dealings, we rely most on the man whom we know tells the truth. A business built on the principle of honesty is most likely to survive the long pull. A newspaper built on truth inspires trust.

It's said often that the truth hurts. It perhaps makes a temporary wound. But the person who really desires to survive the mental injury creates an even happier future in the endeavor to overcome it. Truth sometimes is a test. It provides strength.

The greatest truths of all are found in the word of God. Too often we forget this fact.

Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee recently preached a sermon in which he said:

"The only idea big enough to unite the world is the idea of God."

We'd do well to examine God's truths more often. — The San Diego Union.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Did you ever tell a lie? Would Would you lie if something good were accomplished by it either for you or for someone else?

According to Dr. Ben Karpman, a noted Washington psychiatrist, the average person can hardly go through a day without lies of some sort, either conscious or unconscious.

Our mode of living, he claims, creates many situations which make lying absolutely necessary if people want to get along with each other.

Joseph Whitney, a psychological consultant, suggests that if you think that you are not an unconscious liar, you should ask yourself a few pertinent questions.

Supposing you were married and your wife baked her first cherry pie. Supposing she asked you how you liked it. Would you tell her the truth?

Supposing a friend of yours invited you to her new house. You discovered that it was an ultra-modern affair, the kind which you thoroughly dislike. Then supposing she asked you for your opinion of it. Would you tell her the truth?

Supposing you were trying to sell your 1946 automobile. Would you tell the would-be buyer the truth about it? Or would you praise it to the sky and try to get a much better price than what it is worth?

The Bible condemns lying, no matter for what reason. "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord," it says in Proverbs; and "I hate and abhor lying," according to Psalms.

But how many of us can truthfully say that we follow all the teachings and exhortations of the Bible?

Are so-called white lies ever justified?

In Henry IV Shakespeare says: "For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have."

And so the psychiatrists seem to think that sometimes a "white lie" has curative value to the depressed, the unhappy, the friendless and therefore, is excusable, provided it doesn't get to be a habit.

According to them, exaggeration is a form of lying. Many people have a tendency to exaggerate their accomplishments or to make themselves appear bigger than what they are.

I recently heard about quite a prominent man in a small town who, after trying his darndest to get out of the draft in the last war, was finally put in uniform, anyway. He had exhausted every possible means of keeping out, even to the extent of hiring a crooked New York doctor to perform a "hernia operation" on him. He had no more hernia than you or I.

But he couldn't bear the idea of appearing in his hometown in "bell bottom trousers." So he kept a room in New York City and whenever he went home on leave, he put on an officer's uniform and thus fooled his fellow townsmen for quite a while.

But one day one of his own officers saw him in the Grand Central Terminal just as he was about to board his train for home.

Instead of going home he went to the brig.

You probably all have heard the old wheeze about how our country is progressing. Years ago George Washington couldn't tell a lie. Today almost everybody can. And does.

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Doing a Little Spy Work



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Beardsley Ruml, the man who sponsored the pay-as-you-go income-tax plan which Congress adopted, has come to town with another interesting idea. It is as simple as this — the government should set up its books just like any other business. It should not consider as expenses each year the amounts it spends annually for long-range capital investments.

If such a system were adopted, about $12 billion could be transferred from the present budget to a capital budget and thus a realistic balance could be achieved as between current outgo and income.

If Business Did It

Curiously enough, if American businesses were permitted to do what the government now does—it classifies all spending, even for capital purposes, an expenditures — there would be a deficit in almost every growing company in America, and few businesses would ever pay any income taxes on profit. For there wouldn't be any.

Thus, if the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. borrows $500 million for new plant and equipment to give better telephone service, that whole sum is never classed as an expenditure in one year. It's a capital item, and the only thing included in the expense column is the interest and a small percentage each year for depreciation.

The setting up as capital items of all federal property that could be some day sold and all federal loans to the public that are made by various government enterprises which in themselves produce income and are represented by assets is not a new idea. The plan has been suggested many times before in academic groups but political folks are afraid of it — they fear the criticism from the opposite political party.

It so happens that Beardsley Ruml is a Democrat and in the last campaign was chairman of the Stevenson finance committee. He himself pooh-poohs any political angle. In a statement he has just made to the House Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Ruml said on that point:

"This change has been recommended for years by students, organizations, and government agencies—among them, the committee for economic development, the President's Council of Economic Advisers, and the 1949 Senate Subcommittee on Monetary and Fiscal Policy, headed by Sen. Douglas (D.-Ill.). The change has the support of persons in both parties."

Pros, Cons of Plan

The new Ruml plan for a capital budget follows a pattern that states and cities have established in recent years with their "bridge authorities" or "port authorities." It is sound from a bookkeeping standpoint, and the only real opposition has come from those who fear they may be accused of "changing the books." That's why Mr. Ruml says:

"It will require real courage in the administration to recommend these long overdue changes in the statement of the federal budget. Not only will the inertia of tradition have to be overcome, but there will be an inevitable amount of cynical comment that the administration is attempting to balance the budget by definition."

Who will make such a cynical comment? The Democrats? Of course not, because they can get farther politically by defending the change. They could reconstruct their own budgets for the last 20 years under the capital plan and offset Republican criticism that they piled up deficits year after year. For many of the Democratic administration's deficits would be erased, too.

Business men, when they fully understood what has been done with the federal budget system in the past, would applaud the change. Few persons realize that if the government buys a piece of real estate which is worth $100,000, and could bring that sum at a sale, the federal budget shows the $100,000 as an expense item in one year. It's true that, if the property is sold some day, it is all counted as income but the difficulty is not with items of $100,000. It's with items running into the billions, such as the expenditures for plutonium and uranium — which is like buying gold because the materials are conserved for future use and for the most part are never destroyed. They are assets not likely to be sold right away.

There may be a real stimulus from the new system. It may make those who go to Congress to request capital spending show that their projects will be self-financing over a period of years. This in itself would be a healthy turn. But the biggest advantage would be that all taxes could be reduced, because they would be confined hereafter only to a balance with actual expenditures on a current basis and would not be confused with capital investments.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER JOHN HUT DRUVEL: Sie sawga ols, "Hut m'r nix, hut m'r druvel, un hut m'r ebbes hut m'r aw druvel," un grawd so gaits 'm John Ludderschmidt fons Obbels Shule hous drunna. Shun fer yohrra hut er ken kandy lopes un wossermalona garais'd un die leit hen 'm bol libe un sale rous gabloak'd, wunnerra ferwos er kenna ket. Des yohr hut er widder paar ocker gablonst, un sie sin wunnerbore bore shae in die hae kumma, bis die Grundsi ous gabrocha sin.

Die grundsow is ol recht ols 'n wedder brofate — darta hut der John un sei Josephine gore nix tzu sawga dagaiga, ow'r won die grundsi mohl drubba weiss ins kandylope un wossermalona shtick kumma un fressa die shtech ob — sei is die tzeit woh sie griddlich werra. Die barichda sin, der John un die Josephine weara shun base ganunk gawest fer rigelwaigs shpikes in tawae beissa, un hen griek deklar'd uf die grundsi.

Die weil os kens fon na sich gawara, un aw net bodderra hen wolla boga flinta mocha, hen sie yusht yaders 'n ohr'm fol offa huls galaisa, un sin nous ins feld, watcha fer die grundsi. Un sie hen aw gore net long watcha breicha. Ol iwwer wohever os sie onna gaguck'd hen, her grundsi die kep in die hae g'shtrack'd — so nagshd os m'r wissa, hen sie grawd nina gatzailt uf ae mohl — un noh huts griek gewwa.

Die luft fer 'n weil wor so fol bock huls un brigel os der John un die Josephine nonner selwar nimmy sehna hen kenna. Ains hut die briegel niver g'shmissa, uns wonner widder tzurick, un os sie nonner die kep net runner g'shmissa hen is may os aenich ebber feeshtae kon. Evens die wossermalona un kandylopes hen die gnicker ei gatzoga, un die grundsi hen k'huck'd un galocht os sie bol fershprunga sin. So weit os m'r wissa, hut net aw grundsow 'n gnicker grick'd, un denk der battle het net g'shtopt wons net dunkle wear werra.

Der John hut ols onner ungatziffer so wie keffer, rauva, lice un kaller aisel unnich kontrol kotta, ow'r die grundsi — breeder sel is ebbes os 'm John shun gaharich uf da narafa wor. So g'shwind os er tzeit hut fer mohl widder offa huls hocka gaits grawd widder dahinner. 'S huls woh sie da airshda owet gayus'd hen is so fershliver'd fon shmeissa, os es fer nix may tzu yusa is, wie blose aweck shliverra.

HEN SIE G'FONGA: Les es yusht uf tzu glaina boova fer socha ous denka — duhna alsa mohl die unglawblichda socha os yusht grawd ous tzu denka sin. Doh sin now's Bobby Sobers' fon nagshd on Pennsville ihra tzwae kindskinner der Charlie Koehler un sei bruder tzum bei shpiel. Net long tzurick wie sei ons Bobbies uf p'such worra hen sie 'n glae shlangchie g'funna hinna imma wosser grawwa. 'S wor net gross — yusht gons glae, un alla mohl os die boova nagshd kumma sin is die glae shlon tzu ma loch nei g'shlupt.

'M Bobby sei Maggie, des is da boova ihra grammie, hut noh g'sehna os sie uf 'm walg worra fer in der kaller gae. Wie sie rous kumma sin hut sie gawunnert wos sie g'such'd hetta, un sie hen g'sawt, sie hetta 'n nous fol k'hol'd fer 'n shlong fonga. Die Maggie hut noh galocht, un g'sawt sie kenta ken shlong fonga mit ra mous fol, un sich nix may weiter drum bakimmert bis sie die boova hoerra hut yohla, ungfare 15 minuta shpaiter — "We got her! We got her!" Un shure ganunk wie die Maggie gaguck'd hut, won sie 's shlangchie net g'fonga hen kot mit ra mous fol.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wenich leit maiga draw denka, ow'r now so wohr os allas is die tzeit fer nunner marricka wos fer socha os sie hen fer da nagshda mohnet noch da Allentown Fair bringa.

'S sin net die leit os die Fair runna os die Fair mocha, ow'r die leit woh tzum druvel un bodder graina, fre die socha rei bringa fer weissa — sel is wos helft die Fair mocha.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 23:29-43.

One of the malefactors who were crucified with Jesus called to Him, saying: 'If Thou Be Christ, save Thyself and us.' But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying: 'Dost thou not fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due rewards of our deeds; but this Man hath done nothing amiss.' And he said unto Jesus: 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' Some manuscripts read 'when Thou comest in Thy kingdom,' which seems to me to be the better reading. Jesus' reply may mean that the penitent did not need to wait until He should come in His kingdom, but on that very day he would be with Him in Paradise. Thus, through faith in Jesus, as testified to by this penitent's confession, he became the first beneficiary of Jesus' atoning death at the beginning of the New Testament dispensation to which the Old Testament was looking forward. And heaven is filled with such sinners, saved by grace. Missing in that realm of glory are those who are too self-righteous to acknowledge their need of salvation.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

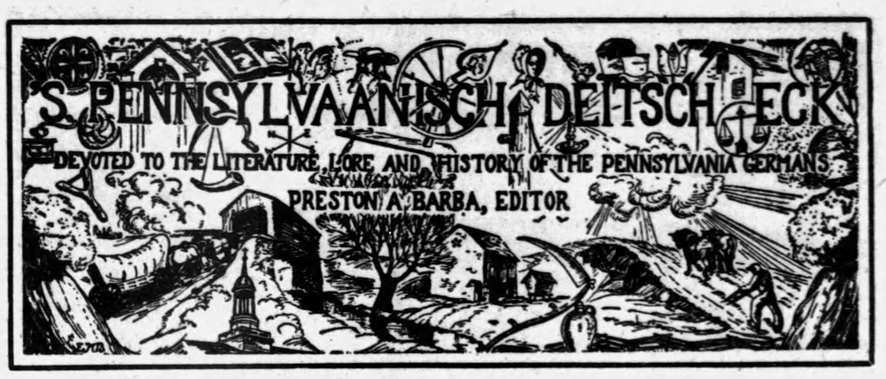
In "Fun With Musical Games and Quizzes," David Ewen and Nicholas Slonimsky quote two excerpts from contemporary reviews of musical works that later became famous. No. 1: "It has no more real pretension to be called music than the jangling and clashing of gongs with which the Chinese, on the brow of the hill, thought to scare away our English bluejackets." (From the London Musical "This music is only half alive. How trite and feeble and conventional the tunes. . .Weep over the lifelessness of its melody and harmony, so derivative, so stale, so inexpressive." (Lawrence Gilman in the New York Tribune, February 23, 1924.

Well, the London Musical was reviewing Wagner's "Lohengrin"; Gilman was polishing off George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Business should make excellent progress during the year, it is indicated. Today's child may be clever and original, and successful beyond the average.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER DRITT

Dihr kennt denke, ass mir of course so aardlich excited waare, wie der Mr. Carniel sei revolver graad fer em Zweingelli sei gsicht ghowe hot.

"Um der lieb wille schiess odch net!" greischt der Rossem; "mir welle net noch blut vergosse hawwe darrich em Mawny sei lidderliche dummheite. Ich wunner yuscht ass du dich net ewennich schemme duscht, Mawny, der weeg wie du nau mol widder so weesscht geaeckt hoscht.' '

"Huh! was fehlt dann dir, Rossem? Dutt dei lewwer net recht schaffe?!" frooght der Mawny.

The Professor Is Unmasked

Der Zweingelli iss schneeweiss warre im gsicht wie er der revolver gsehne hot un hot em Mr. Carniel sei 'determined'-i expression ge'noticed'.

"Was meent des?" froogt der Zweingelli, wie er recht gezeddert hot.

"Des meent, ass du en doder mann bischt, wann du en schritt vun sellem blacke mufscht bis ich dir so saag!" greischt der Carniel; "un fer dir des ding noch pleener zu mache, dann deet ich dich verleicht yuscht so gut 'inform'e, ass mir die ganse particulars wisse vun der lidderliche transaction, wu du mache hoscht welle mit unserm kummraad do. Jonathan, suppose du deetscht mol em Zweingelli sei seck exemmine fer zu sehne wie viel chloroform un dynamite ass er noochdraagt."

"Why, certainly," saagt der Jonathan; "awwer ich deet gewiss fiehle liewer den kall datt newe an sellere deer naus kicke. Mir sin so aardlich hoch in der heeh nau, un ich bin schur ass der bounce wu er griegge deet, ihm so aardlich viel vun seine dummheite raus schlagge deet."

"Mir duhne sell verleicht ennihau—yuscha uff wennich en differenter plan," saagt der Carniel; "Rossem, du kannscht die machine eweil naus iwwer der lake nemme."

"Schmeisst mich doch um der lieb wille net ins wasser! Wann dihr mich widder seef nunner uffs land dutt, dann verschprech ich, ass ich eich in meim lewe nimmi badder. Ich kann net schwimme, un ich farricht mich ver em wasser," greischt der Zweingelli.

"Ya, der weeg wie du gucksch un riechscht, dann bin ich g'satisfied' ass du dich farrichscht ver em wasser," saagt der Jonathan wie er em Zweingelli sei seck exemment hot; "wann hoscht du dich es letscht gewesche, ennihau, Schweingilli?"—Awwer der Zweingelli hot ken watt gsaat.

"Do iss en boddel vun ebbes," saagt der Jonathan wie er en grossi boddel hinne aus em Zweingelli seim fliggelrock genumme hot; "des iss verleicht sell chloroform schtoff."

"Sell iss chloroform," saagt der Carniel, wie er die boddel uff en shelf gschtellt hot; "chloroform genunk fer en gans regiment schlofe leegge. Nau sehn mol eb du eenicher dynamite finne kannscht, Jonathan."

"Wann ich net arrig mistaken bin dann iss des es schtoft," saagt der Jonathan, wie er drei grosse schticker dynamite hinne aus em Zweingelli seim annere sack genumme hot.

Zweingelli Gets a Ducking

"Nau," saagt der Carniel, wie er der dynamite carefully weck geduh hot, "welle mir dem Zweingelli mol en guder bath gewwe—ich sehn aa ass es arrig notwennich iss, ass er mol gewesche watt. Loss die machine nunner geeich em wasser geh, Rossem."

Mir waare bei daere zeit about en halb meil vum land drauss iwwer em wasser, un waare farrichterlich hoch in der heeh.

Der Rossem hot die machine nunner geh losse bis mir about zwansich fuss vum wasser waare, un dernoh hen mir en schtrick um der Zweingelli gebunne un hen der kall newe zu der deer naus gepuscht . Er hot en farrichterlicher grisch gewwe, wie er ab unne naus gange iss, un hot yuscht about gedobt un ghaust wie er dernoh ins wasser kumme iss. Mir hen ihn zweemol completely gedunkt, un dernoh hen mir ihn widder nuff in die machine gezogge. Er hot ausgsehne wie en versoffeni katz, un ich hab ge'noticed' ass er farrichterlich bees waar.

"Nau, Rossem, kannscht du den ding ewennich watsche, die weil ass mir em Mawny en gudi ducking gewwe," saagt der Carniel wie er em Rossem der revolver gewwe hot; "der Mawny muss aa mol en gudi lesson hawwe."

Mawny Enjoys His Punishment

Der Mawny waar schunn eweil sound am schlofe gewest, un er waar yuscht about bees wie mir ihn aus seim hammock gschleeft hen.

"Seid dihr kalls nimmi recht gscheit?" greischt er, wie der Jonathan dee schtrick arrig cheerfully um ihn gebunna hot.

Awwer mir hen em Mawny net viel chance gewwe fer zu gaese. Mir hen ihn newe an die deer gschleeft, un eb er recht realize-e hot kenne, was mir im sinn henn, dann waar er drunne im wasser.

Es waar net yuscht so arrig dunkel, un mir hen easy sehne kenne, wie der Mawny geaeckt hot.

Awwer dihr kennt denke, wie mir surprised waare wie der Mawny sich rumgedreht hot un hot aafange gracefully uff em buckel nooch zu schwimme wie die machine owwich em wasser haer gange iss.

"Dess iss nau yuscht about nice, buwe!" greischt er, wie er so easy uffem wasser haer gange iss ass wie en ent; "dihr kennt really gaar net realize-e wie gut as des geht. Macht yuscht der schtrick datt owwe fescht, bis ich eich der signal geb fer mich nuffzuziegge. Ich enjoy des ding nau wunnerbaar!"

Ich un der Carniel waare of course arrig ge-'disappoint' mit unserm experiment mit em Mawny, un ich hab ge'noticed', ass der Carniel so aardlich bees waar wie er gsaat hot:

"Heist der Mawny widder ruff, buwe—er iss zu schmaert fer uns. Mir misse ebbes schunscht browiere fer ihn recht gut zu 'punish'e fer sei dummheite."

Un was hot der Jonathan seller schtrick drum gschnatt wie er dernoh allee der Mawny widder nuffgezogge hot.

"Do muss mer ewwe debei sei," saagt der Jonathan, wie er der Mawny darrich die deer neigschnatt hot un hot ihn ins hinnerscht eck vum cylinder gschmisse.

"Ich meen du bischt nau yuscht about mien, Jonathan," saagt der Mawny wie er uffgegraddelt iss.

"Ned halwer mien genunk," saagt der Jonathan; "wann die kalls do mir at all en chance gewwe deede, dann deet ich dich noch completely dresche. Du bischt en mieni, schnieckichi gleeni grott!"

Es hett undoubtedly so en aardlicher wieschter fight gewwe gschwische em Jonathan un em Mawny, awwer der Carniel hot die zwee kalls promptly gedischtert un hot dernoh sei attention zum Zweingelli gewwe.

The Anarchist Is Temporarily Disposed Of

"Mir welle dich net versaufe, un mir welle aa nix schunscht duh mit dir, ass verleicht en violation waer vun der law," saagt der Carniel zum Zweingelli; "awwer mir welle dich nau los sei so gschwind ass wie meeglich. Dei presence do in daere machine iss ken credit zu uns. Mir duhne dich nau nunner uffs land, un ich will hoffe ass mir dich in unserm lewe nimmi zu sehne griegge."

"Sell watt sich schunn weise," saagt der Zweingelli; "So en outrage wie dihr kalls uff mich ge'practiced' hen, geht net so gschwind vergesse."

Un ich hab ge'noticed', ass der Zweingelli vun eens bis ans anner geguckt hot mit aagge ass fairly gezwitzert hen mit zann.

Der Rossem hot dernoh der course vun der machine ge'changed', un mir waare glei in de outskirts vun Chicago.

Do hot der Rossem die machine dernoh nunner geh losse uff der bodde, un der Carniel un der Jonathan hen em Zweingelli paar hazhaftiche kick gewwe wie er gschwind an der newedeer nausgange iss.

"Ich vergess eich kalls net fer des!" greischt der Zweingelli, wie er hinne in sei hossesack gelangt hot un hot en revolver rausgrickt. Awwer eb der Zweingelli schiesse hot kenne, dann waar die machine widder hoch in der heeh, un hot en direct course genumme naus geeich Iowa.

Mir sin selli gans nacht getraewwelt, un der neegscht vermiddaag hen mir en descent gemacht uff ere scheene, grosse bauerei net yuscht so arrig weit ab vum me aardliche groosse rewwer. Mir hen so aardliche groosse schtedt gsehne uff yedere seit vum rewwer, un der Jonathan hot druff insist, ass des die schtedt vun Council Bluffs un Omaha waere.

Mir sin im me graasfeld runner kumme, net weit vun me haus un en latt leit sin glei zuschpringe kumme.

Jim Brenasel, I Presume?"

Mir waare yuscht aus der machine gschteppt gewest un hen uns ewennich im Graas rumgerollt ghatt, dann kummt en neisguckicher mann, guckt mich ewennich aa un saagt:

"Bischt du net der Jim Brenasel?"

"Sell is mei Naame," saaggich, wie ich mei kopp geratzt hab un hab mei bescht's browiert fer zu denke, waer zum schinner ass des nau sei kennt.

"Un do iss verhafdich der Jonathan Acker!" greischt der kall wie er der Jonathan um der hals grickt hot un die zwee hen nanner embraced un hen gheilt fer joy.

"Ach, mer meent ewwe gewiss, es kann net sei!" greischt der Jonathan wie er sich flat ins graas ghockt hot un hot nau wunderbaar gheilt fer lauder freede.

Un dernoh hawwich uff eemol der kall gekennt, un mir hen nanner embraced un datt in sellem graas rum gerollt un gebelzt wie zwee rechte narrische yunge buwe.

"Un nau loss uns eens recht gedichtich yohle!" greischt der Jonathan, wie er uffgetschumpt iss un hot der kall widder um der hals grickt.

Un was hen mir dernoh drum gegrische un gedobt!

To Be Continued

A ROSE

The following verses were suggested by the Feast of Roses held at Manheim, Lancaster County, Pa., founded by Baron Stiegel, when the annual rental of a rose is paid by the members of Zion Lutheran Church to descendants of the Baron. Read Mildred Jordan's novel "One Red Rose Forever."

A rose, a rose, a red, red rose,
As sweet a thing as aught that grows.
What can it to an old man mean?
What but a phantom of a dream?

What! Can a red rose compensate
For persecution, envy, hate?
Can he the bitter past forget,
Charmed by its odorous coronet?

Ay, yes, he can, he will, he may,
For back it brings a brighter day,
It's ruby heart reminds him of
The tender heart of his young love.

The flush of health is on his cheek,
He is no longer old and weak,
The fire of youth is in his eye;
He vaults with young Ambition high.

He sees the crimson blood he shed
Upon the field of battle red.
The dream of glory nerves his arm,
He revels amid war's alarm.

He sees the rose fade from one face
Whose beauty time can ne'er erase;
He sees her 'neath the roses sleep
While falling petals lie full deep.

He sees amid the gloom a star,
The land of promise beckoning far,
A land of flowers and of gold,
Where speed the sunny hours untold.

But there his brightest dreams must fade
As last year's roses lie decayed.
The monarch of a vast domain
He wears the debtor's galling chain.

He sees his kindred 'round him fall
As roses from the garden wall
When fierce November winds blow chill
And leaves lie thick in vale and hill.

He sees the strength forsake his frame,
A tottering child, yet not the same
That knelt beside his mother's knee.
He feels his life's joys from him flee.

Again, he sees the sacrifice
Of One who for his brethren dies,
A God who shed his blood like wine
'Mid lilies red of Palestine.

All this—who knows and how much more?
The old man sees. The rose's core
The sunlight fills with crimson fire,
Fit torch to light his funeral pyre.

The above was written by Louise A. Weitzel, the most distinguished poetess in our Pennsylvania German literature. She wrote equally well in English. Her English poems appeared in the collection "A Quiver of Arrows," Lititz, Pa., 1908.—ED.

GRUMMBIERE KEFFER

Die letscht Woch hen mer in der Zeiding gelese vun de Grummbiere Keffer. Es hot mich arrig interessiert, was vun ihne gsaat warre iss, yuscht es hot mich gaar net gebasst, ass gsaat waare iss, niemand deet wisse, wu sell Ungeziffer haerkummt.

Der Schreiwer vun sellem Artikel hot gsaat, waer wisse deet, wu die Keffer haerkumme, sett vun sich heere losse. Ich weess es, un will es eich saagge. Sie sin, so schur wie allerhand anner unnitz Schtoft, wu uff der Welt iss, fer nix wie yuscht die Mensche zu bloogge, dem Deiwel sei Inwenschun. Nau wunnert ihr verleicht wie sell iss. Well, frieher wann die Bauere ihre Grummbiere geblaant ghatt hen, hen sie sich ruhich hiehocke kenne un zusehne wie sie gewachse sin. Sie hen zefridde sei kenne un nix hot sie gearriyert.

Awwer sell hot der Mister Deiwel gaar net gsut. Er gleicht's net, wann die Mensche zefridde un in Ruh lewe. Do druff hen er un sei private secretary ihr Kepp zammegschteckt un gestudiert fer en Blaan zu finne fer die gude Bauere in ihre Ruh zu schteere.

Endlich hot der Fent gsaat: "Ich hab's."—"Was hoscht du?"—"Wei, potato bugs."—"Was sin sell fer Dinger?" Un dernoh hen sie lang leis mit nanner gschwetzt, un die Folge waar, dass im neegschte Friehyaahr die Grummbiere Keffer uff die Bauere losgelosse warre sin. Un wann nau der Bauer gaern ausruhe deet, dann muss er naus un uff die Keffer Yacht mache, un dann watt net selde gscholte un wann der Bauer net en arrig guder Mensch iss, verleicht noch mehner.

So iss es graad mit de Micke. Selle sin aa fer nix Gudes in der Welt un sin aa em Deiwel sei Inwenschun. Guck mol, was fer Unheil so en glee Ding in re Kaerrich aarichde kann. Es hockt eener aadechtich unner der Breddich, do kummt en Mick un hockt sich uff sei Glatzkopp odder sei Naas un mit der Aadacht iss es verbei. Er hot allerhand rachsichtiche Gedanke uff selli Mick, un so geent der Deiwel aa do sei point.

Es watt allerhand gerode fer die Grummbiere Keffer los zu warre. Do hot's katzlich in der Zeiding gheesse, fer en Daaler deet eener eem saagge, wie mer die Keffer loswarre kennt. Waer der Daaler gschickt hot, dem iss gsaat warre, er sott die Keffer fange, in der linke Hand hewe un mit der rechte am Bauch kitzle bis sie lache deete un ihne dann en wennich Gift ins Maul schidde.

Ich weess en besserer Weeg, un ihr kennt mei Blaan fer nix hawwe. Mer nemmt zwee scheene, gladde Backeschtee, odder aa zwee Holsgletz un legt en Keffer graad midde uff der unnerscht un drickt dann mit dem annere Schtee uff der Keffer bis er nimmi greischt.

(The above appeared first in the Reformed Church Record and was then reprinted in The Pennsylvania German for July, 1909)

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Editorials

How Times Change!

Our eldest generation can well remember the day when a large number of matters were discussed only in a whisper and behind closed doors. The mid-Victorian era has become synonymous with prudery and a vast variety of taboos. The human body had to be clothed, when in public view, from top to toe. Talk about a great many subjects was in guarded whispers and even those who engaged in the whispering were risking condemnation by their fellows. In the printed word the intrusion of ideas pertaining to sex was carefully guarded against. It even was taboo to refer to the serious social diseases, despite their devastations against society.

In this community, tremendous stir was created together with much prudish, unfavorable opinion when the late Dr. Charles D. Schaeffer, mayor of this city and chief surgeon of the Allentown Hospital, decided that, to fight the social diseases with some hope of success, the entire matter should be brought out into the open and be exposed to the pitiless light of publicity. At great risk to his reputation (which was however enhanced by his courage) he established a local example. He gave the strongest impulse locally to the wide movement thruout the nation, the struggle against the mid-Victorian tight lacing which was as hypocritical and dishonest as it was uncomfortable.

During the past half century there has been steady retreat from the mid-Victorian outlook upon life as men, women and children live it. Fifty years ago it is most unlikely that any scientist or group of scientists would even have begun such a series of studies as those whose results were announced on Thursday by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates at Indiana University and which bear the title "The Sexual Behavior of Women."

If such study had been made fifty years ago, not a newspaper in the land and not a magazine would have paid more attention to it than could be compressed into a few paragraphs, or it would have been ignored completely.

But half a century of conditioning has prepared the American people for all sorts of heady stuff in the exploration of the most interesting subjects in the world, namely those pertaining to mankind and particularly those phases dealing with sex life.

In half a century the philosophies of Freud and Jung and hosts of others, the steady outpouring of novels (both good and bad from a literary standpoint) and the writing and presentation of plays with sex themes, undisguised and boldly and baldly presented, have come to be the accepted thing in American life. The hypocrisy of the past has been succeeded by frankness and openness. A lot of ignorance has been succeeded by considerable enlightenment.

While this latest work of Dr. Kinsey's certainly has been ballyhooed in advance to a degree perhaps never before accorded to a book of any kind, it was not designed to be advanced to the "best seller" type. Its author took the position that there is a lot of ignorance about subjects concerning which there is much talk but concerning which little scientific study has been made. It is a subject which has been kept in the darkness of ignorance so long that it has been shrouded not only with tabus but likewise by absolutely false notions which amount to something akin to barbarous superstition.

Naturally the subject makes abnormal appeal to the same crowd that buys the pornographic pictures, crowds to the secret shows of illegal movies and other sex stimulants.

Actually the report is considered by some scientists as a contribution to the building of more stable and happier marriages inasmuch as it should help women, and men as well, to understand important differences in sexual interests and help both sexes to make adjustments in marriage that will promote their individual and their common happiness. If happier marriages can be promoted thru wider knowledge in a field where home, school and church like angels have feared to tread, then we shall have a lot of happier American homes. And since American family life is important for the present and the future, the studies will have been well worth while if that family life shall have been given new strength and integrity.

Subjects like this could not and would not have been discussed years ago. Today we can and do talk about them openly and honestly. Likewise we can write about them too in frankness and candor.

Homier Life at Sea

On the theory probably that many pretty things cost no more than ugly ones, the United States Navy is going "modern" in the matter of equipment which concerns the comfort and immediate surroundings of its men.

The first hint of this trend has been given at Norfolk, Va., where a destroyer is undergoing wide alterations. In the first place, the old bunks have been ripped out and replaced by modernistic three-tier beds which are provided with foam-rubber mattresses. Instead of the gloomy gray with which the bulkheads were painted, a soft white paint with a touch of sea green is going to be used. The wardrooms for the officers are decorated in coral, white and green.

Fluorescent lighting is replacing the old system in every part of the ship, including the recreation areas. Lockers with ample room for all a sailor's clothing have been provided. The room is so ample in fact that the clothing can be stored without wrinkling. No longer will it be necessary for a sailor to cram damp towels and washcloths away without a chance to dry them. Each locker now has a hot-air blower to dry them.

The greatest wonder however is said to be the mess hall for the crew. Instead of the traditional tables extending the length of the room, tastefully decorated tables for four have been provided. Chairs with backs are going to be used for the first time in U. S. Navy history and the seats on the chairs are done in matching foam rubber, colored a deep turquoise.

"Habitability" is the term which is used for the general idea of prettying the sailors' home while afloat. Certainly it is not costing the Navy more to use white and green, coral and turquoise paints in its color scheme instead of the universal, drab gray. Most of the painting is chipped and replaced anyhow after every lengthy cruise. It did not make the men "hard" when they went to bed in ugly, cramped bunks. It will not make them "soft" to sleep in comfortable beds amid pleasant, easy-on-the-nerves colors.

Vast progress has been made in life aboard ships since the days when whalers left New England ports for cruises that might take two or more years, and naval vessels housed their men beneath decks under conditions little more comfortable than sties.

Today we think more of the dignity and the self-respect of our fellowman. It is just as easy and just as cheap to surround our sailors with things that are nice and comfortable as with things that are ugly and uncomfortable. In fact, in this "habitability" program savings are going to be effected. The crew of a destroyer is being reduced by thirty enlisted men and four officers thru teaching the crewmen two jobs instead of one. That means $140,000 a year. And the smaller number of the crew means more living and breathing room and greater comfort for the men.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

HIS WIFE'S AWAY

His hat and coat lie on a chair,
And there they'll stay.
To hang them up no one is there . . .
His wife's away.

He has bought a loaf of bread
For many a day.
There's no one now to make his bed . . .
His wife's away.

He has so much upon his mind,
Search as he may
The things he wants he cannot find . . .
His wife's away.

Tonight, since he won't "Wash them up,"
As women say,
He'll use the last clean plate and cup . . .
His wife's away.

(Copyright 1953)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Aug. 22, 1928, a Wednesday

Monday at 7 p.m. The Morning Call model house in Muhlenberg Park will be opened formally with appropriate ceremonies.

An ordinance creating positions for 10 additional patrolmen, bringing the force up to 93, passed first reading of City Council Tuesday.

Yesterday afternoon, the trustees of Cedar Crest College at a special meeting awarded the contract for the building of a new dormitory to accomodate 200 students

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Miriam Hopkins, blonde bombshell from Georgia — not to ignore Sutton Place East — had a chance to hire a French maid, but there was one catch. The maid said "We'll get along if you keep those crazy show people away." Miss Hopkins promised to do her best. Today she says, "That maid still doesn't know I'm an actress. I'm giving my finest performance."

Public Opinion

ALSO FAVORS COUNTYWIDE VOTE ON MONUMENT REMOVAL

Dear Mr. Editor—

I think I am a bit late in expressing my opinion in the controversy over removing the monument. I wanted to do so, but hesitated until I read the suggestion of E. T. H. Hutchinson that the matter be voted upon by the Lehigh County voters, which is absolutely the right way to do. Hence some are favoring and others are against and there won't be any side whispering.

As for my part, I am against this removal because this monument represents a heroic gesture. It is a symbol of democracy, so we ought to keep it where anybody can see it and not erect it in the wilderness where it will be neglected and forgotten.

The trolley car no longer exists and it won't be a hazard to motorists any more. As the Call-Chronicle was the Lehigh Valley's public opinion leader for decades, I do hope it lays this burden on its shoulders and goes forward with it.

Naif Makoul, Allentown, Pa.

P.S. Please excuse my handwriting because I am a writer mostly in Arabic.

Horoscope

Some good fortune is portended for you this year. Musical and artistic talents are suggested for today's child.

Going and Coming



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINTON — Perhaps the best example thus far of what the Eisenhower administration means by a "middle of the road" approach to national policy has just been given in the official statement issued by the Department of Interior on the subject of public ownership of electric power.

Sen. Kefauver, (D-Tenn) and the Americans for Democratic Action, a radical group that supported the Democratic presidential ticket in 1952, now declare the Eisenhower policy to be "unsatisfactory." But a careful examination of the text of the document will reveal many reasons why advocates of private enterprise will also find the same statement "unsatisfactory." Indeed, the statement reaffirms more of the New Deal than the Old Deal in the electric-power controversy.

Basically the New Deal, which built the TVA and made grandiose plans for electric-power development by the federal government in other areas, looked toward a policy eventually of government ownership of power throughout the United States. The idea was that by governmental development of large projects first, the private utilities in due time would have to sell their properties and the whole industry would be nationalized.

New Statement

When the Eisenhower administration came into office, opponents of nationalization or public ownership believed that what was once described by the President himself as "creeping socialism" would be arrested. The new statement of policy affords no such explicit assurance. It merely states that the federal government "does not assume that it has the exclusive right or responsibility for the construction of dams or the generation, transmission and sale of electric energy in any area, basin, or region."

As a statement of an abstract principle, this will be approved generally. Even the New Dealers never admitted that they wanted the federal government to do it all right away.

The Eisenhower administration, however, doesn't close the door at all to large hydroelectric projects — in fact, opens the door wide to them as follows:

"The Department of the Interior will, therefore, actively plan and recommend construction of generating facilities in hydro projects under its jurisdiction when such facilities are economically justified and feasible. The department will particularly emphasize those multipurpose projects with hydroelectric developments which, because of size or complexity, are beyond the means of local, public or private enterprise."

Plenty of Latitude

This affords plenty of latitude for the entry of the government into the electric-power business whenever it wishes to do so on a large scale. For certainly, when it comes to economics, no private company can compete with a government project which is largely free from taxation.

The public - ownership advocates constantly emphasize that the government can furnish cheap power or that it can provide many more rural electrification projects than private enterprise. But the fact is that the federal government can do anything cheaper than a private business if it wishes to load the taxpayers of seven-eighths of the country with a tax bill for projects that are of direct benefit to one-eighth of the people.

The Americans for Democratic Action by implication do approve a large part of the Interior Department's statement. For the ADA says the administration is "distorting facts when it says that cooperation with cities, states and other local interests is a 'new policy'." Likewise the ADA pronouncement argues that the federal government in the last 20 years had stepped in only to undertake the big, complex projects.

The amount of agreement between the ADA and the Interior Department appears to be considerable, and it is the private-power interests who may become apprehensive that the administration, while professing an intention to stay out of the electric-power business, may under pressure go in the other direction. That's one of the handicaps of a "middle of the road" policy — it sometimes is the forerunner of an ultimate movement toward the other side of the road when the political pressures intensify.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA KUTZTOWN FAIR:—

Worra n'r aw shun on da Kutztown Fair? Wel, won n'r net worra, sotta n'r unna fail heit ob nemma, un selar shpeckdawgle sehna. Mier worra 'm Dunnershdawg owet drous, un kon eich sawga os die Kutztown Fair om woxa is. Der Ben Herman hut uns g'sawt sie hetta des yohr mainer leit kotta bis darta hae os noch os noch aenich yohr—un die graishda oweta weara noch om kumma — Fridawg un Somshdawg owet. Ol iwwer woh m'r onna gaguck'd hut wors gapock'd, — bardich so om unnerra end from grund woh bardicha indressa wor in drei tzelter, die Fifie, die Flom, un die Jeannie. Ich wase net wos sellie nahma maina, ow'r glawb os 'n lot 's em fertzaila kenta won sie wotta — even der kandy un cigar mon Frank Renno fon Hamburg. Un os m'r yusht draw denka, der Frank grick'd now aw der Morning Call — hut 'n ei g'schriva on da Fair.

Won m'r des yohr secht die Kutztown Fair wear graiser un besser wie sei lava, brouch m'r net liega — sis alla wert wohr. So weit os die grase aw gait, hen sie 'm Carl Bieber sei gross truck gabei iwwer ganumma, un woh sie g'shtopta fo obsht un onnerra socha hen, un so weit os die shaehate aw gait, allas is wunnerbore shae on da Kutztown Fair. Die Granges hen widder arya shaina exhibits ow'r wos uns wunnert is, woh sie ol 's gakann'd socha brei bei griega in denna tzeita woh bout allas g'frohrra wert. Ferol os Seipstown 7 d'r rei kumma is, sin sie 's aller haich'd in "display."

Bisnis leit fon da Kutztown un Barricks kounty gagend hen iwwer rousa shaina soch darta fon alla orta. Der Mike Held wie gawainlich, hut 'n gross dale fon ainra wond uf ganumma in Fair gabei, ow'r weiss'd da weibsleit yusht wie tzu nava, un luft bilder mashina — er is ous da wosser bisnis. Onnerra yohrra hut er ols 'n fountain kotta fer drink wosser ous shanka, ow'r denk er hut sellie weck fer wosser shpora. Wen sotta m'r aw dreffa drous beim bauerra g'shar, os wie der Fred Hagenbuch fon Reading, un woh uf gabrocht wor nagshd on Nazareth. Er ferkauft wegga, un dailt krutza peifa ous tzu seina freind.

'S Walter Batza fon Nei Schmidtsville hen sich gore mechdich blessiert, un glawb os der Walter ferleicht may fertzaila kent fon da Fifie un da Flom wie er so hon won die fraw net beim gawest wear — sie huts yusht net gaduh fer mit nei gae on sella bletz — un laenich hut der Walter aw net gae wolla. 'S Joshua Grimma fons Hainsa wertshous, un woh shwear in da kantaloube bisnis sin hen arrick galommadiert fer raya. Kandaloupes breicha blenty wosser, un der Joshua secht 's wear in die welt nei tzu drucka. 'S Harvey Haupta uns George Rehrigs fon Bath hen m'r alla fingers long aw gadrofta — ae mohl doh, uns nagshd mohl darta. Der George is shun fer 36 yohr in da mashina bisnis in Bath, un 'n owet fon hame is 'n gross ordichie tzeit. Wen sotta m'r noch aw dreffa os wie der Fred Zimmerman un sei Esther, fon Kempton un woh widder ferarnsht om bauerra sin. Glei worra sie om blauderra fom Fred seinra druckna sup woh m'r doh weil tzurick fertzailt hen dafon. Der Fred gleich'd die bohna sup gute gakoch'd, un hut sie 'n gonser nommy dawg sudderra lossa uf 'm offa bis der kessel shtawb drucka aw gakoch'd wor. Wil setta ferol os die Esther secht sie het der kessel shae gareinich'd, os sup wie sel airsht prize gawunna het on da Fair.

Die Lillian Hamm un kinner fon Breinigsville hen m'r aw g'sehna, so wohl wie der Paul Held un sei Lucielle fon Jonas, un woh ains fon unserra nochberra — 'm Ira Christ fon da Washington shtross kumpany k'halta hen fer ma doggie shtand. 'M Ira sei Ethel wor aw dabei, un glawb sie worra om worta, 'm Mike Held sei klerrick die Dolly im shtand, maich'd samples ous daila. Samples sin ow'r rohr on da Fair, evens der Jarret Nicks hinnich 'm keffer bree shtand hut kenna kot — der gasoline mon George Werley un sei bruder Charlie fon da Ledder Eck Poshda gagend, hen sich kaufa missa wos sie howwa hen wolla — un sie hen aw.

Oh yar, der Morning Call truck is aw widder on da Fair, un sis 'n blessier tzu sehna wie die leit indressa nemma in da pickters — un so aw fer die Call un Chronicle tzeitinga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

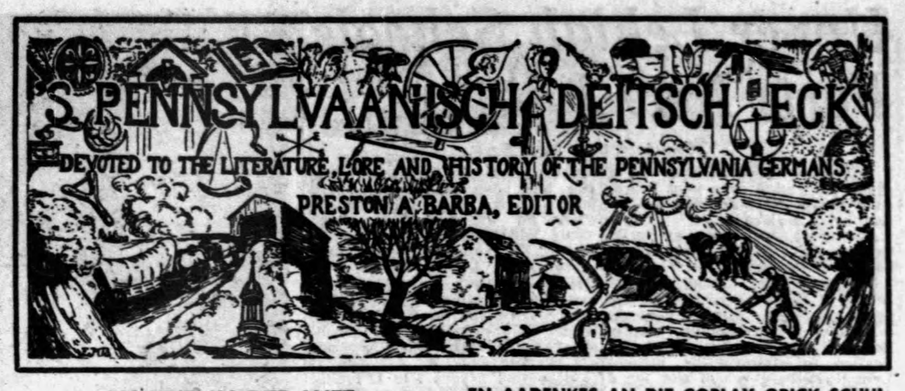
Mit da exkursion heit uf 'm waig bei da tzeit os die gross mehrtzahl fon unserra laiser Des sehna — die nagshd gross tzeit om kumma sin die yairlicha Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties iwwer Labor Day, on Dorney Park — un noh wohehoft, is der summer so tzu sawga feriwwer.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 24:4-9

The details associated with the important event, the resurrection of Jesus, as given by the four Gospel writers, vary, as we would expect of independent witnesses, for it was not a concocted story which they give us. Luke speaks of 'two men' at three different places in his writings, who appear in shining array. On the Mount of Transfiguration (Luke 9:30-31) two men appeared in glory, who were Moses and Elijah. In Acts 1:10 two men appear in white apparel at the ascension of Jesus. In today's lesson two men in shining garments were seen by the women. They may have been Moses and Elijah in all three cases, declaring here that Jesus was risen from the dead, v. 6, and in Acts that He was coming again, even as the disciples had seen Him taken up into heaven. When the men noticed that the early visitors to the grave were afraid, they reminded them of Jesus' words spoken before His death, announcing that He was to be crucified, and to rise again on the third day. They did remember, and hastened to tell 'the Eleven' (Judas was no longer living) the wonderful story.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER VIERT

"Waer hett des nau gedenkt?" greischt der Jonathan, wie mir dernoh hands g'shaked' hen mit en latt annere kalls, ass beikumme sin fer unser flying machine zu sehne.

Un was waar der Jonathan drum so uffgelebt!

Die kalls, wu mir datt aagedroffe hen, waare alde bekannte, ass als in unserer geeggend gewuhnt hen, un dihr kennt denke, ass sie of course froh waare fer uns zu sehne.

Mir hen about drei daag bei ihne gschpent, un dernoh hot der Mr. Carniel die announcement gemacht ass mir nau schtaerte wedde fer widder naus West zu geh.

Des hot der Mawny gut gsuut, un ich hab ge'noticed', ass er graad in die machine gange iss un hot sei rifle un revolvers ready grickt "fer der aerscht Inching zu schiesse ass er aadrefft," wie er dernoh gsaat hot.

Mir hen der Mawny awwer informed, ass viel vun de Insching in der West peaceable sin, un ass er yuscht gut acht gewwe sett un sett ken dummheite mache.

Awwer er hot yuscht gelacht, un hot uns zu verschteh gewwe, ass er sei bissniss arrig gut selwer meinde kennt.

Mawny Is in the Dog House

Der Jonathan iss dernoh zu mir kumme un hot mir privately zu verschteh gewwe, ass er net in favor waer fer der Mawny widder mitzunemme.

"Du kannscht dich druff verlosse, ass er uns widder in druwwel grickt mit seine dummheite," saagt der Jonathan; "der Mawny iss net gans compos mentis, un so leit wie sell waere besser net in daere party."

Ich hab der Jonathan awwer informed, ass der Mawny en certain recht hot in der machine, un ass mir ihn net gut drauss halte kennte.

Ich hab ge'noticed', ass der Jonathan der Mawny net yuscht so arrig gut gegliche hot die zeit, ass er selli dealings ghatt hot mit em anarchist, un ich hab ihn aa fer schur net viel bleeme kenne.

Dernoh mol ee scheener marriye hen mir unsere friend good-bye gewwe un sin ab.

"Wu hoscht du gemeent, ass mir hie geh welle, Mr. Carniel? froogt der Roosem, wie er de gleene inschein ewennich meh schpied gewwe hot.

"Well, ich waer in favor fer darrich Nebraska naus zu geh bis an Wyoming, vun datt noch Idaho, un dernoh nuff noch Washington," saagt der Mr. Carniel; "dernoh waer's nice, wann mir am Pacific coast nooch gingte darrich Oregon un California, un endlich unne an Mexico rum, un darrich niwwer noch Florida. Datt kennte mir dernoh verleicht ausfinne, eb's notwennich waer fer uns noch Cuba zu geh un de insurgents helfe der General Weyler un sei lidderliche Spanische recht gut zu globbe,"

"Ich deet liewer meh links geh un abschtobbe in Utah," saagt der Mawny; "ich hab en diefer interest in de Mormon institutions, wu sie datt hen, un deet arrig gleiche zu sehne, wie des schafft, wann en mann so viel weiwer hawwe kann ass er will. Ich glaab, ass sell mich so aardlich gut suude deet, un verleicht deet ich selwer die society 'join'e."

Dernoh hot der Jonathan mich in die ribbe gschtubbt un hot mir's in ohr gepischpert:

"Des waer nau en gudi chance, Jim. Suppose mir deede der Mawny in Utah losse?"

Awwer der Mr. Carniel waar net in favor, ass mir em Mawny sei plan nemme, un die machine iss dernoh glei wie en schtraahl hoch owwich de Nebraska prairies naus gange.

Der Mawny hot e paar mol absolut abschtobbe welle fer zu fische, awwer der Mr. Carniel hot des net erlaabt.

Across Nebraska and Wyoming

Seller owed hen mir en descent gemacht in Wyoming, net weit vun der Nebraska line. Unser drinkwasser waar all, schunscht hedde mir verleicht net gschtobbt.

"Wann nau yuscht um der lieb wille en Insching sich sehne deet losse, datt uff der annere seit vun daere grick," saagt der Mawny, wie er sei rifle ge'grabbed' hot un iss aus der machine gschteppt.

Awwer es waare ken Insching um der weeg, un mir hen unser supply vun wasser renewed an ere schpring un hen all gut gschlofe selli nacht unni ass mir at all en sign vun Insching zu sehne hen grickt.

Der naegscht marriye sin mir widder zeitlich ab, un warre glei uff em weeg fer noch de Big Horn mountains.

Wie mir seller nammidaag iwwer die hoche barriye gange waare, un hen dernoh nunner in so en zimmlichi scheeni, 'level'-i landschaft sehne kenne, dann ruft der Jonathan mich an en fenschter un saagt wie er widder nunner ge'point' hot:

They see an Emigrant Train

"Jim, was heesscht du sell weite datt drunne?"

"Sell iss en emigrant train, Jonathan," saaggich; "selli gleene, weisse dubbe, wu du sehnscht, sin die weisse decher vun de wegge."

Der Mr. Carniel iss dernoh aa ans fenschter kumme. Er hot noch nie nix so gsehne ghatt, un an seim request hot der Rossem die machine gradually nunner geh losse, bis mir yuscht about zwee hunnert fuss vun de wegge in der heeh waare.

Es waare siwwe groosse wegge in der party, un about en dutzend menner as vanne, hinne un newe an de wegge noochgeridde sin un hen die train ge'guard'.

Der Rossem hot die glee inschein reduced im schpied, un mir sin langsam geeich der wind hinne owwich der emigrant train haer gange.

Uff eemol hen mir ge'noticed' ass die kalls, wu vanne haer geridde sin arrig excited sin warre un sin uff eemol zerick zu reide kumme.

"Was meent sell nau?" froogt der Mr. Carniel wie mir gsehne hen, ass sie dernoh graad die wegge in en circle g'formed' hen.

"Sell meent, ass Insching um der weeg sin, un ass die kalls am reddi mache sin fer en attack," saagt der Jonathan "wann dihr recht scharref guckt, dann kennt ihr en latt Insching sehne uff ihre geil datt hinnich selle beem."

Un die seem segund hen mir en gleener puff schmok sehne in die heeh geh newe am me baam, un die neegscht minutt iss eens vun de geil vun de guards umgfalle ins graas.

"Sell meent fer schur, ass es en fight gebt,.. saagt der Mr. Carniel; "suppose mir deede unser rifles griegge un deede die Insching browiere vun do abzupicke?"

Un yuscht wie er sell gsaat hot ghatt, dann hen mir's newich uns heere gnalle, un hen gsehne ass der Mawny schunn busy waar am schiesse.

Awwer mir waare zu weit ab, un em Mawny sei schuss hen nix gebatt.

"Geh neecher nunner zu de Insching mit der machine, Rossem!" greischt dee Mawny, wie er sei rifle frisch gelaade hot, "un dernoh welle mir sie schunn peffere."

"Not much!" greischt der Rossem wie er die machine widder heecher in die heeh geh hot mache; "weesscht du net, ass wann mir neegscht genunk nunner gehne, ass du die Insching schiesse kannscht, ass die Insching dernoh yuscht graad so en gudi chance hen an uns? Sie deede glei paar kuggele darrich unser gas chamber yaage—un wu waere mir dernoh?"

"Sell iss so," saagt der Mr. Carniel; "es iss net safe fer uns neecher hie odder nunner zu geh. Wann die Insching yuscht ee kuggel in eens vun unsere gas chambers schiesse deede, dann waere mir entirely hilflos. In fact, unser gas deet 'escape'e, die machine deet nunnerfalle, un mir hedde all en schrecklicher dod."

"O, wann mir doch yuscht en latt schtee hedde!" greischt der Jonathan; "mir kennte die Insching gut schteeniche, un sie kennte uns net reeche mit ihre rifles."

Mir hen ewwe ken annerer weeg, ass wie der fight ahead geh losse," saagt der Mr. Carniel; "mir sin powerless fer denne kalls at all ebbes zu helfe."

EN AADENKES AN DIE COPLAY GRICK SCHUL

Ever since Henry Harbaugh's 'S Alt Schulhaus an der Grick" appeared in the HARFE we Pennsylvania Germans seem to have a very particular nostalgia for the little old schoolhouse of our childhood days.

The former pupils of the Coplay Creek School under E. J. C. Flexer of fifty and more years ago, have held several reunions in recent years. The old building is now a private residence and today the children go to the Consolidated School at Ironton.

At the last reunion of the old-timers it was decided to plant a memorial tree and the blooming black locust was chosen. The tree was planted on the lawn of the Kehm-Sandt summerhouse pear Slatedale in May, 1950. Before the dedicatory ceremonies got under way both Mr. Kehm and the beloved old teacher passed away and the tree remained undedicated.

The following verses by Dr. D. Geo. Knecht were to have been read on that occasion.—ED.

'S iss en Lied in der Luft,
Des iss yo so schee;
Es schallt wie die Glucke,
Kumm loss uns hie geh.

Do heert mer der Klang,
Bekannt iss sell Schtick;
Es waar selli Schul
An der schee Coplay Grik.

Sell waar die Schul wu Lewe waar,
Die Schul waar aa net schloo;
Datt hen mir grickt was schtandhaft waar.
Sell geht uns heit noch noh.

Waer baut sei Haus noch selle Schul,
Un schteht noh datt debei;
Der hot sei Aafang datte grickt.
Un brauch net sorry sei.

Sell Schulhaus waar uffkoors yuscht glee,
Gebaut mit Kalk un Brick;
Un neegscht wu selli Schulschtubb waar,
Datt fliesst die Coply Grick.

Sell iss die Grick wu mir hen gschpielt,
Wu Fischelcher sin gschwumme;
Un selli Schul waar unser Schul—
Sie hen sie weck genumme.

Die seem Grick iss nau als noch datt,
Die Schul iss net—des dutt em leed;
Zum Denkmal hen mir 'n Baam geblanst.
Ass die mol net vergesse geht.

Der Baam watt gross wie Zeit geht rum,
Datt bleibt er schteh schee wie en Blumm;
Wann net der froosich Holzmann kummt
Mit gschliffne Ax un hackt en um.

En gleener Baam, en scheener Baam,
Hen mir geblanst sogaar;
Er gebt en scheener grosser Baam,
Un schteht en hunnert Yaahr.

Do sei du schtols un saag net nee,
'S iss ebbes do, des meent viel meh;
Un wann du als der Weeg do kummscht,
Dann mach des do dei Rul;
Guck an den Baam, es koscht dich nix,
Noh denk an selli Schul.

1949 D. GEO. KNECHT.

ALLWANNISCHE MACHE

Ich bin wunnerbaar schtols, ass ich en Pennsylvaanish Deitscher bin. Doch bin ich froh, ass die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche lanne hen misse Englisch zu schwetze in unsre Freie Schule. Do rum, wie ich noch yung waar, hen die alde Leit gaar net Englisch schwetze welle. Fer en Weil hen sie die Volks Zeitung gelese. Iwwerdem hen sie awwer liewer die englisch Zeiding gelese. Awwer in der Kaerrich waar's gans annersch. Datt hen die alde Kaerls Deitsch gebreddicht hawwe welle. Was hen mir yunge Kaerls ais gedischbediert mit ihne. Endlich hen mir englische Lieder gsunge, awwer die Breddicht waar Deitsch. Im aerschte Weltgrieg hen die menschte Kaerriche es Deitsch uffgewwe.

En Freind vun meine waar Parre in re Landkaerrich, wu die Leit noch all Deitsch gschwetzt hen. Sie hen druff gschtanne, sie wedde Deitsch gebreddicht hawwe. Der Parre hot ausgemacht, er misst ebbes duh, fer die Leit allwannisch mache iwwer des Deitsch. Des iss was er geduh hot. Er hot deitscher Gottesdienscht bekannt gemacht uff der neegscht Sunndaag. Darrich die Woch hot er en englischi Breddich gschriwwe. Noh hot er sei Englisch-Deitsch Waddebuch genumme un hot die lengschte un hattschte Hochdeitsche Wadde in sei Breddich, as er finne hot kenne im Waddebuch. Des hot gelaut, as wann er die Breddich zammegenaggelt ghatt hett mit grosse Schpeiks.

Er hot gebreddicht vun der Freiheit. Des hot er Unabhengichkeit gheesse. Well, bis er faddich waar breddiche, hot niemand gewisst, was er gsaat hot ghatt, ass wie er selwer un der lieb Gott. Verleicht hot niemand die Breddich verschtanne as wie Gott allee. Die Leit in der Gemee hen die Breddich mol gewiss net verschtanne. Die Eldeschter hen ihm gsatt, "Parre, noochdem geb's uns all in Englisch." Weessecht, er hot sie allwannisch gemacht iwwer's Deitsch.

En yunger Schtudent waar der bescht deitsch Schieler in seinre Kolletsch. Er hot an re gleene Landkaerrich gebreddicht. Er hot gsaat, er deet gaern mol Deitsch breddiche fer sie. "All recht," hen die Eldeschter gsaat. Die Kaerrich waar voll un der Yung hot's Bescht geduh, as er gekennt hot, un sell waar net arrig gut. Paar Daag denooch hot ebber en alder Eldeschter gfroogt, "Well, wie waar der Schtudent am Deitsch breddiche?"—"Ei, du Yammer," saagt der Eldeschter, "der hot en Zeit ghat fer die Wadde recht ausschpreche. Ich hab warreklich gedenkt, er deet de lange deitsche Wadde die Darrem rausreisse."

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel,
vun de Lebanon News

AN INDIAN ATTACK

Dernoh hen mir ge'notice'd, ass die Insching aafange hen weit drauss um die wegge zu 'circle'e uff ihre Geil, un sin als neecher un neecher geeich die wegge kumme, wie sie allegebott ihre rifles abgschosse hen.

Die emigrants hen sich hinnich ihre wegge ghalte, un hen aa allegebott gschoosse, awwer so weit unnich eenicher result in ihre favor.

Es waare verleicht en hunnert Insching in der party, un wie sie dernoh uff eemol en rush geeich die wegge gemacht hen, dann hen mir graad unser minds uff gemacht, ass de weisse leit ihre zeit in daere welt arrdlich kaz iss.

Un fer uns noch viele schlechter zu fiehle mache, dann hen mir uff eemol ge'noticed', ass en latt weibsleit un kinner in der emigrant party waare.

"Des iss schrecklich, wann ich draa denk, wie's selle aareme drebb noch geh muss!" greischt der Jonathan; "was in der liewe welt kenne mir duh fer ihne zu hilf kumme?"

"Ya, ich weess net," saagt der Mr. Carniel; "ich farricht die aareme menner, weibsleit un kinner warre all gematt graad ver unsere aagge, un mir kenne ihne ewwe gaar net helfe."

"Yo mir kenne!" greischt der Jonathan, wie er arrig excitedly ans anner end vum cylinder getschumpt iss un hot en trunk uffgerisse; "des schtofft settelt die Insching! Rossem, nemm die machine niwwer bis mir graad directly owwich de Insching sin, un dernoh will ich eich mol ebbes weise!"

Des iss alles ghaeppent viele gschwinder ass ich's do expleene kann, un dihr kennt denke, was fer en excitement, ass in sellere flying machine warr, wie mir dernoh glei owwich de Insching waare un hen uff eemol ge'realized', was der Jonathan im sinn ghatt hot.

To be continued

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Editorials

Spread the Good Word

It has been noted before that even humble, little-known and inconspicuous persons in this community may have important contacts in other parts of the country; that their word and their influence may be important in the procurement of new industry for this community.

Certainly any citizen who enjoys life in this community and is proud of it and eager that it shall continue to grow and to prosper will wish to promote this growth and prosperity. If he knew where he can drop a word of commendation, where he "can put in an oar" to advance the interests of the community, he certainly will do it. He will not have to be urged by the Chamber of Commerce or anybody else. And he will not look to the newspapers to give him a lot of credit for effort or even for achievement, if his efforts be successful.

However the Chamber of Commerce is able to help such persons who know people and know conditions in businesses and industries elsewhere in the country but are themselves not known to the business organization.

This help can be provided by that interesting pamphlet "A Little Story About a Great City" which the Chamber of Commerce published some years ago but which now is out of print. That is to say, the orginal edition has been exhausted. However the Chamber of Commerce is in the process of having a new edition printed. A lot of new material has been added and statistical information has been brought up to date.

Copies of this pamphlet soon will be available to any and all who desire to read it, to pass it on to persons and institutions where it will be helpful.

If any one is interested he should write or phone the Chamber of Commerce. That body soon will be ready to supply copies of the pamphlet to individuals and to organizations.

If you think you can help the city, get some copies and distribute them. If you're a member of a committee which is going to entertain a convention in this city in the near future, be sure to be supplied with copies for distribution to our visitors. No one can tell where such seed may germinate and bring forth good fruit.

Cruel Play with Hungry

It is said in an old Danish proverb that one can "better cross an angry man than a hungry man." And in another language it has been well said that "a hungry people listens not to reason, nor cares for justice, nor is bent by any prayers."

Here is an elemental truth upon which the Communist rulers in Eastern Germany are stubbing their toes and which they persistently seek to beat down by the iron might of tanks, machine guns and policemen's clubs.

Food riots which broke out in that section of Germany more than two months ago provided one of the most serious upsets to Communist control in Eastern Germany that has occurred to the autocrats anywhere behind the iron curtain, as far as we are permitted to know. Hungry people demanded that they be fed and that their ration cards, ostensibly entitling them to buy very limited quantity of food, should have the value which they indicated. Inability of the totalitarian system to supply even the small amount of food which ration cards actually promised was the worst indictment that could be brought against the ruling heads.

As a result of the riots, leading civilian authorities had their official heads chopped off. Because they could not even control the mobs with clubs and machine guns, top military authorities had to move in. To add to the pangs of hunger came the humiliation of arrests, jail and violent treatment.

Into this breach Chancellor Addenauer's West German government stepped with convincing tread. Food was offered free in the Western Zone of Germany. The United States thru President Eisenhower backed up the food program with shiploads of food for distribution to the hungry.

By all sorts of repressive measures effort continues to be made in East Germany to keep West German and American food away from the hungry under Red domination. Yet all the while the Reds are making lofty promises about improving conditions some time in the future.

In the mean time people must eat or go crazy. They will eat American food, (if they can get their hands upon it) even tho the Reds say such food will bring a polio epidemic to the German people.

The wonder is that the Reds do not permit the East Germans to get all the West German and American food upon which they can lay their hands. Then they could spill out their rosy political promises to contented, well-fed people who are more likely to fall for their guile than hungry ones.

The wonder is that the Reds are furnishing so much political ammunition for Chancellor Adenauer, whose government will stand or fall according to the elections on September 6. If he be elected, despite much opposition, the Reds of East Germany can take a lot of the credit for his victory and blame themselves for keeping West Germany aligned with the West.

Going to Grass-Roots

In the interest of wider participation in the elections in November, our County Commissioners are sending a crop of registrars to the larger centers of population. There at convenient places, during hours cosvenient for the public, permanent registration can be procured by persons who newly have moved into this community and by those who have changed their addresses during the past year.

Our commissioners realize that employment conditions are good and that a lot of employed persons find it difficult, inconvenient or actually impossible to visit the Court House and register.

Therefore they are sending the registrars to the voters. It is an accommodation which all who avail themselves will thoroughly appreciate.

Public Part in Fair

"It won't be long now" many thousands of persons in this community are saying as they open their mail and find among it a copy of the "Premium List," the annual preexhibition publication by the Great Allentown Fair.

Thousands of our people take a personal pride in making the Fair just a little bigger and better by providing exhibits in one or more of the many dapertments that make up the Fair.

Some families are represented in dozens of departments, ranging from the great variety of showings in the House department to cattle, swine, poultry, horses and other livestock.

While there is lively hope of prestige and cash prizes or premiums for exhibits, there is the deeper satisfaction that comes out of being a party to and a part of the great exhibition.

It is a spirit which the management of the Great Allentown Fair well may cultivate. It is a spirit which our people like to feel. They like to think that the Fair is theirs. They feel that way when they have helped to make it an oustanding success year after year.

Labor Thinks Twice

The General Council of Britain's 8 million member Trades Union Congress has formulated a policy statement on nationalization whose mildness testifies eloquently to the political significance of the economic gains that have been made in Great Britain under Sir Winston Churchill's Conservative government. The council has been charged by last year's Congress convention to work up proposals to extend social ownership. The council has not been able to bring itself to do more than urge extension of nationalization into water supply (already largely municipally owned) and, gradually, into farm land.

Although not repudiating the Labor goal of further socialization, the council advocates that in future it be pushed only after thorough investigation of the situation in any industry and a weighing of the appropriateness of nationalization in the light of changing economic circumstances, especially those affecting Britain's international economic status. The significant condition is added that public support must be assured.

It is not likely that the council's moderation will appeal to all members of the Congress convention that meets next month. Its report does not respond to doctrinate preconceptions or make good campaign material. Yet it has the ring of reasonableness. If implemented, it could both serve a responsible Opposition and advance the process of political adjustment through which successive British governments have maintained a forward democratic movement.

—N. Y. Herald Tribune

Edgar A. Guest

POINT OF NO RETURN

"The point of no return" implies
The port set out for nearer lies
Than that the pilot left, and so
'Tis better forward still to go,
Though low the threatening clouds and black,
Than take the risk of turning back.

There comes the time when many learn
They've reached the point of no return,
Though hope seems lost and strength they lack,
No giving up, no turning back.
Better in spite of doubt and dread
To try to reach the goal ahead.

Somewhere along the years at last
The point of no return is passed,
When all our hopes depend upon
No turning back, but going on,
No faltering, no being weak,
But onward to the goal we seek.

(Copyright 1953)

Try and Stop Me

A backwoods preacher, queried about the size of his modest congregation, boasted, "We has fifty members, and every one of 'em is workin'—half of 'em for me, and half agin me."

The Atomic Race



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — No clearer definition of the weakness, if not the impotence, of the United Nations has been given than in the address just delivered by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

Too many people in America and perhaps the rest of the world have been thinking of the United Nations in idealistic terms far beyond its actual authority or scope today.

For the fact is that "collective security" has not been attained through the U.N. but such security as prevails is due to alances which resemble the balance-of-power alignments that have prevailed through centuries of history. It is the necessity for these alliances, despite the existence of the larger international organization, which underlines the failure of the U.N. to accomplish what had been hoped for by its founders in 1945.

Enters Treaties

"Because the United Nations itself," says Mr. Dulles, "does not provide adequate security, the United States has, by bipartisan action, entered into a series of treaties with other nations for the purpose of furthering collective self-defense. This is authorized by the United Nations charter."

But it's a far different thing to say that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or the Pacific pacts are "authorized" by the U.N., than to argue, as so many people erroneously do from time to time, that these alliances are an integral part of the U.N. The old League of Nations covenant also stipulated that "regional understandings" were not to be regarded as inconsistent with the purposes of the league.

The important fact is that NATO and the regional security pacts in the Pacific and the European Defense Community Treaty are primarily instruments of a certain group of nations or alliances and derive not one bit of their power from the United Nations itself. Mr. Dulles himself, admits that point when he declares:

"We now see the inadequacy of an organization whose effective functioning depends upon cooperation with a nation which is dominated by an international party seeking world domination."

Reason for Veto

Mr. Dulles might have conceded, on the other hand, that those of us who were present at San Francisco when the U.N. was born were told that the "veto" was given to every member nation of the Security Council for a practical reason. It was explained again and again to the press that, unless there was a veto in the charter for each major power, the United States Senate wouldn't ratify and, besides, if the major powers disagreed and wanted to go to war about it, nothing could be done anyhow.

Precisely that contingency has arisen. Soviet Russia can and does exercise her veto now and can paralyze any future use of force against her o rher allies by the United Nations. Under certain parallel circumstances it would have to be admitted that the American government would also wish to use the veto.

What Mr. Dulles didn't touch on but which the late Sen. Taft brought out in his speech last June at Cincinnati is that the U.N. really may not have acted legally at all when the intervention in Korea was undertaken in June 1950. This has always been Russia's argument, too — namely, that mere absence of a delegate from the Security Council didn't commit the government itself and that hence the Security Council, which can act only unanimously, could not have authorized the resistance to aggression in Korea.

Perhaps an ironic confirmation of the Soviet view comes from the fact that, although the Security Council presumably authorized the initial intervention and armed resistance in Korea, no nation has dared to bring the question of terminating that same armed action into the Security Council where it originated. Everybody knows, of course, that this would give Soviet Russia a complete veto over any agreement that the western nations which fought the war in Korea might wish to make.

So the U.N.'s objective as provided in its present charter died when NATO was born. What has been going on in Korea is an armed resistance by an alliance of 16 nations which undertook to enforce the ideals and aims of the U.N. by a collective defense against aggression. The Korean war had "two sides" within the U.N., as the armistice agreement actually describes the belligerents. This is confirmation of that fact that the Security Council is not regarded any more as an agent to enforce peace and that the assembly is still, as Mr. Dulles himself calls it, only an "advisory" body.

The meeting in 1955 to "revise" the charter might better be called a meeting to resurrect the United Nations and make it a universal instrument for the maintenance of peace in the world.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 24:50-51

After Jesus had commanded His disciples to tarry in Jerusalem in order to await the coming of the Holy Spirit, He led them out as far as Bethany, on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, and lifted up His hands and gave them a parting blessing, for, while so doing, He was parted from them, and carried into heaven. This is Luke's brief statement concerning the ascension of Jesus, more fully described in Acts 1. Thus did Jesus return to the Father by Whom He had been sent; returned into the glory whence He had come, taking with Him His glorified human body, after the likeness of which the bodies of Christian believers shall be fashioned in the great day of the resurrection of those who have come to believe in Him. See Phil. 3:20-21. We should read at this point the remarkable chapter, John 17, the real Lord's Prayer, where Jesus is speaking to His Father about the completion of the work He had given Him to do, and that He was now ready to come home, with one wish, that where He was to be, His disciples should be with Him also.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call, Aug. 29, 1928, a Wednesday.

The manually operated switches augmenting the automatic control of the electric traffic lights at 6th, 7th and 8th Streets on Hamilton, have been placed in operation.

Deferred since Jubilee Day, when the mammoth airship was to have circled the city, the proposed visit to this city of the Los Angeles next Saturday morning is being awaited with great interest by residents of the city and vicinity.

Jerking his horse about within 3 feet of the northbound track of the Reading Railroad crossing in the Fairview section of Quakertown, on which he saw an express bearing down upon him, Samuel Gerhab, employed by E.W. Knauss, Quakertown, saved his own life and that of his horse.

Horoscope

Financial success and probable promotion are indicated, but much will depend upon your own actions. Today's child may be very clever and enjoy robust health.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT KEN PICKTERS GEWWA: Won ebber badroga won on da Kutztown Fair, don wors lie Delores Metzger fon Steins Korner. Die Fair wor ol recht—darta hut sie un die Ruth Beitler 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit kot, ow'r wie sie bilder nemma hut wolla hut sie ken film in da ob nemmer box kot, un aenich ebber kon denka wie sie bout g'fiel'd hut. Noh weara die socha net gons so shlim gawest, won ihra Grammam, die Addie Schroeder net dabei gawest wear. Ow'r fer g'shpass wie lie Addie is, wolla m'r wetta os noch 'n monich fegelchie peif'd os alla weil ken shnoval hut. Bis die Delores 's ledshd hoert fon ihra pickter nemmerrei on da Kutztown Fair in 1953.

WOH IS DER YUNG: Yar, is ler yung," wor die froke da onner owet wie der "Fats" Bauer fon Longswamp hame kumma is fon ra glaina trip in da nochberschoft rum har kessla. Der "Fats" hut der glae boo mit ganumma kot fer kumpany, un hens airsht ob g'shtopt beim Emory Mabory uf wos gakent is ols die Deishers' bauerrei. Darta hut der "Fats" 'm Emory wenich rous k'holfa mit arwet 's feld drous, un fon darta is er tzum Ernest Bauman om unnerra Longshwammer wertshous, fer der shtawb settle woh er in der kols grick'd hut beim Emory.

Wie long os der "Fats" beim Ernest wor kenna m'r net sawgga, ow'r fon darta is er niver tzum shtorekipper Max Biery om unnerra end fom Longa Dahl, un hut sich darta weil ferblauder'd. Noh is er hame, un allas wor ol recht bis sei fraw owwa tzum bed shtubba fenshter nous garufa hut, "Fats, woh is der yung?"

Un shure ganunk wie er gaguck'd hut won der yung net g'fail'd hut, un hut yusht net denka kenna woh os er 'n ferlossa het. Iwwel odder wohl hut er ous gamocht fer die same trip widder iwwer mocha fer der yung sucha, un hut hinna aw g'fonga un fohrraw g'shoft. Sei farma aw g'fonga het, het er net nagshd so long sucha breicha bis er 'n g'funna het wie so, weil er 'n fertzott'ld hut kot om airshda blotz os er ob g'shtopt hut kot—beim Emory Mabory. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der "Fats" die socha aw net hous howwa, un breicha nix may weiter fertzaila so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

'N ARYER UF RUHR IN FREDERICKSVILLE: 'S alt Fredericksviller wertshous owwa uf 'm hivel fon da Huffa kerrich drous, hut neia aigner grick'd—drei dafon, so wie m'r hoerra. Un wie neia aigner gawainlich duhna, sin grossa annerringa om kumma in Fredericksville. Un dadarrich is 'n aryer uf ruhr dart im shteddle—ebber secht die shoff leit hetta so wunnerbore fiel fershteck-'ld gelt g'funna wie sie der alt bar rous garissa hetta.

Dale wolla bahabta 's wear 'n dousand dahler g'funna werra un onnerra widder hens nuf g'shnart tzu finf dousan dahler un noch may. Onnerra widder sawga, 's wear ken gelt gawest, 's weara louder laedich checks os der alt John Frey un sei fraw die Sourie ols fershteck'ld hetta wie sie darta uf da wertschoft worra—fer da tzeit os sie shtore k'halta hen in Topton. Fiel wunnerts now eb checks wie sei noch gute weara.

So weit os uns aw gait, nemma m'r 'n chaw-duwock so weit os die gons Fredericksviller gelt un check finnerrei aw ait. Ken wert is so kartz im gadechness os er net wase woh er sei shpondulix fershteck'ld—un finf dousand dahler wert checks fershteckla in Fredericksville — wel aenicha waig, 's hut shun 'n grosser uf ruhr gamocht won aw nix shunshd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S nagshd uf da lisht is die gross tzeit on Dorney Park iwwer Labor Dawg—Sundawgs die ebbel schnitzerrei, un Mondawgs wert der lodwarick gakoch'd—widder fier kessel, ferol os die cider ebbel bol so rohr sin wie die weissa mice.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER FIMFT

Die Insching waare verleicht drei hunnert yaard vun der emigrant train, wie der Jonathan eff eemol zum fenschder naus gelangt hot un hot so en aardlich gut-gseist schtickli dynamite nunner falle losse.

Mir hen die Kepp all zu de fenschdere naus gschteckt un hen der result anxiously gewatscht.

An Attack from the Air

Es schtick dynamite iss graad fer die Insching uff der hatt bodde gfalle, un mir hen graad en farrichterlichi explosion gheert. Es hot die Insching un ihre geil in alle directions g'scattered', un eb sie en chance grickt hen fer en schritt neecher an die emigrant train zu geh, dann hot der Jonathan noch about en halb dutzend schticker vum schtoft nunnergschmisse.

Dihr kennt verleicht en idea forme, wie wiescht ass des gemacht hot.

Die Insching un die leit in der emigrant train hen unser flying machine bei daere zeit gsehne, un die Insching hen glei ge'realized', ass sie in farrichterlichi gfaahr sin.

Der Jonathan hot farrichterlich geyohlt, wie er ee schtick nooch em annere vum dynamite nunnergschmisse hot un ge'noticed' wie's die Insching un ihre geil umgschlagge hot un hot sie in alle directions fliegge mache.

Mit unsere telescopes hen mir easy sehne kenne, ass die Insching completely ge'paralyzed' waare, un ass sie so weit so aardlich wiescht g'suffered' hen. Die wu der dynamite net vergrippelt odder dod gschlagge hot, hen ihre geil geeich die barriye g'faced' un sin ab so schtarrig ass sie geh hen kenne.

Der Mawny hot absolut hawwe welle, ass der Rossem de Insching nooch geh sett mit der machine fer ihne noch en exdraa-i dose dynamite zu gewwe, awwer der Jonathan hot gemeent des waer net notwennich.

Un es waar aa net. Wie der schtaab un der schmok sich ewennich weckge'cleared' hot ghatt, dann hen mir ge'noticed', ass so aardlich viel Insching un geil uff der prairie gelegge hen.

"Wu hoscht du sell dynamite grickt, Jonathan?" frogt der Mawny, wie er en schtick devun arrig closely examined hot.

"Sell dynamite hen mir vun deim liewe freind, em Zweingelli, genumme," saagt der Jonathan.

Der Mawny iss dernoh ans annere end vum cylinder geloffe un hot fer e weil nix meh zu saagge ghatt.

Die Insching waare bei daere zeit so weit fatt, ass es uns nimmi angscht waar, ass sie zerick kumme, un am Mr. Carniel seine directions hot der Rossem die machine nunner geh losse gans neegscht an die emigrant train.

The Grateful Emigrants

Mir hen en descent gemacht, un der Mawny waar der aerscht fer aus der machine zu schtebbe.

Die menner, weibsleit un kinner sin graad kumme fer uns zu miete, un waare yuscht about ge'pliest, wie sie hands g'shaked' hen mit uns.

Mir waare awwer yuscht about surprised wie en wunderbaar schee yung meedel kumme iss, hot der Mawny an der hand grickt un saagt:

"Du bischt evidently der leader vun der party wu unser lewe gseeft hen an ere zeit, wu mir gaar ken hoffning ghatt hen, ass mir verleicht meh, ass wie paar minudde zu lewe hedde. Ich hab en granki mudder datt in eens vun selle wegge, un fer ihre sake deet ich gleiche expression zu gewwe zu meine dankbaarkeit uff en weg, ass gaar ken doubts losse kann wie grateful ass ich fiehl."

Un dernoh hot sie em Mawny en boss gewwe.

"Mei lieb yung Meedel," saagt der Mr. Carniel, wie er vannedraa gschtebbt iss; "du hoscht ewennich en mistake gemacht; datt schteht der mann wu eier lewe gseeft hot. Der Jonathan Ocker iss der mann wu in der letschte segund der plan in practice gebrocht hot, wu die Insching weckgedriwwe hot. Mir duhne gaar kens vum honor kleeme."

"O, iss sell so?" saagt's yung meedel, wie sie gracefully geeich der Jonathan gschtebbt iss un hot ihn an der hand grickt; "loss mich dir hazlich danke, fer die sake vun de liet in unsere party, fer was ass du geduh hoscht fer uns."

Un was hot der Jonathan dernoh drum geblosch wie sie nuffgelangt hot, hot sei kopp nunnergezogge un hot ihn dreimol hazhaftich gebosst.

"Des kann ich verhafdich net schtende!" saagt der Jonathan, wie er ab in die machine gange iss un hot farrichterlich datt aafange zu yohle.

Der leader vun der party hot sich dernoh introduced zu uns. Sei naame waar Fred Jones, un 's meedel, wu yuscht der Jonathan gebosst hot ghatt, waar sei dochter. Er hot uns expleent, ass sie uff em Weg waare vun Laramie City noch em sudliche deel vun Montana un ass des es aerscht mol gewest waer, ass sie geboddert waare bei de Insching. Sei fraa waar schunn iwwer en woch arrig hatt ghatt grank mit em e fiewer, un sie hen arrig langsam traewwele misse.

Er hot schier gaar net gewisst wie sich schtarrig genunk zu expresse fer die hilf wu mir seinere party gewwe hen.

Der Jones hot decide fer graad ahead zu pusche noch Montana, so ass er en dokder griegge kennt fer sei granki fraa.

Mir sin dernoh mit der party zerick an ihre wegge, un der Mr. Carniel iss im Jones sei wagge gange un hot die grank fraa beguckt. Er hot glei gsehne, ass sie des faahre im schwere wagge net lang schtende kennt, un hot der Jones informed, ass er entwedders about en woch kempe muss un seine fraa en chance gewwe fer zu 'recover'e, odder muss sie in unser machine kumme losse un die trip noch Montana mache mit uns. Der point wu sie hiegeh hen welle waar of course aus unserm weg, awwer fer der sake vun der granke fraa waare mir willing en paar hunnert meil aus em weg zu geh.

A Sick Woman Is Rescued

Der Jones un der Carniel hen endlich agreed ass sei fraa in unser machine kumme sett, un ass sei dochder, die Bessie, mit uns geh sett fer ihre mamm zu tende.

"Sell iss en first class arrangement," saagt der Mawny, wie er die Bessie arrig lovingly beguckt hot; "mir gewwe gut acht uff die Bessie un ihre mamm."

"Un wann du dich zu bold machscht um selli Bessie rum, dann wascht du vergrippelt," hot der Jonathan em Mawny ins ohr gepischpert, wie er dernoh yuscht vun der machine haer kumme waar.

"O, du brauchscht noch net jealous sei," saagt der Mawny, wie er weckgeloffe iss.

Mir hen's ennihau arranged, ass die Bessie un ihre mamm in unser machine kumme sedde, un ass mir dernoh langsam owwich der emigrant train nooch gingte bis sie an ihre destination kumme deede. Des waar of course en arrig langsam getraewwel fer uns, awwer mir hen en idea ghatt, ass mir verleicht der fraa ihre lewe seefe kennte debei, un kennte besides die party proteckte vun attacks bei de Insching.

Mir hen die fraa graad in unser machine gedraagge, un hen ee end vum cylinder schee abge'curtained' fer der Bessie un ihre mamm ihre use.

Der Mr. Carniel waar ebbes vum me dokder, un er hot graad aafange der Mrs. Jones medicine zu gewwe.

Mir hen net die zeit genumme fer zu sehne wieviel dode Insching, ass widder drauss uff der prairie gelegge hen, awwer unser machine un die emigrant train sin graad abgschtaert.

Mir hen noch so en aardlicher distance gemacht seller nammidaag, un about siwwe uhr seller owed hen mir en descent gemacht neegscht an ere grick un hen ready gemacht fer zu kempe selli nacht. Die wegge hen en circle ausse um unser machine gformt, un viere vun der party hen outside guard gschtanne.

'S ISS ALLES IWWERDUH

'S iss zu viel Hoi im Owwerdenn,
'S iss zu viel Frucht im Land,
Zu viel Brasberiti gans rum,
Un zu viel fraud un Schand.

Sin zu viel Kaerriche fer gut,
Zu viel Schtreit in der Welt;
Sin zu viel aarm un zu viel reich,
'S iss zu viel Hitz un Kelt.

'S iss zu viel law fer unser Volk,
Un zu viel liberty;
'S iss zu viel humbug, zu viel schteil,
Un zu viel Kefferbrieh.

'S iss zu viel Eddikeeschon nau,
Die Leit sin gans zu gscheit;
Sin zu viel rascals, zu viel tramps,
Un zu viel Tschentelleit.

Die Welt hot zu viel Arwet do,
Un zu viel loafers drin,
Zu viel fer esse mit Verschtand,
Zu viel ass hungerich sin.

Sin zu viel Taxe alle yaahr,
'S iss zu viel Bscheisserei;
Sin zu viel jobs fer alle Mann
Uff alle Bauerei.

'S iss zu viel Druwwel immer do,
Un's watt zu viel gelacht;
'S iss zu viel drucke, zu viel nass,
Un zu viel Daag un Nacht.

Sin zu viel Bletz fer'n Daaler hie,
Wu'n Daaler gaar net langt;
Mer misse zu viel favors duh
Un warre net bedankt.

Mer kann sich nimmi schicke meh,
Un watt do rum gepullt,
Un oftmols hot mer zu viel Zann,
Ebmols zu viel Geduld.

'S iss alles zu viel iwwerduh
Uff alle Weegge naus;
Sin zu viel feine Heiser do,
Zu viel hen gaar ken Haus.

'S iss zu viel Musick, zu viel Schul,
Un Bicher un so Sache;
Nix in der Welt, ass guder Verschtand
Kann all des darrich mache.

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

Die arrangements waare so ass die guards alle drei schtund relieved sei sedde, so ass yeders wennich schlof griegge kennt.

Der Mawny hot druff insist, ass er guard schteh wett vun zwelf bis drei uhr, un der Jones hot endlich agreed ass er des browiere kennt. Der Jones waar schur ass die annere drei kalls es camp gut 'guard'e kennte, un es waar ihm aa really net angscht weeich de Insching die zeit ass mir ihne so en heessi reception gewwe hen ghatt.

Die weibsleit hen en gut sopper gemacht un noch em esse hen mir fer paar schtund ghockt un hen geblaudert.

Mir hen glei gsehne ass der Jones un sei dochter so aardliche intelligent-e leit waare.

Un was sei meedel drum so schee!

So about halwer elfe sin mir in die machine gange un hen uns hiegelegt, yeders mit de rifles un revolvers hendich, wann mir ungfaehr attacked deede warre bei de Insching.

The Indians Capture Mawny

Ich hab gut gschlofe bis e wennich noch de drei uhr, un dernoh bin ich uff eemol wacker warre un hab en arrigge commotion gheert outside.

Ich waar yuscht uffgschtanne gewest fer zu sehne was des meent, dann kummt der Jones an die dier un saagt:

"Kumm gschwind do raus. Eier kummraad, seller Mawny, iss am zwelf uhr uff guard gange, un wie mir vordich nausgange sin fer ihn zu reliewe, dann hen mir gaar nix meh vun ihm sehne kenne. Der Briggs, eens vun unsere leit, saagt er hot in alle directions rum gsucht, awwer er kann nix vum Mawny finne."

"Denkscht du, es waare Insching um der weg?" frogt der Rossem.

"Sell kennt leicht sei," saagt der Jones.

"Awwer denkscht du net, sie hedde der Mawny graad uff em blacke dodgemacht?" frogt der Rossem.

"Nee, sie hedde net," saagt der Jones; "sie hedde ihn liewer captive genumme, fer ihn dernoh recht zu'torture'e fer des, ass dihr so viel vun ihne dod gemacht hett. Ich farricht, eier kummraad iss nau in ihre hend, un es macht mich schlecht fiehle, wann ich draa denk, was seller aarem drobb verleicht darrich mache muss, eb sie ihn endlich dod mache."

Die leit im camp waare bei daere zeit all wacker, un es waar nau en farrichterlich excitement.

"Des iss graad exactly was ich eckschpeckt hab," saagt der Jonathan; seller Mawny grickt uns immer in druwwel uff ee weg odder der anner. Wann mir ihn doch yuscht um der lieb wille bei de Mormons gelosst hedde!"

Mir hen allerhand plans gschtoddit, was mir duh wedde weeich em Mawny, awwer es waar ewwe nix auszurichte bis mol der daag beikummt.

Un endlich iss es mol daag warre, un mir hen aafange zu suche fer der Mawny. Im grass outside de wegge hen mir en blacke gfunne wu der Mawny undoubtedly gelegge hot un hot gschlofe, un gans neegscht hen mir em Mawny sei hut gfunne. Der Jones hot marricker uff em bodde gfunne, ass er graad pronounced hot als die foot-prints vun vier odder fimf Insching. Denne foot-prints sin mir noochgange fer about en vaddel meil, un hen dernoh gsehne ass die Insching uff ihre geil gange sin un sin ab. Mir hen gut die marricker sehne kenne vum Mawny seine schuh, wie er gschwische zwee Insching bis an den blatz geloffe iss. Do hen die Insching ihn undoubtedly uff en gaul gebunne un sin mit ihm ab noch ihrem principal camp.

"Was meenscht du vun dem ding, Mr. Jones?" froogt der Carniel; "dinkt's dich net e wennich gschpassich, ass die Insching der Mawny net graad dod gemacht hen, anschtatts ass sie ihn en prisoner mit fatt genumme hen."

"De Inschings ihre actions sin perfectly plain zu mir," saagt der Jones; "wie sie der Mawny sehne hen schlofe datt im grass, dann hen sie graad ge'noticed' an seine gleeder un general appearance nooch, ass er net zu der emigrant train gheert. Sie hen glei gsehne, ass er eens vun de kalls sei muss, wu in der flying machine waar, wie sie en attack mache hen welle uff uns. Wann sie der Mawny graad dod gemacht hedde, dann waer ihre revenge net complete gewest, un so hen sie ihn glei iwwer'powered' datt im graas, un hen ihn mitgenumme als en captive fer ihn zu 'torture'e uff so en weg, ass verleicht ken mensch so devor ge-'tortured' iss warre, eb sie ihn dernoh endlich dodmache. Es macht mich schlecht fiehle, wann ich draadenk, was seller mensch darrich mache muss —un mir kenne ihm verleicht gaar net zu hilf kumme."

To be continued

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Editorials

Welcome to Moose

The annual convention of the lodges of the Loyal Order of Moose in the Eastern section of the state is being held in this city and the thousand or so delegates and members from the 74 lodges which are in the area can know that Allentown welcomes them most heartily.

It can be said for the information of the visitors that, quite as much for them as for ourselves, there was sincere desire to complete the central city paving job in time for this convention. Allentown wanted to spread the red carpet of welcome right up Hamilton St. and then north on Tenth to the local home of the Moose. Allentown eagerly desired that everything should be in readiness for the visitors and especially for their big parade on Sunday afternoon. Our visitors can see for themselves how nearly accomplished the job really is.

However all the auguries are good for a notable convention during the three-day holiday weekend. Splendid programs have been arranged for the business sessions. A full round of social functions that will keep everybody occupied every minute of the better than three-day stay in this city is on the calendar.

The large membership of the local Moose lodge has prepared for a long time for this important visitation. But they are not alone in their welcome to their brethren from far and near. All Allentown heartily greets the Moose and the women of their collateral organization. We hope they will have one of the most enjoyable vacations that they ever have experienced.

Trucks! Keep Out

Despite warning signs along the roads of Lehigh Parkway, many trucks continue to traverse them. Therefore the City, thru its committing magistrates, is entirely warranted in imposing full penalties upon each and every driver who is brought in by the police for such violations.

There has been disposition to say, "discharged, but don't do it again." But patience is running out. Furthermore it does not take long for the grape-vine to spread the information that penalties will not be imposed. And when that information goes the rounds, the violations can be expected to continue.

No one will blame the truck drivers for a desire to move their vehicles along thru the cool, pleasant and beautiful parkway system. But the parkway roads were not built for trucks and truck traffic. Allentown does not want the good roads pulverized by the leviathans of the highways.

Henceforth, the committing magistrates announced yesterday, heavy fines will be imposed. The easy days of winking at the law violators have come to an end.

The signs which put the tabu upon trucks are going to mean what they say henceforth.

Windfall for County

Our local county commissioners have lost no time in taking advantage of a good thing. The commissioners learned that the State is about to abandon its large nursery on the grounds of Kutztown State Teachers' College and that all trees and shrubbery on hand either will be given away free of charge to tax-supported instituions or will be destroyed. It did not take long to make a decision to apply not only for all the shrubbery and trees which immediately can be put to use in operations upon county property but also for operations not immediately planned.

The County has so much land at the County Home that it very easily can establish its own nursery for such future needs out near Wescosville. There is no telling how much shrubbery and how many trees can be used after improvements have been made around the County Home and after the State Highway Department has completed its work on the Route 309 bypass.

Our frugal commissioners knew a good thing when they saw it and speedily availed themselves of it.

Sly Cruelty to Dean

Major General William F. Dean has been returned after three years of imprisonment by the Communists and the prisoner exchange can be considered to have been completed.

There may be a trickle of men out of captivity as the Communists for their inscrutable reasons deliver previously unreported persons but General Dean was their prize captive and so they held him until almost the last. Perhaps they sought to tease the United States or to have an important pawn upon their chess board in the event of some slips in the prisoner exchange program.

It will take General Dean some time to tell his entire story but there is one fact that stands out importantly in his narrative as it has been told up to this time.

Altho General Dean did not complain about it and describe it in its right terms the fact is that for three years he was permitted to see not a single American, altho thousands of them were in other prison camps.

It was not a matter of segregating a man of high position from the lowly privates and thereby preserving the usual military caste system. It was not a penalty for misbehavior. It does not seem even to have been a penalty for General Dean's resistance to his persistent inquisitors who ding-donged at him without stopping for 72 hours on one occasion.

It all appears to have been another version of solitary confinement, a conclusion which is supported by Dean's report that for long periods he was denied all writing materials.

There seems to have been cruel and sadistic desire to drive the man mad thru inaction, thru solitude, thru isolation from everybody who spoke his language.

But Dean was not the kind of man to twiddle his thumbs. He reports that he mentally worked out mathematical problems and engaged in other mental exercises which kept his mind keen and, (as his earliest contacts with the newspapermen after his release demonstrated) maintained his keen sense of humor.

The Negro Elks

Some 30,000 delegates of the National Negro Elks Lodge are in convention in Atlanta. We welcome them.

Atlanta always makes a good impression, even on those Negroes who do not agree with certain laws and customs which slowly are being changed by the strongest law of all—public opinion.

In this connection, we note that Judge Hobson Reynolds, of Philadelphia, a Negro with a fine success background, said in an opening address that Negroes in America enjoy living standards and privileges found nowhere else in the world. "I found in touring five countries in Europe that America is the only country in the world for Negroes to live in," he said.

Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, famed educational leader, told delegates they "must stand always for the right and face each problem confronting Negroes squarely." We agree with that. To face problems squarely implies a stand which is both pragmatic and honest, and not theoretical or distorted.

No Southerner of good will today, however much he may differ with others on method, believes in second-rate citizenship for any person under the American flag.

So we welcome the Elks. We trust that no person of either race will allow fools of either to precipitate any incident which might bring discredit on the city or the convention.—Atlanta Constitution.

P.R. Ads on Spot

All public relations or institutional advertising has been placed on the spot by the contempt of court action against the American Associated Insurance Companies and the Curtis Publishing Company because of the full-page ad in the March 28 issue of Saturday Evening Post. The ad attempted to explain why jury verdicts in suits for damages must be based on legal liability as determined by the evidence and how excessive awards based on sympathy for the plaintiffs tends to increase insurance rates. (E & P, July 18, page 36.)

A man engaged in a personal injury action against a company in Spokane, Washington, claimed the ad might influence prospective jurors in his case and that it "invades the jurisdiction of the court" in the matter of assessing damages. On the petition of this man's attorney, a federal judge ordered the insurance and publishing companies to show cause why they shouldn't be held in contempt.

It is no secret that excessive jury awards have caused auto insurance rates to increase. Verdicts should be based on legal liability as determined by the evidence. Then why should it be in contempt of court to tell these truths to the American public in an advertisement?

Under this reasoning any company engaged in public relations advertising, attempting to explain favorably the operations of its business to the general public, might be held in contempt on the ground that its message tried to influence prospective jurors in a case involving the company.

Are we going to go so far as to consider a juror "influenced" if he has read an advertisement notwithstanding the fact that the ad was not directed toward an individual court case but was designed to give important information to the American people? — Editor Publisher

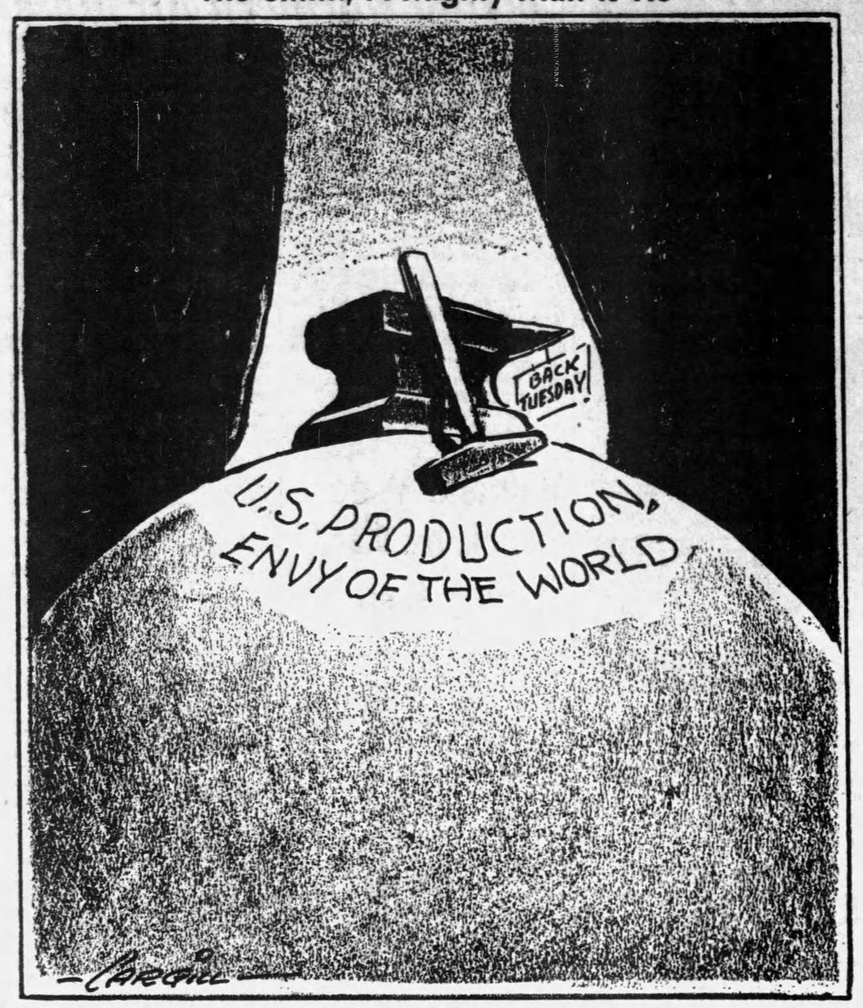
25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 5, 1928, a Wednesday

For 50 years, Edward DeLong, of Pleasant Corner, as bellringer of the Lowhill Lutheran and Reformed Church, has called the members of the great congregation to Christian worship. For this, the congregation's 159th anniversary services were dedicated to him.

The annual trek back to school came yesterday for about 15,000 city youngsters, and, while the opening day is not necessarily a complete day of adjustment, every pupil will be in his assigned place, says Supt. Hiram W. Dodd.

The Smith, A Mighty Man Is He



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The shaggy little man, Sam Gompers, who started this thing called labor some 70 years ago while hustling about in his frayed bedroom slippers because neither he nor the old labor movement had the price of a pair of shoes, would hardly recognize the place if he dropped in Labor Day, on Monday.

The movement he started at a $10-a-week salary — when they had it — the unions he coddled in the days when his desk was a crate in an abandoned shack, are 16 million 500 thousand strong today. Their assets are estimated by some at $3 billion. They operate mines, hotels, night clubs, a yacht or two and at least one has $11 million invested "in Wall Street" and once considered buying a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Unlike labor abroad, America's unions are "capitalist" unions. They have no nationwide party of their own — and presidents woo their millions in money and manpower. And since the most powerful of all labor men would be one of the handful of Americans who will really effect the nation's policies, this Labor Day week-end is the moment to conjecture: Just who is this most powerful man inside labor today?

There is the aging John Lewis; the whirl-windish, mercury-tongued young Walter Reuther; that husky juggernaut, the new AFL President George Meany, and a stocky, blue-eyed fellow by name of Dave Beck, who has come out of the west to build the giant teamsters brotherhood which controls everything that rolls on wheels over these United States.

As the single most powerful labor today, and therefore the man to examine closely, this column picks Dave Beck. His union of 1,179,901 gives him that power.

The teamsters brotherhood can make or break any strike. It can paralyze any industrial area. It can destroy an industry — or make it the smoothest, most efficient business in a community.

In the teamsters' collective hands is the health of a city, its sanitation, its food supply.

The man who heads this brotherhood certainly has power—an problems. For trucking has been the target for every shakedown artist, every muscleman—every modern highwayman.

How then is Dave Beck using that power? Is he bucking the mobs? What does he think? That's vital to America and every family in it.

One thing is certain — Beck is cleaning out the trucking jungle.

No Regional Empires

No longer will he tolerate regional empires inside the teamsters International. He served notice on the giant organization that it will recognize contracts, maintain discipline and respect industry's rights, when he told two tough New York teamsters leaders to end their feud which had paralyzed $600 million worth of construction and kept the city looking like a front line, trench-filled community with its pipes exposed for 55 days.

No Teamsters International president had ever dared to go into New York. Now notice is served on all — from the behemoth town to the West Coast.

What does Beck say about this sort of discipline?

"Both labor and management have a job of internal education. Labor must educate its members to the value of supporting the industry in which they make a living. The problems must be spelled out and clear-cut answers given. Industry, likewise, must do a job of education within its own ranks — and this education should include some measure of appreciation of the role of the worker in industry. . .

"Both labor and management have an external job to do in carrying their story to the public. . . In the weeks and months ahead, cooperation will be the keynote for our success. In working together, industry and labor will recognize the role of each. ."

Last July he told his own people that they will fight for higher wages, but "at the same time their employers are entitled to an honest day's work for wages paid. This means that everyone in our organization has to produce—everyone."

For the local teamsters leaders, he had this warning:

"We have not time for the official who forgets his responsibilities to the people he serves and to his union. We are making changes and will make others. ."

If these words of a strong man are heeded, then those of us who alarm easily over concentrated power can rest a little easier. And Labor Days of the future will take on the dignity they deserve.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N KOP KARTZ: So wie 'n Feglchie yusht gapifa hut, kon der Tommy Brunner fon nagshd on Werleys Korner ols noch net driwwer kumma wie shnell os er um 'n kop kumma is der Hudson drowwa 'm onnerra Somshdawg. Der Tommy wor mit da Pumpernickle exkursion der Hudson owwa nous, un hut glei uf 'm boat, ous gamocht 'n gute guckicher kerl wie er ainer is, sot 'n weissie kop howwa fer 'n ols noch besser gucka mocha. Noh is er noch 'm shtand woh sie die koppa ferkauft hen, un hut aenie uf brovierra wolla fer grase. Eb er sich ow'r um sehna hut kot is die kop 'n fert gawitch'd, un bis es recht druf un draw kumma is, hut er sie ma onnerra kerl uf der kup k'huck'd, un selar is fert galoffa. 'S badirelish'd fon ol wor noh noch, os er die kop shun batzawlt hut kot un hut nocha mohl 'n onnerie kaufa missa, un woh er da gonza dawg gawora hut.

HUT 'N SHIER KOT: M'r hut shun oft k'hoert woh fee wiesh'd werra is, un is 'm maishder noh — ungfare so wie kee un bulla. Ow'r war het gadenk'd os es miglich wear os 'n tracktor sich hinnich sei maishder mocha maich'd — ungfare so 'n erfohring wie der Clarence Bieber fon dunna nagshd on da Solsbaryer kerrich doh weil tzurick kotta hut mit seim Farmall tracktor. Wos der Clarence om shoffa wor kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r 's hais'd der tracktor het sich hinnich der Clarence gamocht, un woh shpringa het missa wie alla hanker imma uffna feld, fer sich ous 'm shtawb shoffa. Sei fraw die Helen is 'm noh tzu hilf kumma un hut der tracktor g'shtopt — aenicha waig so hut 'n fegelchie gapifa, odder der Clarence wear ferleicht ol ols noch om im gringle rum shpringa imma feld.

KON OLS NOCH NET DRIWWER KUMMA: Die barichda sin, der Milt Zimmerman fon Werleys Korner kent ols noch net driwwer kumma os er doh weil tzurick sei bocka buch ferlora het nagshd on da grumbierra shtadt, in Potter Kounty—un aw os ers widder tzurick grick'd hut. Die Sadie wor dabei, un so aw sei bruder Fred un sei fraw die Esther. Mohl fers aller airsht, wor na die mashina battery dote gonga. Wie sie moryets breakfasht essa hen wolla, ungfare ocht mile weck fon woh sie g'shlofa hen imma motel, ferhoftich sei won der Milt net sei bocka buch kartz wor.

Die barichda sin, er het auga gamocht wie daller, un der Ollie Kressley het sich noh erbarm'd fer 'n tzurick ganumma woh sie iwwer nocht worra, un ferhoftich sei wons bocka buch net noch unnich 'm kuppa kissa galaiga hut woh ers owets dafon onna hut. Shpaiter drunna on da grumbierra shtadt, hut der Hennie Gruver noh fertzailt os der Milt dabei wor, die kops dada alla mashine shtoppa os dawaig kaimt, ebber het sei bocka buch ferlora, un sie wotta helfa 's sucha.

"Ei," het der Milt so droashtmeedich g'sawt, "Sel wor mich, ow'r wie hen die shun ous g'funna dawaiga — un ich hobs aw widder tzurick grick'd."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r hoffa ol unser laiser tzu sehna on Dorney Park on da Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties morya un da Mondawg, un 'n lot g'shpichta un barichda tzu griega, fon da Fegelcher.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

BIRTHDAY WISH

Long life and health, sufficient wealth
At twilight time to sit at ease.
and this allowed: of children proud.
From year to year the wish for these.

With all its strife, the joy of life
Is with contentment growing old.
In clinging fast to what has passed
And all events the memories hold.

Along life's way, let come what may,
The present has the past to build.
When back you look, God grant your book
Of memories will with joy be filled.

(Copyright, 1953)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

he Book of Acts

Having mentioned the names of the three outstanding men, Peter, Philip, and Paul, through whom the Lord was working out the program of evangelization as given in 1:8, and then having mentioned the names of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Rome as the cities marking the geographical expansion of the Church, let us now learn five words, beginning with the same letter, p, which will give us something of the 'atmosphere' of this historical book. The five words are, preaching, power, persecution, prayer, and persistence. Acts is a book of sermons or addresses, carrying out the great commission of Jesus, given by Him to His disciples, to go into all the world to preach the Gospel. But they were not to set out before they had been endued with the power of the Holy Spirit, for, without Him preaching might be nothing more than human wisdom, much of which may be foolishness in God's sight. Such preaching with power was met by Satan, who, hating the Gospel, was continually tracking and harassing the ministers of the Word. But the Church met such persecution with prayer, as 4:23-31 shows us.

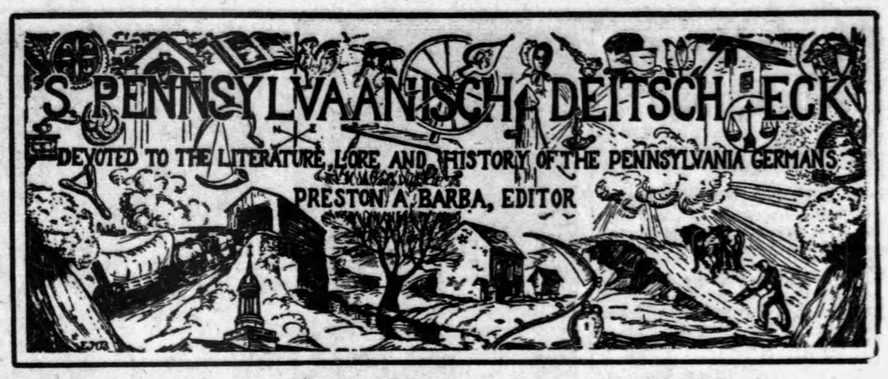
Try and Stop Me

As matters stand, the Labor Day weekend is the only three-day vacation that can be counted upon year in and year out. When other national holidays fall on Fridays or Mondays, it's pure accident. All that will be changed if the National Association of Travel Organizations has its way. Its members propose that every holiday—except Easter, Christmas and New Year's Day—automatically fall on Mondays. President's Day (Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays celebrated together) would be the third Monday in February; Memorial Day the last Monday in May; Independence Day the first Monday in July; Columbus Day the second Monday in October; Thanksgiving the fourth Monday in November . . . Sounds like a great idea to everybody but my hard-working secretary. "When holidays fall on a Thursday," she points out, "I usually wangle Friday off too." There's no answer to that kind of argument.

(Copyright 1953)

Horoscope

During the next year some good fortune and happiness is signified. Today's child should be ambitious.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER SEXT

Dihr kennt denke, ass mir all so aardlich iwwel gfiehlt hen, wie mir mol schur waare, ass der Mawny en captive bei de Insching iss. Mir hen aardlich gut tschotsche kenne, wie's em Mawny unni doubt geh muss, wann mir ihm net gschwind zu hilf kumme, un so, graad nooch em marye-esse hen mir en consultation ghalte fer zu sehne, was mir duh wedde fer unser lappicher kummraad zu rescue-e.

"Wann mir der Mawny widder safe zerick bringe kenne, dann sedde mir ihn completely dresche fer sei dummheite," saagt der Jonathan.

"Ya, sell waer en guder plan—der Mawny iss entirely zu vorlessich un schlappich in seine weegge," saagt der Rossem.

They Search for the Captured Mawny

Mir hen endlich decide ass mir die Bessie un ihre mamm zerick losse, un ass mir mit der flying machine abschtaerte fer der Mawny zu finne. Der Jones waar willing fer en paar daag datt zu kempe bis mir zerick kumme deede un deede die grank fraa dernoh widder in die machine nemme.

Die Bessie hot der Jonathan arrig affectionately an der hand genumme un hot ihm gsaat, ass er arrig gut acht gewwe sett, so ass die Insching ihn net dod mache deede. Un was hot der Jonathan drum geloscht.

Ich hab genoticed ass er dernoh graad hinnich eens vun de wegge gange iss un hot about sex handsprings genumme uff em graas. Dernoh hot er sei hut in der luft gschwunge un hot motions gemacht, ass wann er farrichterlich am yohle waer. Er hot en smile ghatt ass vun ohr zu ohr gelangt hot, wie er dernoh kumme iss un hot em Rossem helfe die gas chambers widder frisch zu 'charge'e.

Mir hen die Mrs. Jones glei widder comfortable gemacht ghatt in ihrem wagge, un so about acht uhr hen mir drei rousing cheers gewwe un sin ab.

Mir sin gans nidder gange mit der machine, un mit unsere 'powerful'e telescopes hen mir easy die tracks fun de Insching ihre geil ausmache kenne, un hen der Rossem instruct wie die machine zu geide.

Die Insching hen en guder schtaert uff uns ghatt, un mir hen net yuscht so arrig schtarrig geh darrefe fer die tracks in view zu halte, un do kennt dihr denke, ass mir all meh odder wennicher aus mut waare.

The Lost Trail

So about middaag sin mir an en grick kumme, un do hen die tracks uff eemol gschtoppt.

Mir hen en descent gemacht uff der annere seit der grick, un hen der grund carefully examined, awwer mir hen ken tracks finne kenne.

"Was welle mir nau duh?" frogt der Rossem, wie er genoticed hot ass mir all so aardlich downhearted waare.

"Ich weess fer schur net," saagt der Carniel; "es iss hatt zu saagge welli direction ass die Insching gange sin. Sie sin verleicht meileweis im wasser geridde, un hen of course ken tracks gelosst. Sie hen des geduh fer uns zu fuule."

"Es hot verleicht yuscht so schmaude leit in daere welt, ass wie selli Insching," saagt der Jonathan; "hett dihr genoticed welle weg ass die tracks gange sin wie sie ihre geil in die grick gedreht hen—eb sie nuffzus odder nunner gange sin?"

"Deel sin so schlaams nei gange ass wann sie die grick nuff gange waere," saagt der Rossem, "awwer die annere sin graad in die anner direction gange, uff en aart ass wann sie sich in zwee parties gformt hedde un yeder party waer in en differenti direction gange."

"Die Insching sin am end net gans so dumm," saagt der Jonathan wie er sei kopp gegratzt hot un hot e wennich gschtoddit.

Dernoh hot der Jonathan die grick nuff un nunner geguckt, iss en schtickwegs an der grick nunner geloffe un kummt dernoh zerick un saagt:

"Buwe, ich glaab, ass ich de Insching ihre trick nau verschteh. Ich hab en idea ass die grick so en aardlicher grosser circle macht, un ass sie sich arriyets do niwwer so aardlich neegscht widder miede dutt. Die Insching sin undoubtedly in die zwee directions gange un hen nanner dernoh gemiet. Ich waer in favor fer in die machine zu geh un en graadi lein zu mache iwwers land rechts vun uns do niwwer."

Em Jonathan sei idea hot so aardlich reasonable gsaunt, un mir sin accordingly ab.

Am Jonathan seine suggestion hot der Rossem die machine so aardlich hoch in die heeh geh mache, un dernoh hen mir die grick so aardlich weit sehne kenne.

"Hawwich 's eich net gsaat?" greischt der Jonathan wie er weit naus ge'point' hot.

Un wie mir unser telescopes grickt hen un hen die landschaft in sellere direction examined, dann hen mir genoticed ass die grick schier gaar en complete circle gformt hot, graad wie der Jonathan gsaat hot.

"Nau nemm die machine graad uff seller point zu, wu die grick sich schier miede dutt, un ich guarantee ass mir de Insching ihre tracks widder finne," greischt der Jonathan.

Un in about en halb schtund nooch sellem hen mir der distance ge 'covered' ghatt, un hen der blatz gfunne wu die zwee Insching parties nanner gemiet hen.

"Jonathan, du deetscht en guder detective mache," saagt der Carniel, wie er der Jonathan an der hand grickt hot; "un ich waer gut g'satisfied' wann du unser party vun nau aa direckte deetscht bis mir die Insching un der Mawny finne."

"All recht," saagt der Jonathan; "ich bin net yuscht so arrig in lieb mit em Mawny(awwer ich bin doch willing fer alles zu duh fer ihn ass ich kann. Mir misse nau mol fer's aerscht sehne welli direction ass die Insching vun do gange sin.

Mir sin der Gschpur dernoh fer about en meil widder noochgange, un waare yuscht about gebaddert, wie die tracks vun de Insching ihre geil uff eemol widder in die grick gange sin.

"Des biet der schinner! greischt der Jonathan, wie mir in alle directions rum gsucht hen ghatt un hen awwer ken signs fun de tracks finne kenne.

Die grick hot an dem point aardlich viel curves gemacht, un was uns dernoh noch es arrigscht gebaddert hot, waar die fact ass en anneri grick vun en gans differently direction gans neegscht datt nei geloffe iss.

Die zwee gricke waare net dief, un an viel bletz hen schtee aus em wasser gschtocke.

"Ich muss des ding e wennich inwestigeete," saagt der Jonathan wie er sei rifle genumme hot un iss darrich die eent grick nuffgeloffe.

In about en halb schtund iss er zerick kumme, un iss dernoh die anner grick nuffgange.

A Clue

Mir hen verleicht zwansich minudde datt in der machine ghockt ghatt un hen iwwer em Mawny sei eelend geblaudert, dann kummt der Jonathan zerick un greischt: "Buwe, wisst dihr, was fer duwack ass der Mawny tschaae dutt?"

"Why, er tschaat nix ass wie fine-cut, un er hot immer en pund odder so im sack," saagt der Rossem.

"Sell setteltst!" greischt der Jonathan; "schtaert die machine graad uff un geh die anner grick do nuff, Rossem."

Un dernoh sin mir widder ab. Der Jonathan hot uns expleent ass er en tschaaduwack sehne hot leie uff eens vun de schtee in der grick, un ass er graad zu der conclusion kumme iss, ass der Mawny der duwack verleicht datt druff gschmisse hot. Der duwack waar fine-cut.

"Jonathan, du hoscht en mind vum e wunderbaare scope," saagt der Carniel; "bischt du als in en college gange?"

"Nee, ich bin net viel in die schul gange," saagt der Jonathan; mei principal pastime, wie ich yinger waar, waar fer eck-balle zu schpiele, un es waar ken kall im ganse township ass mich dreffe hot kenne."

Mir sin about zwee meil owwich der grick haer gange, un dernoh hen mir uff eemol der blatz gfunne wu die Insching ihre geil aus der grick gedreht hen ghatt un sin widder uffs land gange.

Unser trip hot so weit arrig viel zeit uffgenumme ghatt, un es waar nau schier nacht.

Mir waare nau graad unne an so em e aardliche hoche barrig. Mir hen noch easy sehne kenne, ass der top vum barrig gans blott waar, un hot en gschpassich shape ghatt.

Mir hen en idea ghatt ass mir nau net yuscht so arrig weit vun de Insching ihrem schteddel waere, un hen decide fer do zu schtoppe bis es recht dunkel waer, un fer dernoh hoch in die luft nuff zu geh un in alle directions rum zu suche fers Insching schteddel. Fer schur zu mache, ass mir der blatz widder finne kennte fer en frischer schtaert zu mache der neegscht marriye wann mir 's Insching schteddel ungfaehr net finne kennte darrich die nacht, dann hen mir decide fer en gross feier zu schtaerte owwe uff em barrig. Des deet uns dernoh darrich die gans nacht weise, wu mir hiegeh misste fer de Insching ihre tracks widder zu finne.

So gschwind ass es dunkel waar, dann hen mir en groosser haufe daerr hols in die machine geduh un sin ab nuff uff der barrig. Mir hen glei en feier im gang ghatt un dernoh sin mir ab.

To be continued

DIE ZEIDING

'S iss wunnerbaar wie alles geht—
Letscht Nacht waar Neiichkeit geweht
Zu Druckerei,
Bei telegraph un telephone
Un radio, do wu ich wohn,
Kummt 's iwwerall bei.

Wie hen die Schreibmaschin gerappelt,
Was en Zucht, wann yeders babbelt
Datt im Gebei;
Schusslich dutt eens ebbes bringe,
Luschdich zrick un verschich schpringe,
Sie drucken glei.

Die Druckerpress—was doch en Dier—
Druff henken grosse Roll Babier
Bereit zu geh;
Geht iwwerdem der Motor ab,
Laut 's graad wie imme grosse Schapp—
Du ye, o ye!

Un vor mer weess, sin do gedruckt
En dausend Zeiding, weil mer guckt
Kummen sie raus;
Viel schtaerker ass mer zehle kann,
Wie Kuche aus re grosse Pann,
Bereit fer naus.

Drin saagt's vun Keenich, Bresident,
Vun Feier, Krieg un accident,
Vun Liegerei;
Vun millionaire un aarmer Mann,
Vun Schtehles, politics un dann
Bedriegerei.

Wie heidich mer sich draagge sett—
Was Schtore zu verkaafe hett—
Unser Wetter heit;
Wieviel du vleicht verlore hoscht
In schlechte Schtacks, wann'd Geld drin losscht
Vun gschtarwne Leit.

Wie sich en Weibsmensch uffduh sett,
Wann nur sie recht schee gucke wett
En Mann zu fange;
Wie gude Iems zu koche, noh,
En Balle game, un ewwe so
Vun Zeit vergange.

Die Gschichte sin datt all bereit
In doch so'n gansi karzi Zeit,
Mer glaabt's schier net;
Do hen paar dutzend Mann gschafft draa,
Weil ich hab gschnarrickst, un die Fraa
Im waarme Bett.

Des scheint mir schier gaar wie en Schpuck,
Geh ich maryets naus un guck
Fer Zeiding nei;
Schier wann sie aus de Wolke waer,
Datt leit sie graad ver meine Dier
Un froogt fer rei.

Nau nooch em Breckfescht finnscht du mich
Im Schockelschtuhl drauss in de Kich
Zeiding leese;
Zu sehne was geht in der Welt,
Wie heidich yeders sich aaschtellt
Un so Weese.

21. Feb 1934 —RALPH S. FUNK

NET VERSCHTEH

Ebmols meent mer ebber hett ebbes zu eem gsaat, noh finnt mer noochderhand, ass mer ihn letz verschtanne hot un er hot ebbes gans annerschts gsaat. Des gebt ebmols en grossi Gschpass. Dann un wann verzanne sich die, wu mer net verschtanne hot, wunnerbaar.

Yaahre zerick hen sie moll en grossi Uffruhr ghatt weegge der Leckschon. Iwweraal wu Leit zammekumme sin, iss es ans Leckschoniere gange. Nau, anere Vendu hot sich eener uff en Schtumpe gschtellt un hot aafange die Hend rumschwewe, un hot de Leit verzehlt wie en gudi Medizin, ass er hett zu verkaafe. En daawer Mann hot ihn net verschtanne un hot gsaat, "Es macht nix aus, was du saagscht, die Leit schtimme ennihau fer wen sie welle."

Es waare mol zwee Penna. Deitsche an der Schwatar—eener uff yedere Seit. Die sin ans Schelte gange. Der Eent hot ebbes farrichterliches Wieschtes niwwer gegrische zum annere. Noh hot der anner zerick gegrische, "Du bischt aa en Sunne-fisch!" Was hot der aerscht gsaat ghatt?

En fremmer yunger Loiyer iss mol in die Kort kumme un hot sei Kees fer der alt Tschotsch gebrocht. Nau der alt Tschotsch hot den yunge Loiyer net gekennt. Der Yung hot sich alleweg umleidlich gemacht. Des hot der alt Tschotsch schlecht gsuut. Er hot en annerer Loiyer gfroogt, "Wie heesst der yung Loiyer?"—"Sonnevieh," hot der anner Loiyer gsaat. "Ya," saagt der alt Tschotsch, "Ich weess ass er iss, awwer was is sei Naame?"—"Sell is sei Namme," saagt der Loiyer.

In Barricks Kaunti, Yaahre zerich, hen sie mol Kort ghalte in Penna. Deitsch. Sie hen sell all verschtanne, awwer en Latt hen ken Englisch verschtanne. En yunger Loiyer hot en alter Bauer vun Albany Taunschip im Zeiggeschtul ghatt. Der Bauer hot gut geandwatt, awwer der yung Loiyer hot gebrowiert ihn zu verkollebiere. Er iss vanne an dem alte Bauer in die Heeh geschtumpt un hot laut gegrische, "Wer bischt du un was bischt du?" Sell hot der alt Bauer verzannt. Er iss langsam uffgegraddelt, hot nunner uff der Riggel vanne an sich gschlagge un hot gsaat, "Ich bin Ludderisch un Demograadisch, verdolltsei!"—Es hot en halb Schtunn genumme fer Ordning in die Kort zu griegge, un der yung Loiyer hot sei Kees verlore.

En Mann hot en schepp Maul ghatt, un hot immer zum linke Mauleck raus gschwetzt. Sie hen ihn oft ausgschpott. Des hot ihn als wiedich verzannt. Ee Owed iss en fremmer Mann an ihm verbei, der hot aa en schepp Maul ghatt un hot zum rechte Mauleck raus gschwetzt. Er hot gfrogt, "Wie weit iss es ans neegscht Wattshaus?" Der anner hot gemeent, der Fremm wett ihn ausschpotte un hot gsaat, "Fer Schpeit saag ich dir's nau net." Weesscht, er hot ihn letz verschtanne.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

A Complete Hospital

It will be a great day at 17th and Chew Streets today for the new Trexler Memorial Building fronting upon Chew Street—the institution's newest unit—is to be dedicated. Then during the late afternoon and early evening hours opportunity will be afforded to the public to inspect the magnificent structure which has been dedicated to the welfare of all mankind.

The very idea of a hospital brings a beautiful picture to man's mind for it is the hope of the sick and the injured. It serves man in his most tragic and desperate moments. It can be his greatest friend and for hundreds of thousands of persons the Allentown Hospital has been exactly that during its more than half a century of history and service.

As this community has grown, so the Allentown Hospital has grown. As modern trend has placed more and more responsibility for the care of the sick and injured upon hospitals of our land and as public health education has prompted the people's reliance upon such institutions, our hospitals have had to grow at even greater rate than population increase.

Medical science has advanced by the phenomenal strides that have characterized scientific research in every field pertaining to man, both his body and his mind. Hospitals likewise have been required to advance in their application of the knowledge which has been developed in the laboratories and the clinics.

When the Trexler Memorial Wing of the Allentown Hospital has been dedicated today, those who know and have the professional capacity to appraise will be able to say to this community: "You people of the Lehigh Valley have a complete, modern hospital; a hospital provided not only with the most up-to-date equipment that modern medicine and surgery have developed but also with staffs of women and men who are headed by physicians and surgeons certified by the highest authorities in all the professional fields. All these specialists are fully trained and qualified for their work in the several 28 departments."

Not only has the Allentown Hospital grown in its capacity for accomodating patients. More importantly it has grown in the ability of the many hundreds of people who work therein to give the sick and the injured the highest quality of treatment and afford the greatest hope for recovery.

While the businessmen who make up the board of directors have worked thruout half a century to provide material facilities, such as buildings and equipment, a modern and intelligent administration has been building the personnel. They are the staffs upon whose work this institution alone can stand and move forward to even greater achievements for the people of the community.

Both elements have gone into the making of an insitution in which this community not alone can take pride and gain satisfactions because of its unswerving support but in which the people can respose complete confidence.

The people of the community built this magnificent addition which is to be dedicated today. Their support nerved those who have built its inner structure of sympathetic, kindly and highly skilled administrative men and women. These men and women work over the operating tables and in the clinics and then hover over the bedsides of the unfortunate and, with concern as deep as the members of one's own family, plan and work toward the complete recovery and rehabilitation of the unfortunate.

The Allentown Hospital is a well-rounded institution. It is a veritably complete hospital and as such it should today be entering upon the greatest era in its history of bringing blessings to the people of this community.

Why Not 'Justice Reno'!

In one of those slips which hurried and often harried newsmen have to excuse for their readers by terming them "inadvertent" Superior Court Judge Claude T. Reno was referred to in these columns on Thursday as "the late Judge Reno."

The publication of this happily incorrect phrase brought hosts of alarmed calls from the many very evident admirers of the capable and esteemed jurist.

From the victim himself came, as was to have been expected, nothing but amused chortles. These were as lusty and infectious as those which used to roll out of the late William Howard Taft when in his best humor.

Like Mark Twain, Judge Reno was quick to assert that any news of his demise was a great exaggeration. And like those who were overjoyed to learn that Mark still was alive and full of fun and good stories, so the people of this community were glad to learn that Judge Reno is very much alive. And it was delightful also to note that he has lost none of that merry good humor that has marked him throuout his public life.

The erroneous publication however not only served the unintended purpose of bringing out the fact that Judge Reno still is in the land of the living but it may have suggested to others that, while he is not a candidate for re-election to the Superior Court, he certainly still has a lot of good years left to him for public service.

At this very time President Eisenhower is confronted with the choice of a man to appoint to the Supreme Court of the United States. Undoubtedly he will look to other courts in the United States—Federal, State etc.—for the man whom he will name for appointment, subject to confirmation by the United States Senate.

Pennsylvania would be pleased we are sure if President Eisenhower would give the nod to our own Judge Claude T. Reno. This learned and experienced judge well would fit the robes of the highest court in the land.

Big Day at Lehighton

This is the final day for the Lehighton Fair and it is safe to predict that the record-breaking days of the current week, beginning with Monday, will be matched by attendance at and interest in the exhibition today.

Not in years has the Fair had such nearly perfect weather for its entire span of days. And the visitors have been treated to the kind of programs which they apparently like.

The climax to these programs comes today when stock-car races will be the order of things. With 43 entries, as of yesterday, a fast and a satisfactory meet can be anticipated. With a large sector of our population interested in this thrilling sport large attendance can be expected.

Chemical Test for Sots

Chemical test evidence in drunken driving cases is being used by an increasing number of cities and states.

According to the International City Managers' Association, use of the chemical tests as evidence, rather than use of "walk-the-straight-line" tests, results in a much higher percentage of convictions of intoxicated drivers. A recent report by the National Safety Council shows that 369 cities within 42 states used chemical tests as evidence during 1952. This is a 52 per cent increase in the number of cities over 10,000 population which reported using tests in 1951.

Employment of chemical tests to determine the degree of intoxication in suspected drinking drivers was reported by some enforcement agency in all but four states for 1952. The four which do not use them are Arkansas, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Wyoming. In 33 of the states, both the state agency and some city or cities utilized this scientific evidence in the courts. In Delaware and Maryland, only the state agency used tests and in Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, cities used the tests but the state enforcement agency did not.

Sixteen states have enacted chemical test statutes patterned after Act V of the Uniform Motor Vehicle Code, which sets forth the percentage of alcohol the blood must contain to justify a drunk charge. These include Arizona, Idaho, Indiana, Maine, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Washington and Wisconsin.

Under the standards used for the chemical tests, less than .05 per cent of alcohol in the suspect's blood means that he is not drunk. If the blood has more than .15 per cent alcohol, the suspect is considered definitely intoxicated. In the "doubtful" range, between .05 and .15 per cent, the suspect may or may not be too drunk to drive, depending on other evidence.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

News from the lumber regions, supplied by Sam Himmell: In California, a giant sequoia tree was sawed completely in two and refused to fall. It has remained standing for 33 years . . A nail driven into a tree will remain at the same height from the ground, no matter how high the tree grows . . . About 380 carloads of lumber could be saved in one year, if match sticks were shortened a quarter of an inch . . . And in Dixie, a lumber mill burned to the ground the very day the owner signed a new fire insurance policy. The insurance company suspected fraud, sent this note: "Sir, you took out a policy from us at 10 a.m., your fire did not break out until 3:30 p.m. Kindly explain the delay."

25 Years Ago

General satisfaction was registered last night among the residents of Northampton and North Catasauqua over the outcome of a meeting pertinent to the proposed new highway between the boroughs.

Horoscope

If you guard against mistakes and carelessness, your own industry and endeavors promise much good fortune. A fine, strong character may be looked for in today's child.

Accident Prevention



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — The end of a political fiasco — that's about the best way to describe the recent deadlock at the White House on labor-law changes that has just resulted in the resignation of Martin Durkin as secretary of labor in the Eisenhower Cabinet.

For the idea of putting in the Cabinet a partisan of union labor has proved a flop. Here was an executive head of a big labor union who, when he entered the Cabinet, was merely on "leave of absence" from his union presidency and did not, therefore, completely sever all previous connections in the same way that other Cabinet officers did when they found it necessary to sell all their stock and resign all directorships in corporations with which they had been identified. Here was a labor-union official who continued to be the mouthpiece of his former associates and lifetime friends in organized labor. Here was a man who felt it was his duty to represent the interests of labor unions and not the interests of either management or the public. The natural sequel, after only about eight months of service, was a resignation.

What happened behind the scenes to bring the matter to a head probably will never be disclosed in its entirety. But the union-labor chieftains in the AFL and CIO kept pressing Secretary Durkin to obtain from the President an agreement on certain amendments to the Taft-Hartley labor-management law.

Pressure Exerted

Steadily the pressure was exerted throughout the last several months. Members of the House and Senate Committees on Labor had been trying to draft amendments to the present law, but these were not acceptable to union-labor leaders. They wanted all or nothing.

Mr. Durkin put up to the President a series of amendments which was the minimum that the unions would accept. They made no pledge, however, that this was all they wanted or that they would support the administration if the amendments were recommended to Congress. The President, with characteristic fairness, tried to see how many of the labor-union proposals he could accept and indicated in a general way that he favored a number of them.

Then came a curious episode. The draft of a presidential message to Congress, written in the style of a finished communication from the Chief Executive, leaked out. The Wall Street Journal published it first, and other newspapers and periodicals followed. Businessmen became alarmed at the extent to which the administration had gone over to the labor-union side. Thereupon it was announced at the White House that the message was only a "working draft" and was by no means final. Several of the Eisenhower aides favored it, but they had no authority to make any "agreements" with the labor side.

Secretary Durkin felt that the draft represented the least he could ask for and stay in the Cabinet. He so notified the President informally, and, when he didn't get a definite commitment, he wrote a letter of resignation on Aug. 31. The President consulted his associates. He felt apparently that he had no alternative but to accept it and that he couldn't be in the position of being pressured into a decision by anyone, especially a Cabinet officer who represented one particular point of view.

If the President had had the benefit of good political advice, he would have selected a labor man of less partisan connections in the first instance. The late Sen. Taft, who called the Durkin appointment "incredible," felt there were several other men from whom a good selection friendly to labor could have been made. The Ohio senator said he would work with Mr. Durkin—he didn't vote against his confirmation. Mr. Taft was ready to make certain legislative concessions, too, but not on issues believed by him to be fundamental in protecting the public interest. He didn't believe in special privilege for any group.

Majority for Law

Actually it was a mistake for the White House entourage to become entangled in an effort to rewrite the labor law. It would have been sufficient to express general principles and leave it to Congress to write the law. There is a two-thirds majority in both Houses for a retention of the Taft-Hartley Act in substantially its present form. Very few amendments would have gotten through Congress, anyway, even if Mr. Eisenhower had accepted the Durkin viewpoint.

It would have been better politics for the President to have kept aloof from detailed recommendations altogether. It is not too late for him to adopt that course and let union labor wrestle with Congress, which is supposed to protect all the people and not just a privileged group. Writing legislation isn't an executive function.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA LEHIGHTON FAIR:

Wel, 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg hen m'r die Lehighton Fair ei ganumma fer 'n kartzie tzeit. Die krowd wor shae, uns hut bakonta g'sichter kot woh ever os m'r onna gaguck'd hut—weit tzu fiel fer denka fer sie ol nanna. Noh sin aw so fiel kumma woh m'r die g'sichter yusht kenna—leit os g'sawt hen sie weara mit der Hudson nuf gawest, un fiel os aw mit noch Niagara Falls wolla da nagshda mohnet. Fiel hen aw die Lodwarick party ei ganumma on Dorneys, 'm Mondawg, un etlicha hen uns in der kom gapick'd weil sie ken lodwarick griega hen kenna fer mit hame nemma. Wie ainer g'sawt hut, "Won m'r lodwarick fon eich grick'd, wase m'r os m'r hame gamochder lodwarick hut, un ken facktory gamochte."

De Lehighton Fair sheinds wear graiser un besser os sei lava. Net so monicha yohr tzurick wor wenich darta os wie karrabsa un kustards, ow'r des yohr hen sie abissel fon allas—un die Grange exhibits sin aw arrick shae. Die Mahoning grange is rei kumma in airshder blotz, un hen 'n aryer shainer exhibit—sellie fiela blumma farna har hen gore ken shawda gaduh. Ae grange is nei fer alt hondwarieks g'shar weissa—hen n alter blug un aig darta, un aw dale onnerra socha.

Der George Ebbers woh m'r shun fer die ledshda 25 yohr, sehna, im grossa obsht gabei unnich 'm grandshtand, maint er het des yohr mainer socha os noch aenich onner yohr. Un der George sots wissa—er is 'n altie rot wons hais'd fair socha in arder griega fer die leit os es bei bringa, un hut 'n wunnerborer guter chob gaduh mit da hilf fom Amandus Confer, woh liever English shwetzt wie Pennsylfawnish Deitsch. Oh yar, der George shmok'd ols noch cigars—un hut sie gawainlich kartza grawd tzum moul nous shtecka.

So weit os es welshkern aw gonga is, hen sie yusht fier orta feld welshkern on da Fair—die tzeit is ferbei woh yader bauer 'n onnerrie ort welshkern rais'd. Heit tzu dawg gaina sie ei fer hybrid welshkern, un woh die kolva bol of gleich gucka. In ebbei wear der blotz aw lare wons net wear fer die Graver breeder, der Lafayette fom Ella Dahl, un der Harry fom Stemlersville. Won die ebbel aw shtarrick om tzurick gae sin in Carbon kounty, bleibt die gagend uf da map sella waig, so long os der Harry un der Lafayette in bisnis sin.

'S gadich socha im grossa Fair gabei gons om ewwerra end fom fair grund is aw shae, ow'r maind sie sotta obsalut blotz howwa fer alta relicks. Debbich sin shae, ow'r 's sin wenich socha woh leit sich besser ferweila kenna blauderra dafon, os wie alter "gadrash," wie dale leit die alta socha haisa. Freera yohrra hen sie relicks darta kotta, ow'r fer die ledshda yohrra is sel tzu nix gonga—denk die Fair hut net ganunk batzawlt dafor.

Der Ollie Altamose fon Sayre wor tzurick die Fair ei nemma—sei airshdie trip wie m'r fershtaina, tzitter os er retir'd hut 'n motnet tzurick fom Lehigh Valley rigelwaig. Der Ollie wor gabora in Lehighton, ow'r is shun in Sayre fer die ledshda 20 yohr. Ol iwwer woh der Ollie onna gaguck'd hut, hut er alta freind g'sehna.

Sis 'n lot bauerra g'shar on da Fair, so aw fee, un 'n grosser larer race track, un der grandshtand wor aw tzimlich nagshd lare, ferol os 'n band g'shpielt hut, un der Chief Halftown fon Fildelfy hut 'n lot kinner darta kotta fer singa, shpiela, un gonsa. Shows worra nommy dawgo weiters kennie om gae, ow'r sellie games woh sie welshkern kerna uv nummerra laiga bis ebber "bingo" griesh'd, hen wunnerbore bisnis gaduh. M'r hen s elwar paar game g'shpielt, ow'r sel wor aw ol.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der George Bonser un sei fraw fon nagshd on Harrity hen sich wunnerbore blessiert allas ei nemma—der George blutkeppich so os er der hute net ferlierra dade, un sei fraw aw gaduh imma dunkle greena frock, ich sawg eich sie hen 'n gutie tzeit kot.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

COMMITTEES

Committees are the groups that meet
To do the work for others.
Clubs, large or small, they're members all;
In lodges they are brothers.
In churches they for many a day
To building pay attention.
And then, again, they're business men
Who plan next year's convention.

Committees are the willing men
With burdens thrust upon them.
The task is theirs to run affairs.
You don't find loafers on them.
The banquet planned they take in hand
Through many a nightly meeting,
Seat every guest and leave the rest
To come and do the eating.

Committees are the workers who
Get small reward, if any;
The chosen few who gladly do
The labor for the many.
Since every one we lean upon
These lines are penned about them—
A willing lot. I wonder what
We'd ever do without them?

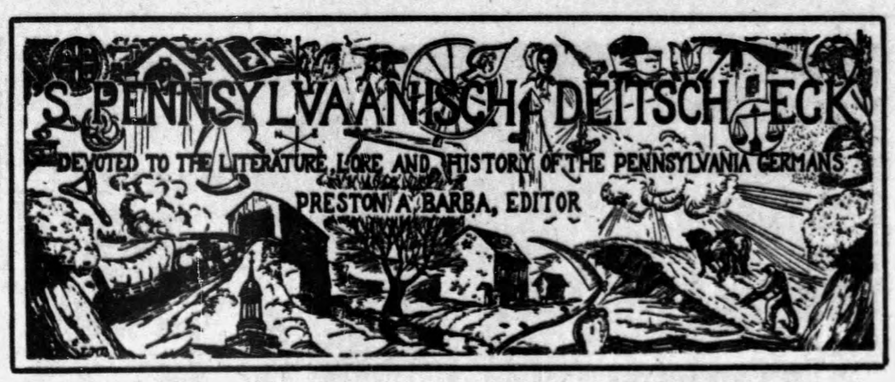
(Copyyrght, 1953)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 1:13-16.

When the disciples of Jesus returned to Jerusalem after His ascension, they went into an upper room, no doubt in a private home. Among the company of believers (about 120) were the Apostles (mentioned here by name for the fourth time in the New Testament); the women whom we met with in the Gospels as believers (Luke 23:49; 24:10); Mary, the mother of Jesus, mentioned here for the last time in the New Testament; and Jesus' brothers, whose names are given in Matth. 13:55, referred to in Psalm 69:8 as 'My mother's children'. All these were with one accord engaged in prayer to their common Saviour and Lord. Now began a period of 10 days of waiting for the fulfillment of the promise Jesus had given them concerning the coming of the Holy Spirit. During those 10 days, Peter arose and addressed the company, referring to the act of Judas, the betrayer of Jesus, who, according to Psalm 41:9, is spoken of as 'Mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of My bread, and lifted up his heel against Me, 'See John 13:18.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER SIWWET

"Well, Captain Ocker, wie meensecht du, ass mir nau ahead geh welle?" froogt der Carniel, wie unser machine seller owed abgschtaert iss fer de Insching ihre schteddel zu finne.

"Heess mich net Captain," saagt der Jonathan; "ich bin graad aus der plain Jonathan Ocker, un nix schunscht. Wann dihr mich recht wiescht verzanne wett, dann breicht dihr mich yuscht captain odder colonel odder ebbes so heesse."

"Well, wie welle mir awwer ahead geh nau fer die Insching zu finne, Jonathan?" froogt der Carniel; "die zeit geht schtarrig rum, un die Insching kennte der Mawny dod mache, eb mir neegscht kumme kenne."

"Well, ich hab en idea, ass mir de Insching ihre schteddel gut finne kenne, wann mir yuscht recht scharref watsche," saagt der Jonathan, wie er en groosser, mechticher tschaa schrap genumme hot; "die Insching duhne der Mawny undoubtedly aerscht so aardlich wiescht 'torture'e, un dernoh duhne sie ihn verleicht verbrenne. Guckt yuscht recht scharref, un wann dihr ungfaehr en sign sehne duht vun de Insching ihre campfire, dann losst mich 's wisse."

They Spy An Indian Village

Der Jonathan iss dernoh ans anner end vum cylinder gange un hot die landschaft unnich uns carefully beguckt mit eens vun de telescopes, die weil ass unser flying machine langsam hie un haer in differenti directions gange iss.

Endlich saagt der Jonathan:

"Buwe, ich sehn ebbes, weit datt drunne in sellere valley, ass zu mir scheint wie en feier, un wann ich net arrig mistaken bin, dann sehn ich leit hie un haer schpringe."

"Du hoscht recht!" greischt der Carniel, wie er nunner geguckt hot mit seim field-glass; "un ich bin schur ass sell Insching sin."

"Mir misse nidderer nunner mit der machine," saagt der Jonathan; "es iss aardlich dunkel, mir hen ken lichter am brenne, un ich bin schur, ass mir so arrdlich neegscht nunner zu de Insching geh kenne, eb sie uns sehne."

Der Rossem hot die machine dernoh nunner geh losse bis mir so verleicht en dausend fuss owwich em blacke waare, wu mir's feier gsehne hen, un mir hen graad genoticed ass mir owwich de Insching ihre schteddel waare.

"Des is fer schur net safe," saagt der Rossem, wie er nunner geguckt hot; "wann die Insching uns sehne un nemme en notion fer geefch uns zu schiesse, dann iss es 'good-bye, John," mit uns. Sie deede gewiss eens vun de gas chambers dreffe, un sell deet's settle mit unsere machine."

Es Insching schteddel waar in ere valley, un graad unne amme farrichterliche hoche barrig. Der barrig hot hoche cliffs ghatt, ass graad vum bodde in die heeh gange sin un hen en gudi protection gemacht fer die Insching vun sellere seit. An deel bletz waare breede platforms owwe uff de cliffs—breet genunk fer en gans regiment soldaade druff zu kempe.

"Loss die machine datt nunner geh uff selli breet platform, Rossem," saagt der Jonathan, "un datt kenne mir dernoh besser sehne, was aageht, un sin doch net in gfaahr weeich unsere gas chambers."

Der Rossem hot die levers gedreht, un in e paar Minudde hot die machine sich nunner gseddelt ghatt uff eens vun de breede platforms. Die Insching hen uns net gsehne, un mir waare so weit seef.

Mir hen die machine zerick gemuft, so ass die Insching sie bei ken means sehne odder dreffe kennte, un dernoh sin mir ans end vum cliff gegraddelt un hen mit unsere telescopes nunner ins schteddel geguckt.

They Glimpse Mawny Tied to a Tree

Mir hen about zwee hunnert Insching wigwams gsehne, un en farrichterlichi latt Insching menner, weibsleit un kinner. Gans neegscht unne am cliff wu mir druff waare, hen die Insching en feier ghatt, un about en hunnert vun de braves hen datt ghockt un hen evidently ebbes vun er e convention ghalte.

Mir hen sie heere kenne schwetze, awwer mir hen ken watt verschteh kenne.

"Es iss evidently ebbes vun aardlich importance im gang datt drunne," saagt der Carniel, "ich wunner yuscht eb sie der Mawny arriyets datt drunne hen."

"Why, of course," saagt der Jonathan; "ich hab der Mawny schunn e weil gewatscht datt drunne an sellem baam. Er guckt so aardlich unnich em Wedder."

Der Jonathan hot uns dernoh der blacke ausge'point', wu der Mawny gschtanne hot, tight wedder en baam gebunne an de hend un fiess.

De Insching ihre camp-fire iss alle gebott hoch genunk in die heeh gange, ass mir der Mawny so zu not sehne hen kenne, awwer ich hab net ausmache kenne eb er unnich em wedder waar odder net.

Der blatz wu der Mawny gschtanne hot, waar rechts vun uns niwwer, un net weit vun wu 's cliff en boogge gformt hot niwwer an die beem wu hinnich em Mawny un gschwische ihm un em cliff gschtanne hen.

"Wann ich yuscht datt hinnich em Mawny waer im dunkle unnich selle beem," saagt der Jonathan, "dann wett ich ihn glei los hawwe."

"Awwer was deetscht du duh mit sellem Insching, wu net weit ab am guard schteh iss?" froogt der Carniel.

"Ich deet ihn ewwe gaar net baddere," saagt der Jonathan, "unless er deet zu frisch warre, un dernoh deet's of course ebbes gewwe."

A Daring Attempt to Rescue Mawny

"Ich glaab, ass du datt nunner geh kenntscht amme lange schtrick," saagt der Carniel; "suppose mir deede datt niwwer geh un deede es cliff datt mol gut exemmine?"

Mir sin dernoh niwwer gange, un hen glei gsehne ass der Jonathan verleicht an sellem point nunner geh kennt wann mir en rechter langer schtrick hedde.

"Grick seller lang schtrick in der machine, Rossem, un ich kann glei sehne was zu duh is," saagt der Jonathan.

Der Rossem iss glei kumme mit em schtrick, un in en paar minudde waar der Jonathan reddi fer sei gfaehrlichi trip zu mache.

Er hot uns instruct ass mir owwe am annere end vum schtrick bleiwe sedde, un ass wann er zweemol zobbe deet ass mir ihn dernoh gschwind nuffziegge sedde. So lang ass mir nix fiehle am schtrick, dann kennte mir wisse, ass er noch net reddi waer fer nuff gezogge zu sei.

Der Jonathan hot nix mitgenumme, ass wie sei revolver un en messer. Er hot arrig ge'determined' geguckt, wie er der schtrick um sich rum gebunne hot un wie mir ihn dernoh langsam iwwer die seit nunner gelosst hen.

Der Rossem hot ihm absolut aerscht 'embrace'e welle, awwer der Jonathan hot gemeent sell waer lauder dummheite.

Der Carniel hot dernoh aa absolut nunner geh welle, awwer des hen mir net erlaabt.

Am blacke wu mir nau waare hen mir aa noch so en zimmlicher guder view ghatt vum Inschingschteddel, un hen alles sehne kenne was datt aagange iss. Mir hen ge'noticed' ass die Insching als noch elferich am schwetze waare, un hen evidently net recht 'agree'e kenne uff ebbes ass sie unnich discussion ghatt hen. Dernoh sin sie uff eemol arrig excited warre, un hen gegrische un gedobt uff en aart ass wann sie en latt politicians waere in ere county convention.

"Was fehlt selle kalls, ennihau?" froogt der Rossem.

"So neegscht ass ich's ausmache kann, dann kenne sie net recht 'agree'e uff en plan fer der Mawny dod zu mache," saagt der Carniel; "die yunge braves sin in favor fer ihn dod zu schleefe mit emme Gaul, awwer die alte kalls deede ihn liewer verbrenne. Wann sie yuscht um der lieb wille lang genunk wrengle, so ass der Jonathan der Mawny losgriegge kann. Wann er net glei loskummt, dann grickt er en schrecklicher dod, ee weeg odder der anner."

"Der aarem Mawny hot schunn so aardliche hadde rubs ghatt; awwer ich will hoffe ass des ihm en gudi lesson gebt, wann er widder safe devun kummt," saagt der Rossem.

"Well, er iss noch net safe devun, un die chances sin, ass der Jonathan aa ge'captured' watt bei de Insching," saagt der Carniel; "es iss en gfaehrlichi bisniss fer unnich so en latt Insching zu geh. Sie sin arrig bees darrich des, ass sie so wiescht ge'defeat' sin warre, wie sie selli emigrant train attacked hen, un en mannicher weisser mann muss nau verleicht sei lewe uffgewwe bis sie ihre revengeful feeling g'satisfied' hen."

"Wie waer's, wann mir verleicht e paar gleene schticker dynamite reddi hedde fer die Insching wennich zu verschrecke, wann's notwennich sel sett?" froogt der Rossem.

"Sell waer en guder plan, un du kannscht gschwind e paar schticker griegge," saagt der Carniel.

The Rescue Takes An Unexpected Turn

Der Rossem iss ab, un waar hardly zerick mit em dynamite, dann hen mir genoticed ass die Insching uff eemol ruhich sin warre. Sie hen evidently agreed ghatt uff en plan fer der Mawny aus em weg zu schaffe, un der weg wie's zu uns appeared hot, dann waar's ihre intention fer seller plan graad auszufiehre.

"Wann der Jonathan doch yuscht um der lieb wille der Mawny in zeit los grickt" saagt der Carniel; "es iss nau nimmi lang zeit, un em Mawny sei gfaahr watt als greesser."

Mir hen genoticed, ass der Carniel arrig gedruwwelt waar, un mir hen of course aa net zum beschte gfiehlt.

Awwer uff eemol hen mir widder en arrig excitement gheert un gsehne unne im Insching schteddel. Die braves hen ihre flinte ge'grabbed' un hen farrichterlich gegrische un motions gemacht wie sie en rush gemacht hen in der direction vum baam wu der Mawny fescht-gebunne waar.

Die seem segund hen mir en revolver schuss gheert graad unnich uns, un hen graad gfiehlt ass ebber farrichterlich am zobbe waar am schtrick.

"Ziegt, buwwe!" saagt der Carniel, wie er selwer haltgenumme hot am schtrick; "sell iss der Jonathan, un wann ich net mistaken bin, dann hot er der Mawny bei sich!"

Un was hen mir drum gezogge! Mir hen der schtrick iwwer en nascht vumme baam gschmisse ghatt. Des hot of course aardlich viel meh friction gemacht ghatt, awwer ich glaab really, ass wann mir der schtrick net selle weeg g'fixed' hedde ghatt, ass mir's ewwe gaar net 'manage'e hedde kenne.

"Es dingt mich, der Jonathan un der Mawny kennte net so schwer sei," saagt der Carniel, wie er wunderbaar gezogge un geblose hot; "sie sin alle zwee yuscht gleene, leichte kalls, un ich glaab net, ass eener allee meh ass en hunnert un dreissich pund wiegt. Des ziegt sich nau gans verschinnert hatt!"

"Mir sin ewwe e wennich excited, un sell macht's dernoh really schwerer 'appear'e ass es iss," saagt der Rossem; "mir sedde uns recht cool halte, un so gschwind ass mir der Jonathan un der Mawny safe do howwe hen, dann sedde mir eens gedichtich yohle."

Un dernoh hen mir widder all drei hazhafdich gezogge.

Ich hab immer wennich en schwacher rick ghatt, awwer ich hab sell yuscht gaar net gemeint, un hab gezogge bis es mir gans schwaz iss warre fer de aagge. Ich glaab heit noch, ass ich mir sellemol eens vun meine niere losgerisse hab un hab sie im excitement iwwer selli cliff nunner gschpautzt.

"Noch ee rechter guder pull!" saagt der Carniel, wie er iwwer der cliff nunner geguckt hot un hot im dunkle die forms vun zwee menner sehne am schtrick henke.

Dernoh hen mir widder frisch gezogge, un yuscht wie mir die kalls am schtrick uff emme level ghatt hen mit de schteeniche platform dann froogt der Carniel:

"Hoscht du der Mawny bei dir, Jonathan?"

Awwer der Carniel hot ken answer grickt, un yuscht wie er die question widder froogge hot welle, dann sin die kalls am schtrick uff die platform getschumpt, un mir hen uff eemol zwee groose Insching sehne ver uns schteh!

To be continued

THE LONG TIN HORN

Quite distinctly I remember
The long tin dinner horn
That hung upon an iron peg
In the home where I was born,
Which called us home to dinner
When the hour of twelve drew night,
While working out upon the fields,
Then homeward we would hie.

Or when down in distant meadow
We were working at the hay,
To rake it into windrows
On a torrid summer day;
When the long tin horn was taken
From its place against the wall,
Where it hung upon the portico
From Springtime until Fall.

When the well-known sounds were wafted
Down between adjacent hills;
Where the new-mown hay was drying
Near the gently flowing rills;
We would hasten up the meadow
Where the brooklet flowed between
The nearby sloping hillsides
Clothed with grain or verdure green.

Was there music in that tin horn?
Ask the hills of Colebrookdale,
Where the pleasing sounds reechoed
As they sped o'er narrow vale;
Where the winding Popodiekon
Flowed through meads of pasture green;
Where the silver sheen reflected
By each toiler could be seen.

There I see my mother standing
As she did in days gone by,
While we boys and girls were toiling
In the fields of wheat and rye.
She is calling us to dinner
From the top of yonder hill,
With the long tin horn uplifted—
Ah! methinks I see her still.

Now I hear the loud sounds swelling
Over hills and through each vale!
Still I hear the pleasing echo
Where the distant hillsides pale;
And I see the rays reflected,
As I did in former days,
From the brightly burnished blowhorn
In the sunbeam's glinting rays.

There I see the men with cradles
Cutting down, by rhythmic sweep,
The ripened grain before them
Which in harvest time we reap;
There I see the swaths now lying
On the sloping, stubby ground,
And I see the rakers busy
Where the sheaves are deftly bound.

There the sheaves in heaps were gathered
(For such was the custom then)
And then "Shocked" at noon or evening,
In straight rows by older men,
Till the long tin horn was sounded,
When we took our homeward way,
To the welcome sound responding
At the hour of noon each day.

Still I see my mother standing
On the rounded hill out there,
With the slender tin horn calling
To the meal she did prepare.
Still the boys I there see toiling;
Still the girls with rakes there too;
Still the ripened grain there bending
To be reaped by yeoman true.

But alas; 'Tis all mere fancy,
Fancy of an active brain,
That still loves, at times, to turn back
To the scenes of youth again;
To recall the scenes of childhood,
When I romped, in childish glee,
There among the cone-like haycocks,
From all cares and troubles free.

Boyertown —ONKEL JEFF
Dec. 6, 1903

"Onkel Jeff" is the pen-name of Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, whose two volumes (1904 and 1906) "Onkel Jeff's Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems" contain many poems both in English and in the Pennsylvania German dialect of interest to the student and folklorist of today.

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Editorials

'Twas a Big Night

A complete success was the formal reopening of Hamilton Street on Thursday night after almost three months of rebuilding operations.

A host of people comparable in numbers only with those of such wild and hilarious events as the observance of the Armistice after World War I poured into the central city area for enjoyment of a perfect evening.

Since most persons who respond for such a public event must like to mingle with crowds they were not disappointed. They found themselves among congenial people and all in congenial, happy mood.

An important public purpose was served. Many thousands of people had a good time out of it and participated in an event which they will not soon forget.

Keep the Fair Clean

As in other years the early word that has gone out from official circles is that gambling, particularly the playing of Bingo, will be tabu at the Allentown Fair next week and that all the forces of law and order which are valiantly marshalled for this event are going to see to it that the law is going to be enforced.

While the general public undoubtedly prefers to be optimistic, to be trusting and to accept official promises as gospel, there is basis for pessimism and distrust in the experiences of many other years. All too often the ban upon gambling has been more talk than performance. The little fellows and the unknowns for exhibition purpose only, have been dealt with harshly, albeit justly, while the big fellows in such rackets have operated, undoubtedly with official grace and blessing. Much fuss and feathers has been made of arrests of the little fellows but the show of righteousness and zeal for law enforcement has really failed to deceive.

There is no disposition to prejudge the activities in law enforcement this year. There is instead the sincerest hope that the ban upon gambling will not be an empty threat but an enforced command. The gamblers of course will learn speedily whether the threat is empty or whether it is loaded with dynamite. They make it their business to learn before they set up business. Most of them learn even before they move into the city. They wait for and get the word whether or not the law enforcement officers are going to arrest them and put them away for safekeeping the moment they begin operations or whether there is going to be winking at their law violations — for a price.

Never permit the law enforcement officers to "kid" you, as the slang saying puts it, if they pretend ignorance of gambling upon large scale by professionals. Where it exists, there information concerning its existence speedily is placed in the hands of the law enforcement authorities. In fact, the larger and the more important the operation, the greater the certainty that officialdom has had advance notice of its establishment and that it has been established with the sanction of the law enforcement authorities and, as said before, "for a price."

Tracking Errant Sires

It is getting to be more and more difficult for irresponsible men to desert their wives and children, forget all about them and contribute not a nickel to their support.

Thru reciprocal laws, Pennsylvania mothers now can arrange for the arrest of husbands who have gone into other states and secure payments for themselves and children with little more difficulty than if they had put them under arrest here in Lehigh County.

In addition, Pennsylvania is moving in on a lot of these reprehensible men who have thrown the entire burden of support of little children upon mothers, usually of the hard-working type.

During recent weeks, agents of the State Department of Public Assistance have been working in Philadelphia. In a few days they located more than a hundred men who had deserted their wives and children and thrown them upon the DPA for support. It was estimated that the families of the men already located and brought to time in Philadelphia have been receiving more than $10,000 a month in rlief orders from the State. Some of the fathers have been sought for during the past three or four years, during which time the State was feeding and housing their broods. In fact at the end of August Pennsylvania was taking care of 26,541 women and children in Philadelphia alone at a cost of three million dollars per month and several thousand of these are the undoubted responsibility of men who have jobs but ignore or evade support orders from the Courts.

Now the State is out not merely to locate these evaders and get them to support their children, and wives, but also to get orders for the payment of arrearages which would accrue to the State in cases where the DPA has provided support.

A cleanup of Philadelphia in this matter is in progress. The special investigators are expected to move into other areas later on. The general idea is that all cases of this kind are to be ferreted out and disposed of. It is believed that if and when this is done at least $2,000,000 will be saved on relief orders issued to the wives and children of men who have jobs and can pay for their support but have not done so.

Betrayal for a Song

Very early in the story of the capture of General Dean there was suggestion that he had been betrayed and sold for a few pieces of silver.

When this highest ranking officer to be taken captive was released recently the story of his capture again was examined into and it became known authoritatively that after he had almost made his way to safety, after days and weeks of hiding, he was betrayed for the equivalent of $5. Having named his betrayer, General Dean made it possible for our forces in Korea to apprehend him and to secure his confession of the facts as given by the General.

The paltriness of the bribe and the high value of the man who was betrayed stand out in sharp contrast. It supplies a key to oriental thinking which it seems was overlooked when we were trying to tempt wholesale desertions of Communist aviators.

It will be remembered that a reward of $50,000 was offered to any Red flyer who would deliver a MIG to the American forces. In fact it was even suggested that $100,000 would be a sum quite adequate for taking a plane of this type out of the Commies' hands.

But it was pointed out at the time that the reward offered was too big and because it was too big the offer would prove ineffective. It was said by the objectors that no one on the Red side could possibly believe that a king's ransom was his for just a little betrayal job. It was believed a mistake lay in fixing an incredible sum instead of offering an amount of money comprehensible to people who can live an entire year on a few dollars worth of rice.

The General Dean incident suggests that we probably made a big mistake in offering too much money for MIGs; that we'd have gotten a lot of them if we had put them on a 5 and 10 cent store basis.

Of Sight and Sound

The quest of the movie makers for technical advances has been persistent since television appeared as a rival; and this week audiences are seeing the latest of these in the form of CinemaScope. Where earlier efforts have concentrated on giving the illusion of depth, this development aims mainly at space and brilliance. The large curved screen, carrying an image expanded by special lenses, permits distances to be spread out lavishly before the eye and gives room to action on a grand scale. The effect is that of looking through a wide window, upon scenes of surpassing vividness.

The sponsors of CinemaScope have been fortunate in having for their first presentation a film so crowded with incident and action, so rich in color and spacious settings, as "The Robe." Quite apart from the excellence of the acting and the touching qualities of the story, the picture contains unforgettable moments. To hear and to see become in themselves exciting experiences, as in ordinary life they can be on an exceptionally clear day of spring or autumn.

What questions remain after this impressive performance concern the desirability of always seeing events on this scale and with this dazzling degree of perception. The movie makers will undoubtedly learn to contract their image as the need arises, leaving areas of the great screen comparatively unlit; or perhaps reducing the screen itself for certain episodes—as on the stage spotlights or shallow sets focus the gaze. There will surely be artistic experiments ahead, as their will be new technical processes to vie with those now on view. Meanwhile the developers of CinemaScope deserve congratulations for an exciting contribution to the pleasure of the theater-going public. N.Y. Herald Tribune.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Bill Brennan knocked on a housewife's door and told her, "I'm sorry, but I just ran over your cat outside. I have every intention, however, of replacing it." "In that case, snapped the housewife, "I suggest that you get busy. There's a mouse in the kitchen."

Groucho Marx is a difficult fellow to silence completely, but the 5-year-old daughter of a friend did that with consummate ease. Groucho asked her what she did in kindergarten. Her answer: "We just draw pictures and go to the little girls' room."

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Routine business is favored, but be sure to conserve a portion of your gains, avoiding extravagance. Today's child is likely to be a charming personality, but a tendency to go to extremes and an inclination to be lax in money matters should be corrected early.

Something Keeps Troubling Me



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

ST. LOUIS — The busiest scouts in America today are neither at the Yankee Stadium nor Brooklyn's Ebbets Field — they're in St. Louis, working the hotel corridors. And they're not reporting back to any clubhouse. They're telephoning directly to the White House via Asst. President Sherman Adams' personal aide, the "anonymous" Max Raab.

The White House scouts are trying to discover just what sort of reception Secretary of State John Foster Dulles will get next Thursday when he steps up to the AFL's convention platform —on which will be ex-Secretary of Labor Martin Durkin.

The White House has been telephoning instructions to St. Louis these past few days preparatory to having the man who wrote the Japanese peace treaty attempt to make peace with the embattled AFL leaders. Well, the White House can call in its scouts for here is what will happen if Dulles does fly to St. Louis.

He will be graciously received —though much of the Eisenhower foreign policy will be criticized for cooperating with conservative elements abroad.

Friendship Gesture

However, the simple act of inviting Dulles to the convention is a sign of friendship. Not because the AFL is giving him a platform after the feud between Eisenhower and Durkin. But because the AFL has not, in many years, invited the secretaries of state of even such men as Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, who have been referred to in the past as American labor's most important business agents.

Neither former Secretaries of State George Marshall nor Dean Acheson were ever asked to address the AFL. To get a labor platform these former Fair Deal officials had to go to the CIO conclaves.

The invitation to Dulles by the AFL was a deliberate effort by its policy makers to point out that they approve of, although reserving the right to criticize, the broad Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy, while they rejected that of Marshall and Acheson. Take that as fact.

This, however, was not understood by the White House staffers. So they have been scouting the AFL leaders now in St. Louis to learn whether Dulles will be booed or treated rudely.

Unless some extreme faction organizes an anti-Dulles demonstration, this won't happen. But the White House did fear the international repercussions throughout the Orient of a hostile labor demonstration in America against its foreign policy spokesman.

Strangely enough, it will fall on Dulles, the man who made friends for America and President Eisenhower in the Orient, in Iran and in Germany with some of the most daring behind-the-scenes maneuvers ever attempted, to pull the same coup with the AFL.

He plans to tell the 60 influential delegates that their international counter - maneuvering against the global Communist network has helped the free world beat back Moscow on many fronts. This is the worldwide operation run by the AFL's International Committee, headed by First Vice President Matthew Woll, whose executive secretary is Jay Lovestone. The International Committee has men in Tokyo, Rome, Berlin and Paris, where the office is directed by Irving Brown.

Takes His Chances

If Dulles' speech goes over, he will have kept the critical AFL from all-out war against Eisenhower — and may well have saved the 1954 election, as he did the German election, with a few well-chosen and venturesome words. There is no doubt that he takes his chances on that platform. He will arrive after three days, and one Durkin speech, of anti-Eisenhower talk.

The AFL chiefs are expecially bitter over an angry threat the President threw at Durkin in the now famous half-hour effort to keep him from resigning last Thursday.

This came when President Eisenhower, who is not altogether well, and was fatigued by his trip and heartsick over the death of the late Justice Vinson, snapped at Durkin:

"All right. Labor has had its chance. There will never be another labor man appointed."

That remark is all over AFL circles now and has had two effects. One, of course, was to embitter such men as AFL president George Meany, long a New Deal-Fair Deal Democrat. The other has been to alarm the powerful Republican labor bloc which actually controls a majority of the 9 million votes at the AFL convention. They don't want to be cut off from the White House again as they were during the Democratic regimes. But neither do they want to stick their necks way out unless they get a personal nod from President Eisenhower.

So, if Dulles gives them something to cheer, they will—and the all-out split between Ike and labor may be averted, at least for a while.

(Copyright 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S SHELTER HOUSE: Hen ihr ungfare shun ob g'sh topt, 's "Shelter House" sehna in Emmaus? Wel won n'r net hen, um da lieva willa shotppa mohl ob fers sehna — so wie m'r fershtaina is es morya nommy dawg widder uf. Des is ains fon da eldshda gabeier in da gonsa gagend — 'n alt blug hous wunnerbore shae rum g'shoft — grawd wies wor may wie 200 yohr tzurick, wie die airshda elwanderer in die gagend, die hamet gabout hen nagshd on fier odder finf shpringa.

M'r dade gore net denka os es miglich wear os 'n hous gabout fon bleck un dreck so long shtae kent. Uns erhstounlich'd fon ol is, os es hous die gons tzeit bawohn'd wor — fer die ledshda yohrra beim Marcus Iobst, 'n mon os gaglicha hut laenich tzu sei. Gute galehrt, un ganunk arbschoft os sei fohr elterra 'm hinner lossa hen, hut er fer yohrra galaibt weck fon alla menscha, un die alt hamet huts g'sheind gnag'd tzu grund so wie aw der Marcus alt un shuack werra is — un endlich noch seinra ruh is etlicha yohr tzurick.

Der gons blotz hut daurerich ous g'sehna wie die fendu wor. Mit ordlich grund dabei nava om barrick, so'n shtick drin fon da Fiert shtross Emmaus, nagshd om hoch shule shpiel grund, wor allas iwwer woxa mit bame un hecka, un die alt hamet huts g'sheind wear ready for tzomma falla. 'S hut ol iwwer g'fail'd. 'S shindla doch wor fol lecher un wohs g'sawt wor die ragooa gangda ous un ei fer sich fershluppa uf 'm garret. Die bleshderring 'n aw hous g'shwishich da bleg, fenshter sheiva ferbrocha, dale rauma hen lose k'honka, un fiel fon da floors worra bol darrich galoffa odder weck g'foul'd. Allas hut sare drei ous g'sehna g'sehna.

Ol hen gawunnert war so'n blotz kaufa maich'd, wenich hen drin g'sehna wos der lawyer Henry L. Snyder, un dale onnerra g'sehna hen. Der. Henry hut der blotz kauft — ol hen gawunnert fer wen, un aw ferwos. Dale worra shure 's gaibt grund fer neia hameta onna baua, un onnerra widder 'n iwwer rouser shainer blotz fer ebbes fon ra klub — 's wear weit ganunk nava drous os die woh sich blessierra wotta niemond fershtairra dade.

Niemond het der blotz kaufa kenna fer aenich ebbes bessers rous mocha os wie sie now darta hen om "Shelter House." Die fiela alta gabeier woh bol om tzomma falla worra sin weck garissa, die hecka sin uf gabutzt, uns alt hous woh aw sare badirelich ous g'sehna hut wie die fendu wor, locht em recht aw won m'r hee kumt — so shae is es widder tzurick in arder fer wohnlich sei. Im glaina aw gabouta dale — aw gamocht fon bleg, is die wohning fom mon woh ocht gebt uf der blotz, uns iwwerich is so tzimlich nagshd wies wor wies hous gabout is werra 200 yohr un noch may tzurick.

Un noh hen sie aw net yusht die hamet uf g'fix'd, ow'r hen aw housrote socha drin so tzimlich nagshd wie fiel dafon wor in da gons freea tzeita wie sel gabei 's aintsich'd wor uf weit un braid. In kartza wearta, won n'r noch net om "Shelter House" worra in Emmaus, un da lieva willa gaina 's sehna — sis sehnes wert.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die tickets sin now hous fer da 17d un 18d da nagshda mohnet noch Niagara Falls gae — 'n trip os m'r des yohr mocha bei dawg tus, so os ol die wunnerbore shae shpote yohrs londschoft sehna maiga.

Runner kumma m'r bei da nocht, un sin turick im Lechaw Dahl, fer ol woh wolla, Sundawg farmie dawgs noch in die kerrich gae.

Edgar A. Guest

IT'S A SECRET

I don't want a soul to know
That I'm fishing soon to go.
Unannounced I want to slip;
False mustache upon my lip.

Casting minnow, worm or frog,
I would like to be "incog,"
As the sporting writers say,
So the bass won't hide away.

Always sadly friends have said:
"You are most unlucky, Ed.
Many you'd have had to play
Had you been here yesterday."

Unidentified I'd be;
No one recognizing me.
Just for once I want to say:
"I went wishing yesterday."

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 19, 1928, a Wednesday

Not the least of the Allentown Fair is the automobile show. Without question it is one of the most important mercantile exhibits at the Fair and throughout the opening day thousands of people threaded their way through the pavilion under the grandstand and through the sections in the northwestern end of the stands where modern cars were shown beneath tents.

Officers of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society, it was evident from the large attendance last evening, have hit upon the proper showmanship to successfully put across a night fair. This year, the fair has broken all attendance records for evening fair entertainment.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 2:4

'To be filled with the Holy Ghost,' as a phrase, reminds us of the three Biblical dispensations, that of God the Father (the Old Testament); of God the Son (the Gospels tell this story), and that of the Holy Ghost, the present dispensation, during which, according to Jesus' declaration, the Holy Spirit shall take the things of Christ, and show them unto us, John 16:14. We must not forget that our Christian religion centers in the person and work of Jesus, for Whom and for which there is no substitute. The Holy Spirit never speaks to our hearts about Himself, but always about Jesus as our Saviour and Lord. 'Speaking with other tongues,' in our verse for today, was evidently a supernatural, ecstatic expression of joy on the part of these early Christians, a 'gift' of the Spirit, which gradually ceased after the writing of the New Testament was completed. Paul discusses this matter in 1 Corinthians 14:1-19, ending by saying that 'in the Church I had rather speak five words with my understanding than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.'



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER ACHT

Mer meent ebmols es kennt net sei, der weg wie leit ihre calculations so oft iwwerzwarrich aus-'turn'e, un es wunnert mich ken bissel, ass deel leit ebmols farrichterlich bees warre un yuse expressions, ass verleicht net yuscht so arrig schee 'sound'e in der presence vun breddicher odder annere grischtliche leit.

Awwer ich un der Carniel un der Rossem hen ken zeit ghatt fer zu 'indulge'e in so expressions, ass mir verleicht gedenkt hedde, ass suitable waere zu der occasion.

Two Big Indians Are Disposed Of

Dihr kennt of course denke, ass mir wunderbaar surprised waare, wie mir zwee groosse Insching datt an sellem schtrick nuffgezogge hen ghatt, anschtats der Jonathan un der Mawny.

Ich waar so excited, ass ich ewwe gaar net gewisst hab, was zu duh, un hett undoubtedly verleicht dummheite gemacht, wann's net gewest waer fer em Rossem sei prompte actions.

Der Rossem hot der schtrick noch in der hand ghatt, un eb mir recht 'realize'e hen kenne, was er im sinn hot, dann hot er en tschump um die zwee Insching genumme, hot sie gfange an de bee mit em schtrick un hot sie iwwer sell cliff nunner ge'tumbled' gschwinder, ass du "Constantinople" schpelle kannscht.

Die Insching hen yeders en farrichterlicher grisch gewwe wie sie iwwer sell precipice nunner gange sin, un mir hen glei en farrichterlich excitement gheert unne im Insching-Schteddel.

"Ich hab en idea, ass es aardlich heess warre kennt do," saagt der Carniel wie er der schtrick losgemacht hot vum baam, "un unser beschter plan waer, wann mir graad in die machine gingte un deede fatt geh. Ich glaab ass der Jonathan un der Mawny de Insching der schlipp gewwe hen, un ass mir sie arriyets gschwische do un sellem barrig finne, wu mir sell feier am brenne hen."

Der Rossem hot sei dynamite uffgepickt, un mir sin ab in der machine. In e paar minudde hen mir die gas chambers widder ge'charged' ghatt, un mit drei rousing cheers sin mir ab.

Die Insching hen uns sehne hoch in die luft geh, un deel hen noch uns gschosse, awwer sie hen uns net dreffe kenne.

"Ich wunner yuscht wu der Jonathan un der Mawny sin bei daere zeit," saagt der Rossem; "ich hab arrig carefully gewatscht, un hab net sehne kenne, ass sie bei de Insching sin."

"Well, mir gehne mol so langsam in die direction vun sellem barrig, un ich bin schier schur ass mir sie finne," saagt der Carniel; "sell iss about der point, wu der Jonathan geht defor, un wu er uns eckschpeckte dutt zu miede."

Mir sin so langsam owwich der valley noochgange un waare verleicht drei meil vum Inschingschteddel, wie mir uff eemol ebbes gsehne hen drunne uff der prairie ass uns die haar graad in die heeh schteh hot mache.

Der Mond hot bei daere zeit schee gscheint, un mit unsere telescopes hen mir alles unnich uns so aardlich pleen sehne kenne.

Mir hen zwee kalls sehne schpringe, ass mir graad getschotscht hen, ass der Jonathan un der Mawny waare, un net meh ass wie verleicht en Vaddel meil hinnedraa hen mir about dreissich Insching sehne ihne nooch geh.

Jonathan and Mawny and a Stick of Dynamite

Es waar graad pleen zu uns, ass die Insching unser kummraade glei fange deede, unless mir kennte 'interfere'e un die Insching in check halte.

"Grick seller dynamite reddi, bis ich die machine graad owwich die Insching bring," greischt der Rossem.

Un in en paar minudde waare mir graad owwich de Insching, un der Carniel hot so en aardlich grooss schtick dynamite nunner falle losse.

Mir hen all graad nunner geguckt fer zu sehne wie's aeckt uff die Insching, un hen genoticed, ass es dynamite about zwelf fuss vun de Insching uff der bodde gfalle iss, un hot en farrichterlicht explosion gemacht.

Die Insching hen graad gsehne, wu der dynamite haerkumme iss, un sie hen sich bletzlich rumgedreht un sin ab in die direction vum Insching Schteddel so schtarrick, ass sie geh hen kenne.

Der Jonathan un der Mawny hen uns aa graad gsehne, un der weg wie selli zwee kalls dernoh geaeckt hen waar genunk fer en hammeli lache zu mache.

Wie sie die Insching sehne hen zerick noch ihrem schteddel schpringe, dann hot der Mawny nuff an unser machine ge'point', hot farrichterlich aafange zu yohle, un hot der Jonathan aafange zu 'embrace'e. Sie hen nanner datt im graas rum gerollt, hen handsprings genumme, nanner im graas rum gschleeft an de fiess, un hen nau yuscht about narrisch geaeckt.

Der Jonathan hot en smile ghatt, ass vun ohr zu ohr gange iss, wie mir dernoh en descent gemacht hen un hen ihn un der Mawny widder in die machine genumme, un sin graad ab in die direction vun der emigrant party ihre camp.

"Du kannscht em Jonathan danke ass du nau noch bei lewe bischt, Mawny," saagt der Carniel; "wann's net fer ihn gewest waer, dann waerscht du nau so langsam am verbrenne."

"Ya, ich weess," saagt der Mawny; "der Jonathan iss en guder kall, un ich kann ihm aa verleicht mol en favor duh. Wann er ungfaehr mol en vadded odder so lehne will, dann weess er, wu hiezukumme."

"Awwer wie hoscht du sell ge'managed' fer der Mawny loszugriegge, Jonathan?" froogt der Carniel.

"O, sell waar easy genunk," saagt der Jonathan. "Wie dihr mich datt nunnergelosst hot ghatt an sellem schtrick, dann bin ich so langsam unnich de beem niwwer gschnieckt an der baam wu der Mawny fescht gebunne waar. Ich hab mei messer rausgrickt un hab ihn glei losghatt. Es waer verleicht alles dernoh gut abgange, wann der Mawny e wennich meh careful gewest waer; awwer yuscht wie ich ihn los ghatt hab, dann dreht er sich rum, un wie er gsehne hot ass es mich iss, dann grickt er mich an der hand un greischt: "Hello, Jonathan, iss sell nau dich? Wie iss dei lewwer, ennihau, Jonathan?" Der Insching wu uff guard gschtanne hot net weit ab, hot des of course gheert, un iss graad zugschprunge kumme yuscht wie ich der Mawny ins dunkle hinnich de beem gerisse hab. Mir sin ab in die direction vum blacke, wu der schtrick ghunke hot, awwer yuscht wie ich am schtrick zobbe hab welle, dann iss der Insching uff uns ge'rushed', un ich hab ihn of course schiesse misse. Dernoh hawwich am schtrick gezobbt, awwer ich hab graad gsehne ass es net safe waar fer en seggund lenger datt zu bleiwe. En farrichterlichi latt Insching sin uff eemol zuschpringe kumme, un fer unser lewe zu seefe sin mir darrich's dunkle ab so schtarrick ass mir geh hen kenne. Die Insching hedde uns undoubtedly gfange wann's net fer eich gewest waer."

Der Jonathan waar surprised, wie mir ihm dernoh verzehlt hen wie mir zwee groosse Insching an sellem schtrick nuffgezogge hen, un wie der Rossem sie so neatly iwwer der cliff nunnergewischt hot mit em schtrick.

"Es iss wunderbaar, was es ebmols sache gebt," saagt der Jonathan wie er en grosser tschaa schrap genumme hot, hot sich uff der bodde gelegt un waar glei bissi am schnarrickse.

A Happy Reunion

Es waar daag wie mir unser descent gemacht hen gans neegscht an de emigrants ihre camp, un hen hands g'shaked' mit der Bessie un ihrem paepp un de annere leit in ihre party. Sie waare all arrig froh, wie sie gsehne hen, ass mir der Mawny widder safe zerick gebrocht hen, un waare yuscht about surprised, wie mir ihne die schtori vun unsere trip verzehlt hen.

Der Jones hot der Jonathan an der hand grickt un saagt:

"Mr. Ocker, du bischt en mann ass es mir groossi blessier gebt fer zu bekannt sei mit. Wie deetscht du gleiche zu 'travel'e mit uns anschtats in sellere machine?"

"O, ich deet liewer in der machine 'travel'e; es iss viel meh exciting, un mer kann viel meh sehne," saagt der Jonathan.

DIE KAERRICH ISS AUS

Die Kaerrich iss aus; nau sin mer frei,
Nau geb mer gschwind mei Hut.
Die Breddich waar so arrig lang
Un aa so arrig gut.

Nau, Nochber Jake, geb mer die Hand.
Saag, bischt du als noch leddich?
Wie kummt dann eier welschkann aa?
Un was denkscht vun der Breddich?

Er hot ne mol die Meening gsaat:
Er hot's ne gewwe darrich Dick un Dinn.
Mei Nochbersleit, die hen mol gheert
Graad was fer Veggel sie sin.

Ya, Ya, die Breddich, die waar gut!
Mich hot sie freilich net verschreckt.
Awwer em Pit sei Heffele
Hot er, bei Tschinks! mol uffgedeckt.

Ya, Ya, die Breddich waar yuscht's Ding;
Die hot den Pit mol hatt gedroffe.
Hoscht gsehne, wie die Kaerrich aus waar,
Graad iss er ab un heem geloffe?

Der Pit—ich hett's nau net gedenkt
Vun ihm—der hot mich arrig belogge.
Du weescht, mer hen mol Geil geschwappt,
Un wie hot er mich do bedroogge!

Sei Gaul waar ken so schlechter Gaul—.
Die Waahret muss ich saagge.
Doch denk yuscht mol—des Vieh waar blind
An eem vun seine Aagge!

Wann sei Gaul waer all recht gewest,
Dann hett ich net so schlecht geduh;
Hab noch en neier Saddel grickt
Un zwansich Daaler Geld dezu!

Ya, ich hett recht gut ausgemacht,
Sei Gaul waar gut un schmaut;
Der, wu ich ihm verhandelt hab,
Waar ken fimf Daaler waut.

Ich hab'm Parre mol en Daaler gewwe,
Er iss gewiss en guder Mann.
Verleicht gew ich 'm mol widder eener,
Des heesst, wann ich 'n schpaare kann.

Ya, Ya, er iss en guder Mann,
Un hot aa arrig viel Geduld.
Wann ich 'm nix meh gewwe kann,
Iss 's dem schlechte Pit sei Schuld.

—C. F. HILL

(From The Pennsylvania German, March, 1906)

Die Bessie hot dernoh en wunderbaar gut maryeesse gemacht, un wie mir all gesse hen ghatt, dann hen mir sie un ihre mamm in die machine genumme, un mir sin all abgschtaert.

Fer der Jones un sei leit in der emigrant train zu protect'e vun de Insching, dann hen mir decide, ass mir langsam owwich ihne nooch 'travel'e in unsere machine, bis sie an ihre destination kumme. Des iss of course arrig langsam gange fer uns, un es waar uns oft verleed. Awwer die grank fraa hot so schtarrick recovered un waar so gut zu mut ass es uns dernoh doch net gereit hot, ass mir die trip in sellem schteil gemacht hen.

Es hot uns schier vier woche genumme bis mir endlich an der blatz kumme sin, im sudliche deel vun Montana, wu der Jones un sei party dernoh gschtoppt hen mit der intention fer datt zu settle. Mir hen about en woch bei ihne gschpent un hen ihne helfe blockheiser zu baue, un dernoh mol ee scheener Mundaag marriye hen mir unser preparations gemacht fer abzuschtaerte.

Der Mawny hot sei beschts browiert fer eikumme mit der Bessie, die weil ass mir sie un ihre mamm in unsere machine ghatt hen, un aa nochderhand. Er hot sich als wunderbaar schee uffgedresst, un hot uff differenti weegge browiert en gudi impression zu 'create'e bei der Bessie. Awwer es hot ihn nix gebatt, un wie mir selle Mundaag marriye all um die machine rum gschtanne hen, redd-bye fer em Jones un der Bessie un de annere leit good-bye zu gewwe, dann hen mir sehne kenne, ass es em Mawny so aardlich verleed waar.

Die Bessie hot arrig viel zu blaudere ghatt mit em Jonathan, un des hot der Mawny so halber falsch gemacht. Wie mir dernoh der emigrant party all good-bye gewwe hen, dann hot der Mawny sich enni-hau arriyets verschluppt in der machine un iss net rauskumme fer hands zu 'shake'e.

Des hot e wennich mean geguckt vum Mawny, awwer mir hen ihne expleent, ass er ebmols so schpells grickt, un ass sie's net meinde sedde.

A Non-Stop Flight to Spokane Falls

Dernoh mit drei cheers, ass mir en meil ab heere hett kenne, sin mir owwe naus gange wie en schtraahl, un in fufzeh minudde nooch sellem hen mir de settlers ihre cabins nimmi sehne kenne.

Es iss net derwaert, ass ich en langi description geb vun unsere trip darrich Montana un Idaho. Unser machine hot gut gschafft un mir hen gut wedder ghatt die gans zeit.

Mir hen ken descent gemacht bis mir an Spokane Falls, Washington, kumme sin, un datt hen mir dernoh about en woch gschpent. Vun Spokane Falls sin mir darrich die Schteet owwe naus bis mir schier ans extreme ewwer-end waare, un datt hen mir mol ee scheener Samschdaag owed en descent gemacht uff ere groosse bauerei uff was sie Lopez Island gheesse hen.

Die machine hot sich hardly uffs graas gsettelt ghatt, net weit vumme haus, dann hen mir glei en mann sehne kumme zuschpringe geeich uns mit em e gleene bobbeli uff em aarem. Sei fraa un die annere kinner hen en schtick wegs ab gschtanne un hen unser wunderbarri machine vumme seefe distance bedracht.

"If It Isn't Jim Brenasel!

Der mann iss graad zu uns kumme, un wie er mich erblickt hot, dann hot er sei bobbeli newe an en hoischtock ge'tossed' un greischt wie er uff mich ge'rushed' iss:

"Wann des net der Joe Brenasel iss, dann ess ich mei hemm fer supper!"

"Un du bischt der Joe Hummel!" greisch ich wie ich der kall uff eemol gekennt hab.

Un dernoh hot's awwer gemacht! Ich un der Joe hen yeders heile misse fer joy, wie mir nanner embraced hen un hen nanner im graas rum gerollt, un hedde noch schier gaar sei glee bobbeli vermashed' wie mir niwwer wedder der hoischtock gerollt sin.

"Ach, mer meent ewwe es kann net sei!" greischt der Joe wie mir dernoh flat uff em graas ghockt hen un hen widder frisch heile misse, wie mir nanner an de hend ghatt hen.

Dernoh hen mir nanner die aagge schee abgebutzt, un ich hab der Joe un mei kummraade introduced.

"Un iss des nau der Jonathan?" saagt der Joe, wie er hands g'shaked' hot mit unserm reliable kummraad; "un der Mawny, der Rossem un der Mr. Carniel. O, was bin ich so froh fer eich all zu sehne!"

"Waer des nau net so en zimmlichi auspicious occasion fer eens recht hazhafdich zu yohle?" froogt der Mawny, wie die introduction ferbei waar.

"Waart e paar minudde," saagt so en altlechticher mann wie er beikumme iss un hot mich an der hand grickt.

"Em Joe sei paepp!" greisch ich, wie mir nanner dernoh aa embraced hen.

"Ya, un do iss noch ebber," saagt der Joe, wie er so en aardlichi schtauti fraa zu mir gebrocht hot. Ich hab sie graad gekennt, un hab hands g'shaked' mit em Joe seinere memm, ass ihre aarem fer drei woche lahm waar.

Dernoh hot der Joe sei fraa un kinner un sei schweschder introduced, un wie die gans party rings rum hands g'shaked' hen ghatt, dann saagt der Joe:

"Nau kennte mir verleicht all e paar mol recht gut yohle."

"Loss sie laafe!" greischt der Jonathan.

Wann die leit eenicher idea hen, ass mir verleicht net geyohlt hen, dann breiche sie yuscht zum Joe schreiwe, un er expleent ihne graad exactly wie's gemacht hot. Des waar farrichterlich.

To Be Continued

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Editorials

Temple Ousts 'Prof.'

Temple University has ousted a professor who refused to answer simple questions which the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives asked him.

There has been tremendous squawking on the part of the Communists in this country and a lot of the so-called liberals who have been duped repeatedly into adopting their line about maintaining academic freedom. Accordingly the officials of Temple probably moved more slowly than would have been done in other cases. But after long and thorough examination of the case built up against and by the professor himself they decided that there was no place for him in the Philadelphia school.

Professor Barrows Dunham now joins the group of about 75 professors who have been "standing on their Constitutional rights" while avoiding their responsibilities not alone to the students whom they would influence but also to the entire American people.

The Supreme Court has found the Communist Party to be a conspiracy and its members conspirators for the forceful overthrow of our national government. It is therefore a fair enough question to ask those who influence the thinking of youth and who direct much of their reading whether they are or ever have been members of this discredited organization. And if they admit former membership and secsesion therefrom it is fair enough to ask why such secession and what is the teacher's present attitude.

When all questions skirting this subject or directly attacking it are responded to in silence or in appeal to the Constitution there is ground for suspicion and belief that an answer would be uncomfortable it not in fact damning.

Temple University's governing body has determined that while Prof. Dunham has "rights," which he has exercised, those rights do not include a right to continuing tenure in a job the salary for which is paid by Temple. Furthermore Temple University has responsibilities which it intends to fulfill. These include the responsibility to the parents and those who send young people to school to spare the young people from the onslaught of Communist ideas and the indoctrination of youthful minds with a conspiratorial philosophy that is foreign to our own and the planting of the seeds of loyalty to a nation other than the American people.

A lot of these professors have been setting themselves up as superior to our government and to our people's institutions. The American people will be able to work out their own salvation. Such salvation is not going to be aided by anything that has yet come out of Russia.

Tiny Vinson Estate

Amid all the stories of the accumulation of great wealth in this country by men in various businesses and industries, and the accumulation often by men of apparently mediocre mental ability, comes the story of the appraisal of the estate of the late Chief Justice Fred Vinson. It is a story which points out the shabby scale of salaries which are paid to American public servants in general—salaries which allow of little or no savings.

Vinson, who devoted more than thirty years of his life to public service and was at some time or other prominent in each of the three branches of Government, died while holding the highest legal position in this country. But unlike many of the men in his profession, the law, who have found private practice profitable, Vinson had neither the time in his busy life nor the opportunity to amass even a modest fortune.

It is almost startling to learn that all that is left for his widow is a paltry $1000. But perhaps there could be no better evidence of the sterling integrity of this highly efficient public servant than was provided by the early appraisal of his estate.

Keep It Beautiful

The men who toiled thru the hot summer sun during the months that the Hamilton Street paving job was in progress; the foremen, the contractors and our public officials who all were so deeply concerned with the improvement and strove thru planning to build a well-nigh perfect street highway, figuratively speaking are weeping with the discovery of leaks in water service lines in the area between 10th and 11th Streets.

Thus within a few days of the opening of the beautiful street, cuts will have to be made to effect repairs. Unless history fails for once to repeat itself, the resurfacing job will be an ugly scar and a blot upon the really beautiful job.

Certainly a lot of intelligent and foresighted attention was given to avoiding exactly such circumstances, at least for a few months or a year or so. To see the situation develop within a few days of the completion of the highway must be maddening to our highway officials. Obviously there was failure on the part of property owners to cooperate in carrying on work for which they were and are responsible.

It is to be hoped that when the patching jobs are performed, there will be as meticulous attention to restoration of the street's good appearance as was given to it by the builders. Allentonians take a pride in this beautiful highway. They do not want to see it chopped to pieces and uglified when a good, workman like and proper job just as easily can be performed.

Last Days to Register

Only a little more than five weeks hence we shall be walking to our polling places and taking part in the biennial municipal elections which will be held on November 3.

On that day it is certain that most persons who find themselves disqualified for participation will be regretful. Some will feel ashamed to acknowledge to any one that, despite many opportunities and despite the fact that they possessed all other qualifications, they failed to register as voters.

For all whose names are not yet upon the permanent registration rolls just a little time remains. From 8 o'clock this morning until 8 tonight and during those same hours on Monday the Court House annex office will be open for 11th-hour registrants. Additional clerks will be on hand to take care of any unusual influx of eager electors. Furthermore the County Commissioners by arranging for a 12-hour period on the two last days are indicating that they want to do everything possible to accommodate the public.

Don't forget: You can register today and Monday will be your last chance.

Optimistic Fairless

Pennsylvania Has Everything, as the slogan has it, and among its proud boasts may be recorded its appreciation of some of the men who have made this great industrial commonwealth the mighty rock of the union it has long since become.

Included in this group of Pennsylvania's distinguished sons is a prophet of optimism whose post as chairman of the United States Steel Corporation requires his words to be received with the understanding they deserve.

Just this week Ben Fairless, in a speech in Detroit, said he sees no reason at all why our country should not continue to enjoy great prosperity, since we find ourselves after 20 years of the New Deal with controls lifted, inflation checked, and the free market restored.

Of course, the optimistic Mr. Fairless contends, if our industrial and business leaders should become prophets of gloom and talk themselves into a depression which has no reason for developing, then it would be exactly what the Socialists would like to see.

This is good talk to hear from a man who knows the nation's basic business, steel, from the ground up and who through his many years of experience in every phase of that industry has unequalled understanding of its relationship to the economy of the nation and the world at large.

He told his Detroit audience that if he wanted to discredit the system of free enterprise in our land by producing a serious business slump, he knows of no better way to start it than by moaning of hard times to come.

But Mr. Fairless doesn't share the pessimism of some others, and from his thorough knowledge of American business contends that we will continue to enjoy our unrivaled prosperity. Evening News (Harrisburg).

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY

Life gives none a guarantee.
This day we know, but to our sorrow
One with whom we joyed to be
May not still be here tomorrow.
We have seen it happen so.
Shared a good friend's merry laughter
Never thinking as we go,
Never more we'd laugh hereafter.
Neither health nor strength is sure.
Friendships, how so dearly treasured,
Only can so long endure
As their length by God is measured.
This we learn from day to day:
Time is something none can borrow.
Tell what heart and mind would say.
It may be too late tomorrow.
(Copyright 1953)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 26, 1928, a Wednesday

One-hundred Allentown businessmen, the complement of that Pennsylvania city's Chamber of Commerce Good Will Tour, will have an audience with President Coo' at noon tomorrow.

Monarch Club members at a regular meeting last night in the Hotel Americus, heard an address on the baking of crullers and doughnuts.

Horoscope

Make any setbacks you encounter into stepping stones, and a fair measure of success is promised you. A prudent, thoughtful and capable individual is likely to develop as today's child grows.

At Last Our Predictions Coming True



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — They may have been cool with their hands of applause at the American Federation of Labor convention in their reception of Vice-President Nixon, who read a special message from President Eisenhower on labor problems, but it is more important that the labor-union leaders remain cool in their heads as Congress approaches the task of amending the Taft-Hartley Act.

It will not do the labor-union officials any good with the country to accuse a man of Dwight Eisenhower's integrity of having violated his word or broken his agreement, and it would be wiser to accept Mr. Nixon's explanation that what occured was a "misunderstanding" at the White House concerning the status of the proposals made by Martin Durkin, former Secretary of Labor, to change the labor-management law.

Nixon's Message

The President was very well advised to send Vice-President Nixon to the AFL convention at St. Louis and to let him talk frankly in addition to reading a special message. For Mrs. Nixon's words implied clearly that the administration is not going to allow any such impression to grow throughout the country as was fostered in speeches earlier this week by labor-union leaders — namely that the President made and broke an "agreement" just because some members of his staff showed a sympathetic attitude toward some of Mr. Durkin's ideas on amending the Taft-Hartley Act.

If the union leaders want to make an issue of it, there is plenty that can be said by the administration about the real meaning of the amendments Mr. Durkin sponsored. The facts of political life today, as shown by votes in the last election, are that the rank and file of labor is beginning to be unhappy over dictatorships within trade unions, and is beginning to resent the bossism which often prevails. When the workers really become aware of the absolute tyranny that would have been possible — the control by a clique of union officers of all jobs in certain plant and business establishments—they will be grateful that the amendments were stymied.

Professional Unionists

Those attending an AFL convention are the paid officials of trade unions — the professionals —who are in control of the unions and want to stay in control. Under a law like the Wagner Act, with the "closed shop," and under the proposed amendments, they could become monarchs and hold the power of life and death over a worker's livelihood. To delegate such governmental power to a trade union is as wrong as it was for the New Deal to try to delegate it to a "code authority" of industrialists under the NRA.

The administration might well consider, if it becomes necessary, taking the case to the country and explaining in detail how the proposed amendments would have enslaved the worker. Such a course would be desirable, however, only if the AFL and CIO declare open warfare on the administration and withhold their cooperation from the efforts that will surely be made in the next session of Congress to try to work out an agreement on amendments satisfactory to both labor and management.

The President pointed significantly to the conferences that lie ahead, and it is up to the labor-union leaders to determine whether they are going to be as adamant as they have been in the past when they demanded repeal or nothing by way of corrective amendments. They could have had amendments long before this, but they wanted all or nothing.

Eisenhower's Note

Incidentally, the newspaper headlines did not emphasize one of the most important things Mr. Eisenhower wrote in his message to the AFL — something that it took courage to say before such an audience:

"Even though the past six years have revealed a number of defects which should be corrected, I believe that it's enactment (the Taft-Hartley Law) was a substantial contribution to the quest for sounder labor-management relations. I believe that the experience under the act has confirmed its essential soundness."

That doesn't sound like the President is abandoning the Taft-Hartley act, nor did he in his message pledge himself to sabotage the law by amendments that nullify its basic principles. Instead, he promises to co-operate in removing clauses that might lead to possible abuses and in adding provisions to expedite the administration of the statute.

But the whole story from the administration's standpoint is told briefly in a simple principle which the President suggested in his message might be used as a guide in writing amendments to the existing law. That principle, as he expressed it, is "to allow freedom for the healthy growth of trade unions, while respecting the legitimate rights of individual workers, their employers and the general public."

What the President hopes to accomplish is to make sure that the Taft-Hartley Act remain a law that does not enslave the worker by making him a tool of union bosses but emancipates him so that his civil liberties are preserved. That's liberalism in its best sense.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WHO FAIL'DS DA FAIR?: 'N lot leit hoerra blauderra, dade m'r denka die fair wear hard gronk — hard unnich 'm wedder, so tzu sawga ready fer druf shnoppa. M'r worra die gons woch on da fair, un wie m'r aw shun worra fer die ledshda 25 yohr. Die Allentown Fair is net gronk, un sie shnopt aw net druf. Die Allentown Fair is wie 'n yunger boo om uf woxa, ferol os sie awenich iwwer 'n hunnerd yohr alt is. 'N fair wie aw 'n yunger boo—aenicher mensch fers recht tzu sawga mus sich shtracka noch da deck, mus ei binna mit da tzeita, un wos shunshd on aw gae is in da welt.

Der gross druvel im airshda blotz is, os tzu fiel leit kumma wolla sehna, un tzu wenich gain tzum druvel fer socha ready mocha — rishda sotta mr' ferleicht sawga fer die fair. Umring'd wie Allentown is bei da beshda bauerreia aenich aryads tzu finna im gonsa lond, sots net notewenich sei fer leit fon weit'm bei kumma socha weissa. 'S sot so fiel socha fon dahame doh sei, os ken blotz tzu finna wear fer die outsider — un woh heit tzu dawg fert lawfa mit da priza. Sel is mohl ae grosser failer on da fair, un fiel fon da leit ihra aignie shuld os wissa wolla wos letz is mit da fair.

Sis uf kours aw fershtonna os fiel fon da priza net sin wos sie sei kenta. 'N mon os fee bei bring'd, bring'd ken fee may os bol 'n hunnerd dahler der kup kosh'd wie sie ols hen, ow'r der price gait in die hunnerda, un don un won dousanda dahler. Die tzeit wor aw woh selar same kerl ol die hilf griega hut kenna wos er gebreich'd hut yusht fer die fair sehna — ow'r sellie tzeita sin aw feriwwer. Ferol os es die fair gelt koshda dade, sotta die priza mohl rum gaanner'd werra —un wons wear fer leit fon Lechaw un Northampton kounty tzwae odder drei mohl so fiel gewwa, wie soicha os fon weit'm bei kumma. Noh dades leit fon dahame net yusht batzawla fer fee bringa, ow'r aw gakann'd socha, obsht, grumbierra, un aenich ebbes un allas shunshd os tzu finna is uf ra bauerrei.

Die 4-H klubs duhna 'n wunnerborie gutie arwet, un maina 'n lot tzu da fair tzitter os sie doh sin fer die ledshda 20 yohr. Darta is ow'r ols noch blotz fer woxa, 's same wie aw in fedder fee. Wons fedder fee fon weit'm bei kumt, weck wear, wear wenich tzu sehna in selra ort, ferol os unser gagend 'n lot hinkle bauer hut, un woh ol fedder fee weissa kenta won sie wotta. Darta widder fail'ds ferleicht on priza fer die hame leit—un aw klassa fer die hame leit ihra socha drin weissa.

'N lot leit sin arrick om glawga wie dreckich os es wear der bush drunna — shtawb paar tzol dief. Sis wohr os es shtauvich is, ow'r sellie same woh glawga, sawga ken wert fom grossa dale fom fair grund unnich 'm Ritz shtand, bis nuf noch 'm blumma hous, un weit hinna nous, woh allas badeck'd is mit shwartzie topping. Darta wors aw ols dreckich, un ferol os es net miglich is der bush black toppa waeich da bame dota mocha, kenna sellie socha aw bei da tzeit feranner'd werra.

Ebbes os des yohr ow'r net iwwer guck'd sei het solla, is die gross Ussac fountain im bush woh erlawbt is werra fer uf duh, un 'n lot maina dada tzu da leit won sie hee gae kenta wosser drinka. Denk ebber mus fergessa howwa sellie in arder tzu griega, 's same wie aw die gens ben im bush reinicha, fon bladder un alla hond dreck. Sellie fountain mit da anda un gens wor ols ebbes aryas tzu sehna.— un is ferleicht ains fon da socha os 'n lot leit maina, die fair wear nimmy wos sie ols wor.

Der midway is braider wie er ols wor, un ains fon da uhrsocha ferwos' leit maina die krowds weara nimmy so gross wie sie ols worra. Die grandshtand krowds sin shwocher wie sie shun worra, ow'r net ol die leit hen may indressa in geils raca —un noh wors die woch aw ken tzu gute grandshtand wedder—tzu kalt. 'S show fer 'm grandshtand wor so gute os m'r 's shun fer yohrra g'sehna hen, uns sot aw ken glawk sei so weit os die midway shows aw gaina. Fiel darta sin nei, un net die sama alta socha yohr fer yohr wie der fol onnerra yohrra. Bingo uf kours fail'd.

So weit os die grange exhibits aw gaina, sellie sin ebbes gons arbadiches im obsht gabei —ebbes os naryads gabutta kon werra mawg m'r noch ra fair gae woh m'r wil. Un die socha sin aw net uf gaduh bei aim mon woh ol die blawnerrei dut —yaders fon da ocht granges, gebt ocht uf sei aigner exhibit— un allas wert hail k'halta bis es uf gait on da wond.

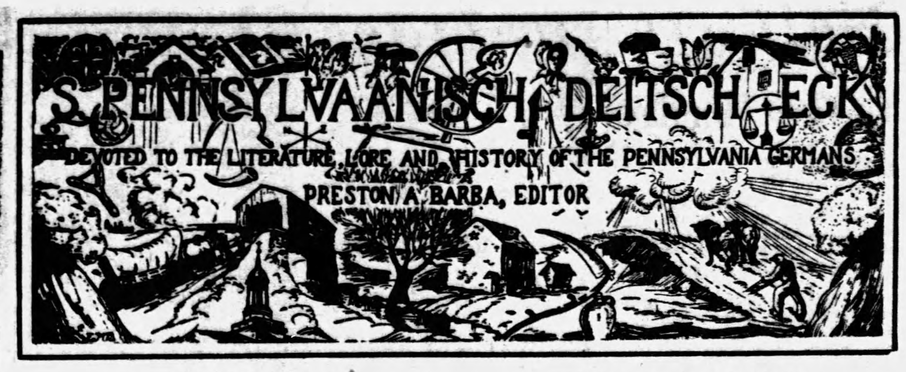
Ess shtander sin om glawga bismis wear shlecht, un leit dada ihra essa tzu fiel fon hame nemma, un essa uf da mashina. Sel is recht, yusht won fiel fon da ess shtander ferleicht abissel wenicher charga dade, un abissel may gaibta, hetta sie 'n lot may bisnis wie sie so 'hen. Yusht so weit os sel aw gait, hen mier ken ess shtand on da fair — un wissa yusht wos m'r hoerra. Unser'm beshda gawissa noh fail'd da fair gore nix, wos fail is on da leit os kumma die fair ei nemma —bardich leit fon dahme rum woh nix duhna fer die fair helfa uf baua exhibets bringa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 2:37-39

An evangelical sermon should be prepared and preached with a view to obtaining a decision for Christ. A manufacturer, who employed many agents who were out constantly, seeking to obtain orders for their employer's goods, told his pastor at the close of a service that he had preached a good sermon and had described his goods adequately, but he had not asked anyone to sign on the dotted line! After Peter's sermon it is stated that the people who had heard it were pricked in their heart, and said to Peter and to the rest of the Apostles: 'If what you said is true, what shall we do about it?' Peter replied: 'Repent, and be baptized, every one in the name of Jesus Christ for the remision of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' Here is the verse whioh marks the beginning of the Christian life, and nothing else will do. Peter tells his Jewish audience that in God's plan the Gospel invitation was for them first and then also for all them that are afar off, meaning the Gentiles, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto Himself (a strong Greek verb).



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER NEINT

Mir waare of course all wunderbaar gut gepliest mit der reception, wu der Joe Hummel uns gewwe hot weit datt drauss in Washington, un wie mir all faddich waare yohle, dann sin mir rings rum gange un hen nochemol hands g'shaked'.

Der Joe waar als eens vun meine alde kummraade, un hot lange yaahre zerich in Lititz gewuhnt.

Es waar schunn lange yaahre, ass mir nanner nimmi gsehne hen ghatt, un wie mir nanner dernoh arrig closely examined hen, dann sin mir graad zu der conclusion kumme, ass mir ken spring chickens meh sin.

Der Joe hot unser machine dernoh carefully examined, un waar yuscht about surprised wie er gsehne hot wie nice ass alles eigericht waar.

Ich hab glei genoticed, ass er arrig gaern en ride nemme deet, un so hawwich der Rossem grickt, ass er die gas chambers frisch getschaerscht hot, un dernoh hen mir die gans familye in die machine genumme un hen ihne en langi ride gewwe. Em Joe sei fraa waar arrig nervous, wie sie zum fenschder naus geguckt hot un hot gsehne, ass ihre haus un scheier net greesser geguckt hen, weit datt drunne, ass wie en fingerhut. Awwer der Joe hot's gaar net gemeint, un hot allegebott farrichterlich geyohlt.

Wie mir dernoh widder zerick ans haus kumme sin, dann hen mir die machine unnich en groosser baam gschleeft, un die weil ass mir alles in schee shape grickt hen fer en paar daag datt zu schpende, dann hen die weibsleit yuscht about en gut supper gemacht.

Sie hen en groosser disch gsetzt drauss unnich de beem, un datt hen mir dernoh gesse.

Der Joe hot der neegscht marriye en kalb gschlacht, un die gans zeit, ass mir datt waare hot er uns nau yuscht about gut gfiedert.

A Tearful Parting

Unser intention waar fer yuscht about zwee odder drei daag datt zu bleiwe, awwer der Joe un sei leit hen uns so gut geyust, ass en gansi woch rum gschlippt iss, eb mir draa gedenkt hen.

Ennihau mol ee scheener marriye hen mir unser preparations gemacht fer fatt zu geh.

Mir hen die machine unnich em baam raus gschleeft, un der Rossem waar glei reddi fer die gas chambers zu tschaertsche.

Die leit wisse schunn wie's gemacht hot wie mir zum Joe kumme sin, awwer sie kenne gaar ken idea forme wie's dernoh gemacht hot wie mir reddi waare fer zu schtaerte.

Der Joe hot mich als ewennich aageguckt, un dernoh iss er als hinnich der seischtall gschprunge un hot farrichterlich gheilt, die weil ass ich aa geblaerrt hab wie en kalb datt hinnich emme groosse baam.

Des ding iss endlich so schlimm warre, ass die gans paerdi farrichterlich heile hot misse, un wann fremme leit yuscht selli zeit datt gewest waere, dann hedde sie druff insist, ass es en leicht waer odder ass verleicht en farrichterlich accident ghaeppent waer.

Endlich saagt der Carniel wie er sei aagge abgebutzt hot mit seim rockfliggel:

"Die parting iss of course arrig painful, un es dutt uns all leed. Awwer die zeit geht rum, un mir sedde schtaerte. Nau, mei plan fer des alles gschwind zu settle waer des: Loss der Rossem der Jim hinnerschich do an den blacke bringe, un ich back der Joe hie der seem weeg. Dernoh breiche sie sich yuscht gschwind rum drehe un hands 'shake'e un dernoh iss alles verbei."

Mir waare des agreed, un der Rossem hot mich dernoh vum baam hinnenaus ge'backed' die weil ass der Carniel der Joe der seem weeg hinnich em seischtall raus gebrocht hot. Dernoh, wie ich un der Jim schier wedder nanner waare mit de bickel, dann saagt der Carniel:

"Nau breicht dihr eich yuscht rumdrehe un hands 'shake'e, un dernoh iss alles verbei. Ich weess, ass es en hatt ding iss fer eich zu duh, awwer wann dihr recht resolute seid, dann geht alles gut."

Dernoh hen ich un der Joe uns rumgedreht, awwer wie unser aagge gemiet hen, dann hen mir uns net helfe kenne, un mir hen nanner um die hels grickt un waare ewwe graad widder farrichterlich am brille.

Des hot die gans paerdi dernoh widder frisch gschtaert, un der weeg wie des gemacht hot, waar genunk fer emme hammeli bauchweh zu mache.

Der Mawny hot als der kopp zerick gschmisse un hot hell nausgeblaerrt. Der Jonathan un der Rossem waare alle zwee so hatt affect, ass sie hinnich die scheier geh hen misse, un datt hen mir sie farrichterlich heere brille.

Uff eemol, yuscht wie mir es hattscht am heile waare, greischt der Carniel, wie er in die machine getschumpt iss:

"Come on, buwe! es iss ebbes letz mit der machine, un sie geht ab, eb mir draa denke!"

Der Rossem hot evidently vergesse ghatt es gas abzudrehe, un die weil ass mir outside so dumm am 'act'e waare, dann hen die gas chambers sich gfillt vun de chemical condensers, un die machine waar reddi fer eensichi minutt abzuschtaerte.

Der Jonathan un der Rossem sin zu schpringe kumme, un mir waare all yuscht in die machine getschumpt, wie sie sich aersch ewennich uff en seit gedreht hot un iss dernoh ab owwe naus wie en schtraahl.

Dernoh hen mir all eens hazhafdich geyohlt un hen unser goodbyes ge'waved' zum Joe un seine leit bis sie es letscht so glee im distance waare, ass mir sie nimmi sehne hen kenne.

"Sell waar en 'close'er shave, ass mir unser machine net verlore hen" saagt der Rossem; "ich kann net verschteh, ass ich vergesse hab zu selle levers zu tende."

The Plane Heads Southward to San Francisco

Mir hen decide, ass mir darrich Oregon nunner gehne noch California, un wann alles recht geht abzuschtobbe fer en paar daag in San Francisco.

Es hot uns net lang genumme fer darrich Washington nunner zu geh, un die zwee hunnert un fimf-un-siwwetzich meil darrich Oregon nunner bis an die California lein hen mir aa glei ge'covered' ghatt.

"Des iss nau yuscht about en scheeni landschaft," saagt der Rossem wie mir about dreissich meil darrich California nunner gange waare; "suppose mir deete fer en weil do schtobbe?"

Awwer mir hen ken zeit ghatt fer abzuschtobbe, un unser machine iss darrich die schteet nunner gange wie en schtraahl.

Frich, ee scheener marriye sin mir an die outskirts vun San Francisco kumme, un hen glei genoticed, ass die leit in de schtroosse uns gsehne hen, un sin vun alle directions zu schpringe kumme fer unser flying machine zu sehne.

Mir hen en descent gemacht in emme scheene park, un waare glei umringt mit ere groosse crowd.

Die leit darrich die gans West hen gelese ghatt in der zeiding weeich unsere wunderbaari machine, un sie waare all anxious fer des apparatus zu sehne.

Es waare en paar wunderbaare scheene meed in der crowd, un der Mawny hot sie graad in der cylinder genumme un hot ihne expleent, wie die differente parts vun der machine schaffe. Ich hab genoticed ass der Mawny als viele neecher an die meed gange iss, ass wie es notwennich waar, un hot sich meh odder wennicher ewennich soft aagschickt.

Der Mawny waar ewwe graad arrig affect so gschwind, ass er weibsleit gsehne hot, un er iss graad in lieb gfalle, do hot's nix ausgemacht waare sie schee odder wiescht.

Guck yuscht emol wie der Mawny so soft aeckte dutt, Jim," saagt der Jonathan; "es macht mir schmaze im leib der weeg wie seller ding sich aaschickt wann weibsleit um der weeg sin."

Der Jonathan hot's ennihau nimmi lenger schtende kenne, un iss die schteeg nuff outside uff der cylinder gange, wu er sich hieghockt hot un hot die crowd gewatscht, wu um die machine rum gschtanne hot.

Zimmlich glei iss der Jonathan widder die schteeg runner kumme, un ich hab genoticed ass er arrig excited waar wie er gsaat hot:

Zweingelli the Anarchist Reappears

"Jim, es iss en kall in der crowd datt outside, ass ich schunn dervor gsehne hab ghatt, awwer ich kann net denke wu. Es geht mir so en kalder schwitz der buckel nuff alle mol, ass ich ihn aaguck, un es kummt yuscht about en umleidichi feeling iwwer mich. Geh mit nuff uff der cylinder un beguck den ding. Verleicht kannscht du expleene, wu der kall haerkummt. Die feeling gemahnt mich graad an der umleidich effect, wu en schlang macht uff mich, wann ich als eeni so unverhofft sehn im graas odder in der sunn uff emme a fenseriggel."

Ich waar yuscht reddi fer mit em Jonathan naus uff der cylinder zu geh, dann kummt der Carniel un saagt:

"Buwe, ich hab yuscht draagedenkt, ass ich en cousin do in daere schtadt hab, un wann ich ihn finne kann, dann duhn ich en woch bei ihm schpende. Of course, dihr waart do mit der machine, bis ich widder kumm. Ich weess, ass dihr eich so lang gut 'amuse'e kennt, un die zeit watt eich net lang. Wann ich net marriye zerick kumm, dann kennt dihr wisse, ass ich mei cousin gfunne hab, un ass ich en woch bleib, ennihau."

Dernoh iss der Carniel ab.

Fer der Jonathan zu pliese, bin ich dernoh mit ihm naus uff der cylinder gange. Er hot mir glei der mann ausge'point', wu so en kwierer effect uff ihn ghatt hot, un net gschwinder hawwich der ding erblickt, dann waar ich aa convinced, ass ich der mann schunn devor gsehne hab ghatt. Ich hab aa graad so en umleidichi feeling experienced, wie ich der mann beguckt hab, un waar glei g'satisfied', ass em Jonathan sei ideas am end net so narrisch waare.

Uff eemol saagt der Jonathan:

"Jim, mir welle widder nunner in der cylinder geh—ich hab ebbes arrig important zu saagge."

Wie mir widder im cylinder waare un hen amme fenschder gschtanne wu mir der kall outside gut sehne hen kenne unni ass er uns genoticed hot, dann saagt der Jonathan:

"Jim, wann ich net arrig mistaken bin, dann iss seller ding datt der Zweingelli, der anarchist, wu mir so schee uffgetrippt hen datt in Chicago, Beguck der ding recht closely, un sehn eb ich net recht bin."

"Du hoscht recht, Jonathan," saaggich, wie ich newe am curtain nausgepiept hab; "der Zweingelli hot sei baart abgscheeft un hot sei appearance schunscht ewennich verennert, awwer ich bin nau g'satisfied', ass es ihn iss."

"Awwer was will er duh?" froogt der Jonathan.

"Er hot uns do gemiet fer revenge uff uns zu nemme, Jonathan," saaggich; "wann du recht scharref guckscht, dann kanscht du en halb-dutzend annere anarchists sehne um ihm rum schteh. Sell meent, ass der Zweingelli blendi hilf hot fer uns zu madde, un sell iss undoubtedly sei absicht. Wann yuscht um der lieb wille der Carniel net fatt gange waer! Mir sin in groossi gfaahr, un kenne doch net fatt geh, bis er widder zerick kummt. Wann selli anarchists net die chance griegge fer uns madde un unser machine zu schtehle, dann kenne mir uns druff verlosse, ass sie uns un die machine in feine schtickere blose mit dynamite!"

"O, du friede!" saagt der Jonathan, wie er sich uff en schtuhl ghockt hot un hot aafange zu heile.

To Be Continued

AN DER ELFTE SCHTUNN

Ich gleich es kammen Volk sehr gut,
En ehrlich Aag un sauwer Blut,
Un rein im Hann un im Haz aa,
Mit blendi Rickschtrang hinnedraa,
Un net verzaagt, bleed odder schei,
Awwer immer schtandhaft b'schteh debei.

Awwer wann ich alsemol draa denk,
Im Mietin-haus, uff selle Benk,
Wie manche Meiler dief im Gsang,
Wu eifrich bede, laut un lang,
Der neegscht Daag widder Schof verreisse,
Dutt's mich erschtaune un serbreise.

Ich glaab ass Kalls wu Schof verreisse,
Un alsemol e bissel bscheisse,
Un losse ihre Schtimm so naus
So regler datt im Mieten-haus,
Die breiche so en Satt Gebed,
Ass Mensch un Gott aa recht verschteht.

Es scheint mer, 's iss en Unnerschitt
Fer bede, ass en Lewe fitt—
Sell iss es Ding, un net en lot
Falsch un unehrlich tommy-rot.
So waer's viel besser, wann Kalls deede
Ebbes wie des alsemol im Bede!

"Du liewer Gott, uff meine Gnie,
Do kumm ich nau mol ehrlich hie;
Ich will net in die Hell, gewiss,
Ich gleich's, wu's ebbes kiehler iss;
So kumm ich nau mit all mei Schand,
Fer du bischt's ennihau all bekannt.

"Du weesscht, ich bin en frommer Mann
Un ehrlich, wann ich's helfe kann,
Awwer ich duh Bisniss fer Brofit
Un sell fiehrt annre Sache mit,
So wann ich bscheisse muss fer'n Schpell,
Warscht's iwwergucke fer mich, gell?"

"Ich hab der alde Wittfraa Schmidt
En halwer Daaler kaunterfitt
Aaghenkt do yetz, sell waar net bschisse,
Sie iss zu dumm fer besser wisse.
Awwer saag doch nix, ich hass die Schand,
Biseits, ich hab kens meh uff Hand.

"Nau noch en Ding, fer ehrlich sel,
Sett mer aa net liegge newebel,
Un 's iss aa ebbes, ass ich hass,
Ich duh's uffkors yuscht fer der Gschpass
En gleeni Lieg, glaab ich gewiss,
Macht net viel Schand, wu Bisniss iss.

"Un liewer Gott, 's iss ehrlich waar,
Die braawe Kalls sin arrig raar;
Awwer duh mei Naame in dei Buch,
Vergeb's wann ich e bissel fluch;
Un wann ich iwwle tschooks verzehl,
Warscht 's iwwergucke unne Fehl.

"Ich weess uffkors, ass ich bin grumm
So newebei beim Grischtendum;
Ich bscheiss un lieg un fluch first-rate,
Un oftmols schtimm net wie ich bed,
Un die groos Mehrheit iss wie ich,
So iwwerguck's un segen mich.

"Un samm Zeit, wann ich Reichdum hab,
Noh loss ich all mei Sinde ab;
Noh watt emol in Arnscht gerischt
Fer's Graab, ass wie en guder Grischt;
Noh segen widder unne Fehl
Mei aldi, darr, verhungert Seel!"

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

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Editorials

When Crisis Arises

The importance of the blood program of the Department of Defense, conducted thru and by the Red Cross, repeatedly is demonstrated on the home front where extraordinary demands for gamma globulin follow every outbreak of polio.

Several weeks ago various communities in New York City clamored for this blood derivative in quantities far greater than anything that could be supplied. The reason why sufficient quantities were not on hand was because visits of the Bloodmobile to various stations on well-advertised of blood which were anticipated and required.

Such a situation also struck home here on Thursday when a little boy, a guest at the Lutheran Home for Children at Topton, was stricken with polio. It then became desirable to inoculate the eighteen children who live in the same cottage with the stricken boy. Fortunately there was enough gamma globulin procurable for the emergency.

But there cannot be any assurance of sufficient supply if the demand should spread. It is not to be overlooked that a lot of the children of the Home attend public schools in Kutztown and Topton. While they have been subjected to quarantine and are not permitted to attend school, emergency would rise if any one or more of them were to become ill and the people of Kutztown and Topton were to become alarmed.

These are matters that should weigh upon the public conscience every time that the Bloodmobile makes a visit to any community in these parts.

Blood is the vital element for treatment of those suffering from shock and injuries in which much of the life stream is lost. It is vital for the immunization of those who have been exposed to one of mankind's most dangerous foes — polio. Sufficient stores of it should be on hand at all times to meet any and all emergencies.

Success in Real Estate

It is only a few years ago that both City and County reluctantly, and with not a few misgivings, went into the real estate business upon a big scale. In fact when the two governments, thru their Council and Board of Commissioners, decided to make the venture that had been forced upon them thru tax delinquencies, they became probably the biggest real estate operators, for the time, in the community.

It will be remembered that, before setting up in the real estate business, the members of the two governments sought the best possible advice procurable in the community, and then followed it.

The results have been most favorable. Thus the City, making a report after two years of business, shows that it has sold land at a net of about $50,000. It has realized more money than the claims which were held against the properties.

Most important, the sales have put these properties back upon the assessment lists and will yield a steady flow of tax money. That flow will be far larger than was to have been expected because most of the sales have been followed by extensive improvements. Thru this, assessed values will have increased far beyond the original figures.

It has all been a valuable and a successful experience. It can be a satisfaction to our citizenry that it all was done in a highly business - like and effective manner.

New College President

Election of Dr. William E. Brandt as president of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy elevates one of Muhlenberg's most widely known and personable alumni, and there will be much pleasure thereby for the many friends whom he made in this community while a studious scholar and an outstanding athlete at the local institution.

In addition Dr. Brandt solidified his local popularity during his years of work at Muhlenberg as public relations aid at the college during the administration of President Levering Tyson.

All good wishes go out of this community to Dr. Brandt as he begins a new administrative epoch in the history of the Philadelphia college which has so many notable alumni located in this community.

Income Tax 40 Yrs. Old

Forty years ago today President Wilson signed the bill under which the present Federal income tax came into existence.

Oddly enough, the income tax provision was not the principal matter in the bill which was known as the Underwood Tariff Act, named for the Alabama Senator who fostered it. An income tax and its yield was not considered of sufficient importance at the time, it appears, to have aarranted a separate and distinct revenue act. Nor did the bill really yield much in its early years and little was the griping done about it.

Rates under the first bill were low. A single person with income under $3000 was exempt and a married person under $4000. Net income was taxed only one per cent up to $20,000 and only two per cent up to $50,000. The maximum rate was only seven per cent and was applicable only to persons with net income of $500,000 or more a year.

One of the results of this low rate was seen in the number of returns in the first year, only 358,000. Average payment was under $100.

Vast change has come in the forty years since Mr. Wilson put his pen to the bill. Last year more than 53,000,000 returns were filed and the average payment was $481. Yet the cost of two great wars still has not been paid.

He's Going Places

In the schedule of annual Newspaper Week, today is National Newspaper Boy Day, and we believe there is hardly another day in all the special Weeks given over to the celebration of various sort which makes greater appeal to the American people.

Millions of families in every generation and during every year have given their boys to the pursuit of this interesting "small business" which every boy develops for himself and into which he throws his brains and his energy. Millions of our finest Americans at some time or other peddled newspapers, learned how to meet and deal with people, how to make and how to save money and build up capital for larger ventures.

The Newspaper Boy tradition is not only one of our strongest but it is also one of our finest. What it was generations ago it is today — an educational force, a stimulus to ambition and achievement and one of the finest factors in the shaping of good Americans and Americanism.

Salute your newsboy today and, if possible, get to know him just a little better. Mark him well. You are almost certainly going to hear a lot of good things about him as the years go on, for he is almost certain to be a boy who is going places and is going to do things.

Dangerous Daydreams

Lives there a man with soul so dead who never has found himself spiritually merging with the landscape, rehashing the talk at last week's cocktail party, projecting endless Walter Mitty dialogues—all while driving his newly tuned-up auto along one of the country's super-smooth, super-fast super-highways? A gathering of traffic engineers up in Buffalo has concluded that just such mental wanderings are the primary cause of accidents on these futuristic arteries of travel.

It is a tragically serious business, of course, and a knotty problem to solve as well. Unfortunately, the problem is of such a nature that it seems any effective solution must resolve itself into making these highways less pleasant than they are. Suggestions range from serrating the highways non-rhythmically, so that the driver will remember he's in his car and not home in an easy chair, to spotting word-by-word signs that spell out safety slogans along the way, thus chopping up some often very nice scenery.

But what was particularly interesting was the suggestion that, over special radio bands, carefully prepared programs be broadcast fashioned purposely to keep the driver from daydreaming. We wonder what they'd be like. The logical approach might be to use the noises that are so efficient in breaking up dreams at night. How about crying babies, rattling windows, high heels overhead and ringing alarm clocks—all going at once? That would probably do the trick.
— N. Y. Times.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

At their recent convention an executive of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies told the police chiefs of this country that they should fight for an increase of state police and highway patrols by at least 15,000 men at an estimated annual cost of $120 million annually.

He said that such an increase would "help to deter speeders, drunken and reckless drivers and thus save the lives of thousands of potential victims of accidents caused by law violators."

In my completely inexpert and unauthoritative opinion that isn't the remedy at all.

No more than we would cure cancer—with its still unknown origins — by quickly training 15,000 additional doctors at a cost of 120 million dollars a year.

You don't cure anything by putting evil-doers in prison. Every year our crime rate is increasing heavily. Our jails are jammed to more than capacity.

Do you think for a moment that crime would decrease by the building of more and larger jails or by adding a half million cops all over the country?

One of the facts all these people should take into consideration is that the world is peopled by human beings.

Human beings are not like birds or fishes or tigers.

You know that a sparrow has certain characteristics and does certain things.

You know that a fish will go for certain bait. (And, by the way, what good does it do him?)

You know that a tiger is a very unpleasant beast and so you keep away fron him entirely or shoot him.

But human beings have what we call self-determination. They have been taught to think and to make their own decisions.

That has made them productive, progressive, inventive — human.

But self-determination has also made them bad. A criminal steals not by instinct but because by some quirk of his mind he has determined that that is an easy way to make a living.

The speed of a humming bird is one of the most astonishing phenomena of nature. But the humming bird does not intend to fly so fast. It does so because—well, because it is a humming bird.

But the human being speeds because he has made up his mind that he is more powerful and can go faster than all the others before, behind and beside him.

And if there were a hundred thousand cops on the road he would still try to outwit them and, for the short stretches on which there are none, he would cause still more havoc than he does now.

We try to cure everything everywhere with more of this and that. If anything is wrong in France, we throw another few hundred million dollars over there.

And over here, if something is wrong with education, we spend an extra few millions on schools, with rest rooms and cafeterias and gymnasia, rather than get better-paid and better teachers and think of better ways to bring up our kids morally.

You cannot cure a wart on your nose by pasting a court-plaster over it.

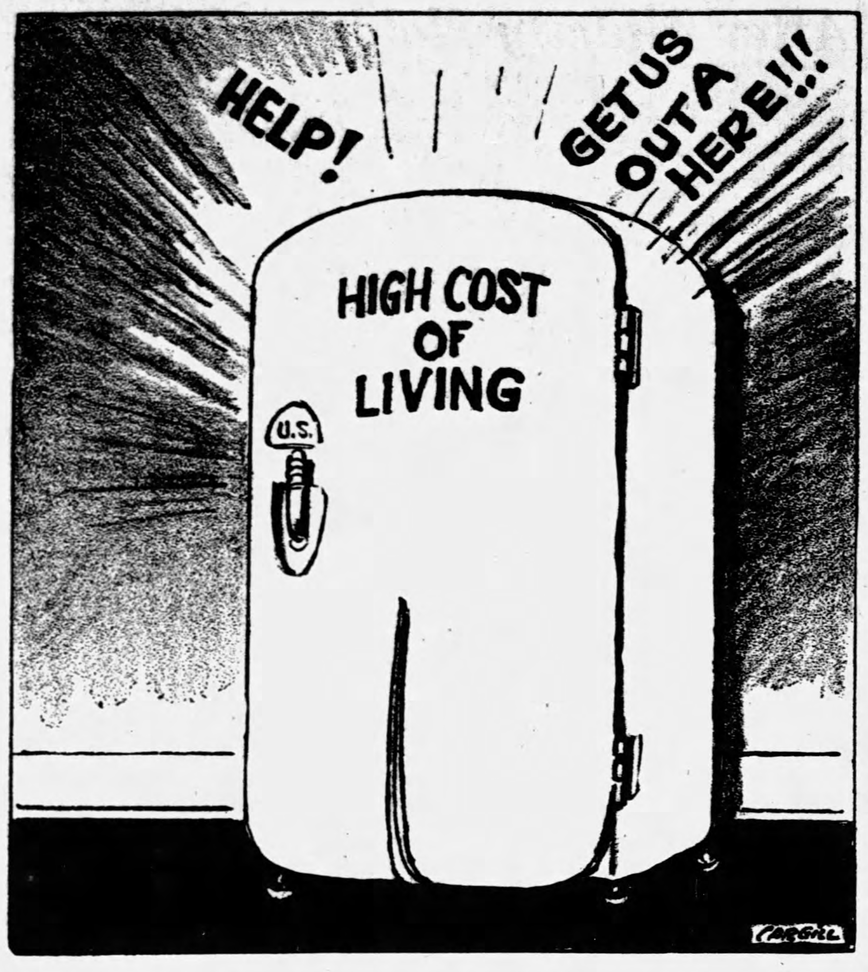
Horoscope

Go slowly in all matters, and do not worry, but stay serene, knowing all disappointments have their end and a calm attitude will bring you succesfully through them. Good nature may be very pronounced in the child born today. Any difficulties encountered through life should be solved and a happy life achieved.

25 Years Ago

Better roads for upper Bucks County occupied the attention of the Quakertown Chamber of Commerce at its meeting in the borough hall last night. President Joe Neidig was in charge.

Another Abandoned Icebox



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Adlai Stevenson made what looks like a curious suggestion to President Eisenhower. The former presidential candidate says he would like to see the United States sign a non-aggression pact with Soviet Russia.

Does this mean that Mr. Stevenson believes it necessary for the United States to make a pledge that hereafter it will not commit acts of aggression against Soviet Russia? Has the United States ever been guilty of aggression heretofore? In the eyes of Stalin, Vishinsky, Mao and the rest of the Communists, the United States crossed the 38th Parallel in Korea with other members of the United Nations and committed acts of aggression against the so-called People's government in North Korea.

Mr. Stevenson says the objective of the proposed non-aggression pact would be "to deprive Soviet Russia of the peace propaganda it now has and put them on the spot as to their intentions." But if the United States agrees "not to commit acts of aggression any more" — as the Soviet propaganda will phrase it — the step will be tantamount to pleading guilty, of course, to an absurd accusation.

Who'd Be Included?

The former Illinois governor isn't quite sure whether his suggested pact of non - aggression would include just Great Britain, France, the United States and Soviet Russia, or whether it would include all the countries behind the Iron Curtain as well as such hypothetical aggressors as now are known as members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The President is reported to have shown an interest in what Mr. Stevenson proposed and also to have listened intently to the story o what the former presidential nominee found on his trip around the world. It is natural for Mr. Eisenhower to be polite about such things and to do so in the interest of a bipartisan front in handling foreign policy. But at the same time the nation is getting a rather confused impression as to what the Eisenhower administration really has in mind in the matter of world policy, especially as it relates to Soviet Russia.

Gave Information

There is a feeling that the President has been unable to formulate a definite policy about what to do as a consequence of the development of the hydrogen bomb by Soviet Russia. From Mr. Eisenhower's press conference on Wednesday came the following official information:

1. The knowledge that the Russians have the bomb is, of course, an acute problem for the Defense Department.

2. This is causing more earnest study than anything which has happened lately.

3. When the President can get sorted out in his own mind and with his advisers exactly how the government here should approach this whole subject and its interrelationship with the international situation, the relief of tension in the world and the growing destructiveness of the world's armament — when he can get that all straightened out — he expects to go before the American people and tell them about it. He will be very frank in telling them the facts on which his studies have been based and the conclusions which he and the administration have reached.

The foregoing doesn't sound as if the American government has any plan or program to deal with the Communist menace except to deal with each new situation as it arises. The President feels he should not say anything in his forthcoming speeches that might produce adverse reactions. His reasons as he gave them to the press are these:

1. We have friends abroad and must be very careful that they understand always that we have one intention — namely, peace. We don't want war, and any one with his war experience would put war at the very last of any possible solutions to the world's difficulties.

2. The President thinks the only possible tragedy greater than winning a war would be losing it. Just war should be ruled out of the calculations of all of us and we should proceed from there

3. Now America wants all her allies to understand thoroughly that, because we have to take rudimentary precautions for our own security, we will not quail from any sacrifice necessary to provide that security. If you don't look out, these intentions are misunderstood, and badly misunderstood.

Don't Frighten People

4. Some of our friends say we are pugnacious and impulsive or we have lost faith in the conference table. Those things are far from the truth.

5. Another thing is that you don't want to frighten anyone to death in the world. Frightened people cannot make good decisions. So you have to understand the strength of the free world and the strength of America at the very same time that you are weighing also our dangers and our risks.

This is but another way of saying that talk about the destructiveness of the H-bomb could frighten European peoples and drive them into appeasement policies. Likewise, if too much emphasis is placed on what might happen to our side, it may be overlooked that the free world can deliver retaliatory blows as well.

The formula is still one of threat and counter-threat.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS 'N ANNERING: Die shanshd tzeit fom yohr is om kumma —die tzeit woh die bame sich draya in dafarab fon gree tzu rote, gail, brau, un so fiel onnerra farva g'shwisha drin os m'r sie net wase tzu nanna. Da onner dawg worra m'r 's Lechaw Dahl owwa nous noch Mauch Chunk, noch Nesquehoning, Lansford un Summit Hill, un kon eich yusht sawga os es wunnerbore shae wor. Die mansh'd farab alla weil sin die sossafros un mabla bame, die sossafros sin golda gail, 's same wie aw die hickory, un die mabla bame sin fire rote. Grawd fon Normanl Square drunna hen m'r 'n mabla g'sehna inside noch grawsa gree, un die ousa wenich nei fer paar foos, fire rote.

'S mocht nix ous wos fer shaina bilder os den mensch mola mawg sei lava wor noch ken paint barsh'd un paint, os es fergleichness weissa kon fon ma grossa barrick badeck'd mit bame won die bladder sich annerra. Die nadure shwetzt darta fers ledshd mohl fer sel yohr, un sing'd 'n lobe lead in farab os noch ken saelicher mensch uf duch odder bobier mola hut kenna. Alla oussicht noh alla weil, nembts noch 'n woch odder tzwae bis die bish on ihr'm aller shanshda sin, die tzeit woh m'r noch Niagara Falls gaina mit unserra train exkursion. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die trip wor ferparbas gablawn'd fer ga won die bame sich draya in farab, un glawwa net os aenich aryads ebbes shanners tzu sehna is os wie die trip fon Mauch Chunk nuf noch Wilkes Barre iwwer die barya, ol dawaig noch Buffalo.

Onnerra tzeita won m'r noch Niagara Falls worra, sin m'r gonga bei da nocht, un tzurick kumma da sama waig. Drowwa worra m'r aw yusht long ganunk fer die Falls sehna bei dawg—hen alla mohl tzurick gamist eb dunkle, un sie net sehna kenna won die lichter druf gadray'd worra. 'S wor fer sellie uhrsoch os m'r dessa mohl nuf gaina bei dawg, fer die Falls sehna im hella, un aw owets wons dunkle is. Aryads shunshd in daheits tzeiting is 'n ad tzu finna os die folla barichda gebt, won un wie, os m'r gaina heit tzwae wocha.

MORYA BRUMTS: Yar bei jupps morya brumts uf 'in Nazareth race track woh sie race fohrra os der shtawb flieg'd. Wos noch mainer is, sis der yairlich Pennsylfawnish Deitsch dawg, un woh mier dabei sin fer helfa fertzaila iwwer die luft, wos aw gait. Im dem fol fohrra net yusht die monsleit race mit alla orta alta kessel, ow'r hen aw so gore weibsleit dabei — ebbes os m'r selwar noch net g'sehna hen uf ma race track. So wie sie uns ow'r sawga is es 'n lot g'shpass, un wil wetta os leit fon alla ecka bei kumma die g'shpass ei nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit 'n woch is aw die tzeit fon da yairlicha fersommling fon da Pennsylvania German Society on Lebanon Valley kollege, Annville —g'shwishich Lebanon un Harrisbarrick.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 3:13-16

Peter's explanation of the remarkable miracle which we have been considering is given in these words: "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified His Son Jesus, Whom ye delivered up, and denied Him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let Him go' (read Matth. 27:19-25).) But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer (Barabbas) to be granted unto you, and killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof ye are witnesses. And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know; yea, the faith which is by Him (meaning, faith wrought through Jesus) hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all. Thus did Peter open his address with emphasis upon the fact that at the center of Christianity is not a dead Buddha but a living Saviour, interested in those who believe in Him, and ever willing to grant us mercy and grace and help in every time of need (Hebrews 4:16).



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER ZEHNT

Dihr kennt of course denke, ass mir so aardlich iwwel gfiehlt hen, wie mir die discovery gemacht hen, ass der Zweingelli, der Anarchist, uff unserm track waar, un waar verleicht eensichi minutt reddi fer uns in die heeh zu blose mit dynamite.

Ich un der Jonathan hen der Rossem dernoh hiegerufe un hen ihm der Zweingelli ausge'point'.

"Denkscht du really, Rossem, ass seller Zweingelli so ebbes im sinn hot?" froogt der Jonathan wie ich mei suspicions zum Rossem expleent hab ghatt.

"Ya, es deet mich ken bissel 'surprise'e wann er browiere deet uns zu madde," saagt der Rossem. "Deel vun denne Anarchists sin arrig revengeful, un sie gewwe net meh umme mann sei lewe, ass sie duhne weeich emme moschkieter. Mir hen der Zweingelli so aardlich lively geyust, un er kann sell of course net vergesse."

"Well, was welle mir duh?" froogt der Jonathan; "der Carniel iss fatt gange un kummt verleicht fer en woch net zerick."

"O, mir kennte fatt geh unni ihn—yuscht sell deet ewennich cowardly gucke," saagt der Rossem; "ich waer in favor fer do zu bleiwe bis der Carniel zerickummt, un fer denne lidderliche Anarchists zu weise, ass mir ken cowards sin. Wann mir ewennich close watsche, dann kenne mir sie verleicht biede an ihrem eeggene game."

On Guard Against the Anarchists

"Soll ich graad nausgeh un selli kalls taeckle?" greischt der Jonathan, wie er sei hemmarremel nuffgerollt hot.

"Nee, sell waer net der weeg fer mit ihne umgeh," saagt der Rossem; "mir welle gaar net aalosse, ass mir der Zweingelli kenne. Mir welle awwer unser aagge uffhalde un closely watsche was fer movements ass sie mache. Ee ding muss graad do verschtanne sei—zwee vun uns misse immer do bei der machine bleiwe, so ass der Zweingelli ken chance grickt fer sie zu schtehle. Eens vun uns sett dernoh gucke fer der Carniel un ihm unser umschtende carefully expleene. Wann er do waer, dann deede mir ewwe yuscht abschtaerte, un sell deet em Zweingelli sei plans graad settle."

"Well, suppose ich deet der Carniel suche?" saagt der Jonathan.

"Nee, sell waer verleicht en bessere job fer mich," saagt der Rossem; "du biscbt viele meh wautvoll do fer die machine zu 'guard'e un wann eens vun selle kalls dich taeckle dutt, dann weess ich, ass du ihn so aardlich gut hendle kannscht."

Des hot der Jonathan yuscht about gut gepliest, un ich hab genoticed, ass er sich graad fer en schpiggel gschtellt hot un hot feischt gemacht un die aerrem in position grickt graad wie en prize fighter.

Der Rossem hot uns instruct, ass mir die machine gut watsche sedde, un dernoh iss er ab fer der Carniel zu suche.

Der Rossem waar hardly darrich die schtadt gange gewest, dann kummt der Mawny zu uns un saagt:

"Buwe, ich hab en arriye cordial invitation vun selle meed datt fer mit ihne heemzugeh un en paar daag bei ihne zu schpende. Sie saagge mir, ass ihre paepp en groosser interest nemmt in scientific inventions, un ass sie schur waere, ass er arrig froh waer fer mich zu sehne. Ich hab ihne gsaat, ass ich der inventor bin vun daere machine."

"Un datt hoscht du of course farrichterlich gelogge," saagt der Jonathan."

"What's the dif," saagt der Mawny; "so meed kann mer eensich ebbes weismache."

"Ich hab em Mawny dernoh expleent weeich em Zweingelli, un hab ihm zu verschteh gewwe, ass er positively bei uns bleiwe sett fer helfe die machine zu watsche.

Awwer der Mawny hot yuscht so dumm gelacht un iss abge'marched' mit de meed. About en halb schtund, nochdem ass der Mawny fatt waar, dann iss es mir wie en flash ins mind kumme ass selli meed undoubtedly in die machine gschickt waare bei em Zweingelli un sei kummraade, parrebes fer der Mawny weckzu'coax'e.

Ich hab dernoh zum fenschder nausgepiept, awwer ich hab nix meh vun de Anarchists sehne kenne.

Ich un der Jonathan waare nau gans allee in der machine, un dihr kennt denke, ass es uns yuscht about verleed waar. Mir waare awwer determined, ass mir die machine gut watsche, un bleiwe datt bis die annere kalls zerickkumme. Mir hen's so arranged, ass eener guard schteh sett selli nacht bis zwelf uhr, die weil ass der anner am schlofe iss, un fer dernoh abzuwexle.

Der Jonathan hot druff insist, ass ich's easy part vun der nacht nemme sett—vun neine bis zwelfe—un ass er dernoh guard schteh deet bis daag.

Der Jonathan hot sich accordingly graad uff der bodde geleegt un waar glei farrichterlich am schnarrickse. Er hot undoubtedly gedraamt vun de leit in Efridaa, fer ich hab ihn aardlich oft heere em George Harris un en latt annere kalls ihre naame 'mention'e.

Ich hab an der dier am hinnere end vum cylinder ghockt, mit em revolver in der hand, un hab die surroundings im park carefully beguckt. Hie un do waar en licht am brenne, un ich hab alle gebott leit sehne kenne laafe. Awwer endlich, so an de elf uhr rum, hot mer ken leit meh sehne kenne, un der park waar ruhich.

Jim Brenasel Dreams of Ephrata

Ich hab e weil in differente directions naus geguckt, un dernoh uff eemol sin mir die aagge schwaer warre, un ich waar glei am draame.

Ich hab gedraamt, ass sie en trolley lein gebaut hedde vun Efridaa noch Lincoln, un ass die managers vun der lein en wunderbaari business geduh hen. Ich hab gemeent, ich waer uff en car gschteppt graad ver em Jecky Reinhold seim schuh schtor, un die car waer glei abgange mit en grossi latt passengers. Der Mathias Etnoyer vun Lincoln hot vanne an der car ghockt un hot als die bell gerunge, wann zu viel hund uff eemol uff em track waare, un hot als die brakes druff geduh wann die car als iwwer en particular groosser hund gange iss.

Der Jeck Kilhefner waar der conductor, un iss rumgange un hot de passengers ihre fare collect. Graad newich mir hawwich gemeent hot en Duke Schtrooss kall ghockt, mit zwee scheene gleene Bobblin uff em schooss. Graad newich mir uff der linkse seit waar der John Mumma un sei fraa. Ich hab genoticed, ass em John sei fraa arrig geinterest waar in de bobblin, un sie hot undoubtedly gewinscht sie hett aa zwee fer selle weeg fattzunemme in de trolley cars. Der Davy Kilhefner un der Frank Emmert hen graad unnedraa ghockt, un hen en arrig argument ghatt weeich ebbes. Graad niwwer vun mir hot der Levi Miller ghockt mit emme aarmvoll graas un blumme. Es waare viel annere bekannte leit in der car, un die platforms waare voll hinne un vanne. Der Felly Mohler un der Fred Mull hen vanne uff der platform gschtanne un hen farrichterlich geyohit wann der Mathias als iwwer en hund gfaahre iss. Der Abe Breitegam iss aa in die car kumme drunne an der Church Schtross. Die sitz waare all uffgenumme un der Abe hot schteh misse. Er hot sei kopp als farrichterlich owwe wedder die ceiling vun der car gebumpt, wann's als iwwer en grosser schteh odder en hund gange iss, awwer der Wall Witmyer hot der Abe dernoh uff sei schooss hocke losse. Mir hen dernoh all "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" gsunge, die weil ass die car darrich die Main Schtrooss nunner gange iss wie en schtraahl. Yuscht wie mir uff die brick kumme sin, dann hot der Os Fenady die suggestion gemacht, ass mir nau "Down in a Coal Mine" singe, awwer mir hen sell lied hardly recht gschtaert ghatt, dann hen mir uff eemol en crash gheert un hen gschpiert ass die alt schteenich brick noochgewwe hot un ass die car am darrich nunner geh iss geeich em wasser. Ich hab gemeent ich bin mit emme a farrichterliche bump kopps vedderscht graad uff der bodde vun der car gfalle, mit em Mumma un em Levi Miller graad owwe uff mir.

Jim's Rude Awakening

Awwer yuscht selli minutt bin ich wacker warre, un dihr kennt denke wie ich surprised waar, wie ich gsehne hab ass ich uff em bodde vun unsere flying machine gelegge hab un hab der Zweingelli ver mir gsehne, mit emme revolver graad an meim kopp un sei eendi hand an meim hals!

Die seem segund hawwich drei kalls sehne der Jonathan securely binne an de hend un fiess. Der Jonathan hot arrig gekickt un gschtrawwelt, awwer es hot alles nix gebatt, un er waar glei so hilflos ass wie en glee bobbli.

"Wann du dei maul uffmachscht fer zu greische, dann bischt du en doder mann" saagt der Zweingelli, wie er mir der point vum revolver wedder die schtann gedrickt hot; "halt dich yuscht schee ruhich, un duh was ich dir saag, un dernoh kummt alles recht. Dihr kalls seid nau in meim power un misst duh graad was ich saag."

Zweingelli Seeks Revenge and Takes Over the Plane

Der Zweingelli hot mir dernoh mei revolver genumme, un wie er sie in sei sack gschteckt hot, dann saagt er:

"Nau schteh uff un tschautsch selli chambers mit gaes; mir welle en gleeni trip nemme."

Ich hab mich schteibere welle, awwer der Zweingelli hot druff insist, ass er mich schiesst, wann ich net duh graad was er saagt.

"Ich geb ken drei cent um dei lewe," saagt der Zweingelli, "un ich deet dich yuscht so gschwind schiesse ass wie en ratt."

Ich hab gsehne, ass ich net viel rumfule darref, un so hawwich accordingly die gas chambers aafange zu tschautsche, un in en paar minudde iss unser flying machine wie en schtraahl hoch owwe naus gange.

Der aarem Jonathan hot datt uff em bodde gelegge, tight gebunne an de hend un fiess, un hot sich ewwe gaar net helfe kenne. Ich hab genoticed ass er als mit full force browiert hot fer die schtrick zu verreisse, awwer die Anarchists hen ihn zu tight gebunne ghatt, un er hot ewwe gaar nix duh kenne.

"Des ding hawwich so aardlich gut ge'managed', "saagt der Zweingelli, wie er so falsch gelacht hot un hot sei revolver als imme umleidiche weeg geeich meim kopp ge'point'; "selli meed hen mol seller narrisch Mawny schee aus em weeg grickt, un circumstances, ass ich nix mit zu duh hab ghatt hen seller Carniel un der Rossem aa weckgenumme vun der machine. Es schpeit mich yuscht ee ding, un sell iss, ass ich net die chance ghatt hab fer seller Carniel ewennich zu kitzle mit ere kuggel vun meim revolver. Ich deet arrig gleiche schkweer zu warre mit sellem kall fer der mean weeg wie er mich geyust hot datt in Chicago."

Der Zweingelli hot als sei revolver geeich mich ge'point', un zimmlich glei saagt er widder:

Jim Brenasel Loses the Wart on His Nose

"Ich deet gleiche nooch ebbes zu schiesse, yuscht fer dir zu weise wie ich en revolver hendle kann. Suppose du deetscht dei kopp recht schteddi hewe bis ich dir selli waartz datt vanne an deinere naas eweck schiess. Sie iss vun ken use datt, un dutt meh odder wennicher dei appearance verdarrewe. Es iss of course arrig important, ass du dich perfectly schteddi haltscht, schunscht kennt die kuggel verleicht darrich dei ohr geh, un dernoh hett ich of course en doder mann uff meine hend."

"O, ich deet liewer net, Mr. Zweingelli," saaggich wie mir en kalder schwitz der buckel nuff gange iss; "die grooss waartz hawwich do vanne uff em tip vun meinre naas schun lange yaahre, un ich deet net gleiche sie zu verliere."

"Yo, sie muss ab," saagt der Zweingelli; "dreh dei groosi naas yuscht about en vaddel zoll weider niwwer geeich die wand, un halt dich so schteddi ass du annerscht kannscht. Ich zeehl drei, un du kannscht dernoh wisse wann's dunnert.

"Mei liewer Mr. Zweingelli," saagich wie mei bee aafange hen zu ziddere; "des iss en gfaehrlich experiment, un ich deet gewiss liwer die waartz uff der naas hawwe, ass wie der risk nemme fer verleicht dod gschosse zu warre. Ich hab en liewer daadi, en mammi un en groossmammi deheem, un die deede sich dod heile, wann ich dod gemacht deet warre."

"Die waartz muss ab!" greischt der Zweingelli; "dreh dei kopp ewennich weider niwwer! Nau, schteddi; eens—zwee—drei!"

Dernoh hot's gedunnert, un die seem segund hawwich ebbes vanne an der naas gschpiert uff en aart ass wann ebber mir es feierich end vun ere cigar wedder ghowe hett. Ich hab die hand gschwind nuff, un hab gschpiert ass die waartz nimme datt waar.

Un die seem minutt hen mir ebbes vun ere explosion gheert outside newe am cylinder, die machine hot sich uff en seit gschmisse, un yuscht wie uff eemol unser groosse lichter ausgange sin, dann waare ich un der Zweingelli, die drei annere Anarchists un der Jonathan uff emme haufe im dunkle in eem eck vun der schtubb. Ich hab gschpiert ass die machine am nunner geh waar geeich em bodde amme farrichterliche schpied, un hab gewisst ass wann net ebbes wunderbaares uns zu hilf kummt, ass mir all in e paar segunde en schrecklicher dod hen.

To Be Continued

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Editorials

Emmaus' Miracle Mile

The people of Emmaus (Pop. 7,780, 1950 Census) are rejoicing for they have their own Miracle Mile of improved highway and, what is particularly titillating to the thrifty spirit of the community is the fact that the boro is not spending a cent for its construction.

Within the week the State Highway Department, whose Highway No. 29 courses thru the centre of the progressive and prosperous boro, has resurfaced this road from the westerly end of the town to Keystone Avenue. And it has done a magnificent job.

An amazing fact has been the speed and the thoroness with which the work has been performed. A minimum of detouring has been the result of careful planning and swift work. Motorists and police have been well pleased.

Remarkable has been this matter of speed. It demonstrates what can be done with modern machinery and ample forces of men which focus determinedly upon a job with speed as a goal quite as important for the motoring public as the quality of the highway's resurfacing.

Almost overnight the first impressions to be gained by motorists on traveling thru the boro have been improved a hundred per cent. There is no better index to the character of the boro than this new and beautiful highway which is the principal artery for transportation into and thru the substantial Moravian Boro.

Full and Fair Measure

From the distant past comes the adage "Cave Emptor." (Let the buyer beware). Ancient literature, including that of the Bible, is full of references to the the fact that "things are not always what they seem" when placed upon scales and weighed for those scales may be faulty, either by design or by accident. And, of course, it has been the general observation that where faulty, the scales generally favor the seller, not the buyer.

So it has been probably in all ages of man. So it would be undoubtedly today if most careful watch were not kept upon those who use standards of weights and measurements. Those standards must be honest ones today.

In this county and city we have inspectors of weights and measures. Their unannounced visits to places of business keep sharp practices pretty much under control. Furthermore, there is almost universal disposition on the part of merchants to have absolutely accurate standards of weights and measures, not alone because they wish to do nothing which may bring their integrity into question but also because weighing devices have been known to go wrong and favor the buyer to the disadvantage of the seller.

Human relationships have been immeasurably improved since the days when "Cave Emptor" was the rule in dealings and both sides of the counter understood it to be so. Today it is a rare thing for inspectors to find illegal weights and measures which must be confiscated. Today honesty is general thruout the world of trade.

This was shown in the recent report of the local inspector for the month of September during which more than a thousand devices were tested. Of these 75 required adjustments which probably could be explained by mechanical failures. But sixteen measuring devices were entirely condemned, seized and destroyed. It was not indicated whether or not human avarice had anything to do with their faultiness.

This report also reemphasizes the fact that itinerant dealers such as farmers, hucksters and peddlers who have no fixed place of business are just as responsible to the public for accurate measures and scales as those who operate in shops. They are liable to the law for inspection of these devices and their sealing as just and true measures. Furthermore, they are bounden by local ordinance to sell by weight and not by dry measure and to conform with many other regulations that govern selling in retail shops.

Well-Nigh Perfect Job

Statistics are dull and dry. Nevertheless it is pertinent to refer to the very extensive job which the Lehigh County Tuberculosis and Health Society has been doing recently with its mobile X-ray unit.

Beginning only a little over three weeks ago, the operators in the unit made 13,193 pictures up to Thursday night after they had completed a stay in Neffs where 227 persons were served during the day.

These figures show that more than 600 persons per day were served in this way on an average. Daily figures of course were higher during the week that the unit was stationed in the heart of Allentown and during the week of the Allentown Fair when the unit operated at the Fair Grounds.

If the unit were to operate every day for a full year of 300 working days, it would be possible at this average to take X-ray pictures of every man, woman and child in Lehigh County.

This would be ideal. While it must be realized that, practically, it is not entirely possible, the local society is so eager and anxious that it constantly strives to get as close to that goal as it is possible under the circumstances.

Most of those circumstances which prevent attainment of the goal are of the people's own making. The Society brings the unit with its personnel and equipment as close as possible to the people. It invites any and all to be photographed and get a report upon their physical condition. It remains for individuals to respond voluntarily for there is and can be no compulsion.

The job can be done only to the extent that the public cooperates. In its own activity, the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society is doing a well-nigh perfect job. It is difficult to think of any other program that is so comprehensive in vision and so nearly complete in performance.

Red Hand in Revolts

Sooner or later the apologists for the Russians and their international behavior get slapped in the face for their tolerance and desire to be at peace with them as recent happenings in British Guiana demonstrate.

In the first place it is to be noted that the British Labor Party has repeately taken sides with Russia in international matters. Its wordy leaders have taken a pro-Russian position and derogated words and actions by American leaders. They would have made our leaders out to be knaves and fools.

In the second place, the British Government, while the Labor Party was in power, gave Guiana constitutional reforms, extending the franchise and expanding native self-government.

What thanks did they get for it? At the most recent elections, a pro-Soviet party won control of the government and Communists, who came into Guiana in recent years and undoubtedly continue to take orders from Moscow, have taken over. Now they are engaged in a revolt against Great Britain and the English are much alarmed. Troops and warships have been dispatched to the scene and there is much fear that a Communist-dominated state will be set up.

The British, who have their hands full in Asia and Africa do not fancy facing new troubles in another part of the world. The British apologists for Russia have a lot of explaining to do inasmuch as the Red hand is to be seen behind just about every scene of their troubles.

Air Mail Advance

A few days ago big multi-engined airliners rose from the runways of Washington, Chicago and New York in the initial flights of a Post Office Department experiment designed to see how many 3-cent letters and 2-cent postcards could be carried by air mail between those three municipalities.

The experimental service, whereby letters and cards will get the additional speed of delivery by virtue of airline transportation, is based on the idea of utilizing empty space on airlines at low rates. If successful, it will be expanded to many other points around the nation.

On the first flights some 2 million letters and postcards normally moved by surface transportation were loaded into the big planes, and it was the expectation of Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield that they would arrive about 24 hours ealier than if they had been sent by train.

For those who buy airmail stamps at 6 cents a copy, it must be pointed out that letters so stamped will have priority on movement by plane, with the 3-cent kind taking their chances on getting aboard.

In other words, the whole plan is a "space available" idea predicated on the fact that there is often unused weight capacity on many flights and that additional mail so expedited will be of benefit to everyone.

It is to be hoped that the experiment works out the way the Post Office Department and the airline people believe that it will, and we look forward to the day when mail to and from Harrisburg and Central Pennsylvania generally will be similarly speeded on its way. — Harrisburg Patriot.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call, Oct. 10, 1928, a Wednesday.

A thousand Scottish Rite Masons and their ladies from all sections of Lehigh Valley made up a colorful assemblage in Mealey's auditorium last night when the jewels emblematic of Masonry's highest honor were presented to Henry B. Kennell, Lehighton, John H. Neumeyer, Easton, Fred Fatzinger, Stroudsburg, and Clenmore Andrews, of Bethlehem, recently elevated to the 33rd degree by the supreme council.

Without protest of any kind at the session, City Council Tuesday morning passed on third and final reading an ordinance concerning the sidewalks on 8th Street between Linden and Turner, for the unobstructed use of pedestrians, preparatory to the extension of the boulevard lighting system.

Horoscope

Favorable influences prevail in business matters today, so your work should go well. Romance and social engagements should go happily, too.

It's Risky Calling 'Help'—



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

From here to eternity may be only three years, according to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, who believes the Soviets are some 36 months behind us in the development of a "droppable" H-Bomb. But, if Mr. Wilson reads some of the intelligence reports on Italy's virtually unknown, high-powered, Communist-infiltrated atomic and thermo-nuclear research labs, our defense secretary will see that it is later than he thinks.

On the possibility that he has not been provided with such reports, I want here to rip the lid off these research centers which have led the world in the development of nuclear weapons, much to the surprise of the public, which believes that the U.S. is the veteran in this ghastly explosive field.

These Italian labs were the first to develop the atomic bomb disintegration principle. They were then, and are now, infiltrated by secret Soviet agents — and at least several pro-Soviet scientists.

Yet these centers, the newest of which are being completed at Turin, in the heart of Communist labor strength, and in the pine woods at San Rossore, between Pisa and Communist-controlled Leghorn, are the pivotal points of a huge pool of European atomic and thermo-nuclear knowledge.

Participants in Pool

Participants in this pool, officially called the European Council for Nuclear Research, are Belgium, Denmark, France, Italy, Greece, Norway, Holland, Western Germany, Sweden, Switzerland and Tito's Yugoslavia. Britain does not belong officially, but participates at its supposedly ultra-secret sessions through an accredited representative who sits in as an observer. This man has brought back to a spy-infested British A and H-bomb research center all our latest secrets.

How? Because the U. S. gives a considerable amount of its newest data to the council and permits council members to come here for consultation or to actually assist in experimentation. Obviously, Rome's importance as an atomic studies headquarters is all supreme.

I ran into this nest this summer when I worked with the leaders of the anti-Communist Italian labor movement on studies of the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes. The labor leaders there are concerned because of the possible displacement of tens of thousands of workers in the big power and fuel fields.

Similar concern, incidentally, is felt by John Lewis here at home, because one pound of uranium, a cube one inch long, has the energy equivalent of 2,700,000 pounds of coal.

This summer, the first of August to be exact, I was startled to learn that the U. S. had just depoisited some $18,000 in a bank account for a Soviet spy. Bruno Pontecorvo. Comrade Bruno now is in the recesses of Western China, developing not only "droppable" H-Bombs, but cosmic ray weapons, too. Pontecorvo got this money when we paid a group of seven Italian scientists $300,000 in royalties for a special process they had developed making possible the first ancient A-Bomb. The group, which sold its patent to the U. S. years ago, included Bruno Pontecorvo. They worked at the time at the Marconi Institute in Rome.

Takes Secrets to Russia

Spy-comrade Pontecorvo then went to work for the British at Harwell, along with the other spy-comrade, Klaus Fuchs. Then Bruno used an aerial "underground," if you'll permit me the phrase, to escape into Russia with all his secrets. But he did leave behind him, in the Italian labs, many close friends.

They, and others he did not know, have seeped into the entire network of Italian experimentation, much of which is done by a quasi-public outfit known as the Italian Center for Nuclear Energy Studies (CISE), affiliated with the European pool mentioned above.

The European pool headquarters is in Rome. Its secretary is Prof. Edoardo Amaldi of the University of Rome, who also directs the Marconi Institute. He is also a leader in the CISE. He has no political affiliations—but his principal aide is Prof. Bellario, named by the Giorno Illustrato, a prominent Rome publication, as pro-Communist.

Also working for CISE is a Prof. Panzini, who writes for the Vie Nuove (New Lives), an official Communist weekly magazine.

And informed sources report that at least a third of the young assistants at the Marconi Institute, Pontecorvo's old lab, are notorious members and sympathizers of the all-powerful Italian Communist party.

The Italian military intelligence people know that many who work on the most delicate research in these labs are often in contact with the Street of Obscure Shops (Via Botteghe Oscure).

This is the national headquarters of the Communist party.

(Copyright, 1953)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

GIFTS UNBESTOWABLE

My grandsire knew the way of things,
Loved gears and wheels and rods and rings.
As his descendant I should be
As fond of all machines as he,
But no inheritance I drew.
When he passed on, of what he knew

Those useful hands which he possessed
Were stilled when he was called to rest.
The tools he used with so much skill
Were merely mentioned in his will.
But of the knowledge he had gained
To aid his loved ones none remained.

Not one of those who wealth prefer,
Wisdom and skill his riches were
And even now at times I grieve
That those to me he couldn't leave
There's much with tools that I might do.
Had I but learned whta grandpa knew.

(Copyright, 1953)

Like old oil rags in a closet, some cargoes of raw wood ignite spontaneously in transit unless natural oils are thoroughly washed out before shipment.

The ancient Norsemen believed the mistletoe plant was sacred and must not touch the earth. This belief led to the custom of hanging mistletoe high at Christmas.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER SHTAWB IS G'FLOGA:

M'r hen da onner dawg net fershtae kenna wos om aw gae wear in Fogelsville wie m'r der pike nous sin. Die luft wor fol shtawb, un 'n shtick fom airshda wertshous drous gaeich da posht offis un bantzu huts garobb'ld wie won ebber um g'shmissa het mit ra wogga load blechna konna. Tzu gleich hen m'r aw feshter butzer g'sehna on da arwet, un hen ous g'funna glei danoh os die housbutz gichterra ous gabrocha worra ons Ray Burkharts'—un aw os es Rays' om tziega worra.

'S wor net os es notewenich wor fers hous reinicha woh sie nei gatzoga sin, doch hut gabutzt sei missa fom garret bis nunner in der kaller. Fogelsville wie aw dale onnerra shtedt doh im Lechaw Dahl, hut sei share shtawb un dreck — ow'r alla breck'l shtawb os sie hen is gelt wert — odder wor gelt wert tzu ebber. Soicha os die cement kumpanies tzu arrick ferrochda wolla waeich shtawb, dada besser alsa mohl drei tzaila eb ste shwetza. Cement wor shun fer yohrra 'n gross dale fon da leit ihr'm eikum in darra gagend —wissa dada sellie leit shoffa dada wons net wear fer die cement meala.

Ow'r m'r sin doh awenich fon da shpoor kumma — worra om blauderra fom Ray Burkhart seinra housbutz, un tziegerrei. Der Ray, woh sei lava aw shun fer yohrra gamocht hut on da cement meal, dade net denka fer glawga waeich shtawb un dreck. Doch sin aw wenich socha os er aryer uf 'm shtrich hut os wie tziega, un hous butza. Won die fraw ow'r secht, "'s hous mus gabutzt sei eb m'r nei gaina," don mus es aw gabutzt werra, un der Ray is gonga un hut die Mabel Hennrich fon da Shtaina Run gading'd fer die housbutzerrei darrich sehna.

Dart hinna drous in Wessnersville woh sie wenich wissa fon cement shtawb, mus uf kours alla funka dreck nous eb sie der chob fartich haisa. Un grawd sella waig hut die Mabel aw butza wolla in Fogelsville. Wie sie ow'r gamaint hut der shtawb wear g'sett'ld on aim blotz, hut sie shun widder shtawb uf gariehrt aryads shunshd. 'S nagshd os wor, is sie drucka werra im hols, un die weil os niemond nix wase fon ma druckna tzug dart hinna drous woh sie har kumt, hut sie 'm Ray g'sawt, sie dade glawwa sie kent fiela besser shoffa won er mohl ebbes tzu drinka graich'd — sie kent wohrhoft nimmy fom board shpowwa.

Der Ray, un woh shun weil om wunnerra wor wie er sich weck shoffa kent fom tzug un housbutza, hut g'sawt niemond sot darsht leida, shoffa fer ihn, un is fert un glei tzurick kumma mit ra gonsa box fol keffer bree uf gaduh in blechna konna. Un sel wor die tzucht woh m'r k'hoert hen wie m'r darrich Fogelsville nous sin — die Mabel un die onnerra dabei, worra hinnich da keffer bree os gross ordich wor. Un sel uf kours hut na aw blenty eifer gewwa fer shoffa — sie wor die shuld os sie der dreck so arrick uf gariehrt hen.

Aenicha waig, 's hous is gareinich'd, un der tzug is feriwwer, un won der George Henry owets net fershtae hut kenna ferwos sei Mabel so harlich un uf galaibt wor wie sie hame kumma is, mus es gawest sei fom Fogelsviller cement shtawb, un nix shunshd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die Marie Beidler Kratz fon Macungie hut da onner owet widder wunnerbore gute glick kot korta shpiela ons John Wetzels' hamet.

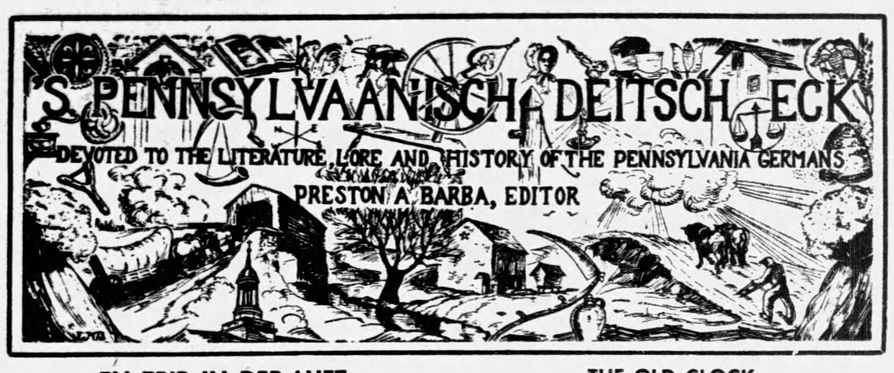
Die Marie, 'm John sei Eva, un noch dale onnerra weibsleit fon da gagend, hen 'n korta klub, un woh die Marie net denka dade fer hame gae nit ous n prize — un sie hut da onner owet aw widder gawunna — un wons aw yusht der booby wor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 4:13-14

One does not need a college, university, or seminary course to proclaim the fundamental truths of the Gospel, that we can be saved only by faith in Jesus Christ, and by faith alone, which will naturally be followed by 'good works' as the expression of that faith. It is faith which justifies us before God, and good works which follow justify our faith before men. Like Martin Luther, Peter and John stood before the council, recognized by the rulers as unschooled men, with no academic degrees, but bold in the proclamation of evangelical truth. No wonder that they marvelled, and recognized that they had been with Jesus and had learned of Him. This was the finest testimony ever paid to human beings. Peter and John had been with Jesus for three years, a seminary course, as it were, under the best teacher that ever lived. And they could prove what they said, for the lame man, who had been healed, was standing by as a witness.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Continued

CHAPTER DER ELFT

Die leit kenne of course denke, ass mir so aardlich iwwel gfiehlt hen, wie mir gschpiert hen, ass die flying machine amme farrichterlicher schpied geeich em bodde am geh waar. Der kalt schwitz iss mir iwwer der buckel nunner geloffe un mei haahr hen graad in die heeh gschtanne, wie ich draagedenkt hab, was fer en schrecklicher dod, ass ver uns waar.

Der Zweingelli hot hell nausgegrische wie er uff eemol unser position ge'realized' hot. Er waar evidently noch net reddi fer zu schtarrewe, un, wie der Jonathan nochderhand gemeent hot, "Es waar aa in fact gans wennich zeit fer zu bede odder eenichi anneri preparations zu mache."

Ich hab graad ge'realized', ass wann ebbes zu duh iss fer unser lewe zu seefe, dann muss es uff die segund geduh warre.

Jim Resorts to a Ruse

Un accordingly, viele gschwinder ass ich's do verzeehle kann, dann hawwich die annere kalls vun mir weckge'tossed' un hab im dunkle gfiehlt fer der lever, wu die groosse parachutes owwe uff der machine controlled hot. Bei gut glick hawwich der lever graad verwischt, un dihr kennt denke, ass es mich yuscht en gleeni fraction vun ere segund genumme hot fer seller lever uff en seit zu reisse.

Die parachutes hen sich evidently graad gfillt, fer ich hab ennihau genoticed ass der farrichterlich schpied vun der machine uff eemol ge'checked' waar, un ass mir aardlich viel langsamer geeich die aerd gange sin.

Ich bin an die dier getschumpt, un was waar ich so froh, wie ich dernoh gsehne hab, ass mir owwich emme groosse wasser waare anschtatts es land' Ich hab dernoh gewisst ass mir unser descent mache unni gfaahr, un ass die machine seef uff em wasser schwimme kann bis mir widder ans land kumme.

Dernoh sin mir uff eemol gedanke ins mind kumme, ass ich 's verleicht 'shape'e kennt fer der Zweingelli un sei kummraade loszuwarre.

"Zweingelli," greisch ich, wie ich im dunkle der Jonathan gschwind losgemacht hab un hab ihm ebbes ins ohr gepischpert, "wann mir unser lewe seefe welle, dann misse mir uns all graad do an die dier schtelle. Sell dutt die machine dernoh besser 'balance'e, un sie kann's wasser dernoh schkweer dreffe, un mir sin seef. Schtellt eich so weit in die dier naus ass dihr kennt. Du hoscht mich woll wiescht geyust, awwer an sell darref mer net denke unnich so umschtende."

Es waar en schtarriyer wind am blose, un ich hab ge'noticed,' ass die machine so aardlich lively owwich em wasser fatt gange iss die weil ass sie aa noch amme gude schpied am nunnergeh waar.

Der Zweingelli un sei kummraade waare of course anxious fer ihre lewe zu seefe, wann sie annerscht kenne, un sie hen sich graad in die dier gschtellt.

The Anarchists Are Pushed From the Plane

Dernoh wie ich genoticed hab, ass die machine so about dreissich fuss neegscht uffem wasser waar, dann hawwich der Jonathan gschtubbt, un ich un er hen de Anarchists uff eemol en pusch gewwe, un mit farrichterliche grisch sin sie alle viere uff eemol unne naus gange ins wasser.

Die seem zeit hawwich en schiff sehne graad directly in unserm course schteh, un es waar uff drei fuss neegscht ass die masts vum schiff unser machine net gfange hen.

"Sell waar en kloser sheef," saagt der Jonathan wie mir nunner geguckt hen un hen graad en paar sailors mit ladanne sehne uff de deck vum schiff rumschpringe.

The Anarchists Are Rescued

Die sailors hen die Anarchists im wasser gsehne, un yuscht wie unser machine uff eemol es wasser gedroffe hot, dann hen mir die sailors sehne en boat nunner ins wasser losse, un sie sin graad niwwer an der blacke gange, wu der Zweingelli un sei kummraade am greische waare.

"Es iss bei galli schaad, ass sell schiff graad do sei hot misse," saagt der Jonathan: "selli sailors seefe nau vier kalls datt, ass positively vun ken use sin in daerre welt."

Des iss of course alles arrig gschwind g'happened'.

Der wind hot unser machine so schtarrig uff em wasser fatt geblose, ass mir in en paar minudde gaar nix meh vum schiff sehne hen kenne.

Es waar mir angscht, ass der Zweingelli verleicht der captain vum schiff verblaudere kennt fer uns nooch zu kumme un uns verleicht am end noch 'capture'e. Es waar of course dunkel, awwer ich hab gewisst ass wann mol der daag beikummt, ass sie uns gans easy finne kennte un kennte uns glei iwwer'power'e.

Der boat-bottom vun der machine iss schee uff em wasser gfaahre, un ich hab gewisst, ass mir ennihau mol seef sin, so weit ass damage vum wasser concerned waar.

Nau, Jonathan," saaggich, wie ich en laddern aagschteckt hab un hab en nodel, neetz un paar schticker eelduch grickt, "welle mir sehne eb mir sell loch im gas chamber finne kenne."

"Du deetsch besser aerscht dei bludichi naas wesche, Jim," saagt der Jonathan.

"Sell kann ich noochderhand duh, Jonathan," saaggich; "mir hen ken zeit fer viel rumzufuule. Wann mir sell loch 'repair'e kenne, wu em Zweingelli sei kuggel gemacht hot im gas chamber, wie er mir die waartz vun der naas gschosse hot, dann kenne mir verleicht der chamber widder fille mit gas un kenne dernoh abgeh, eb's daag watt. Der Zweingelli browiert sei beschtes fer unser machine widder zu griegge, un mir misse sell of course verhiede."

Ich un der Jonathan sin dernoh die schteeg nuff gange, un hen glei es loch im gas chamber gfunne. Es hot mich about en halb schtund genumme, bis ich's tight zuge'patched' hab ghatt, un dernoh hen mir noch about en halb schtund waarde misse bis der cement, wu ich aa noch yuse hab misse sich gut gsetzt hot ghatt.

Dernoh wie ich schur waar es nau alles seef iss, dann hawwich der gas chamber aafange zu tschautsche, un in en paar minudde noochderhand iss unser machine wie en schtraahl widder in die heeh gange.

Der wind waar die gans zeit farrichterlich am blose, un die machine iss getraewwelt schtarriyer ass wie en express train. Es hot em Jonathan sei whiskers schier abgeblose, wann er sei kopp als zum fenschder naus geduh hot, awwer er hot des net gemeint, un hot als farrichterlich geyohlt. De schtarriyer ass die machine gange iss, des de besser waar der Jonathan gepliest un de meh hot er gegrische.

Die machine iss nau farrichterlich gange, un ich glaab really ass mir getraewwelt sin an der rate vun about drei meil die minutt.

"Des waer ebbes fer der Claudy Regar un deel vun selle annere Efridaa kalls," saagt der Jonathan; "ich winsch yuscht mir hedde en latt vun selle kalls bei uns—der Sam Showers, der Monroe Hoover, der Billy Eirich, der Levi Etnoyer un en latt so chaps —un dernoh wedde mir mol fun hawwe."

Mir waare e weil in der heeh, dann hen mir uff eemol genoticed, ass es daag watt. In ere kaze zeit waar's hell genunk, ass mir sehne hen kenne, ass mir weil drauss uff em see waare, un hen ken signs vun land sehne kenne.

Jim and His Companions Hover Over the Briny Deep

Weit ab hen mir en gleener blacke uff em wasser gsehne, ass geguckt hot wie en schiff, awwer des hen mir aa glei nimmi sehne kenne, un ich un der Jonathan waare zu alle appearance gans allee uff sellem groosse, mechtiche wasser.

"Des iss mir fer schur ewennich umleidich, Jonathan," saaggich, wie ich in alle directions rumgeguckt hab un hab ewwe ken signs vun land sehne kenne: "hoscht du eensicher idea welli direction, ass mir kumme sin, Jonathan?"

"Nee, ich hab net," saagt der Jonathan; "awwer du kannscht's verleicht ausfiggere mit sellem map un selle instruments, der weeg wie der Rossem es als dutt."

Ya, ich verschteh selli dinger ewwe net, Jonathan," saaggich.

Un dernoh iss es mir uff eemol beikumme in was fer e umleidiche position, ass ich un der Jonathan waare! Ich hab gans wennich im geography gschtoddit ghatt, wie ich in die schul gange bin (un gans wennich vun eensich ebbes schunscht; awwer ich hab doch gewisst, ass unser machine nau im Pacific Ocean iss, un ass sell wasser so aardlich viel greesser iss, ass wie's Gravers damm. Ich hab gewisst, ass mir vun vier bis sex dausend meil vum California coast uff em wasser fatt geh kann, awwer yuscht in welli direction, ass der California coast waar, hawwich ewwe net gewisst.

Ich hab em Jonathan unser position expleent, awwer er hot's somehow net viel gemeint.

"Why, ich un du kenne en rechti picnic hawwe do owwich em wasser rum faahre," saagt der Jonathan; "des geht yuscht about gut, un wann's en yaahr nemmt, bis mir widder heemkumme, dann gewwich en deihenker drum. Loss uns eens recht gedichtich yohle, un dernoh fiehlscht du verleicht besser."

Awwer ich hab net gfiehlt fer zu yohle.

Ich hab em Jonathan dernoh expleent, was fer en groossi gfaahr ass mir drin waere weeich schtarrem. So lang ass mir uff em land waare, dann hen mir yuscht en descent mache breiche wann mir en schtarrem sehne hen kumme, un waare dernoh als immer seef. Awwer drauss uff em see waar's en different ding, un mir hen en groossi risk ronne misse.

"Un hoscht du gaar ken idea, welle weeg ass mir geh misse fer uffs land zu kumme, Jim?" froogt der Jonathan, wie er en telescope grickt hot un hot in alle directions rumgeguckt.

"Nee, ich weess net in welli direction zu geh, Jonathan," saaggich; "der California coast leit arriyets in e direction, awwer ich weess net in welli, un die chances sin ass mir verleicht noch China kumme deede wann mir browiere deede fer California zu finne unni ass mir schur mache kennte darrich die instruments. Es is mir verleed, un ich hab yuscht about en umleidichi schwaeri feeling am Haz."

Jim Prefers a Coffin With Silver Handles

Dernoh hen ich un der Jonathan nanner um die hels grickt, hen uns uff der bodde vum cylinder ghockt, un hen farrichterlich gheilt.

"Waer wees wie's uns noch geh kann, Jim," saagt der Jonathan, wie ihn die dreene iwwer die backe nunner gerollt sin so groooss wie grusselbiere, "es kummt verleicht en farrichterliches schtarrem un verreisst unser flying machine in en dausend schticker—un dernoh misste mir of course versaufe."

"Ya, sell iss es umleidich ding devun, Jonathan," saaggich; "die fisch deede uns dernoh fresse un unser gnoche deede unne uff em bodde vum see hie un do rum gschwemmt warre. Mei calculations waare noch immer, ass ich schee en decent vergraawe sei wett in ere scheene laad mit silwerichi handles draa un en plate owwe druff mit em naame "Brenasel" in scheene grosse buchschtaawe druff engraved. Un dernoh hawwich aa noch immer en idea ghatt, ass ich die Efridaa Band vannenaus 'engage'e wett fer an meinere leicht zu schpiele. Nau, die calculations warre verleicht all verdarrewe, un es iss mir yuscht about verleed."

"Un mir aa," saagt der Jonathan.

Un dernoh hen mir hell naus gebrillt un hen yeders browiert fer zu sehne weller, ass es wiescht mache kann. O, was hen mir drum geblaerrt!

To Be Concluded

THE OLD CLOCK

The old clock stands in the corner there,
Its form is tall and its face is fair,
And it has the benignant and placid air
Of one that is sure of its place,
It has somewhat of a pedigree
As one with half an eye can see,
For it is its own best family tree,
And the heir of a noble race.

Though not quite as old as Noah's ark,
It has long ago passed the century mark
And has ticked through periods light and dark
In the annals of our land.
It knew the men whom the Indian wars
Adorned with numerous scalps and scars,
It heard of the British Jacks and Tars
And our George and his fearless band.

It was told how our sea rovers sent
The English ships from the continent,
And how once old Mexico was rent
When our Yankee boys arose.
It quivered with righteous wrath and shame
When the first attack on Fort Sumter came
And the boys in blue were all aflame
To punish the black man's foes.

It heard how the knights of a colder age
Set forth in the zeal of chivalrous rage
Against a despotic Spain to wage
A war for a race oppressed.
The last, and would God that it might be,
That never a war our land should see
Save to set men's souls or bodies free
From the East unto the West.

I don't know what the old clock may think,
But it ticks on without nod or wink,
And time has left nor wrinkle nor chink
On its changeless countenance.
It is as calm as old Time itself,
Above the cares of honor and pelf.
It sees all things, yet it's on the shelf,
Unruffled by life's mischance.

We pigmy mortals will strive and fret,
And toil and worry and aye forget
That life is not all and the end is not yet,
But old clock, thy face benign
Should teach us a lesson of quiet and peace,
To live in the midst of alarms in ease.
Since time from all care will bring release,
As we read in the Book Divine.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

The above verses by our distinguished Pennsylvania German poetess were first published in The New Era, Lancaster, Pa., for May 7, 1904.

PIT, PAT, WELL-A-DAY

Ach, du ye! Guck mol datt!
Gleeni Amschel fliegt mer fatt;
Hab gemeent, sie waer so zaahm—
Fliegt mer uff der Kaschebaam!

AT EARLY MORN THE SPIDERS SPIN

Es schpinne die Schpinne schunn maryets so fel,
Noh kumme die Micke un schtobbe mol nei;
Die Schpinne sin freindlich un saagge ne graad,
"Nau nemmt eier Sach ab un bleibt mol fer'n Daag!"

I CAUGHT MY BOW

Ich nemm der Boogge,
Nemm der Peil,
Verfehl die Grapp
Un dreff die Eil.

PURPLE PLUMS

Peerple Blaume henke hoch—
Ess ich all, so nooch un nooch.

SNAIL, SNAIL, SHUT OUT YOUR HORNS

Schneck, Schneck, verschteckel die Hanner,
Vadder un Mudder sin dod'
Bruder un Schweschder sin hinne im Hof
Un bettle fer bisselche Brot.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

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Editorials

Cooperate in Campaign

First report by the campaigners in the current drive to raise funds for Lehigh County's Red Feather Agencies was made yesterday and the two thousand women and men who make up the teams in the city, the boros and the townships were heartened by the totals. It is evidence that the community's support continues to be back of the Community Chest and everything for which this multi-bodied institution stands.

The very best days of the campaign and for its workers must lie ahead. The goal still is far from achieved and it is an old maxim, repeatedly sustained, that the "last mile is the hardest."

The goal can be attained, and it will be attained if the public will match the devotion which is evidenced by the campaigners for the great cause. The campaigners always are among the most generous and self-sacrificing givers. In addition, they give countless hours of their time and they spare no energy during the weeks of the campaign. What ordinarily would be their leisure time becomes the busiest and most exacting hours of their days. In addition they cut into their business and working hours in order to carry on the campaign.

If you've ever been committed to a campaign you will know the time and energy that are consumed in the attempts to make a virtually man-to-man and house-to-house canvass for this outstanding campaign of every year.

If you have not been engaged in a campaign at any time, employ just a little bit of imagination and you'll realize what it means to call upon scores of people and to solicit contributions for the community's great cause.

Such realization cannot help but prompt desire to make the campaigners' task as light as possible. This can be done by prompt reception for them when they call and speedy response to their solicitation. A lot of people make it a point to have checks or cash ready for their callers. They do not compel them to cool their heels in some anteroom. They look upon the campaigners as the most important visitors whom they are likely to have at this time. They are eager to send them upon their way rejoicing with all possible speed. That is an act of good citizenship and devotion to the public welfare which will match the good work and the splendid intentions of the campaigners. It is the kind of reciprocity which is deserved by the campaigners. It is the kind of behavior and spirit which make for a better community.

Eliminate Old Bridge

With very good reason various groups of Catasauqua residents are protesting the wretched condition of the Race street bridge over what used to be the Lehigh Canal and Navigation Co. canal and expressing their fears as to the safety of the public which uses it.

Certainly it is the most miserable part of the highway from West Catasauqua to Front Street in Catasauqua. It is narrow. It is dilapidated. It appears to be dangerous. Something certainly should be done about it.

Inasmuch as the canal no longer is in operation, what is there to prevent elimination of the bridge? It would appear a comparatively simple and cheap way of solving the safety problem by razing the bridge, filling in the ancient bed of the canal and building a highway where the bridge now stands.

PWs Repudiate Reds

If the Chinese and North Korean Communists were not the possessors of hides as tough as an elephant's they would undoubtedly be stung to the quick by the almost unanimous refusal of North Korean and Chinese prisoners-of-war to return home. They refuse despite "brain-washing" programs, wheedlings and veiled threats by the Communist teams who as "persuaders" strive to get them to change their minds.

For the Commies an important principle is of course involved. China certainly can easily get along without the more than twenty thousand prisoners who long ago said they never wish to go back to China and the slavery of communism. These prisoners in numbers are a grain of sand compared with China's half billion or more people. China easily can do without them for they will be just so many more mouths to feed. It is unlikely that many of them ever again will be competent soldiers.

But the Reds have made an issue of this matter and doggedly they are determined to see it thru. They have blatantly taken the position that life in a Communist society is edenic. They have shouted to the world that the prisoners were being held against their wills by the troops of the United Nations.

When the "persuaders" are spurned and insulted and spat upon by the former Communist troops and only a few men in a hundred say they want to return to the Red Eden it does not look good for the Reds. They must be tearing their hair out because the men, who know all about conditions in China and North Korea and who also have had a taste of life, (altho prisoners) in the free world have the nerve to tell them to their faces that they prefer the latter life.

Certainly if any wish to go home the United Nations must wish to expedite their going. Not a word will be used to keep them away from the country of their nativity for if they were to remain and be in doubt or if they be antagonistic they would simply be troublemakers in the long run. Furthermore, South Korea is jammed to suffocation with refugees and it does not have food and jobs in abundance. Economically it would be better if all the Chinese and North Korean prisoners were to go back whence they came. But no prisoners is going to be forced to do anything that is distasteful or fearsome to him.

The entire world should know that men who know the Communist system and have escaped it rarely wish to return to it. The PW's in Korea by actions tell a story that is louder than the Communist propaganda which extols the social and economic system behind the iron curtain.

Cure for Cancer?

Hope again rises strong in human breasts that research experts may have found a cure for cancer for out of George Washington University in Washington comes the report that a by-product in the manufacture of penicillin has shown a pronounced effect in destroying cancer cells in test tube experiments.

As is customary with real scientists, only cautious report has been made. This particular research specialist says the odds against a remedy having been found may be as much as 100 to 1. And he has pointed out that his experiments have been made upon very skimpy scale.

It is important that the possibilities in this probable discovery be explored speedily and effectively. Every minute of delay in finding a remedy for this dread disease means the loss of human life which might have been saved.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

On April 26 I put an ad in the Lost and Found columns of my daily newspaper. It did not bring any results until Sept. 27.

The ad read as follows:

"Lost at 2 a.m. one hour. Since I have no use for it, finder may keep it or return when through with it. No reward."

Nothing happened when I placed the advertisement. But when I awoke on Sunday morning, Sept. 27, I looked at my clock and there was the hour I had lost last spring.

Daylight Saving Time was over and Eastern Standard Time had taken its place.

I looked at the hour which had been away from me all during the summer. It looked exactly as it had when it disappeared, none the worse for wear.

If hours could talk, perhaps this one might have told me an interesting story. What had happened to it? To what use was it put? Had it done anybody any good?

Had it produced money for anybody? Had it added to anyone's happiness?

Why on earth would anyone steal an hour from you in spring, only to return it in fall?

Personally, I have never been able to figure out the advantage of this daylight saving time business.

Nor have I ever been able to find anyone who has benefitted by it.

It is supposed to give the farmers more time in which to work, as if farmers didn't have enough to do as it is.

I asked a cow whether daylight saving time made any difference to her in the amount of milk she produced. Bossy shook her head.

By the way, and this has absolutely nothing to do with my story, Arthur Godfrey said the other day that he was a product of the city, having been born in New York. Until he was a grown fellow, he was so ignorant of country ways, that he thought you had to turn a cow upside down to bring the cream to the top.

But back to daylight saving time.

The human being has a very strange idea that he can change nature by the hands of a clock. Nature does not operate by daylight time or Eastern Standard, Central, Mountain or Pacific Time.

You cannot set back or advance the ripening of grain or fruit, the coming of winter or spring. A flower doesn't bloom a minute sooner because you set your clock ahead an hour or a day or a week.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a little poem:

"Old time in whose banks we deposit our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them years."

A father asked his little boy why he didn't throw his watch away as long as it didn't run.

"Well, it's right twice a day," said the boy.

High Explosive



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON (AP) Two big uncertainties face the business world, and the Eisenhower administration has not yet been able to remove them.

One relates to the manner in which the United States plans to meet the threat of an H-bomb attack. The other relates to the fact that, with certain types of taxes due to be repealed next year, the treasury is confronted with a huge loss in revenue which can only be made up by some other kinds of taxes.

The news emanating from Washington in recent days has indicated pretty clearly that a balanced budget in the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1954, is out of the question and also that for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1955, it is touch and go whether a balance can be achieved.

Business Viewpoint

Business planning is difficult when there is uncertainty. Even if the news is bad on the subject of taxes, business men want to know sufficiently in advance to figure out how to adjust themselves to a new situation. Prolonged indecision, therefore, is not very good for the health of the business community.

Administration officials hereabouts seem to think that decisions can be announced around the first of January. This is a bit late in planning for 1954's business operations. One reason for this delay is that the process of examining the thousand and one estimates from the different departments and agencies cannot possibly be concluded sooner. Another is that the government has always waited till Jan. 1 to disclose its budget. But already some informal impressions are being conveyed to the public which show the handwriting on the wall.

Thus, Joseph M. Dodge, director of the budget, who is noted for his caution and conservative approach, has just made a speech which tells that the wind isn't blowing too favorably in the direction of budget balancing or tax reduction. He put it succinctly the other day:

"The facts suggest that we are in a costly trap of built-up dollar demands on the government for domestic pruposes, many of them made mandatory by existing legislation, on which there have been imposed staggering expenditures for our national security. The source of payment is in taxes or in increased government debt."

Then the budget director goes on to say that every issue is subjected to the "impact of the extremely varied views and objectives arising from special areas of interest or responsibility and all the public and congressional pressures which can be made to serve them."

Dodge's Comment

This is a reference, of course, to the political realism which every administration must take into account. But Mr. Dodge also points out that from an economic standpoint drastic budget cutting isn't healthy. He adds:

"There are the possible disturbing effects on the economy of action that is too abrupt — and we cannot ignore the large areas of human welfare that are so interwoven into government expenditures as to be sustantially dependent upon them."

This point came to light earlier this week in a Wisconsin election, where the farmers elected a Democrat because of a fear that price supports might be taken away and a further drop in income brought about.

The Eisenhower administration is getting a taste of what is involved in the spending forced on the government by what Mr. Dodge calls "habits encouraged over the years" and by "the pressures that have been built up behind the discovery of how much can be done to benefit a particular group or area as a result of persuading the government to finance it from taxes levied on all the people."

But entirely apart from the pressure for such local projects is the momentum behind a bigger defense program. The pressure is twofold — from those who want to spend money locally on civilian defense and other projects in continental United States, and from those who want to spend more money for big bombers to insure an effective retaliation or threat of it so that civilian defenses will not be so necessary.

It's a debate involving billions and billions — and the talk about balancing the budget in fiscal year 1955 or even later becomes a hushed whisper as plans of that kind are bandied about in inner circles. Meanwhile, business waits for some decision and some leadership from Washington.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS GADIERRA: Sei lebdawg hen m'r net gadenk'd os m'r die gadierra sehna dade doh in Ellsdown wie der Max Hess fons Hessa shtore uns da onner dawg gawissa hut. Des wie fiel leit wissa wor "tzeiting woch" ons Hessa, un woh grossa druckerrei mashina gawissa hen os kumma sin fon da Call Chronicle tzeitinga.

'M Dunnershdawg wor da tzeiting schreiver—odder ewwa kilumnist ihra dawg, un wohs Hessa ol da schreiver 'n guter middawg gewwa hen in ihra Patio Ess shtub, drunna im kaller. Eb m'r recht im shtore worra, wen sotta m'r aw dreffa os wie der Max Hess selwar, un woh gawunnert hut eb m'r die grossa gadierra fon alla orta g'sehna hetta os im shtore rum shtaina. Sis 'n kamale dabei, ostrich, un fiel onnerra orta gadierra, un so honswersht waisa.

Wie m'r g'sawt hen m'r weara yusht awenich rum galoffa die socha badrochta, hut der Max g'sawt, m'r sotta mit nuf uf der drit shtuck gae der gross elefont sehna woh sie yusht rei grick'd hetta fon Deitshlond. Ol die gadierra un kayosa socha hunna rum hut er g'sawt, kaimta fom sama blotz, un allas gang'd bei lecktrick.

Die Deitscha leit worra noch immer shlau so ha wie sel mocha un kenna uns noch erinnerra on die fiela Deitscha shpiel socha os m'r ols kotta hen yohrra tzurick —socha os kumma sin fons Peters shtore in Egypt. Sel ow'r worra glaenichkata gaeich wos sie now hen — allas nadierlich grase, wie wons lavendich wear.

Der Max is mit owwa nous, un woh m'r der graish'd elefont g'sehna hen aenich aryads tzu finna fon selra ort—elf foos hoch. 'S huck'd 'n mon uf 'm buckle, un woh sei rubber g'sicht fertzieg'd wie won er lava dade, un der elefont wedd'ld der shnovel, flopped die ohra, un dray'd der kup riwwer un niver, libehoftich wie won er lavendich wear.

Der elefont is in 'n grosser show wogga g'shpont, un woh alla orta gadierra drin sin so wie lava, tigers, un so weiters. Sel hen sie noch net om gae kot, ow'r ae glainer labe shpielt so gore mit ma rota balla, un wos ol die onnerra duhna wissa m'r net—ow'r 's kon sich ebber druf ferlossa os m'r nei gaina gucka won die socha mohl on gae sin in fol arnsht fer die Grishdawg.

M'r hen 's airsht gaglawbt ol die fiela gadierra maichda der Belsnickle ous driva, ow'r der Max secht net. Der Belsnickle kumt widder hinna nei ins eck, ow'r die merry-go-round is fert, un so aw der glae rigelwaig woh die glaina kinner ols rides ganumma hen. Der Max hut uns noh aw 'n glainer ae cylinder motor scooter gawissa os fon driwwa kumt, un hut numma gawinsch'd 's wear miglich fer 'n automobile riwwer griega yusht paar foos long, un gross ganunk fer kinner mit shpiela. Darta sin die Deitscha g'shlifa — sie ferkaufa net yusht ainer—ebber mus 30 odder 40 nemma, un der Max hut g'sawt sel wear tzu fiel automobiles fers Hessa on $1,500 's shtick.

Eb m' ow'r recht fartick worra die fiela neia shpiel socha badrochta, wors tzeit fer nunner in der kaller gae fer middawg nemma. 'S missa in da tzwonsich um der dish rum k'huck'd howwa, un war hungerich fom dish is, wor yusht tzu foul fer shlucka. Evens der Erich Brandeis wor doh—der kerl woh sel shtick schreibt im Call, "Looking at Life," fer ebbes wie 12 yohr. M'r sin nochberra uf 'm editorial blawd fon da tzeiting, un shure worra froh fer 'n widder sehna.

Ol in ol wors 'n grosser nomny dawg ons Hess shtore wie die tzeiting schreiver darta worra, un wolla gross donk sawga tzum Max fer die shae tzeit os er uns gawissa hut.

GLAWWA ODDER NET, OW'R

Bei da tzeit os monicha leit unser heits kolumn laisa, sin m'r shun 'n g ute shtick waigs uf 'm waig noch Niagara Falls.

Ferol os die drup net gons so gross is os sie sei het maiga, sins grawd ganunk fer 'n gutie tzeit kowwa.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Oct. 17, 1928, a Wednesday

Only his rare ability as a swimmer saved Charles Roth, 46 of Allentown, from going to his death over Niagara Falls late today. He was tossed into the Niagra River rapids at Green Island after two thugs had robbed him of his valuables.

A modern Jules Verne brought to 600 automotive men, attending the Pennsylvania Automotive Assn. banquet last night new ideas about sped.

The Monarch Club Tuesday night in the Americus completed arrangements for its annual Hallowe'en party to be held next Tuesday night at Shankweiler's Inn on the Slatington pike.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Author's wife speaking: "Darling, two bores are coming for dinner tonight. They never know when to leave. If they aren't out by eleven, please, please, start telling them the plot of your new book!"

Dave Antman would have you believe that a banana sought out a psychoanalyst and wailed, "Doc, you've got to help me! A soda-jerk has been trying to tell me I have a split personality."

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Somebody probably will disappoint or hurt you today, but be sure you know all the facts before you judge. Don't attempt to entertain. The day is unfavorable.

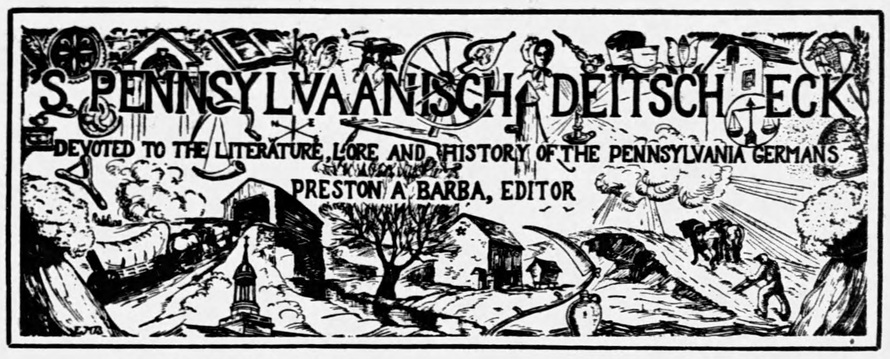
The real India ink originated in China.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 5:1-4

The first word of this chapter, 'but,' introduces a contrast with the conduct of Barnabas, whose philanthropy was noted in yesterday's lesson. A certain man named Ananias, with his wife Sapphira, owned some property which they sold. They formed a sort of conspiracy, by which they brought a part of what they had received, claiming that it was the whole amount they had gotten for it. But Peter seems to have detected a guilty look on the face of Ananias. At once he asked him why he had allowed Satan to fill his heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back a part of the price, at the same time expecting to receive credit for the whole amount. Ananias was not under compulsion to give any amount, but having sold it, he could give any part of it, if he had been honest enough to report it as a part. Peter accordingly tells him that he had not been lying to men, but to God. Notice that in v.3 the Holy Ghost is mentioned, and in v.4, God, showing that they are the same person.



EN TRIP IN DER LUFT

Unser Arriye Zeide in der Flying Machine

VUM JIM BRENASEL

Conclusion

CHAPTER DER ZWELFT

Ich weess net exactly, wie lang ass ich un der Jonathan datt uff em bodde vum cylinder ghockt hen un hen gheilt, awwer endlich sin mir uffgegraddelt un hen mol widder zum fenschder naus geguckt.

"Jonathan", saaggich, wie mir en weil iwwer es farrichterlich grooss wasser naus geguckt hen ghatt, "meindscht du noch welli direction ass der wind geblose hot wie mir vun der schtadt fatt gange sin?"

"Why, der wind hot graad vun land naus geblose, un sell expleent's ferwas, ass mir nau so weit drauss uff em see sin," saagt der Jonathan.

"Un wann mir nau graad directly geeich der wind geh deede, dann deede mir verleicht widder ans land kumme; was meensecht du, Jonathan?" frooggich.

"Sell scheint arrig reasonable un iss about so neegscht recht, ass ich's ausrechle kennt unni greit," saagt der Jonathan.

"Well, mir gehne mol fer en weil geeich der wind, un verleicht kumme mir dernoh ans land, Jonathan," saaggich; "du maagscht nuff geh un die bearings vun de groosse fliggel recht gut eele, die weil ass ich die inschein reddi grick, un dernoh gehne mir in die anner direction."

Mir hen glei alles in scheep ghatt, un hen aafange so aardlich lively zu traewwele geeich der wind.

Ich hab die inschein ihre volli capacity gschprengt, un die machine hot gans iwwer fairly geziddert vum force, wu ich geyust hab geeich em wind.

Jonathan Discovers Land and Jubilates

Der Jonathan iss owwe uff em cylinder gebliwwe un hot datt gewatscht mit em telescope fer signs vun land.

Mir waare verleicht zwee schtund selle weeg im gang, dann hawwich der Jonathan uff eemol farrichterlich heere greische.

"Jim, ich sehn ebbes weit do ver uns drauss ass guckt wie land," greischt der Jonathan wie er dernoh die schteeg runner kumme iss.

Ich hab mei telescope grickt un hab aa geguckt, un schur enough, weit ab im distance hawwich die outlines vun land sehne kenne.

In about en halb schtund waar's land so plain, ass mir nau schur waare, ass mir in die recht direction am geh waare. Un dernoh hot's awwer gemacht!

Ich un der Jonathan hen nanner gegraebbt un hen nanner mol fer 's aerscht recht gut embraced. Un dernoh hen mir aafange zu yohle. Ich glaab really, ass ich mir seller marriye ebbes verrisse hab im hals, odder hab verleicht mei garriyel ver'twist' odder ebbes so, fer ich hab fer lange yaahre noochderhand druwwel ghatt mit meim hals un hab vun sellere zeit ab nimmi so hazhafdich yohle kenne ass wie devor.

Dihr kennt gaar net denke, wie froh ass mir waare, wie mir dernoh glei gsehne hen, ass mir net yuscht so arrig weit ab waare vun der schtadt, wu mir die nacht devor verlosse hen unnich so exseitinge circumstances. Mir hen gfiehlt uff en aart, ass wann mir vumme farrichterliche dod uff eemol widder zu lewe kumme waere.

Ich hab der full power uff der inschein gelosst, un so about halwer zehe seller vermiddaag hen mir unser descent gemacht im seeme park, wu mir der owed devor drin waare.

Es waar glei widder en groossi crowd um uns rum, awwer mir hen nix vum Zweingelli un seine kummraade sehne kenne.

Mawny Is Rescued from Feminine Wiles

Mir hen yuscht die machine schee in adder grick ghatt wie mir uff eemol der Carniel un der Rossem sehne hen kumme mit em Mawny. Sie hen yeders halt ghatt am Mawny, un hen ihn bei force geeich die machine gerisse. Sie hen ihn dernoh an de hend un fiess binne misse so ass er net widder sei escape gemacht hot.

"Dihr hett undoubtedly gedenkt mir kumme nimmi, Jim," saagt der Rossem, wie er sich in en schtuhl ghockt hot un hot der schwitz vun seim gsicht gebutzt; "awwer mir hen really net gschwinder kumme kenne. Mir hen en farrichterlichi zeit ghatt mit em Mawny bis mir ihn vun selle meed weck grickt hen, un hen ihn bei force do haer bringe misse. Ich glaab really net, ass seller kall alltogedder recht iss. Awwer wie hett dihr kalls gschlofe die letscht nacht, ennihau, Jim?"

Un was waar der Rossem un der Carniel drum so surprised wie ich un der Jonathan ihm dernoh unser experience mit em Zweingelli un seine kummraade expleent hen. Der Rossem hot unser schtori positively net geglaabt, bis ich ihm es loch vum Zweingelli seinere kuggel gewisse hab newe im cylinder un hab ihm expleent, wie neatly ass der Anarchist mir die wartz vun der naas gschosse hot.

"Dihr hett ferschur so en aardlichi lively zeit ghatt," saagt der Rossem, "un es iss mir nau so aardlich pleen ass die Anarchists determined sin fer revenge zu nemme uff uns un fer possession zu griegge vun der flying machine. Mei suggestion waer, ass mir graad abschtaerte fer heem, un ass mir gaar ken risk meh ronne mit selle kalls."

"Sell waer undoubtedly en guder plan," saagt der Carniel; "Ich hab die trip so weit arrig enjoyed, awwer ich deet doch net gleiche zu sehne, ass dihr die gans zeit in so farrichterlicher druwwel kummt, yuscht fer mich zu pliese. Es waer awwer en guder idea fer de police authorities do en volli description zu gewwe vun denne Anarchists un ihre tricks eb mir fatt gehne."

Mir waare ennihau glei all agreed fer zu schtaerte fer heem, un die weil ass mir unser drink wasser tanks gfillt hen un hen en frischer supply provisions in die machine grickt, dann hot der Carniel die police informed weeich de Anarchists ihre tricks, un hot em chief, en gudi description gewwe vum Zweingelli.

Homeward Bound!

About drei uhr seller nammidaag waare mir all in der machine un waare reddi fer zu schtaerte uff unser langi trip zerick heem.

Fer die Anarchists ewennich vum track zu griegge, dann hot der Carniel en speech gemacht zu de crowd un hot sie informed, ass mir nau schtaerte deede fer Alaska fer datt gold zu graawe in der Klondike region. Wie die crowd des gheert hot, dann hen about en hunnert en rush gemacht fer die machine, un hen mit deihenkers gewalt sich nei 'force'e welle fer mit zu geh.

Der Carniel hot awwer die police beigerufe, un die hen glei die crowd zerick g'forced', un mir sin ab.

Der Rossem hot graad die machine in die direction vun Alaska geh mache, awwer wie mir mol so weit ab waare, ass die leit uns nimmi sehne hen kenne, dann hot er der course vun der machine ge'changed', un mir waare glei uff em weeg heem.

Mir hen der Mawny losgemacht, so gschwind ass mir in der luft waare, un hen ihm expleent, was fer en zeit ass mir ghatt hen mit de Anarchists, un hen ihn aa 'realize'e mache, wie dumm ass er widder geaeckt hot.

Awwer er hot yuscht so dumm gelacht, un iss nei am Carniel sei trunk un hot graad en boddel vun seim beschte wei genumme un gedrunke. Dernoh iss er als darrich der cylinder uff un ab geloffe un hot farrichterlich geyohlt.

* * * *

Es iss net dewaut, ass ich en langi description geb vun unsere trip heem, un wie der Mawny ebmols so dumm geaeckt hot.

Mir hen die trip safely gemacht, un wie mir mol ee Freidaag owed en descent gemacht hen in Lebanon, dann hen mir all yuscht about gut gfiehlt.

"Suppose mir deede noch Efridaa 'telegraph'e un deede die leit informe, ass sie uns marriye eckschpeckte kenne?" saagt der Rossem; "ich glaab really, ass sie uns so en aardlichi gudi reception gewwe deede."

TO THE READER

Jim Brenasel's bizarre tale "En Trip in der Luft," the first installment of which appeared in the Eck for Aug. 1, comes to an end in today's issue. You have followed the adventures, whims and vagaries of Jim and his crew, the wayward Mawny, of Rossem, Jonathan and Carniel, as they fight anarchists and Indians from the air on their flight across the continent and unwittingly into the Pacific. If at times the mechanics of their aeroplane seemed too simple and their flying technique as related by Jim rather naive to the reader midway in the 20th Century, remember that Jim Brenasel's memorable journey through the air was made before the successful flights of Wilbur and Orville Wright.—P.A.B.

"Ya, sell deede sie," saagt der Jonathan, "un ich glaab ass es fiehle arriyer mache deet ass wie's hot wie mir datt fatt gange sin."

Ich hab accordingly mich hie ghockt un hab den dispatch rausgschriwwe:

"Felly Mohler, Efridaa, Pa.

"Dihr kennt gucke fer die flying machine marriye middaag.

Mir sin all gsund un gut zu mut.

BRENASEL

Der Jonathan hot der dispatch dernoh fattgschickt, un mir hen selli nacht un der neegscht vermiddaag in Lebanon gschpent.

Der Mawny hot sich net sehne losse bis der neegscht marriye, un wie er in die machine kumme iss un hot sich graad in en hammock gelegt, dann hot er yuscht about verhuddelt geguckt.

About halwe zwelfe seller vermiddaag iss unser machine gracefully in die luft gange un iss wie en groosser voggel ab in die direction vun Efridaa. Es hot uns net lang genumme bis mir iwwer de Furnace barriye waare, un dernoh hen mir glei Efridaa sehne kenne.

Der Jonathan hot an eens vun de fenschdere gschtanne mit em telescope, un iss arrig excited warre, wie mir als neecher an Efridaa kumme sin, un wie er dernoh alles pleen sehne hot kenne.

"Sie hen verhafdich die band haus," saagt der Jonathan, "un sie hen flags in alli directions henke. Die Main Schtrooss iss schwaz mit leit, un ich kann sehne, ass sie geeich uns 'point'e."

Un was waar der Jonathan so gut zu mut! Er hot en smile uff em gsicht ghatt, ass vun ohr zu ohr gelangt hot, un waar yuscht about uffgelebt.

Ephrata Is Proud of Her Flying Sons and Celebrates Their Return

Wie mir mol in de borough limits waare, dann hot der Rossem die machine nidderer nunner geh losse, un mir sin about en hunnert fuss graad owwich der Main Schtrooss nooch gange. Mir sin nuff bis mir graad owwich em Hen Kulden seinere lumber yard waare, un datt hen mir dernoh unser descent gemacht.

Un was waar des drum mit mensche!

Die machine hot sich hardly recht uffs graas gsettelt ghatt, dann hen mir en parade sehne kumme graad in die lumber yard nei. Der Felly Mohler un der Fred Mull, in ihre beschte Sunndaagsgleeder un yeder mit emme scheene bouquet, sin vanne an der band haer ge'marched'. Die band hot yuscht about schee gschpielt, un der weeg wie der Charley Beck selli bass drumm g'handled' hot, waar ebbes waut zu sehne.

Graad hinnich der band waar en committee vun citizens mit em Eph Royer fer captain. Es neegscht waare dernoh die Mt. Springs Rifles, mit em John Fenady fer captain, un hinnich de Rifles waar en langi roi menner, weibsleit un kinner.

Die lumber yard waar glei so ge'crowd' ass ewwe niemand meh neikumme hot kenne, un es pavement un die schtrooss waar tight ge'packed' mit leit vun 's Schaeffer un Bitzers schtor bis nuff am Davis Winters sei wattshaus.

Der Levi Shnader waar in der crowd graad an der fens, un ich hab noochderhand gheert ass die crowd ihn schier ver'mashed' hot.

Die band hot gschtobbt graad vanne an de flying machine, un ich glaab net ass die kalls in ihrem lewe besser gschpielt hen ass wie sie hen seller Samschdaag.

Der Joe McVey hot sei bass hann geblose, ass es der Jonathan als fairly vun de fiess in die heeh ghowe hot.

Awwer uff eemol hot der Sammy Uhrich so en artistic motion gemacht mit der hand, un die music hot bletzlich gschtobbt.

Dernoh hot der John Fenady ebbes zu de members vun der Rifle Kumpani gegrische, un uff eemol hen sie en salute abgschosse mit ihre flinde.

Dernoh iss der Clayt Regar nuff uff die machine gschteppt, hot uns yeders an der hand genumme un hot yuscht about en scheener address of welcome gemacht.

Der Rossem hot dernoh aa en gleener speech gemacht, un wie sell verbei waar dann saagt der Jonathan:

"Ich meen mir sedde nau expression gewwe zu unsere gude feelings mit drei rousing cheers."

Un der weeg wie's dernoh gemacht hot! Der Jonathan hot gegrische bis er gans bloo waar im Gsicht. In fact, mir hen all farrichterlich geyohlt—menner, weibsleit un kinner—un ich hab in meim lewe es gleiches net gheert.

Dernoh sin die leit kumme un hen hands g'shaked' mit uns.

Die leit hen all unser experiences gelese ghatt im REPORTER, un sie hen all gewisst was fer wunderbaare zeide ass mir ghatt hen.

Der Hen Lutz iss kumme un hot hands g'shaked' mit uns, un wie ihm dreene iwwer die backe nunnergerollt sin so grooss wie saurkasche, dann saagt er:

"Buwe, ich hab net eckschpeckt, ass ich eich meh lewendich zu sehne grick, un dihr kennt gaar net denke, wie froh ass ich bin, ass dihr widder all seef zerick seit."

Der Hen hot hell naus heile misse fer freede, un des hot mich un der Jonathan un der Rossem aa gschtaert. Mir hen aa hell nausblaerre misse, un des hot dernoh die band kalls aa gschtaert, un sie hen farrichterlich gheilt.

"Denkt yuscht emol an die Insching un die Anarchists wu ihre beschts browiert hen fer uns aus em weeg zu schaffe," greischt der Jonathan zu der crowd wie er dernoh widder frisch aafange hot zu heile.

Un der weeg wie's dernoh gemacht hot! Die gans crowd in der lumber yard, drauss uff em pavement un in der schtrooss hen aafange zu heile ass ewwe farrichterlich waar. Ich glaab net, ass eens in sellere groosse crowd waar, ass net gheilt hot except verleicht der Seed Shaeffer.

Awwer uff eemol hot's en change gewwe. Der Mawny waar die gans zeit noch am schlofe gewest inseit im cylinder un iss uff eemol wacker warre un iss an die dier kumme. Er waar all schtruwwlich un hot meh odder wennicher verhuddelt ausgsehne.

"Was zum schinner meent des, ennihau?" greischt der Mawny wie er sich newe an de dier ghowe hot un hot die grooss crowd beguckt; "wu sin mir, un waer watt vergraawe, ass dihr all so am brille seid?"

Dernoh hot's awwer gemacht! Wie die crowd gsehne hot, ass sell der Mawny iss, un sie hen all genoticed, ass er evidently ewennich aus fix waar, dann hen sie all aafange zu lache un greische, die band hot widder aafange zu schpiele, un in ere kaze zeit waar widder alles uffgelebt.

Dernoh hot die committee uns naus uff die schtrooss genumme un datt hen sie uns uff em Rob Carter sei kohle wagge geduh un die parade iss abgschtaert darrich die principal schtroosse im borough. Der wagge waar schee abg'fixed' mit flags un blumme.

Seller owed hen mir dernoh en ox-roast, speeches un music ghatt im Andy Baker seim bungalow, un unser trip in der flying machine iss zumme blessierliche end kumme.

ES END

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Editorials

3 Million Casualties

While it will never be possible to compute the total number of casualties resulting from the three years of warfare in Korea, there is sufficient information at hand and in possession of the United Nations to warrant the estimate that more than three million persons were killed, injured and taken prisoner.

On the side of the United Nations the losses were nearly a million and a half, with the total for the forces of the United States 144,173 and for the other fifteen nations which sent troops to Korea a total of 17,260. The Republic of North Korea's loss thus comes to around 1,300,000.

While it has been impossible to learn much about losses on the Communist side, it is known that more than 120,000 prisoners were taken, few of whom ever will get back to their old homes. Newest estimates are that killed and wounded Reds amounted to about 1,420,000, which is a reduction of more than three hundred thousand from the estimates made shortly after the truce was begun.

Of course these military casualties take no account of civilian losses. These must have been extraordinarily large by reason of the bombings of cities and towns, the rampage of the many diseases which are wont to spread rapidly during wartime conditions and the effects of malnutrition as well as starvation.

In addition to this frightful loss of human beings the war brought destruction to the cities, towns and villages of the Korean peninsula. It has depressed the economy of that land for decades to come. Rebuilding of the cities and towns will take many, many years while rehabilitation of the people likewise will take a long time.

In the face of all this loss, progress toward the achievement of peace instead of an uneasy truce is discouragingly slow. In fact there is daily fear that hostilities will be renewed.

It is not without the best reason that the armed forces of the United Nations remain in Korea and that they give no indications of early departure.

We have been in Korea for almost three and a half years. We will be there for considerable years to come.

Fishing in the Lehigh

Every fisherman in the Lehigh Valley will be interested in the announcement today that the State Fish Commission is going to stock the Lehigh River with catfish in the belief that they will thrive there and produce good sport for thousands of followers of one of the most innocent and satisfactory of all pastimes.

Beginning on Monday, more than 2000 catfish of the forktail variety — the big blue fellow that has been found to do very well in the lower Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers — are going to be placed in the river at many points between Cementon and Easton.

This, the public in general and the fishermen in particular can know, will be no haphazard act. It is the result of the careful studies which were made of the waters of the Lehigh several months ago. By those studies it was determined that, while the waters of the Lehigh possess a prohibitive amount of acidity north of the Blue Mountains, their admixture with water out of the limestone area south of the mountains has brought about sufficient neutralization to encourage finny life.

It is confidently believed that this species can get along in and propagate in the waters between Cementon and Easton. Probably the catfish will thrive better farther down the stream than close to the area of the coal mines.

Obviously this is an experiment on the part of the State but there is ample ground for believing that it will be successful. At any rate the fishermen will hope for favorable results. It will encourage them further in their ambitious plans for the restoration of various stretches of the river to something approaching pristine purity and beauty and its capacity to sustain finny life. Perhaps, as in the days of the Indians and the pioneers, the Lehigh will attract once more the toothsome shad which teemed in this stream two hundred and less years ago.

Clear Up Costly Crime

During the early years after World War II there was repeated hint of a scandal to the effect that the Russian government, then our allies, was not only counterfeiting American military money for circulation in Western Germany and adjacent areas but that it had, in fact, gotten possession of the plates from which the original issue of money came and was turning out American money as fast as one of our mints and was producing genuine, unquestionable currency at that.

Whoever turned over those engraved plates to the Russians cost Uncle Sam hundreds of millions of dollars. No one can know just how much it cost for the money printed in this country and circulated in Europe was no different (even to the crossing of a "t" or the dotting of an "i"), from the money which the Russians were able to turn out.

One of the many Congressional investigation committees has picked up the trail of this scandal. Already there has been some suggestion that the Russian spy system got its hands upon the plates just as they got hold of atomic, radar and other secrets which our scientists had developed.

In a sense this is all water that has gone over the mill but in another sense it was a costly crime against the American people for which the perpetrators never have been punished. Whether any responsible Americans were concerned has not been established. If there were, they should be exposed and punished. If it all was the work of the effective Red spy rings and if its members can no longer be reached, the American people at least should be so informed.

The Bible—Key to Peace

At a time when there are serious disturbances threatening to world peace in Indochina, Egypt, Persia, Trieste, Israel, South Africa and British Guiana, (not forgetting Korea) there is great importance in the slogan which has been adopted this year for National Bible Week, namely "The Bible: the Key to Peace."

Observance of this week, which began Monday, will have its culmination on Sunday. Churches throughout our land will undoubtedly stress and reemphasize the abiding faith of Christians and Jews in the fulfillment of the Divine Promise of world peace under the Kingdom of God.

Reading of the Book of Books consistently and prayerfully by all mankind could so much help our troubled world.

After the experiences of the world in two devastating World Wars, and by reason of the many threats to world peace whch persist at so many points upon our globe, there must be deep desire worldwide for peace. As Vice President Nixon wrote just before his departure for troubled areas of the world:

"The fervent prayer of all parents is for a peaceful world in which their children may live. The observance of National Bible Week affords an excellent opportunity for all parents not only to stress the spiritual growth of their children, but to re-emphasize those fundamental religious and ethical precepts with which the youth of America must be armed in this world-wide spiritual struggle for the soul of man."

Jefferson Keeps Up

Probably everyone who has visited Monticello will feel how completely fitting it is that Thomas Jefferson's old home is soon to have central heating and air conditioning. No one can doubt that Mr. Jefferson himself would be delighted. For the 180-year-old mansion on the hilltop, through the many inventions and gadgets it houses, breathes the adventurous spirit of its builder and his eager desire to make living more comfortable.

Even with 13 bedrooms, Mr. Jefferson anticipated today's vogue for space saving by providing alcoves for disappearing beds, whose mattresses could be suspended by supports of rope. Other Jeffersonian devices testify how the owner's mind leaped into the future, as, for example, the folding glass doors that move in unison when only one is touched; the dumbwaiter concealed in the diningroom mantelpiece for traffic with the wine cellar; the interior weathervane connected with one on the rooftop; the clock that can be read from inside or outside the house and that marks the days of the week as well as the hours; the swivel chair; the first storm windows ever used in America; the country's first parquet floors.

In fact, come to think of it, air conditioning and central heating seem a little late for Mr. Jefferson. If alive, he probably would be regulating Monticello's temperatures with solar energy. —Washington Post.

That's Different



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON—President Eisenhower's decision to refrain from campaigning for individual candidates for Congress—though of course he may make some speeches between now and election day in 1954 about the record of his administration and his party—has revived interest in the question of whether presidential influence in congressional elections has been exaggerated.

The most authoritative work on the subject is that of Dr. Malcolm Moos, professor of political science at Johns Hopkins University, who has given a summary of all available data, together with his own analysis, in a book entitled "Politics, Presidents and Coattails," published by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

Influence Limited

Dr. Moos quotes various other authorities, too, and notes that Professor Ewing of the University of Oklahoma, in a study of congressional elections covering a 50-year period, "concludes that the popularity of a presidential candidate and the presidential campaign have a very limited influence upon congressional elections," and that, in his judgment, "the coat-tail clutcher theory is vastly exaggerated."

If, therefore, each of the presidential candidates, whether winner or loser, has relatively little influence in presidential election years, it may be inferred that a Presdent can exert even less influence in a so-called off-year when a Congress is being elected and a President is not being chosen.

Dr. Moos points out that since 1896 the winning presidential candidate "has always garnered a larger vote than the total for his party's congressional ticket." He declares that the disparity between the preidential and congressional ticket in the number of votes cast was 5.3 per cent in every presidential election from 1896 to 1916 but that from 1920 on "the average difference between the parties as regards the ratio of their presidential to their congressional ticket's vote has climbed to 11.9 per cent, which means that on the average only 89 to 90 persons out of every hundred who have been voting for President since 1920 have also been taking the pains to vote for congressional candidates."

Surprising

It may be surprising to the public generally to learn that Dr. Moos, in his listing of the order in which presidential candidates have exceeded their congressional tickets, shows that Theodore Roosevelt is first with 114.9 per cent and that Charles Evans Hughes, who lost in 1916, is tied for first with the same percentage of excess over the congressional vote. Franklin Roosevelt comes third, fourth and fifth with 112.3 per cent and Herbert Hoover was sixth with 111.9 per cent. Wendell Willkie was twelfth with 105.1 per cent, and William J. Bryan and Thomas E. Dewey are close runners-up for thirteenth and fourteenth places.

Since the book was written before November 1952 election, it does not include the Eisenhower or Stevenson ranking. But, using the same method of computation, it turns out that only 81 persons out of every 100 who voted for Eisenhower voted for the Republican congressional nominees. In the case of Stevenson the record shows that three more persons out of every 100 voted for the congressional nominees of the Democratic Party than for Stevenson. In percentages, this means that Eisenhower got 119 per cent of the congressional vote of his party and Stevenson got only 97 per cent.

Truman an Exception

It is interesting to observe that President Truman was the single exception to the rule. He won, yet he ran behind the congressional ticket, getting 99.9 per cent of that vote. All the winners otherwise ran ahead of the congressional ticket of their respective parties, and so did all the losers run ahead with the exception of Parker in 1904, Bryan in 1908, Landon in 1936, Davis in 1924, and Stevenson in 1952.

The book by Dr. Moos offers no explanations as to why people do not vote as extensively for Congress as they do for President but does point out that in off-election years the vote is even lower because of a lessened interest. This is but another way of saying that local nominees, despite their supposed popularity in their own districts, aren't as well known as a presidential nominee.

In the coming elections, therefore, it may be anticipated that the couple with grievances will come out and vote. The dissenters in congressional elections in the last 20 years have been primarily Republicans but, since the Democrats have become the protesting party, they may be augmented by a faction of Republicans. Hence, the Republicans could lose Congress as a direct result of the stay-at-home vote which may be due to indifference, protest or negligence. It's the most serious problem the Republicans face—how to get Republicans to the polls in the November 1954 congressional elections.

(Copyright 1953)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

From Karachi comes a dispatch telling us that Prim Minister Mohammed Ali is very much worried about the ever increasing immorality of Pakistan's men.

He has recently ordered the arrest of all "lady killers," and 61 of them were sent to jail from 60 to 90 days after a round-up ordered by the minister.

The charges against the men were "whistling at girls, winking, twirling their mustackes, and purposefully rubbing their shoulders against women trying to board their busses."

Which leads me to believe that, after all, human beings are just about the same all over the world, whether they be Pakistani, French, Italians or Americans.

Here in America, we are too apt to believe that we have a patent on all the virtues and all the vices known to mankind.

In other words, we consider our standards the standards by which the whole world is to be judged.

We, for instance, have the democratic form of government to meet with our approval.

What we do is right, what the others do if it does not conform with our ideas is wrong.

There used to be a saying here that Communism is a strictly Russian institution and that it must not be exported.

But with the shrinkage of the world just about every disease, every custom, every pest has become an article of export.

Our gardener told me a few days ago that 30 years ago the Japanese beetle was completely unknown in this country.

Today, it has become a destructive pest, and the only thing that can be done with it is to try to find ways and means to kill it off.

Jacques Fath has just brought a new perfume to America. He calls it "Oh."

"Even longshoremen and truck drivers will like it," he said upon his arrival at the New York docks, where the longshoremen were in the midst of their strike.

I wonder if the strike could have been settled with the dispatching of a bevy of "Oh"-sprayed girls among the truckers.

By the way, and I hope my many friends in Texas will like this, a Brooklyn livery stable horse has just proven that once a Texan, always a Texan.

This horse, too old for Texas, was sent to a livery stable in Brooklyn to be used for riding by Brooklyn "cowboys."

The humiliation was too much. So Red, which was his name, ran away from his stable and bolted down the streets of "Dodgertown."

Red gave a real exhibition of the Texas spirit. Thirteen police radio cars and two police emergency trucks chased him for almost 20 blocks with horns tooting and sirens screaming.

Finally, a policeman by the name of Harry Schultz, which I don't believe is a Texas name, hurled his lariat at Red and, to the cheers and hussahs of Brooklyn's inhabitants, tied him to his radio car and hauled him back to the stable.

All of which proves that nowadays even Texanism can be exported.

(Copyright, 1953) 1

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS IMMER 'N WAIG: 'S mocht nix ous wie arrick os ebbes ebber grissla mawg, 's sin immer waiga fer ous wenich rum kumma. In onnerra werta, 's sin may waig wie ainer fer 'n hund dote mocha, won m'r 'n net sheesa wil, kno m'r 'n fershticka mit budder.

Now nem doh der bungertmon Paul Keller fon nagshd on Guthsville tzum bei shpiel. Er hut etlicha alta bame kot — 'n wosser pitcha un 'n wolnis os er garn ous 'm waig kotta het. Ae baum hut 14 tzol gamessa iwwer der shtumba, un der onner ebbes wie drei foos. Ebber hut 'm Paul, un seim wusslicha knecht Asher Herman in die ohra gapishbert, die bame weara hole, uns wear 'n kunsh'd fer sie um hocka.

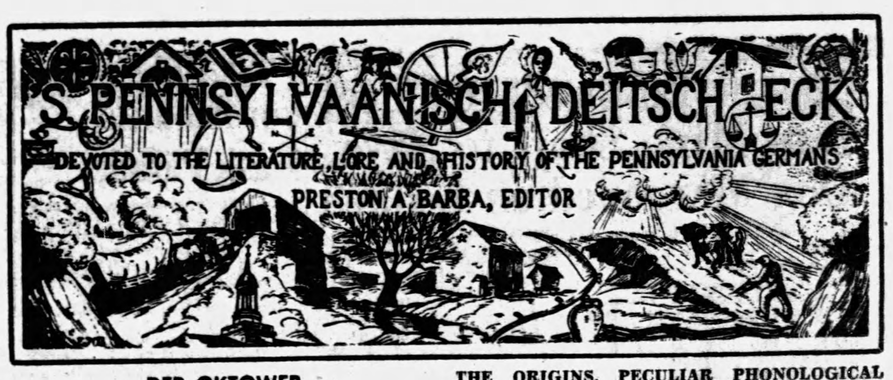
Aenich ebbes os ow'r hais'd arwet, is so shlim wie 'n darn im aug, tzum Paul un Asher, un sie hen mohl fer 'n weil rote kalta wie die bame um tzu mocha, da leich'd, un g'shwindshda waig. Endlich is der Ray Burkhart datzu kumma, un hut gawunnert ferwos sie die bame net um brenna dada wie er mohl galaisa het im hunnerd yaericha kalanner os die Insha ols hetta won sie lond glora hetta wolla nava om Yardon nuf.

Der Paul un der Asher worra grawd willins fer 'm Ray sei rote nemma, uns hut ken lang ganumma bis sie 'n brachdich fire um yader baum rum kotta hen. Die weil os hecka un ungrout woh der Paul fiel dafon hut in seim bungert, net tzu arrick hitz g'shmssa hut, hen sie ous gamocht fer alta tires sommla, un die bame rum laiga, un sellie awshtecka. Un sel is aw grawd wos sie gaduh hen. In ra gons kartza tzeit wor der himmel um Guthsville rum kessel shwartz mit tire shmoke, un endlich hen aw die bame awfonga brenna.

So weit os holeichkate aw gonga is, sel wor louder laedich leit gablautler. Die bame worra unna rum, g'sund darrich nei, un sie hens tire fire shier tzwae wocha om gae kot bis die bame mohl awfonga sin shronklich werra. Un noh hut der Paul un der Asher sich noch weil ferweil'd mit da huls ex eb die bame g'falla sin. Ainer doch wor abissel hole gons owwa drous, uns hais'd bossum un ragoona weara druppa weiss rous g'shprunga, uns weara aw paar eila rous g'floga, un shpeckmice bei da hilly un filly.

Wons nocha mohl iwwer tzu mocha gawest wear, het der Paul die bame gore net um gamocht. In blotz fon sel duh, het er 'n fens drum rum gabout, uns nagshd yohr kompetition garunn'd gaeich die Trexler game preserve woh wenich leit wilda bossum un ragoona tzu sehna griega, un eila un shpeckmice huts nee mohls kennie rum im hella dawg.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won heit tzu dawg owets immer wear wos m'r maint os es wear, wear die welt so fol g'shpucker os 'n mensch net wist tzu lava.



DER OKTOWER

Oktower, watt's schunn zimmlich kiehl,
Do warrn mer Reife griegge;
Der Wind rauscht in de hoche Beem,
Mer sehnt die Schneegens fliegge.

Un rot un brau un goldegeel,
So hot sich's Laab gedreht;
Do sehnt mer iwwer Barrig un Daal
En Farwehallichkeet.

Was sin die Winder-Ebbelbeem
So voll un schwaer gelaade!
Die roppt mer dann am Burkhartsdaag.
Schunscht waer's verleicht zu Schaade.

Doch iss es aa en beesi Zeit
Mit denne Hausbutzgichtere,
Die Weiwer wisse immer'n Weg
Fer Mannsleit eizuschichtre.

Do warrn die Effe ausgebutzt,
Noh muss mer Kaerpet globbe;
Mer globbt sich Blodre in die Hend,
Gedraut sich net zu schtobbe.

Un macht mer's denne Weiwer recht,
Sie duhn eem waerklich lowe;
Doch wisse sie recht dief im Haz,
Mer sin yuscht dumme Schwowe!

Die Buwe mache 'n Kaerbsegfress
Un schtelle 's in en Fenschder;
Sie saagge, dass uff Hallowe'en,
Do kaemde dann die Gschpenschder.

Deel glaawe noch an "Allerheil",
Un alle gude Dinge;
'S maag yeder glaawe, was er will,
Mer will doch niemand zwinge.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

Burkhartsdaag — October 11 — the name-day for Bishop Burchard of Worms (ca. 960-1025) whose penitential books also contain a wealth of Rhenish lore pertaining to tree culture as well as exorcisms for witches, love and disease potions, etc.

Allerheil (All Saints Day) — November 1 — was instituted in 835 by Pope Gregory IV. Coming at the end of the church year various folk customs pertaining to past and future early attached themselves to this day.

A variant of the above verses appeared in "The Later Poems of John Birmelin" published in Vol. XVI of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society (1951).

OLD-FASHIONED PUMPKIN PIE

Golden pumpkins are gleaming in our autumnal landscape. For our younger generation pumpkin pie means pumpkin custard pie. Few today remember or know of the pumpkin pies of the olden days. Our readers may therefore welcome the following recipe for old-fashioned pumpkin pie as found in PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY. A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba (Schlechter's, Allentown, Pa.)

KAERBSEBOI

Use only the field pumpkin—the orange-colored **Feldkaerbse** used on Hallowe'en. Line a pie tin with pastry. Slice the pumpkin in ½-inch cubes and combine with 3 tablespoons of light molasses and ½ cup of brown sugar. Use the so-called "eating" molasses and not the cooking molasses. Dredge the pastry shell with a tablespoon of flour and pour in the pumpkin mixture. Sprinkle cinnamon over the top and dot with butter. Cover with top crust. Bake in a hot oven, 400°F., for 30 minutes, then reduce heat to 375° F. and bake 20 minutes longer, or until syrup oozes out of the punctured top crust. You will have a delicious old-fashioned pumpkin pie. This pie deserves our respect. It is probably the patriarch of all pumpkin pies.

DER KASCHBER VERZEEHLT

NUFF ODDER RUNNER

Wann mer Schrift-deitsch schwetzt, saagt mer "hinauf and herunter." Mir Leit do rum wisse was sell meent, awwer mir saagge's net uff selle Weg. Mir schwetze wie unser Voreldre hen in der Rheinpalz. Datt saagge sie "nuff un runner" un so saagge mir aa.

Un ich meen sell waer nau net so dumm. Fer was soll mer so en grooss Watt yuse, ass mer's net all uff eemol raus schpautze kann? "Nuff" iss lang net so hatt zu saagge ass "hinauf." Un wann's kaz Watt graad meent, was es lang Watt meent, dann loss uns es kaz Watt yuse.

Wie kummt mer nuff, wann mer gaun arreyets nuff will? Zum Beischpiel wann mer uff der Schpeicher will.

Wie unser Voreldre es aerscht do riwwer kumme sin, hen die Kinner uffem Schpeicher vun ihre Heislin gschlofe. Der Schpeicher waar graad unner'm Dach, wie en Owwerdenn. Sie hen Lecher in die Bleck vun der Wand gebohrt, noh hen sie Zabbe in die Lecher gedriwwe, noh sin die Yunge an de Zabbe numm wie en Eech-haas.

Schpeeder waar sell de Leit nimmi gut genunk, noh hen sie en Leeder wedder die Wand genaggelt mit Schprosse draa. Des hot wennich geguckt wie en Leeder amme Sello. Dernoh hen sie all uffem Schpeicher gschlofe.

Yuscht die alde Leit hen gewehnlich hunne in der Kammer gschlofe. Die alde Leit hedde en verdarrebte Zeit ghatt fer an re Leeder nuff. Wann sie runner kumme waere, hedde sie ausgemacht, wie der alt Kaschber hot der anner Daag.

Er iss hinnerschich en Schteppleeder runner. Er hot gemeent, er waer uff der unnerschde Drepp, awwer er waar uff der zwett-unnerschde. Er iss weit hinnerschich gschritt, noh hot's awwer Lewe gewwe. Der Kaschber iss hinnerschich uff der Rick gflogge mit em Kopp wedder's Fenschdergschtell, ass es schier nausgflogge iss!

Well, Leit hen alsnoch Schteegge in ihre Heiser. Awwer in de Schtore un annere groosse Gebeier hen sie nau elevators. Sell iss en Kaschde, ass amme Drodschtrick henkt imme shaft odder Brunne.

Deel elevators hen conductors, oft scheene Meed. Mer deet gleiche drin zu bleiwe, awwer die Meed getsche em naus. Deel elevators hen ken conductors. Du bischt dei eeggener conductor. So hen sie eener, wu mer em Onkel Sam sei Geld niwwerdreht. Ich bin datt nuff der anner Daag. Wie ich runner kumme bin, hot mei Sack viel leichder gfiehlt.

Awwer nau hen sie ebbes, ass viel besser iss wie en elevator. Sie heesse des en escalator. Des guckt graad wie en Schteeg. Awwer des verdollts Ding geht in eem Schtick fatt. Deel gehne immer nuff, die annere kumme immer runner.

THE ORIGINS, PECULIAR PHONOLOGICAL FEATURES, AND CURIOUS CONNOTATIONS OF CERTAIN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WORDS, PART III

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

ABSCHPIELE

The PG (Pennsylvania German) verb **abschpiele** is used in the sense of "to play off," i.e. "to shirk." The StG (Standard German) etymological equivalent of PG **abschpiele** is **abspielen**, but this verb in StG means "to play (a tune)," "to play at sight," "to play to the end," or "to play off (a debt)" (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, I, 123). This is also the meaning of **abschpiele** in the RP (Rhenish Palatinate), Swabian, and Swiss dialects. PG **abschpiele** is therefore apparently a literal translation of the English verb "to play off."

ANNERSCHT

The NHG (New High German) equivalent of PG **annerscht**, meaning "otherwise" or different", is **anderst** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, I, 313). The form **annerscht** illustrates the following two significant phonetic phenomena in the PG dialect:

1. The intervocalic **nd** is regularly assimilated to **n** in PG, just as in the RP dialects, e.g. PG **finne** (MHG (Middle High German) **vinden**, NHG **finden**); PG **Kinner** (NHG **Kinder**); PG **binne** (MHG and NHG **binden**); PG **Wunner** (MHG **Wunder**); PG **gschtanne** (MHG **gestanden**).

2. In PG the **s** before a stop consonant is always pronounced as a voiceless tongue—blade dental fricative (**sch**), just as in other Middle and South German dialects, e.g. PG **bescht** (StG **best**); PG **finschder** (StG **finster**); PG **neegscht** (StG **naechst**); PG **aerscht** (StG **erst**).

BALWIERE

The PG form **balwiere** (English "to shave," StG **barbieren**) also illustrates two significant phonetic phenomena in the PG dialect:

1. The phenomenon known as partial dissimilation. Dissimilation is a reverse process to assimilation, and generally occurs in words which have similar sounds in two adjoining syllables. When one of these sounds changes its quality, we refer to the phenomenon as partial dissimilation. Other examples of partial dissimilation in PG are: **rechle** (MHG **rechenen**), **drickle** (MHG **trueckenen**), **duschber** (MHG **duster**), **Gnowwloch** or **Gnowwlich** (MHG **klobelouch**).

2. The MHG and NHG medial **b** is always represented by a voiced labio-dental spirant in PG, just as in the RP dialects, e.g. **schreiwe** (MHG **schriben**, NHG **schreiben**); **bleiwe** (MHG **beliben**, NHG **bleiben**); **schtarrawe** (MHG and NHG **sterben**); **gewwe** (MHG and NHG **geben**); **hewe** (MHG and NHG **heben**).

The form **balwiere** also occurs in the RP dialects.

BASCHGNAAT or BASCHTNAAT

Baschgnaat and **Baschtnaat**, meaning "parsnip," are linguistic variants in the PG dialect. **Baschgnaat** is the form generally used in Berks, Carbon, Dauphin, Lehigh, Mifflin, Schuylkill, and Snyder counties. It is also the form used by some of the members of the younger generation in Centre, Clinton, Lancaster, Lebanon, Montgomery, and York counties. However, most of the people in these latter counties, particularly the older PG speakers, use the form **Baschtnaat**.

There are a large variety of forms for this word in modern German: **Pastinake, Pastenach, Pasternack, Pasternade, Basternate**, etc. (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, VII, 1493). The RP dialects do not have this word, but in the Swabian dialects the form **Pasternat** occurs (See the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch**, I, 673).

BELL

Bell is the regular word for "bell" in PG. It is rather surprising that PG does not use the forms **Glock(e)** or **Schell(e)**, the regular words for "bell" in the RP and Swabian dialects. The form **Bell** does not occur in any of the Middle or South German dialects, and PG **Bell** must therefore be an English loan word.

BLOTTKEBBICH or BLUTTKEBBICH

PG **blottkebbich** and **bluttkebbich**, meaning "bare headed," are regional variants in the dialect. **Blottkebbich** is the form regularly used in Berks, Carbon, Northeastern Centre, Clinton, Dauphin, Lehigh, Monroe, Northampton, Schuylkill, and Snyder counties. It is also used by the younger people in Montgomery and Lancaster counties. **Bluttkebbich** is regularly used in central Centre, Lebanon, Mifflin, and York counties, and also by older people in Montgomery and Lancaster counties.

The StG equivalent of PG **blottkebbich** (or **bluttkebbich**) is **blosskoepfig**. The form **Blott**, however, is a common Middle German form (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, II, 144, 152, concerning the origin and use of **blott** and **bloss**). **Blottkebbich** is also the regular form in the RP dialects.

BORE, HOIBORE, and BORTKAERRICH

The PG form **Bore** (or **Hoibore**) for "haymow" can be traced back to the Old German form **por** and MHG **bor**, and it is preserved also in StG in the particle **empor** (meaning "upwards" or "aloft") and in the compounds **Borbuehne** and **Borkirche** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, II, 238).

The Northern and Western RP dialects also use the form **Bore** in the same sense as it is used in PG. **Borem** is the form used in the Southeastern Palatinate.

The StG equivalent for PG **Bortkaerrich** for a "gallery in a church" is **Borkirche**. The appearance of an inorganic or epenthetic **t** in the PG form of this word is not an uncommon phenomenon in the dialect, e.g. PG **Leicht** (MHG **liche**, NHG **Leichenbegaengnis**); PG **Vaerscht** (MHG and NHG **Vers**); PG **schunt** (MHG and NHG **schon**); PG **Schtoft** (NHG **Stoff**); PG **selwert** (MHG and NHG **selber**); PG **Farricht** (MHG, vurch, NHG **Furche**).

Bort-also occurs as the first component of this word in the greater part of the Rhenish Palatinate; in a small part of the Western Palatinate **Borden**-is used; and in the southern part **Por**-and **Vor**-are used.

BRESENT

PG **Bresent** for "prison" may be traced back to **Prisun** or **Prisune** and Middle-Low German **Presun** or **Pressun** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, VII, 2133). The forms **Brisson** and **Bresa** also occur in certain sections of the Southeastern Palatinate. However, in all of these forms the accent is on the second syllable and not on the first as in PG. The accent in the PG word is apparently due to the influence of English "prison."

In the PG form **Bresent** we again have an illustration of the common PG phenomenon which we noted above under **Bortkaerrich**, namely, the development of an inorganic or epenthetic **t**.

Ich farricht mich immer wennich weegge denne Schteegge, wu gaar net ruhich schtehne. Wie ich es aerscht Mol uff so me Gedier waar, iss es mir greislich bang warre. Des meecht mich unne rum nemme, hawwich gedenkt.

Weesscht der elevator iss wie en belt—er hot ken End. Un der Deihenker geht unnich der Bodde. Awwer en Mensch kennt net datt nunner, so brauch mer net abschtumpe. Ich hab moll en Mann sehne en Riggelleng abschtumpe, wie der escalator nuffkumme iss. Die Leit hen all wennich gschmunselt.

Sie hen so en escalator imme Schtor in unsere Schtadt. Der geht yuscht nuff. Sie hen en gleener Bu sehne so oft nuff geh, noh iss er als die Schteeg nunner gschprunge. Sie hen ihn noh gschtobbt. Er hot gsaat, sie sedde ihn noch weil uff em escalator faahre losse, er hett aerscht een-un-siwwezich Reits ghatt.

Ich bin froh, wann ich nimmi so hoch nuff brauch. Ich warr darremlich, es watt mer zwitzerich fer de Aagge un die Fleddermeis fliegge mir im Maagge rum. Doch muss mer ebmols arreyets nuff.

DER KASCHBER HUFNAGEL
vun der Lebanon News

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 5:41-6:1.

The Apostles, upon their release, immediately departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. And daily in the Temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ. To these Hebrew Christians their personal experience of Jesus as Saviour and Lord meant everything, and their chief concern was that others might share their experience and their joy. Physical suffering they gladly endured, knowing full well that the more active they were in carrying out their preaching mission committed to them by Jesus personally, so much the more actively would Satan strive to hinder their ministry. And thus one sure indication of effective evangelistic preaching is Satanic opposition, which can manifest itself in many different forms, such as imprisonment, beating, 5:40, stoning, 7:59, and even decapitation, 12:2. In chapter 6 a problem arises to disturb the smooth administration of the early Church. In distributing relief, the Hebrew Christians who spoke Greek (Grecians) charged that they were being discriminated against, in favor of those who spoke Hebrew. We shall see how this problem was handled.

Scientists say the earth would be an extraordinary sight from the moon, brighter than anything we, on earth, can see in the sky.

Horoscope

If friends have quarreled, act as a go-between to bring them together.

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Editorials

Your First Vote Tuesday

Allentown's upwards of fifty thousand qualified electors have an important issue before them which they must decide at the polls on Tuesday, namely whether the city's progress and growth in every business and social phase shall be matched by progress and growth in our school system.

To keep up with this progress and growth, in other phases of our life, school buildings must be constructed. To do this it will be necessary for the School District to borrow $5,125,000.

Allentown's electors alone can decide whether this advancement is to be made for it is they alone who by their votes can authorize such a bond issue.

There is a very great danger that many persons will neglect to vote upon this issue. A great many persons are wont at general and municipal elections to pull one lever, their party lever, and emerge from the voting machine in a hurry.

In the matter of this bond issue it is necessary that especial attention be given to the extra levers which are in the very top row of the voting machine. Away out at the right end of that top row you will see two levers, one marked "Yes" and the other "No," over the legend: "Proposed Increase of Debt of the School District of the City of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania," followed by a fuller statement which proposes that the $5,125,000 will be used for the "purchase of land, erecting and equipping new school buildings, additions to existing buildings and modernization of present buildings."

Allentown's population has grown wonderfully. The crop of babies especially during and since the war has flooded our schools. The education of all our children is imperative and it cannot be carried out with justice to the children if they are hopelessly crowded into buildings and rooms designed to hold only half the number that are forced by increased school population to be housed therein.

There is no question about the need for additional buildings in which to house our growing school population. There is no question that additions should be built to some of our crowded buildings and there is no question that some of the older buildings should be modernized.

All over these United States the situation is pretty much the same. School population has increased. School facilities must be increased correspondingly. Just about everywhere school districts are asking their electors to grant them the power to borrow money to supply these facilities. And just about everywhere the people who are closest to the schools by reason of their children are putting their "O. K." to bond issues.

Allentown's voters never have failed the schools in an emergency. They will not fail them on Tuesday unless, perchance, in the excitement of election day and the pressures exerted by party workers and the representatives of individual candidates, they overlook their decision to help by swinging that second-last lever in the top row of the voting machine. That is the lever which will record "Yes" for the bond issue. To forget all about this issue and do nothing about it will be equivalent to opposing it. That is something which no responsible citizen of Allentown will wish to do in this immediate crisis of the public school system.

Swing that second last lever on the top row as the very first thing you do after the voting machine curtain has been drawn. After that you can proceed to play with as few or as many levers as you like with the full confidence that your first act took care of your first and your most important duty.

Atom Energy for Peace

Reports from Europe indicate that at least ten or twelve countries have begun the construction of nuclear reactors with which they expect to produce cheap electric power and reduce the cost of plutonium. In this country there is repeated insistence that this nuclear field should also be developed as swiftly as possible by private industry.

Such development by private industry probably would reduce the cost of electric power, according to an opinion voiced this week by Dr. Phillip N. Powers at a meeting of a group of the National Industrial Conference Board in New York.

Dr. Powers speaks with more than ordinary authority for he is the executive administrator of the Monsanto Chemical Co.'s atomic electric project. His idea is that the government should open up this field of development to companies like his own and he went on to say: "We visualize the development of a partnership between government and industry in which government does those things which it must do for security reasons, and for which the government has unique facilities such as making tests in the specially designed reactor in Idaho, whereas industry develops those aspects of the program which it can do best."

Dr. Powers foresaw four types of industrial reactors: those to produce power only; those to produce chemicals only; those to produce chemicals and power; and those to be used for propulsion purposes such as driving planes and ships.

As a representative of a chemical company, he said he was primarily interested in reactors designed either to make chemicals and rare metals, such as plutonium or uranium 233, or something else; or to make power and at the same time utilize the heat developed.

Ever since the development of the atomic bomb and the revelation of man's ability to unlock the energy in the atom, the American dream has been to use that energy in the ways of peace, rather than in the ways of war.

The pity has been that emphasis has been laid upon the military use of this energy. Likewise it has been in the interest of national security to preserve all possible secrets which would be valuable in a military way to our avowed and potential enemies. Repeatedly the success of this effort for secrecy has become doubtful as spy ring after spy ring has been uncovered in Great Britain, Canada and the United States. The wonder then is whether it might not have been the best thing to concentrate upon commercial development of nuclear energy and pay less attention to secrecy for military security. The Russians seem to have found every door by which atomic secrets could be reached and thru which they could be removed from this country and those of our allies.

Cattlemen's Plight

The cattlemen from the far western states who thundered into Washington to demand government support for their vast industry left a goodly portion of the American public cold as their own remarks made it well known that theirs is by no means an infant industry and that it has not been wont to be very helpful to and sympathetic with its customer, the American consumer.

The principal trouble of course of the ranchers is that there has been little rain this year, that the great plains are dry and brown and that cattle have become thin and have had to be shipped to market at unprofitable prices.

The American public, which has failed to benefit materially from reduced market prices of cattle in the big centers, is not disposed to shout wildly for government supports that will drive meat prices still higher.

One of the ranchers declared that he lost $100,000 last year on a thousand head of cattle and added: "I can last only a couple more years before I go broke."

It is fair to presume that much or all of that $100,000 lay in anticipated profits under old prices for fattened cattle. It represented in large measure inflation and not the contribution of the rancher in the shape of breeding, superior feeding and general administration of his business.

Naturally this rancher and all the others would like to continue their business on the high-wide and handsome scale of recent years. It is important for the American diet that the cattle industry be encouraged to some degree at least. But it is a question whether this one industry really can be effectively bailed out under present conditions and except at tremendous, direct cost to the American people.

And if this industry has to be bailed out why shall not every other industry be bailed out at the first signs of setback?

Take It a Bit Easy

At his news conference, President Eisenhower made a remark which we hope a lot of people will take to heart.

Discussing the leveling-off in the cost of living in the last nine months, the Chief Executive said that the best we can all do is to strive for a happy medium between producers anxious to get top prices for what they produce and workers who want the highest possible wages. That, he added, calls for some forbearance, some self-restraint on both sides.

He's right, of course. Human greed is one big element in any inflation. Greed had what you might call a 20-year field day under Roosevelt and Truman. If it continues unchecked indefinitely, it can fire up another inflation and eventually wreck the country.

If producers and workers alike will show a decent consideration for consumers for a while, the Eisenhower Administration should be able to achieve a sound dollar and a sound economy. How about some cooperation all along this line? — N.Y. Daily News.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Oct. 31, 1928, a Wednesday

The Chamber of Commerce of Allentown, feeling that it is the duty of every American citizen to vote at the general election, has inaugurated a campaign to get out an early vote on Tuesday.

A conference on missions and stewardship was held at the afternoon session of yesterday's semi-annual meeting of Lehigh Classis of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church.

The vanguard of the annual convention of the Pennsylvania National Guard Assn. to be held in this city Friday and Saturday, will arrive at convention headquarters, the Americus, tomorrow.

Hallowe'en, 1953



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — When the American people voted the Eisenhower administration into power nearly a year ago, they expressed a desire to eliminate waste in government and get efficiency. But when the present regime starts to put into effect a reorganization of bureaus — even though Congress has approved — protests arise. They come largely from vested interests — those that want to see certain jobs or certain expenditures continued irrespective of their merits.

Thus, the secretary of agriculture, Ezra T. Benson, finds himself attacked merely because, in seeking, for example, to improve the soil conservation service for the farmer, he eliminates a few federal jobs and places more responsibility on the state conservation units than on the regional offices.

One would think from the clamor raised — and it begins to looks as if certain interests are manufacturing drives and caravans for political purposes — that something drastic was being done to the conservation service or that the secretary was proceeding arbitrarily.

Congressional Approval

Yet the facts are that he submitted his broad reorganization plan to Congress through the President last July, and the Congress agreed to it. Were the reorganization proposals fully discussed beforehand? The answer is that the secretary of agriculture consulted in advance the Senate and House Agricultural Committees, the Senate and House Appropriations Committees, representatives of all the principal farm organizations, such as the National Farmers' Union, the National Grange, the American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Council of Farm Cooperatives. But, in addition to these, he talked with officials of the National Association of Soil Conservation districts and various advisory groups inside and outside the government.

From none of these came objections, but now comes a counterattack from some of those groups whose jobs may be affected — a small number, but evidently a powerful one in stimulating objections.

To meet that kind of bombardment, Secretary Benson has sent a letter to the boards of supervisors of all soil conservation districts, declaring that, "because of the great amount of confusion caused by the wide dissemination of false and misleading information," he has prepared a set of questions and answers for their information.

"These plans,' 'says Mr. Benson, "propose certain changes in the soil conservation service organizational structure to improve services to the districts. There is no intent to dissolve or destroy the service, nor to change our relationship to the soil conservation districts. It has never been our intention to place the soil conservation service or any of its functions in the agricultural extension service."

Mr. Benson added that he had told all this to the congressional committees and that he has always regarded the continuance of the soil conservation service as very important.

Cause of Row

What then causes the row? It was the proposal to abolish regional offices and place on each state conservation office the responsibility, now in regional offices, to assist the farmer in meeting his conservation problems. The state offices are to be strengthened by the inclusion of technical personnel, including a state conservation engineer, a soil scientist and a soil conservationist. In addition, other specialists will be brought in, and no change in the existing technical personnel is to be made, the secretary says, because most of them will be transferred to the states and to Washington.

But there will be lesser personnel who will be released. The same thing is happening throughout the government. The administration feels it has a mandate from the people to do away with jobs that can be eliminated and money saved. But every time there is a cutdown, the persons affected or their anonymous spokesmen start a protest. The people generally want their taxes reduced. Uncle Sam doesn't owe anybody a lifetime job in a bureau of the government. And if the present administration can get the necessary work done by fewer jobholders, the American people will be happy — and the protests will be drowned out by the applause.

(Copyright, 1953)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Maurice Zolotow recalls an exciting occasion on which Houdini, the escape artist; Blackstone, the magician; and Dunninger, the mind reader, went to a benefit performance in Dunninger's car. When they came back to the parking lot, Dunninger discovered he had mislaid the car key and couldn't remember where he had left it. Blackstone couldn't get the car door open. And Houdini, who claimed he could get out of any straitjacket or padlocked dungeon, couldn't pick the lock. After bribing the parking attendant to keep his mouth shut, the three meekly rode hom in a taxicab.

Outside the New York University registrar's office there was a placard advising: "Now is the time to sign up for a course in the accounting for women." A passer-by tugged at the registrar's sleeve and, in a disillusioned voice, announced, "Mister, there IS no accounting for women."

(Copyright, 1953)

Horoscope

Look for good fortune and the reward of your own initiative and endeavors in the coming months. It is indicated that a child born on this date will be energetic, hard-working and original.

A cubic foot of air at 20,000 feet above sea level weighs only half as much as the same air at sea level.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERLORA UN WIDDER G'FUNNA: Wos es doch now socha gebt won m'r 's glick hut ous tzu finna wos sella waig aw gait's in unserra nochberschoft. Now nem doh 'm milich fohrer Harvey Deifenderfer fon Wescosville sei tzae ferflierrei da onner dawg — won sel net der kucha nembt, wissa m'r net wos dade.

Der Harvey hut 'n folsh gabiss, un noch 'n gutas on sel'm. Wie er sich 's gabiss grick'd hut, hut er net gaguck'd uf koshda, un hut ains grick'd 'os net yusht shae is fer aw gucka, ow'r aw wunnerbore gute boss'd. Doch wie shtore tzae sin, fonga sie alsa mohl aw petza, uns aintsich'd tzu duh fer linnering griega, is die tzae fer 'n kartzie tzeit in der sock shtecka.

Den gawissna dawg woh m'r om blauderra sin dafon, hut der Harvey un sei Barbara 'n trip ganumma 's lond nous so weit aweck os wie 's Shoemakers' beckerrei in Long Swamp. Noh hen sie aw ob g'shtopt beim grubschmidt Kemmerer g'shwishich Long Swamp on Alburtis, un aw bei da Steina Tzwilling breeder on da shrping Krick fer grumbierra kaufa. Un oh yar, sie hen aw ob g'shtopt bei da dochter Ruth, odder ewwa ons Howard Boyda, in Wescosville.

Aenicha waig, wie sie tzurick kumma sin, ferhoftich sei won der Harvey net sei gute folsh gabiss ferlora hut kot, uns yusht naryads finna kenna. Er wor shure os er 's net g'shluck'd het, un hut sich aw net erinnerra kenna os er neesa hut missa, un os die tzae 'm sella waig rous g'fohrra weara un hets net ous g'funna.

Wie sie dahame 's hous ous g'such'd hen kot fom garret bis in der kaller, sin sie ob fert uf die shtross, un hen on old da bletz g'shtopt woh sie g'shtopt hen kot uf ihra trip. Sie sin nous so weit os wie die Shoemakers' beckerrei, un drunna heim grubschmidt Kemmerer hen sie aw allas ous g'such'd, ow'r die tzae worra naryads tzu finna — hen sie aw net g'funna bei da Steina boova woh sie gaglawbt hen die tzae weara in der grumbierra haufa kumma.

Bei da Ruth hen sie aw allas ous g'such'd, ow'r 's wor allas fer ewwa fiel, un der Harvey hut shun etlicha hunnerd dahler sehma fert flotcha fer 'n nei gabiss. Wos die Barbara tzu sawga hut kot kenna m'r net sawgra, ow'r so fiel is hous, o s sie da nagshda morya in aller free drous im hofe wor lawb bladder tzomma kairra. Denk sie hut ferleicht gadenk'd des da fleishieher os sie shoffa dade, des da wenicher tzeit het sie fer dnka om Harvey sei ferlusht, un shure hut der shtawb fliega mocha.

Allas wor ol recht bis sie awfonga hut bladder tzomma kairra in da shtross, farna om hous. Darta hut sie ebbes hoerra robbla im lawb, un wie sie gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei wons net 'n folsh gabiss wor—un woh sie shure wor, weara 'm Harvey seinie woh er dawgs dafor ferlora het. Die Barbara is ains gongs tzum Harvey woh in da shire wor, un hut gawunnert wos er ra gaibt won sie 'm sei tzae gaibt.

"Ae fartel dahler," hut der Harvey g'sawt, un woh ken drei cent danoh frok'd wos dut mit seim gelt.

"Geb der fartel," hut die Barbara g'sawt, un 'm die tzae onna garaich'd.

Shure ganunk wons net sei ferlorna tzae worra, un woh er sich noh widder erinner'd hut os 'n gapetzt hen dawgs dafor wie er un die Barbara shpotzierra gae hen wolla. Fer ruh howwa, hut er die tzae in sei vommas sock shtecka wolla, ow'r sin tzum ma loch im sock unna nous g'falla wie er uf die mashine gagrodd'ld is. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Harvey die socha aw net hous, howwa, un esser sawga don nix may weiter, so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won wie m'r glae worra, un noch da Rockdale Akademy on der Hivel in die shula sin, hame gadarft hetta won der wosser kooler lare wor, hetta m'r die helft tzeit ken shule kotta.

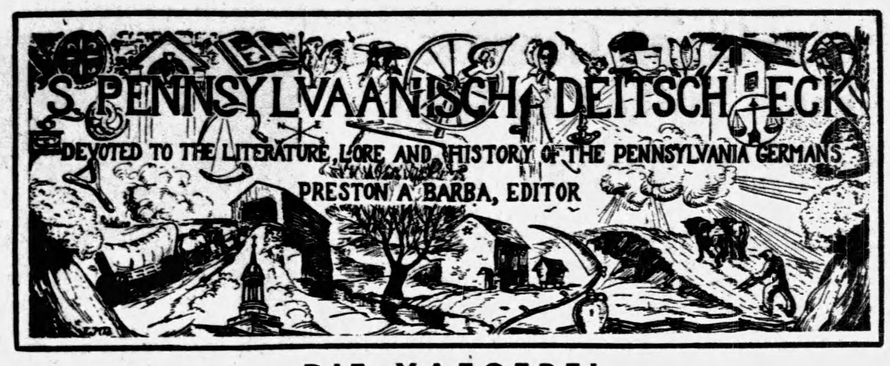
M'r hen uf kours net ol die akommodations kotta woh sie hen in da heit tzu dawg shula, uns hut net so fiel wosser ganumma fer 'n shule om gae halta wies now nembt.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 7:5-7

According to v. 5, Abraham did not actually own more land than was involved in his purchase of a burial place (Machpelah, on the outskirts of Hebron, Gen. 23), but God gave him a perpetual deed in behalf of his 'seed,' the Hebrew people. Actual possession of Canaan was contingent upon obedience (read Deut. 28), otherwise they would be scattered among all the nations. There is a difference between ownership and actual possession—as in the case of a man who owned three umbrellas, but didn't possess any, having carelessly left them in some public conveyance. And these people are literally scattered throughout the world today. But God's covenant with Abraham will bring them back to the land (read Deut. 30). For five years now we have been reading of the new nation of Israel, but there is an interesting trend in that country, on the way to fulfillment of prophecy concerning both 'the land and the seed.' Verse 6 is a prediction of the sojourn of Israel in Egypt, having been brought down through Joseph—an interesting story), of their bondage (read Ex. 1), and of their return. (Exodus to Joshua).



DIE YAEGEREI

vum

FRANKLIN D. SLIFER

Now that the hunting season is at hand, we are pleased to give to our readers the Reverend Franklin D. Slifer's "Yaeger" speech, which has delighted so many people at numerous Versammlinge and Grundsau dinners during the last few years. Mingling wisdom with humor the pastor has aptly compared the life of man with that of the hunter. We are grateful to the Reverend Mr. Slifer for the privilege of publishing it.

GOTT SEI DANK! Die Hoiyet un Aern sin widder verbei, die Hunsdaagge sin widder veriwwer, es Welschkann iss gebascht un der Lattwarrick iss gekocht. Heit iss der aerscht November, un yeder Mann, as net zu faul iss zu lewe un iss beim rechte Verschtand iss heit drauss uff de Hiwwle un in de Deeler, in de Bisch un in de Felder, mit der Flint un em Hund.

De Marye—ich wett mei ledschder heller roder cent—sin viel Mannsleit frieh uffgschtanne, as die iwwerich Zeit vum Yaahr net viel Maryehelling sehne. Awwer de Marye waare sie uff ver Daag. Viel as schunscht ken Breckfescht esse, hen sich zeitlich an der Disch gschafft fer Salswascht esse bei der Yaard, Pannekuche beim Dutzend, un fer Kaffi drinke bei der Gwaart. Un was en Blessier fer die Mannsleit, fer eemol uffschteh im ganse Yaahr un en recht hazhafdich Breckfescht esse ver Daag!

Es Breckfescht iss veriwwer, un 's sin noch zwee Schtunn un en halwi bis die Schiesserei abgeht. Der Paepp hockt sich uff die Holskischt, awwer er kann net hocke. Noh brecht der Deiwel los. Er geht ans Fenschder un guckt naus—net ass er ebbes sehne will! Er guckt yuscht zum Loch naus. Er hot sei Schiesrock siwwe Mol aus un aa. Er dribbelt in der Kich hie un haer. Er grickt en bissel braecktis fer an de Hiwwle draa naus. Noh schtellt er sich an die Dier, schteckt die Hend in die Seck un denkt un denkt: O Zeit, o Zeit, o Zeit, wie lang! Noh schteckt er die Peif aa, awwer er hot doch ken Ruh — graad wie en gleener Bu uff Grischdaag Marye. Er kann gewiss schier gaar net waarte. Un der Hund iss unruhich am Schtall, graad wie sei Meeschder. Sei Geduld iss ihm aa ball all. Awwer der Hund iss an der Kett, yuscht sei Meeschder hot der Laaf vun der Kich. Un was en Yacht in der Haushalding! Die Kinner sin verschteert in ihrem Maryeschlof. Es Bobbli brillt. Noh blafft der Hauns. "Druwwel un Elend, der Henker iss los in allem Eck," secht die Memm. "Awwer des iss der aerscht November, die Yaag iss widder do, hurrah!" secht der Paepp.

'S iss siwwe Minudde bis neine. Nau watt der Paepp awwer eifrich in Ernscht. Er dutt der Schiessrock fer's letscht Mol aa, graebbt die Flint un geht feierich dezu naus. Er vergesst iewens die Memm zu bosse, wie gewehnlich maryets wann er noch der Aerwet geht. Es veraryert die Memm net yuscht e bissel. Sie macht die Dier uff un greischt ihm noh: "Paepp, wasewwer ass du duscht heit, schiess yuscht der Hund net." Der Paepp iss in so me groosse Huddel, er nemmt der Memm ihre Rot net schwaer zu Haze. Datt gehne sie, der Yaeger mit der Flint un em Hund, schier der Kender, die Leen naus uff Felder un Baschdert druff los. Die Fasaane un die Haase sin frei!

So geht die Yaegerei! Un wammer recht driwwer denkt, kummt's em ei, ass die Yaegerei iss en Gleichnis uffs Lewe. Der Yaeger un der Hund un die Flint, die gemahne em an viel Sache im Lewe.—

DER YAEGER

Wie oft watt der Yaeger gfroogt, "Was hoscht grickt?" Oftmols kummt die Antwatt: "Ich hab nix gsehne."

Letscht Schpotyaahr hawwich uff re Staakefens ghockt fer bissel ruhe un die Peif schmoke. Selli Weil hawwich me Kall zugeguckt, as darrich en Baschdert geloffe iss. Er waar aageduh in gude Gleeder, es bescht vun alles: en neii Kapp, en neier Rock, neie Hosse, neie Schuh, un hot en Flint gedraagge, as recht gegliztert hot in der Maryesunn. Er iss darrich der Baschdert gedrollt, ass wann er imme Huddel waer fer noch em Badallye. Er hot nix gsehne, un er hot aa nadierlich nix gschosse. Wann seller Kall so fatt gedabbt iss bis oweds, bin ich schur, ass er aa saagge hot kenne: "Ich hab nix gsehne!

Zimmlich glei kummt en annerer Yaeger, so graad uff der seeme Schpur. Er hot viel geguckt wie en rechtschaffner Bauer. Er waar aageduh in kommene Gleeder: der alt Scheierhut uff em Kopp, en alder gflickder Schiessrock, yusch Iwwerhosse un Schtiwwel. Awwer seller Mann waar en Yaeger: er hot sei Schiesserei verschtanne. Schier im Glaare sicht er en Haas hocke, un er hot ihm en scheeni Eilaading gewwe fer mit ihm heem geh. Driwwe imme Graaspusch hot er en Fassande Haahne in die Heeh un er hot ihn aa graad so schnell widder runner gebatzelt. Bissel weider drunne, am alde Eechebaam, sicht er en Grooschkwarl uff me dinne Nascht; sell hot er aa mit. Graad datt imme gleene Eck hot der Yaeger en gut Middaag zammegsammelt fer sei Familye, wu der aerscht darrich iss un hot nix gsehne.

Wie viel Leit, wie der Yaeger in de beschde Gleeder un mit re scheene Flint, gehne darrichs Lewe un sehne nix?

'S iss net was en Mann hot awwer was er sehnt im Lewe, as zeehlt. Es hot mol en Parre en aldi Sauflodel bsucht fer ihm e bissel uff die Schpur helfe. Secht der Parre zu dem Mann: "Mann, du sottscht schtobbe Wiski drinke un meh Wasser drinke; Wasser iss immer es bescht."—"Ya," secht der Siffer, "awwer mer brauch net immer vum Beschde." In eenere Hiesicht hot der Siffer recht ghatt. Mer brauch net immer vum Beschde fer viel gude Sache sehne un fer viel gude Sache duh im Lewe.

Ich hab mol en Leicht ghatte fer en Mann, as en grossordich Lewe fiehre hett kenne. Er hot en scheeni Bauerei ge-eeggent; er hot en schmaudi Fraa ghatt un en liewi Dochter. Fimf Leit waare an der Leicht. Die Fraa un die Dochter waare net datt—sie hen net beinanner gelebt. En Nochber hot mir gsaat: "Er waar en miener Mann." Ich hab gfiehlt wie seller Parre wu aa so en Mann begraawe hot. Wie der Paare am Graab gschtanne hot, guckt er so iwwer die Laad naus nooch de Leit un secht: "Gudes kann ich net saagge; Schlechtes will ich net saagge; loss ihn nunner." 'S iss bedauerlich, ass so Leit wu vum Beschde hen, so wennich sehne im Lewe.

Es sin viel Leit, gude Bissniss Leit, Bauer as eeni odder meh Bauereie eegne un hen noch bissel Geld debei, Handwarricksleit in gude Gschefte, yunge Menner mit gude Kepp un Hinnerhalt, ass sie schtudiere kennte fer Loiyer odder Dokter odder Parre odder Schulmeeschder. Sie hen alle Geleeggeheit, awwer sie sehne nix im Lewe.

Eb mir viel hot odder wennich macht net so viel aus; 's iss was mer sehnt im Lewe as zeehlt. Es gemaahnt mich an seller Parre wu schtarrewesgrank waar. Es hot niemand geglaabt, ass der Parre 's darrichmache deet. Die Eldeschter un die Vorschteher, eener noch em annere, hen ihn bsucht fer ihn zu dreeschde. Es letscht hot der Graabmacher ausgemacht, er geht aa mol der Parre bsuche. Er hot die Pick un die Schipp schunn reddi gschtellt ghadde. Noh iss er ab, fer der Parre zu dreeschde. Wie er in die Schtubb iss kumme, waar der Parre ordlich maudrich; er hot net schtarrewe wolle. Noh secht der Graabmacher: "Nau, Parre, loss dir's net verleed sei, wann aa die Hoffning arrig glee iss. Denk mol zerick an selli schee Breddich, wu du uns gewwe hoscht letschde Oschdere, wie schee ass du uns der Himmel vorgschtellt hoscht, un du hoscht iwwer un niwwer gsaagt, "Unser Heimat ist im Himmel." Nau loss dir's net verleed sei."—"Ya," secht der Parre, "du hoscht recht, awwer ich hab's Heemweh noch net." Nee, der Parre hot ken heemweh ghadde; er hot zu viel gsehne im Lewe. Un so sott yeders! Alle ebber ass ebbes sehnt im Lewe will net uffgewwe eb Feierowed wann aa's Bett siess iss, un will net schtarrewe ver der Zeit, wann aa der Himml schee iss.

Die Leit wu nix sehne sin immer am Gnarre un am Grummle un am Grageele weeich ebbes. Wann mer so Leit heert schwetze, kenne sie immer alles besser duh wie eenich ebber schunscht. Ya, sie kennte iewens en besseri Welt schaffe wie der lieb Gott selwert.

Heit iss der aerscht November. Den Owed misse viel antwadde zu der Froog: Was hoscht grickt, odder was hoscht gsehne." Es meecht meeglich sei, ass yedermann mol antwadde muss zu daere Froog ver em grosse Gericht.

DER HUND

Was iss die Yaegerei, wann mer ken guder, gedreier un verschtennicher Hund hot? Ich hab schunn viel Hund ge-eeggent, awwer es sin drei, ass meh waare wie yuscht Hund: die Nellie, der Duke un der Pepper. Die Nellie waar yuscht en kommener Hauns, awwer fufzeh Yaahr noochderhand schwetze die Leit in Schulkill un Karbon Kaundi alsnoch vun der Nellie. Un der Duke, en grosser Englischer Sedder, was waar's als en Blessier fer die Fassande Haahne zammesammle mit ihm. In Allentown hot er als gheilt, wann sie mei Kaerrichebell gezogge hen. Unser Nochbersfraa hot als gsaat der Duke deet heile, weil sei Meeschder an die Aerwet misst. Die Nellie un der Duke sin nau am Yaagge, wu die Gledde un die Buweleis ewich verdilcht sin, un in ihrem Blatz iss der Pepper, en schwazer cocker spaniel, gut un gedrei, graad wie sie. Vum Pepper will ich bissel verzeehle, was ich schunt gelannt hab vum Lewe darrich ihn.

Der Pepper iss net yuscht en guder Yaeger; er iss aa en verschtennicher Haushund un en arriyer Menschefreind. Wuewwer ass er iss un wasewwer ass er dutt, er meint sei eegeni Bissniss. Sell iss meh ass viel Leit duhne, abaddich deel Weibsleit, wann sie in der Nochberschaft rum schnubbere—un aa alsemol deel Mannsleit. Deel vun meine Freind saagge der Pepper waer so verschtennich er kennt schier alles duh, ass wie net schwetze, awwer sie deede glaawe, ass sei Meeschder froh waer, ass er sell net duh kennt. Awwer sell iss net so! Ich bin schur, ass wann der Pepper schwetze kennt, ass er nix verzeehle deet unnich de Leit, ass net drauss rumgeblaudert sei sott.

Es hen schunn manniche Leit mir gsaagt, der Pepper waer so gscheit, er hett Menscheverschtand. Sell macht mich als bees; iewens der aarm Hund weess, ass sell ken Kredit iss zu ihm. Menscheverschtand — was iss Menscheverschtand? Guck emoll e bissel in der Welt rum! Uneenichkeit, Madderei, un der Deiwel weess was all, geht heitzudaags in der Welt aa. Sell scheint Menscheverschtand zu sei. Vun so Sach weess der Pepper nix. Er losst alle ebber in Friede, Leit un Hund. Er schtaut ken Gfecht un lebt allezeit wie en guder, uffrichtiger Hund lewe sott. Er weist immer guder Hundsverschtand, un sell iss verleicht was unser Menschheit meh devun hawwe sott.

Un noch ee Ding—en guder Hund hot gans wennich Fehler, gewehnlich yuscht die wu er ufflest vun seim Meeschder. Do owwedrauss im Bloo Barrick hot mol so en alder Ketzer zu seim Nochber gsaagt: "Ich wees gaar ken Ursach, ass mei Hund so viel Fleeh hot. Em Nochber sei Bu waar debei un hot des gheert. Noh secht der Bu: "Well, Isaac, wann du net bei deim Hund schlofe deedscht, hett dei Hund ken Fleeh." Die Kinner un die Narre saagge oftmols die Waahrheit.

Heit iss der aerscht November. Den Owed misse viel antwadde zu der Froog: "Was hoscht grickt?" Mannicher Yaeger gebt en Antwatt in kaze Wadde: "Der Hund hot gut geduh."

DIE FLINT

En guder Yaeger mit me gude Hund brauch als noch en gudi Flint. Awwer verlosst eich druff, 's iss net immer die schenscht Flint, as es bescht schiesst. Es sin drei Dinger, as en Flint schtandhaft macht: der Laaf, der Zuck un es Visier. En Flint muss en vollschtendicher Laaf hawwe fer der Schuss draagge, odder schunscht deet's not, deet der Yaeger sich wedder en eechner Baam schtelle wann er losdrickt fer die Flint abschiesse. Un's zwett Ding, as en gudi Flint hawwe muss, iss en richticher Zuck fer die Kuggel uffs Marrick griegge. Die Englische in unserm Freiheitsgrieg hen Flinte ghatt mit gude Laafe awwer 's hot die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche genumme fer richtiche Zuck in die Laafe bohre—un sell hot die Englische geleddert. Die zwee Sache muss en Flint hawwe, awwer sie badde nix wann en Flint ken genau Visier uff em Laaf hocke hot. Es Visier muss die Kuggele uffs Marrick richte un der Zuck drecht sie hie.

En vollschtendicher Laaf, en richticher Zuck un en genau Visier — was mer doch lanne kann vun denne Sache vum Lewe!

Es scheint mir viel Leit kennte besser gebaut sei im Laaf. Zu viel Leit warre mied vum Schaffe eb der Owed kummt. Un noch eens—sie hen ken Zuck. Sie fange viel aa un mache arrig wennich faddich. Un noh hot's deel Leit, as sich schinne un bloogge—mer meent sie hedde en guder Laaf un blendi Zuck, awwer sie kumme zu nix. Sie hen's Visier letz gsetzt. Sie raase un sie hause wie der Schinner, awwer sie kenne ihre Lewe net recht uffs Marrick richte.

Der lieb Gott hot uns verleicht net all schtandhaft gemacht im Laaf un verleicht sin deel e bissel schwach im Zuck vun Nadur, awwer weeich em Visier sott niemand grageele—der lieb Gott hot uns all gude Visiere gewwe: die zehe Gebote, die Heilig Schrift, der heilig Sunndaag, die Kaerrich un unser Heiland selwert. Des sin die Visiere wu unser Lewe uffs Marrick griegge. Un wann mir die Visiere net ehre, dann geht's schepp mit unserm Lewe. Do es anner Yaahr wie ich mei Hunstax bezahlt hab, hawwich en glee Babier grickt mit meinre Hunsleisens. Uff dem Babier waar en Eilaading fer die Barricks Kaundi Hunsmeeschderei aanemme. Die Leit kaemte all Sundaag um Zehe Uhr zamme fer die Hund in der Yaegerei zu treene. Sell hot schier gaar mei Baschde geeich Barrick schteh mache. Des iss en Land wu unser Voreldre ihre Schwitz un Blut aagewennt hen, ass sie un ihre Noochkumme Gott diene kennte, der Sunndaag heilig halte un in Freiheit lewe. Was soll des noch gewwe im unserm Land: En frei Amerika un gottlose Mensche, des schtimmt net recht zamme. Es scheint mir, mir hedde unser Visiere bissel verschowe.

Mol ee Owed kummt der Yaeger heem un noh iss die Froog: "Was hoscht grickt?" Die Antwatt kummt bissel druff aa: uff der Laaf, uff der Zuck un uff 's Visier.

En guder Freind vun all de Leser vum Eck, der John Birmelin, hot zweemol die Gschicht abgheert. Noh hot er en glee Gedicht fiwwer mei Red gschriwwe. Alle ebber weess, as der John en guder Pennsylvaanisch Deitscher Dichter waar. Er hot gewisst, was es Lewe uff sich hot; er waar zammegemacht mit me wackere Kopp un en waarm Haz; er hot en dief Eisehes ghatt in alles, as aagange iss um ihn rum. Er hot unser Haze als freelich gemacht, wann er sei Gedichte an de Versammlinge gelese hot. Weil zerick iss der John Birmelin owwenaus. Vun eem Ding sin mer all schur. Er hot sei Lewe ans Marrck grickt—sei Visier waar immer recht gsetzt. Ich bin froh, as er mir des glee Gedicht vermacht hot:

DER YAEGER

Der Yaeger, der Hund un die Flint,
Die gehne schunn frieh uff die Yacht,
'S iss kalt, un en beissicher Wind:
Do watt yuscht noch driwwer gelacht.

Darrich Felder un Baschdert druff nei,
Fassande un Haase sin frei.
En fleissicher Hund vannehaer,
Der rechelt's sich selwer en Ehr.

Der Yaeger iss schtols uff die Flint,
"So gut ass mer eeni noch finnt!"
So richdich im Zuck un genau im Visier,
Mit so me Gewehr iss es Yaage 'n Blessier.

Un wann sich mol ebbes verregt,
Do watt schunn die Flint aagelegt:
Der Yaeger iss wacker, der Yaeger iss kiehl,
Un losst er's mol grache, do drefft er sei Ziel.

Noh hot der John noch ee Fauscht draaghenkt, fer mich zu dreeschde, wann ich der letscht Baschdert ausgeloffe hab, wann ich die letscht Grick gebaade hab, wann ich die letscht Schtaakefens gegraddelt hab un waart in der Schtilling fer der letscht Schuss heere falle:

Nau hawwich ken Hund un hab aa ken Flint,
So gehn ich wull net uff die Yacht:
Doch heer ich des Schiesse gedraagge vum Wind,
Do freet's mich im Haze wann's gracht.

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Editorials

Use Shank's Mare

Every mode of transportation except the oldes—Shank's mare—proved disappointing and inadequate as a result of the heavy and steady fall of snow that blanketed this entire area during yesterday afternoon and early evening. And until the snow has been disposed of, whether by the rise of the thermometer or by the snow plows of cities, boros and state highway department, the problems of transportation can be expected to continue.

It can be expected that the public authorities will exert themselves to the limit in the effort to clear the streets and highways. They will sand the steep grades which are responsible not alone for many minor accidents but for extensive tie-up of traffic.

It can be expected that the public transportation authorities will strive to handle the extraordinarily heavy burden placed upon buses and taxicabs in conditions like the present. Thousands of persons who normally walk to and from employment and for shopping trips suddenly, in their present emergency, turn to the public transportation facilities and expect them to be operating upon normal schedules and with increased facilities.

The answer which most persons will give themselves will be a resolve to walk unless it be imperative that they ride. The family car will be housed temporarily to keep it out of the traffic jams which develop everywhere and make travel for many costlier in time than walking. In addition it frays nerves, is costly in gas consumption, minor collisions and other accidents.

The situation last night was in strange contrast with the weather during more than three months and up to the middle of the current week. Then we were wondering whether summer ever would come to an ending. Today we are surprised that winter could come upon us so suddenly and almost devastatingly.

Little can be done about it beyond what municipal authorities long in advance plan to do in such emergencies. There must be a lot of public patience and there must be wide return to the only means of transportation which most of us knew before the days of the motor car. The consolation must be that, just as it is certain that "this too shall pass away," so the strained conditions for transportation will be improved within a short time and there can be return to something very close to normal for winter driving and conditions.

A Hard Master

The final chapter in the business story of operations by Burlington Mills in this area is being written as the fourth and last mill of this huge textile concern closes its Catasauqua doors and moves its equipment to Dixieland.

At one time this concern operated four large plants, two in Catasauqua and two in this city. Previously three were moved to Southern States, following the trend of the textile industry not only in this area but thruout New England and the Middle Atlantic States.

The conditions that have made operations of this type of business unfavorable in the North, or rather, the conditions that make for more favorable operation in the South are the same for these areas.

Operating costs, of which labor is the greatest, are lower in the Southland and inasmuch as the trend has begun and competition has become more difficult, the mills in the North which have been the last to close have been at competitive disadvantage.

Few are the Northern operatives who want to go South. Few are the operatives who like pulling up stakes, discharging trained and trusted friends and employes. They do not like the idea of moving their equipment and making a new start in some small rural area south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

But economics is a hard master. It is the tyrant which is closing the mines in the anthracite region and shutting down the collieries, as announced by the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co. during recent days. In that instance coal has become so costly to the public that new fuels have taken its place.

The coal companies have struggled to meet the competition but have fought a losing fight, what with increased labor costs without corresponding increase in production, increased freight rates and all other elements of the final, delivered price of a ton of coal.

It is very evident that a great deal of thought and energy has to be put into the creation of new and the expansion of such old industries in this part of the country which still enjoy favorable competitive position.

The killing of the goose that laid the golden egg for the anthracite region has been a slow but a steady process. Reluctantly many of its units have been shut down. With equal reluctance, but by reason of inexorable forces, elements of the textile industry are moving out of this area to resume operations elsewhere.

Guard That Aspirin

Three little Northampton children who ate a large quantity of aspirin tablets had to have their stomachs pumped out at the Allentown Hospital on Thursday.

They were not the first children by any means who have done this sort of thing and probably will not be the last. In fact the hospital in the course of a few days, and only recently, had three similar cases from three scattered points in the county. In all cases the children had found and eaten the type of tablets which are flavored to furnish a tempting disguise to little ones who dislike to take illtasting medicines.

The tiny tots did the quite natural thing. They ate the thing that they had found to be pleasant and, since no one was looking, they over indulged themselves, as children will, with the sweets.

The moral for householders must be: "Hide those tempting aspirins as you would hide poison. It will save you a lot of fright at discovery of empty medicine bottles and a lot of time, inconvenience, and worry which are necessary to get the children to the hospital after the discovery and the stomach-pumping process has ended.

It Was Harry Haas

In an error in this column yesterday the sensational write-in vote in Lower Milford Township on Tuesday for a supervisor was credited to James C. Swavely instead of to Harry Haas, who had served in this position but had resigned earlier in the year.

It was Mr. Haas to whom about 150 electors gave their votes altho his name was not on the ticket and it was known thruout the township that he did not aspire to the office.

It was one of the most sensational results in the municipal elections locally for it indicated that when the people really want a man for a public office, they know how to get him. And they are ready to go out of their way and spend a little more time while in the voting machine to write his name into the returns.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Do you know the greatest power in all the world — a power greater than steam and electricity, greater than all the nuclear power now known to man?

That power is — hunger.

A man can get along without love. He can live without hope or faith or charity. He may lose every friend and every relative and still manage to carry on.

But a hungry man is a dangerous man. He will either just give up and become a being without any of the human qualities that we usually associate with humans. Or he will become a danger to all his fellow men, for, as the proverb says "a hungry man is an angry man."

We talk so much about culture these days. But there is no culture to hunger. Every creative instinct is killed by hunger, for hunger is the most violent and the most insidious of all diseases.

There is an old idea that poets used to live in attics and that they did their best work when they were close to starvation. That is a lot of rot. "Cold and hunger never yet could a noble verse beget," said Robert Herrick. How right he was!

But we are not so much concerned with poets these days as we are with Communists, rioters and other trouble makers.

What is behind their doings? Hunger, I say.

Hunger is not necessarily just a craving and a necessity for food. It is also a longing for more food and for better food.

When laboring men, teachers, government employes see others wallow in luxury while they have to live on the meagerest of rations, they rebel.

When they see more fortunate people ride around in shiny big cars while they haven't the money to have their old jallopy fixed, they become angry and eventually do something about it.

When a policeman sees a politician get rich on crooked money, he gets hungry for some of that wealth. The first thing you know he'll accept graft and become a crook.

When a politician sees gamblers and grifters and gigolos get fat on the earnings of suckers and fools, he soon gets hungry for some of that "easy dough" —and you know the rest.

In cases of questionable government employes. Did you ever check on their incomes? Did you ever realize how much extra money meant to them? Did you ever understand how hungry they were for a fur coat for the wife, a big car, a fine education for their kids?

There wouldn't be so much corruptness in government if we paid our government employes enough to satisfy a reasonable appetite for the good things of life and to put them above temptation.

Don't think for a moment that I condone graft or corruption. All I am doing is trying to look at life neither through rose-colored nor through smoked glasses.

Unfortunately though, hunger for money, for power, for luxuries is often just like hunger for food. Once a susceptible person becomes accustomed to eating in fine restaurants and to having his choice from those big French menus, he will want to eat the same kind of food always, and he will want to have more of it.

Eventually he becomes obese, he gets the gout or chronic indigestion.

Or if he stuffs himself too much on crooked money he may go to jail.

Horoscope

Your life should proceed normally during your next year, expecially if you avoid disagreements. Act upon your own intuitions. Fortune may not seem to be too good to the child born today, but help should always be forthcoming when needed.

25 Years Ago

"New Times and New Ways," was the lecture subject at the opening session of The Morning Call free cooking school yesterday afternoon in the Lyric theater.

The Third Man



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — They have a White House rule that doesn't permit first-person quotation of everything a President says in a press conference — but it's most unfortunate because by all odds the most interesting piece of news about the elections was what Mr. Eisenhower said about it to the press.

There were at least three opportunities for him to be devious — to avail himself of the tricks of the political game or to boom forth with a sweeping statement of confidence in the future of his party, as if nothing adverse had happened Tuesday. But he turned them all aside and talked frankly, earnestly and without guile.

For one thing the President declined to be drawn into an analysis or interpretation of the election results. He frankly said he didn't know any more about it than — if as much as — some of the newspapermen interrogating him. But he did recognize that in some places Republicans had lost and in some places they had won, and he didn't feel that he should say whether or not the election was a test of his policies because he frankly didn't know.

At one point in the conversation Mr. Eisenhower told the press that as most people know, he is a novice in politics and has never claimed to be a politician. But he does pin his faith to a belief in the common sense of the American people when they are informed. He thinks they have to be informed as to the basic facts — and some of these facts are rather stark and disagreeable — and the administration has the duty of putting forth and enacting a program that the mass of the American people will say is a good one. The job of the administration, he says, is to provide a dynamic and forward-looking program.

Progressive Change

When the reporters asked him if perhaps some voters thought they hadn't yet gotten the change they voted for last autumn, the President said he thought the kind of change the people wanted was an orderly and progressive change and not just any other kind. He added they were going to get it and are getting it.

Throughout the press conference, the President handled himself with calmness and poise and didn't become entangled in the traps into which some of the questions might have led him. An effort was made to get him to weaken his recent statement that he would favor the election of Republicans everywhere. The inquiry was whether he would support a Republican with a record that was not in support of his administration. Previously the President had remarked that his idea of endorsing republicanism generally the other day was not intended to say he supported every candidate, irrespective of individual character or integrity. But, even if this wasn't involved, he was then asked, would he support anti-administration Republicans for re-election in Congress next year? The President declined to commit himself to what he would do about this, but he gave the impression he was not going to become involved in local contests with specific individuals in his party.

Thus the President tried also to convey the idea that, in saying he had "lost skirmishes before" — and he permitted direct quotation on that phrase — he wasn't commenting on individual races but, as titular leader of the party, on the fact that some Republican contests were lost.

The President didn't hesitate to answer another question as to whether, having lost skirmishes, he intended "to win the war." This obvious reference to future congressional elections drew from the President the earnest statement that he never went into a war to lose one.

Has Definite Ideas

The use of such words as progressive and forward-looking indicate that the President has definite ideas as to the kind of a legislative and executive program the country expects from him. But it is clear he isn't going to fall for the strategy of the New Dealers and Fair Dealers who are constantly trying to get him to enter into a knockdown, dragout fight with the members of his own party. This is usually cloaked with the pious advice that Mr. Eisenhower should assert "leadership." But a President with both the House and the Senate almost evenly divided in party strength doesn't pick fights with his own party and split it still further. If he is tactful — and Mr. Eisenhower certainly is inherently a conciliator rather than a challenger — he will try to persuade his party following to adopt measures that are the result of common counsel and mutual concession.

Dwight Eisenhower is learning all the time something about politics, but he has already learned one important lesson — that the opposition party hasn't any friendly interest in keeping Republicans harmonious but wants to divide them into splinter camps. The advocacy of progressive measure will never wreck the Republican party — although it has split the Democrats of the north and south — if, in sponsoring them, the President takes all the members of his own party into his confidence ahead of time and gives each section or faction a chance to present its views.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MAINA 'S KENT NET SEI:

Yar bei jupps won der Jim Steigerwalt un sei Addie B fon nagshd on da Huffa Kerrich, 's shier iwwer ihra hartzer griega kenna — ow'r so wohr os allas, sie sin shun 26 yohr k'heiert. Die Addie B, un der Jim G. worra alla bait doh in da shtadt dahame, ow'r hen nonner net gakent bis da Addie ihra pap der becker Charlie Bear, sei tzeit fon 930 North shtross doh in da shtadt unnich 'm wedder wor, un der Jim G. ols 'n lodge bruder, is kumma 'n p'sucha.

Die Addie bis kartz fer selra tzeit, wor 'n cigar mocher'n, un hut weiters net fiel tzeit kot fer denka on heirra. Wos noch mainer wor, ihra pap wor net gute —ihra mam die Emma wor fert, un sie hut hous k'halta, un nava bei g'shoft ins Betza ess blotz uf da Hamilton shtross.

Der Jim G. ols 'n lodge bruder is alla gabut kumma der Charlie p'sucha, uns airsht hut er un die Addie nonner yusht so shy aw gaguck'd — wie leit ewwa duhna os nonner net bakont sin. 'N gless'l wei dut uf kours alsa mohl arya socha,—'s same wie aw doh.

Die Addie hut ihr'm pap alla owet 'n gless'l wei gewwa eb er ins bed is. Mohl ae dawg wie der Jim G kumma is fer der Charlie p'sucha ols 'n lodge bruder—un noch dem os sie nonner nimmy so shy aw gaguck'd hen, hut die Addie ous gamocht fer ihm aw 'n glaws wei aw beata. Widmon wie er ainer wor on da tzeit, hut er galong'd fer der wei mit tzwae hand, un fon darta ob hen sie nonner nix may wie shofe auga g'shmissa won sie nonner aw gaguck'd hen.

Wos fer wei os die Addie R 'm Jim G gewwa hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wohrhoft won er sie da nagshda dawg net uf garufa hut uf 'm fone, fom Allentown hoch shule gabei woh er g'shoft hut ols enganier, un hut ra "Drink Too Me Only With Thine Eyes," g'sunga in seim aller beshda Englisha. Won die Addie R 's duh het kenna, wear sie alns gongs darrich der telefone nei gagrodd'ld un het der Jim G um der hols grick'd un 'n gadrick'd os die shtarna g'floga weara.

Wel aenicha waig, eb die lodge noh howwa hut wolla der Jim G sot efter gae der Charlie p'sucha, odder ebs die Addie R wor os 'n onna gatzoga hut kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, 'n dawg odder so shpaiter wor er widder darta, un hut mit aller gawolt howwa wolla sie sot owets mit nous gae fer 'n picker show ei nemma. Ferol os sie gamocht hut wie won sie net wist eb sie mit wot odder net, wor sie numma tzu donkbore os er sie g'frok'd hut, — un fon darta ob wor wenich tzeit os der Jim un die Addie net bei nonner worra.

Der 5d Nofember 1927 wor der gross dawg woh sie noch 'm oldore galoffa sin — 26 yohr tzurick, un woh airsht sheind wie geshter. Fon da North shtross sin sie uf die Hamilton gatzoga, noh uf die Franklin, un fon darta wie der Jim uf gewwa hut shoffa, sin sie nous noch da Huffa kerricha gagend — un woh sie ols noch dahame sin. 'S lansghd os sie aenichie tzeit ousa nonner worra in denna 26 yohr, wor sella nommy dawg wie die Addie ei g'shlofa is im Comfort station uf 'm shquare doh in da shtadt, un der Jim hut die police drous kot sucha fer sie.

Ol die yohrra os es Jims' k'heiert sin — un evens shun dafor fer gelt shpora, sin sie fiel nous gonga lawfa. 'S wor ols gore nix fer sie noch Dorney Park un tzurick lawfa 's same wie sie heit aw nix denka dafon fer aenich ebbes wie drei, fier, finf mile lawfa fer die bus. Denk won ebbes bardiches om aw gae wear in da shtadt, wolla sawga wie die Fair, 's Show, odder aenich ebbes grosses, dada die nix denka dafon fer ol dawaig fon da Huffa kerrich rei lawfa, un owets tzurick hame.

GLAWAWS ODDER NET, OW'R

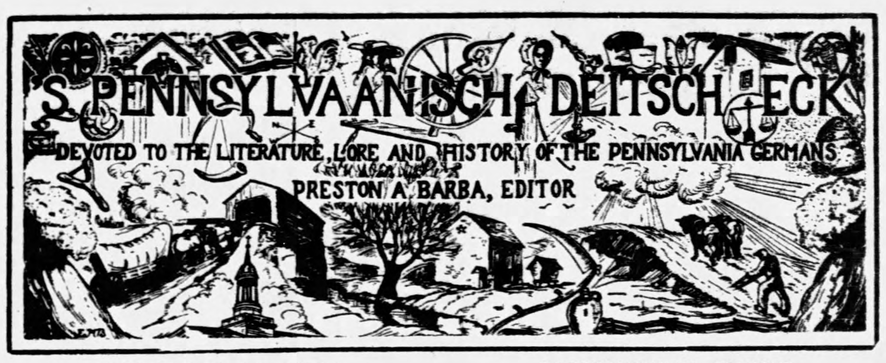
Fon now ob sols uns wunnerra eb die Addie fiel tzeit hut fer rum lawfa — die Grishdawg sin om kumma, un sie bock'd ols kickelcher bis sie bol owwa tzum garret fenshter nous lawfa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 7:20-22

The story of Moses' life and work begins at Exodus 2 and ends with his burial east of the Jordan in Deuteronomy 34. Stephen touches on a few of the details in our chapter, from verse 20 to verse 44. One of the rema5kable details is the fact that Moses, as a Hebrew child, should have been brought up in the home of the very Pharoah who had decreed the death of the sons of the Hebrews. How Pharaoh's daughter found the child in a water-tight basket amid the bulrushes of the river is a delightful story in Exodus 2:5-10. She gave him the name Moshe (our Moses), because he had been 'drawn out' of the water (Exodus 2:10). That Moses was thus raised to manhood, for 40 years indeed, in government circles, was a remarkable providential preparation for the work to which he was to be called as the leader of his nation. He could not have foreseen this, but God so planned it. His education is referred to in verse 22, and that he became mighty in words and in deeds becomes more apparent to us in the record of his later years.



WILLIAM H. ERB, COLUMNIST

By HEINZ KLOSS

Did you ever stop to ponder how it was that among the sticklers for High German among the Pennsylvania Germans there was a disproportionally high number of Lutherans? And did you ever pause to wonder why among the champions of the Pennsylvania German dialect the Reformed element was and is represented out of all proportion?

Among the numerous Reformed clergyman going in for the **Mudderschprooch** there was the Rev. William H. Erb, about whom I first wrote in my "Mitteilungen" of the Deutsche Akademie, Munich, 1930 (p.265). He was born April 30, 1870 in the Perkiomenville-Green Lane corner of Montgomery county, and died January 31, 1940. He served charges in Lansford, Pa. 1889-1899; Bethlehem 1899-1923; Coopersburg 1924-27; and Norristown 1927-1934. He first wrote in Pennsylvania Deitsch for a short-lived weekly in 1905 and resumed it again in 1929. His "Der Gust und die Suf" column became quite popular, being reprinted e.g. in Nazareth, Hamburg, Kutztown, Orwigsburg, Quakertown, Boyertown, Meyersdale—and occasionally even in the Allentown "Call." My own clippings are from the "Nazareth Item." Much of what he wrote was in rimes.

Our first specimen, from the "Item" as of Dec. 18, 1930, deals with the radio:

Improvements am Greitz Weg

Mir mache immer fertschritta do am Greitz Weg. Der Mike hut ehns vun selle fungel-neiha trick boxa grickt was music un so dings aus der luft pickt. Sie heasa sie radios. Der shtor is nau alla owit foll des ding heara shpiela. Die Weibsleit duna nau nimme grumela waner noch 'em shtor gehna owits. Sie gehna ah nau un bringa die kinner mit.

Die Mommy Fisher kumt alle owit mit ihrem kiricha bornert uf un huckt uf der bonk nevigem Donnie bis der letsht mon. Em Sam sei frah is ah dert un guckt net halver so beas wie sie als hut. Sie guckt werklich als emohl recht blesierlich. Der Sam secht sie deht ah nimme so viel shelta, awer sie deht nau lammerdiera en ganser dag er sut ah so en shpiel box kaufa.

Wamer so en radio ahguckt un abheart, gemahnts em an hexerei, awer es is net, saga die leit. Der Donnie behaabt awer es wear ebbes meh wie common, es deht immer ebissel gravelig mache wan so music un singes yuscht aus 're box kehmt un mer kent ken hor sehna von nix. Alle mohl das der Donnie nau in der shtor kumt macht er mit 'em finger en greitz uf die shtern un ivvers herz. Es secht en alter hex ductor het ihm emohl gsaagt sell deht geishter un der deivel weck halta.

Die Mommy Fisher vershtehts ah net wie selle music trick box shaft, awer sie secht wan's hexerei wear, wie ihra Donnie druf shteh deht, wear's en wunderbar improvement uf die altfashioned hexerei.

Kens von uns kon ausfiggere wie des verdult ding shaft. Es is yuscht en box mit epaar lectric lichter inside un e paar kneb outside. Der Mike dreaht en knub un no heara mir en bend shpiela in Nei Yerk; no switcht er witter, un bei greips heara mir ebber singa in Fildelfy. Uf kors, unser shul meshter, der Bensh, secht es wear arig simple wamer es vershteh deht.

Well, es geht ivver mei lernin, un die Suf secht ich wear net halver so dum wie ich gucka deht.

—DER GUST

Our next specimen, from the "Item" for Sept. 25, 1930, relates how Gust played "Hass-im-Peffer" and how he lost his appetite for store-bought cheese:

Hunger fer shtor kehs

Die Suf grickt alsmohl hunger fer shtor kehs. Ich gleich ah seller ort kehs. Immer balla kehs werd mer leadig. Mei alte weas das ich gleich noch em shtor zugeh, un sie shickt mich fer en fertel punt von sellem kehs was der Mika hut zu hulla. Awer sie wernt mich grade heem zukumma.

Wie ich an der shmit shop kum, ruft der Bill. Es warre noch zwe annera von die buva dert, der horig Hen un der dreckig Levi, un sie wolla haas-im-peffer shpiela. Ich hab gsagt ich wer bissy, ich mist noch 'em shtor fer die Suf; awer sie graba mich un ziega mich nei un saga es deht net long nemma en game oder zwe shpiela.

Ich lus mich verblaudera un mir fanga ah blettera. Zeit geht dunners shnell wamer karta shpielt. Eb ehns von uns denkt zugucka was zelt, ruft em Bill sei alte des supper wer ready, Grosser Geedy, sag ich, un geh shnell ab noch 'm shtor fer der Suf ihrer fertel punt kehs.

Der Mike sicht mich net wie ich in der shtor kum. Er war hinne im eck un bort die warem aus 'em kehs. Ich frook ihn eb er fisha wut. Er dreaht sich shnell rum un guckt so sheepish wie en yung medel wan sie des ershtmohl gebust wert annera barty. Er secht, "Neh, Gust, awer ich hab seller kehs shun epaar monata un shnellers sin mir nei kumma. Wan die leit's net wissa, shmockt er grad so gut. Halt des awer unnig deim hut."

Mei lusht fer shtor kehs is mir bums verganga. Der Sam kumt no nei un frookt der Mike eb er guter kehs het, un der Mike secht ohne blusha er het der besht im marick, er wer arig rich, er deht em wahrhaftig verfalla im maul.

Die Suf war beas wie ich heem kum un hut mich dichtig vershulda, un wunert wo ich so long rum gelodelt het un wo ich der ke is het. Ich hab ihrer die shtory geva vom kehs un ebissel gelooga von wo ich war der gansa dag.

—DER GUST

And now let us have a look at Gust, the versifier in praise of DIE SUF ("Item," Oct. 23, 1932):

Mei gute frah

Wan mei alte wist das ich so en reim shreiva deht fer der drucker, mecht sie sich ahshtella wan sie beas wer un dreha mich zu hevvela mit em besem shteel. Im herza wer si gepleast. Uf kors, wamer boetry shreibt, macht mer alles ebissel greftig.

Die Suf, mei alte, shtupt mei shtrimp,
Flickt blocka uf mei hussa;
Sie is so lieblich, guckt so sies,
Ich mehn ich mist sie bussa.
Sie is en gute frah gewis,
Ich kent ken bessere finna,
Die prizes annera beauty show
Deht sie, bei golly, winna.
Ihr bocka sin wie butter weck
Un roat wie roata rosa;
Dert gswisha drin shteckt ihra naas,
Un kens von dena grossa.
Sie shmunzelt oft un wan sie lacht,
Dan shittelt sie al ivver;
Sie kan ah shelta un wert beas,
Doch is sie glei dert drivver.
Sie hut zwe aaga wie ich un du,
Un ah zwe shehna ora
Mit lecher drin fer ora ring
Zeit ihra yunga jahra.
Sie is net gans so dick wie long.
Mir kent sie doch sher rulla;
Ihr hor sin wie die wolka groh
Un sin in grada grulla.
Sie is so sheh un recht un gut
Das sie die Weibsleit macha,
Is immer fleisig, butzt un flickt
Un kucht mir guta sacha.

LATTWAERRICK KOCHE

Alle Schpotyaahr waar die Zeit als
Fer der Lattwaerrick koche;
Yeders waar graad uff de Zehe
Vorderhand fer Woche.

Die Ebbel waar'n gelese dann,
Un noch der Seidermiehl;
Was Seider waar gedrunke noh,
Un oftmols aa zu viel.

Noh uffkoors die Schnitzenpaerdi
Dauf mer net vergesse;
Des waar en Owed lang im Sinn
In Freindichkeit gemesse.

Yeders luschdich, niemand gruschdich,
Un fleissich in seim Gscheft;
'S waar alle Sadde Gschpass gemacht,
Es macht nix aus wer's drefft.

En Meedel muss gebosst sei gut
Fer aller Abbel rot.
Was freien sich die yunge Kall--
Des waar so'n siess Gebot!

'S waar'n Fassnachtkuche rumhaer gschtellt,
Seider fer die Weibsleit;
Un vieicht e bissel Brandewei;
Fer schwerer Dascht bereit.

Noh waar der kupper Kessel ghenkt
Im alde Feiereck;
Es Feierhols waar beigschleeft glei,
Un Zucker aa beim Beck.

Der Seider in der Kessel noh,
Der muss abgekocht sei;
Die Schnitz dezu, der Zucker aa,
Un Sassefrass muss nei.

Schpeissneggel in en kleener Sack,
En bissel cinnamon Rinn;
Noh riehre, riehre ganser Daag,
Bis ball die Aarm ab sin.

Un eben waar die Aerwet schwer,
Vergniegenheit waar datt:
Wann nur mer denkt ans Lattwaerrick Brot,
Der lange Winder fatt.

Wie gut es schmackt mit Lewwerwascht,
Uff Pannekuche aa;
Fer besser was wie des mit Kees
Musscht suche druff un draa.

'S iss Bezaahling fer Aerwet hatt
Darrich's Lattwaerrick koche—
Der Gschpass defor, es Esse noh,
Die neegschte fufzich Woche.

21. Oct. 1933 —RALPH S. FUNK

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHDE

To the Editor:

On Saturday, Sept. 12, you printed a poem by "Onkel Jeff" (pen-name for Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads) about the long tin dinner horn of long ago. "Was there music in that horn? Ask the hills of Colebrookdale."

When I read that poem it almost brought tears to my eyes. I was born in Colebrookdale Township and I knew Dr. Rhoads from my childhood until he died (1906). The source of the Popodicon Creek was very near our house. There was a short, steep bank where water seeped out of the ground. My father took a long piece of chestnut wood, cut it out like spouting, stuck it in at one end and out came the water half as thick as a man's arm and very cold. The name came from the Indian chief, Popodicon. Our old people claimed he was buried about one and one-half miles further down the creek near a big chestnut tree.

I can still see about everything in that poem: mother calling us for dinner, the grain we cut, the hay we took to the barn. Many an hour I played along the creek. In the meadow were a few mounds that looked like graves. I went down there early last spring, but everything was gone and everything is changed. Only the hills and valleys remain.—I am now in my 87th year.

Your truly,

JOHN Y. SCHLITZ

SWEET CAKES

On a bit of paper, yellow with age, some one wrote the following recipe about 150 years ago. It was found in a manuscript copy of Christopher Sauer's KRAEUTERGAERTLEIN (Herbgarden), owned by Raymond E. Hollenbach, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of offering it to our readers. We wonder who will be the first to inform us that the recipe has been tried and that the "sweet cakes" have been a success. Or could the necessary pearlash not be obtained?

Here is the original German followed by a free translation:

Memorandum vor Suesz-Kuchen zu backen.

Nim 1 quart Honig und ½ lb. Butter kochent heisz gemacht un dann in eine Schuessel oder Backmuhl gethan, alsdann menge darunter ½ peint suesze Milch, ½ Theekopfgen voll Ingfer, 1 unse Baerlesch od.Potasch in einem Tschill Brandywein aufgeloeszt, und etwas Mehl and mache solches zu einem duennen Teich u. lasz es 10 oder 12 Stunden stehn, and wenn der Teich dann noch zu duenn ist so menge noch ein wenig Mehl darunter und bereite es alsdann zu Kuchen, und mache den Ofen heisz das die Kuchen schnell backen.

Will man anstatt Honig, Molasses nehmen so wird es kalt angemacht und anstatt ½ peint sueze Milch wird 1 peint Buttermilch genommen, welche uebernacht stehen sollte und dann die Molke abgeschuett und das Duecke genommen.

English translation

Heat 1 quart of honey and ½ lb. of butter to the boiling point and pour into a dish or small doughtrough. Add to the same ½ pint of sweet milk, ½ teacup of ginger, 1 ounce of pearlash or potash (potassium bicarbonate) dissolved in a jill of brandy and some flour. Stirr to a thin dough and set aside for 10 or 12 hours. If the dough is still too thin, add a little flour, pour into cakepans and bake quickly in a hot oven.

If molasses is preferred instead of honey, it is used cold and 1 pint of buttermilk is substituted for the ½ pint of sweet milk. Let the buttermilk stand overnight, then pour off the whey and use the curds.

(As in so many old recipes the amount of flour is left to the good sense, judgment, intuition, experience, or what you will, of the housewife.—P.A.B.)

Ferwas sutt ich net frehlich sei
Mit viela grossa seaha.
En gute frah, un hinkel ah
Die uns viel oyer leaha.

—DER GUST

Was the Rev. William H. Erb also the author of the letters by "Gus Bleipencil," published years ago in the "Perkiomen Valley Ledger?" They have been ascribed to Howard W. Kriebel, noted Schwenkfelder historian, who however, in a letter dated May 5, 1931, disclaimed authorship: "I know that a good many people looked upon me as the author but as I said before I did not write the articles." It should be easy to find out whether that "Gus" was identical with the Gust of "Der Gust und die Suf."

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Editorials

One Touch of Nature

"It couldn't happen to nicer people" is a popular saying which is particularly applicable at the moment to the teacher and those little children in the Livingston School who were signally honored by royalty on Thursday. When, at that time, and upon specific instructions from the youthful Queen of England to the British ambassador to the United States, royal thanks were conveyed for an especially beautiful and original coronation gift which had been made by the children according to a project planned by their teacher, Mrs. Carolyn F. Gable.

It all grew out of May Day ceremonies when the children of the Livingston School adopted the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II as their theme and beautifully produced a replica, in miniature, (and of course in grandeur) of the historic coronation ceremonies which were just about to take place in Westminster Abbey.

It was a delightful pageant for the little people's associates and for their families and friends. It was photographed quite extensively and these photographs in natural color, plus the narrative of the pageant, provided the material for the vivid book which was sent to the Queen.

It appears to have been a gift outstanding among the many thousands of offerings that were lavished upon the popular young monarch on the occasion of her enthronement. It was so unique in its intimacy and appeal to children that the fond mother passed it along to the current, "Bonny Prince Charlie" and his little sister, Princess Anne.

Along with the Queen's thanks came assurance from the British ambassador that the gift will be "kept in Buckingham Palace forever and ever."

All this made a very fine day for the Allentown public school system for it emphasized the high character of the faculties of our schools and the inspiration the teachers accord to their pupils in so many lines of endeavor.

And the day also was notable in that a former member of the British Parliament, W. Denis Kendall, now residing in this city, joined with the school system's heads to honor the worthy recipients of the royal family's thanks.

Ties with our English-speaking brethren are strong and secure but new ones constantly must be formed for the up-and-coming generations. Incidents like these serve to do just this. It was an illustration of the old saying that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Now University in Name

Beginning today the title of our commonwealth's splendid educational institution in the town of State College bears the name Pennsylvania State University.

Hitherto it has been known as Pennsylvania State College, altho at its founding almost a century ago it was known as Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania and a little later was called the Agriculture College of Pennsylvania.

Astounding growth of the institution in student body and physical facilities, plus expansion in special departments of study, have prompted changes in the name from time to time. "Farmers High School" would sound ridiculous today for an institution in which only a small percentage of students are enrolled in agriculture courses. Likewise the name "State College" has been outgrown as the institution has grown from one college to a group of many colleges, each one being empowered to confer degrees in its particular department of knowledge and training.

Thus for many years it has had the qualifications for the wider and all-embracing term "university." That has not been due to its growth to a student body of more than 15,000 but to the fact that as new professions have developed Pennsylvania State College opened colleges to teach and train men for them, to give them degrees and to accredit them to the American people and their business and professional institutions.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweetly. Regardless of name, Penn State has been doing an outstanding educational job. But it is nice in the matter of name to put it upon an even footing with similiar institutions in other states of the union and by its name convey the idea of the comprehensiveness of the educational programs which the institution provides.

Beating Parking Idea

It is not unusual practice for merchants whose shops are located along streets where parking meters are stationed to keep watch and, if the signal "Expired" pops up into a vertical position alongside the car of a friend or a known customer, to "feed the kitty," as they call it, and thereby save a dollar for the motorist.

This is not a very wide nor an habitual practice. There will not be much disposition, if any, to quarrel with the motorists' friends who save them from membership in the "Dollar Club." But when a policeman does this sort of thing, as the Traffic Department has just revealed, we have an entirely different proposition.

The prime purpose of the meters is to encourage rapid turnover in the use of our very limited curb parking space and to discourage the all-day parker. What is sought in our business areas is a host of shoppers and one potent way of seriously reducing that host would be to have all-day parkers strung along all the streets.

If the all-day parker gets the idea that his nickels are just as good as those of the short-time shopper he is missing the entire point of the meters. While the revenue which they yield is important and welcome, it is not money which the City seeks but rather the business that sustains so much of our economy and is an important support for our various branches of government.

It is not to be overlooked either, altho it is of minor importance, that the practice of motorists who put a nickel on the windshield for the accommodating policeman is a temptation to youngsters to become petty thieves. It is of course of the highest importance that boys be honest but they should be that regardless of the size and character of the temptation. However it is not good practice for any adult to present deliberate and unnecessary temptation to children, or any one else.

The practice therefore under which police have been helping motorists to defeat the spirit of the meters has been discouraged by Mayor Diefenderfer. This is entirely proper.

Magsaysay Wins

The overwhelming victory of youthful Ramon Magsaysay in his race for the presidency of the Philippines was also a victory for the forces of democracy and for the United States as the godfather of democracy in the islands.

Magsaysay, former minister of defense in the cabinet of President Quirino, whom he defeated in the election, made his reputation as a violent foe of the left wing Huks. He has always been a good friend of the United States, while Quirino started off his campaign by attacking the United States. That he changed his tune later was of little help. The Filipinos showed their strong friendship for this country by turning their backs on Quirino in vast numbers.

Part of the Magsaysay campaign was based on charges of corruption and incompetence in the Quirino regime. There have been charges that some of Quirino's friends grew wealthy during his regime and that United States financial aid was wasted or badly used.

Magsaysay will do much toward cementing the good will between our people and his, and may be counted on to put up a strong case for democracy. Since we were responsible for bringing democracy to the Philippines, we want to see it become a resounding success for others to see. Under Magsaysay it should remain strong and sound. — Harrisburg Patriot.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the country's most prominent men's tailors has issued a statement that, if President Eisenhower runs for a second term, he is not going to vote for him.

The President, he says, has done the men's tailoring business an enormous lot of harm. First he started the custom of wearing a Homburg instead of a high hat. Then he practically did away with the cutaway coat, one of the finest pieces of revenue to a tailor. And never once has this tailor seen Mr. Eisenhower with a loud sports shirt. As everybody knows, loud sports coats go with loudsports shirts, and thus another blow has been struck by the President against the men's tailoring business.

And here is another little news item about men and their clothing habits.

I give it to you only because probably your wife has the same habit as thousands of other wives a habit which is pernicious.

Wives, it seems, love to go along with their husbands when they buy their clothes. They like to select the materials, tell the tailor how long the coat should be, how many buttons to put on the sleeves and the exact width and hang of the pants. (That is probably how Joe E. Lewis' famous song "Sam You Made the Pants Too Long," originated).

But one husband thought of a very cute stunt. He let his wife come along to the tailor and let her talk to her heart's content.

A couple of days later he went back and ordered all his wife's directions thrown into the waste basket. Then he satdown, and selected his own materials and cut.

By the time the suit was delivered, his wife was so busy with her own clothes that she had completely forgotten what she had told the husband's tailor and everybody was happy.

The same idea might well be carried into almost every phase of life.

I am a great fellow for giving other people advice — as you may have noticed.

When one of my friends does something wrong — or rather something I consider wrong — I tell him about it, in the friendliest possible way.

Usually, when I get through with my advice, stony silence greets me. Then follows a long tirade about how wrong I am and how right he is and why.

You have no idea how many friends I have lost that way!

On the other hand, when a friend of mine gives me his advice and talks to me in a fatherly or brotherly fashion — do I take it?

I do not! And you would be surprised how many friends I have lost that way.

Just a little fashion note now, in case you don't know what to do with your clothing allowance, ladies.

The very latest style is mink bow ties for ladies, to go with a high-necked blose. According to the manufacturer, they look just like the ties the gamblers wore in the old Western movies.

They come in ranch, pastel and blue mink and cost only somewhere around $100.

I thought you might want to know this little item at this time of the year, when it is so hard to think of what Christmas presents to buy.

(Copyright 1953)

Horoscope

If you start something worthwhile that can move quickly, you most probably will invite prosperity. Good progress and promotion is likely. A kind, sympathetic, generous disposition should be noticed in today's child.

Tonga, an island in the south Pacific, is the only debt-free kingdom in the world. There are no factories, mines, public utilities or newspapers.

Dragon Net



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON—Former President Truman has placed himself in an awkward, if not untenable, position before the public by his refusal to comply with a subpoena from the House un-American Activities Committee.

Mr. Truman says he cannot be compelled by law to testify about any events that happened while he held the presidential office, but recently he contracted with "Life" magazine, for a price of reportedly around $600,000 to write about events which will include the period of his service in the White House.

Shall the American people be denied, by reason of an arbitrary refusal by a private citizen to give it, information affecting vitally the security of the nation—that is, about the lax preocedures that have prevented prompt detection of security risks in their government? Shall the reason given by Mr. Truman to the Congress that a former President cannot be compelled to testify about public matters be accepted as a precedent now? For, if so, then every former official can plead the same excuse hereafter.

Mr. Truman was paid a high salary by the people of the United States, and what he did while in office constitutes information belonging to the people. There has been a quibble as to whether it would have been better to "invite" Mr. Truman as a matter of "courtesy" rather than to summon him by subpoena, but the reply given formally to the House committee now indicates that Mr. Truman refuses either voluntarily or as a result of subpoena to give any information which the Congress seeks.

Constitutional Law

It is a well-established principle of constitutional law that, once a witness does give a partial answer and opens up the subject matter, he can be required to answer further or be adjudged in contempt. By analogy, Mr. Truman has opened up the subject matter by a statement in the press declaring that when he found out that Harry Dexter White was "disloyal," he "fired" him.

The Congress has a right to have those statements made under oath and to ask that the record be supplied which shows that, even if the resignation on April 7, 1947, by White was "forced," nothing in the laudatory letter written by the former President when White terminated his employment indicates it.

The Congress and the American people have a right to know what took place at the conference which the then secretary of state, James F. Byrnes, held with Mr. Truman on Feb. 6, 1946, when Mr. Byrnes urged that White's commission for his new post be held up. Who were the persons present at the meeting, and why didn't the President act later as he had seemed to be willing to act on the Byrnes suggestion?

The explanation that Mr. Truman had been advised, as a matter of legal procedure, that, once an appointment had been confirmed by the senate, he was in duty bound to issue the commission seems puzzling in view of the action that Mr. Truman himself took through the late Secretary Matthews of the Navy, who contended before the Tydings committee in 1951 that the removal in October 1950 of Adm. Denfeld, chief of naval operations, was legal because the commission signed by Mr. Truman had not actually been authorized to be delivered to him and had gotten to Denfeld in an unauthorized manner. The confirmation by the senate took place several weeks before.

Mr. Truman's loyalty or fidelity to his country is not an issue and has never been, despite efforts of Truman followers here to confuse the matter by claiming such an implication was made by Atty. Gen. Brownell. It was laxity in procedure alone to which Mr. Brownell called attention.

Caudle Testimony

Incidentally, LaMar Caudle, former assistant attorney general in the criminal division of the Department of Justice under the Truman administration, now has testified that on Oct. 13 last he disclosed to the Senate Internal Security Committee the existence of the so-called "second" FBI memorandum about Harry Dexter White dated Feb. 4, 1946. He did so in answer to a question by a committee investigator who evidently had heard about it.

So Mr. Brownell could have made public all the data that he covered in his speech of last Friday several weeks earlier — indeed, during the campaign itself if he were seeking political advantge. The fact that he did not speak until all the special campaigns for Congress were about over is a sign that he did not, as the Democrats now claim, act for political purposes in his "timing."

Mr. Truman had an excellent opportunity to put his case before the people by declining to accept a subpoena but offering to appear voluntarily without subpoena. Whichever way the testimony is to be obtained is not important, for it seems doubtful that the Democrats will wish to permit their former leader to take the side of concealment and suppression as against full publicity of the facts in his possession.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS 'N TZEIT: Heit 'n woch tzurick is ae tzeit fom yohr os 'n lot leit net fergessa fer 'n gutie lang—dabei der Milt Herber fon Seipstown un Bullfrock. Fridawgs wor er un der banker John Mohr fon Fogelsville nonner noch Fildelfy, uns hut sie nommy dawgs fon fier uhr bis owets uhra siva ganumma fer so weit rous kumma wie der Keshda Barrick. 'S worra mashina ol iwwer woh sie onna gauck'd hen—dale sin farshich gonga, dale hinnershich, unonnerra iwwer tzwarich. 'S worra mashina woh gore ken mashina sei hetta solla, un der Milt un der John worra donkbore un froh wie sie tzurick in Fogelsville worra shpote in da nocht.

Ow'r glot un shlipperich wie die waiga worra, sin sie ol recht tzurick hame kumma, un net ae mohl hanka gabliva bis der John g'shtopt hut fer der Milt ob lossa nava om Milt seinra mashine. Darta hut der John 'n gore mechdichie tzeit kot fer sich weck shoffa, doch net gons so arrick os wie der Milt fom pike nei draya hut wolla nagshd on Bullfrock, un is hanka gabliva mit 'm hinnershda end fon da mashine drous uf 'm pike.

Der Milt is noh nuf tzu seim boo Lawrence un hut garufa fer hilf, un sie hen 'n neier racktor nemma wolla fer die mashine hame shlaifa. Shpote in da nocht wies wor, wor noh die battery dote, un hen 'n onnerer tracktor griega missa fer der Milt ins druckna shlaifa. Der long hivel fon Bullfrock beim Charlie Haaf ferbei nuf noch Seipstown hut 'n Milt gaharich gagriss'd — het sei aignie baw bracha missa, un hut ous gamocht fer folshter iwwer nocht bleiva ons Lawrensa in Bullfrock.

Da nagshda morya — des is heit 'n woch tzurick, hen sie noh 'n onnerrie battery in der nei tracktor k'huck'd un woh 'n misht lawda om tracktor wor, un der Lawrence hut der Milt darta mit hame g'fohrra. Yep, der Milt hut 'n ride kot uf 'm misht lawder. Die barichda sin, gons Seipstown wear house gawest wie der Milt hame kumma wear, un allas os g'fail'd het, weara bella gawest, noh hetta die leit gamaint der Belsnickle kaimt.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Milt aw net howwa os es rous kumt wie arrick os er g'shtucka hut im shnae, s same wie er aw net gleich'd tzu hoerra os 'm 's fire alsa mohl ous gait in seinra offis. Er hut der onner dawg net fershtae kenna wos letz wear — hut gamaint 's dade nocha nonner dunkle werra grawd noch middawg, un bis es fartich wor, wors fire ous im offa, un er hut der kup so weit in der ruck kollar gatzoga kot, os er ken helling sehna hut kenna. Mit guta shliverra, un 'n halvie gol koleale hut er glei widder 'n rousand fire kot, un wenich fon da kustomers nommy dawg hetta gawist os er fire ous wor, wons net gawest wear fer der garuch fom huls un koleale — 'n garuch os uns selwar tzurick ganumma hut tzu da tzeit wie m'r shule k'halta hen, moryets un alla gabut frish fire aw tsu mocha hen kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

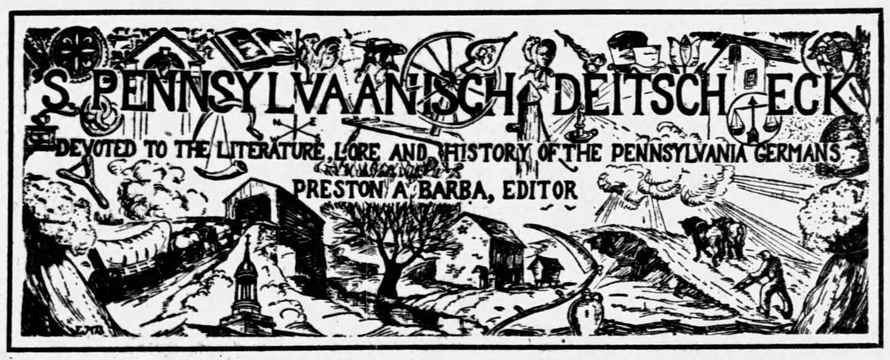
Der Paul Souders fon Sellersville kon alla weil noch net driwwer kumma os sei boo Donald, 12 hohr alt, 'n fersonta hawna g'shossa hut 's airsht mohl os er drous wor yawga, un er selwar, wie aw der bauerra g'shar salesmon Joe Slade, gamaint hut er wot der "yung" larna sheesa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 7:51-53

After Stephen had reviewed the history of Israel and Judah, he began to describe the conduct of those of his own generation to whom he was speaking. As their fathers had persecuted the prophets who had been sent to His people by God the Father to announce the coming of His Son, what did his own generation do to Him but to crucify Him, and since then had continuously resisted the Holy Ghost! These were very solemn words, for they announced officially the rejection by Israel of each of the three persons of the Trinity. Having become the betrayers and murderers of God's Son, says Stephen, v. 52, the nation as such was soon to be set aside, Jerusalem would be plundered, and the Temple destroyed, according to Jesus' own words (Matth. 24:2). These tragic evets occurred in the year 70 A. D. when Titus with his Roman legions took over the city at the end of a horrible siege, so vividly described in Deut. 28 and in the works of Josephus, the historian. Naturally the truth hurts, and so the messenger must be put out of the way to get rid of such a harsh message.



DEATH IS COME INTO OUR WINDOWS

Some years ago, while making a study of our rural graveyards, we several times visited the old cemetery of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed Church (new only in name!). Along the many beautiful 18th century tombstones was one on which we traced the weathered words:

Der Tod Ist Zu Unsern Fenstern Hereingefallen.

These ominous words stirred our imagination. Here lay the theme for some poet or novelist. Had an arrow shot by a roving hostile Indian through the window of a pioneer's log cabin pierced the heart of the fair daughter Ann Rosina? What untold tragedy lay buried there? If only stones could speak—but silence prevailed, until quite recently, when the curtain of time was unexpectedly lifted, while the editor of the ECK was reading in The Journals and Papers of David Schultze, reviewed elsewhere in this issue of the ECK.

The item of widest human interest in those interesting Journals is that of the murder of David Shultze's wife Anna Rosina.

The services of the Silesian-born Schwenkfelder, David Shultze, were much in demand in colonial Pennsylvania. He not only surveyed large portions of what are today the counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Berks and Chester, but he also wrote wills and agreements, and settled many land disputes among his fellow Pennsylvania Germans. One wonders that he had time and desire to keep journals.

In the year 1750 he was busy surveying on the west side of the Lehigh river not far from present-day Slatington, then continued in a southerly direction, crossing the Jordan and the Lehigh.

In the Journal for 1750 we note the following:

June 5, 6, 7—Surveyed land—almost finished.
June 11, 12, 13.—I, unhappy man, went to the Blue Mountains, on Great Leachay (Lehigh), to lay out a road downwards.
June 14.—The most Cruel Murder.
(The following lines were added later)
O misfortune and misery!
My dearly beloved and faithful wife, Anna Rosina, was cruelly stabbed and murdered by our own servant, Hans Ullrich Seiler, towards morning of June 14.

Here the editor of the Journals, Andrew S. Berkey, gives in English translation the following article from Christopher Sauer's newspaper **Pennsylvanische Berichte** for July, 1750, which sets forth the events that led to the murder:

"During the past summer, Abraham Beer (Beyer), of Methacton, on his return from a journey to Rotterdam, took with him on the ship a couple of beggar-boys who bound themselves to serve seven years for their passage money; but after their arrival here they heard that a certain boy of their own age was obliged to serve only four years for his passage, or until he was twenty-one. Thus it happened that one of these boys, who was a Swiss, and who had an indolent disposition, did everything in a disgusted or spiteful manner.

However, Beyer's brother-in-law, David Shultz, hoped to win him over by kindness, and took the boy with his indenture, from Abraham Beyer. But since David Shultz was a land surveyor, and on this account was obliged to be away from home a great deal, on account of laying out roads, etc., his wife was obliged to look after the boy and keep him at work, and as the boy said, on two occasions she boxed his ears, and he therefore decided to get revenge."

In David Shultze's Journal for October, 1750 we note the following items:

20th.—Finished making the second crop of hay. The cider from my apples was made this month.
22nd.—Was the Tryall for The Murderer, Hans Ulrich Seiler — who was sentenced to death and condemned to be hanged. Sir William Allen, High Judge; Thomas York, foreman of the Grand Jury; Christopher Lehman, Interpreter.

Of special local interest is the reference to Sir William Allen, High Judge, who was Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania, a great friend of the Penn family from whom he had received the land on which he laid out the town named for him, Allentown.

In Christopher Sauer's **Pennsylvanische Berichte** for November 1, 1750 the following account of the trial appeared:

"On the 22d of the past month was held the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at which time Hans Ulrich Seiler, the former servant of David Shultz, who stabbed his mistress, was brought to trial. He was persuaded to deny his guilt, and did so at first; but when they produced his knife he admitted his guilt, but tried to excuse himself because she was a hard mistress and he had to serve so long a time for his passage. He stated that his indenture called for only six years, and not seven. After he admitted the deed, and that he had entered the room three times before he stabbed her, he was told that since he killed her premeditatedly, his crime was too great to be excused, and the judgment was pronounced that since he had shed human blood, his blood must also be shed, and he was sentenced to be hanged until dead." (Translation).

A lengthier account of the murder appeared in the **Pennsylvania Gazette** for Oct. 25, 1750. According to Mr. Berky it was written by the editor of the Gazette himself, Benjamin Franklin, then 44 years of age and Pennsylvania's most distinguished citizen. The account reads:

"On Monday last a Court of Oyer and Terminer was held here, when Hance Ulrick Seiler, a Switzer, was indicted for the Murder of his Mistress, the wife of David Shultz of Upper Hanover; to which indictment he pleaded guilty and immediately received Sentence of Death. His Reason for doing it, he said, was because she was cross to him. The Murder was committed on the 11th of June last, in the Morning, about Day-break, when he got into her Chamber by the Window, (his Master being from home) and going to her Bed-side, with his Knife in his Hand, she happened to move several Times in her Sleep, which kept him from doing the horrid Deed for about Half an Hour. At last finding her fast asleep, he stuck her in the Throat, about four Inches deep and turned the Knife three Times in the Wound; upon which she screamed out and got out of Bed, which so startled him, that he dropped his Knife and ran out of the House. By the Blood found on the Stairs, it appears she had attempted to go for Assistance from some Women that were asleep in the upper Part of the House: but as such a Wound must soon occasion the Loss of a vast Quantity of Blood, she had not the strength left to get to them, or make them hear her, so it is thought (she) fell down stairs again, and died, being found at the Bottom of them when the people got up, in the Melancholy Condition above represented."

In his journal for November 1750 I note the following entries:

9.—Surveyed land at Shells.
12.—Cleaned the stables.
13.—We went to Philadelphia to see the murderer executed.

BOOK REVIEW

THE JOURNALS AND PAPERS OF DAVID SHULTZE. Volume I, 1726-1760. Translated and Edited by Andrew S. Berky, Director of the Schwenkfelder Library—Published by The Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsburg, Pa. 1952. pp. 273.—$3.50.

At first thought the brief notes entered into a series of 18th century almanacs by a Schwenkfelder immigrant from Silesia, who settled in the Perkiomen Valley in the province of Pennsylvania, may seem of little importance. But under the editorial hand of Andrew S. Berky The Journals and Papers of David Shultze become a veritable treasure trove for the historian, the genealogist and the antiquarian. Their simplicity and their unstudied sincerity lend a vividness and a reality to the past seldom conveyed by the acts and documents of government archives. No one will disagree with the editor when he points out in his introduction that "the diary connects the personality of the individual with the larger processes of history as nothing else can. It humanizes the past, but what is perhaps more important, it provides us with a vivid reproduction of the atmosphere of the fleeting moment. As individuals we can best understand the spirit of an age through the eyes of contemporary observers."

David Schultze was a lad of 16 when he arrived in Philadelphia with his parents and brothers on September 28, 1733, after a voyage of nine weeks.

The earliest notes by David Shultze have been preserved in an old almanac for the year 1717, printed at Breslau in Silesia, which it seems he had received from his grandmother and which he took with him from Silesia to Saxony, to Holland and across the sea to Pennsylvania. The events (1717-1733 were very evidently not entered into the almanac at the time of their occurrence, but they convey valuable information about the Schwenkfelder immigrants.

Following these notes is an English translation of a small manuscript volume now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, entitled **Reise Beschreibung der Schwenkfelder,** a diary of his journey together with ten other Schwenkfelders who arrived in Pennsylvania in 1733.

David Shultze's first diary on American soil is entered in the form of marginal notes in an almanac printed in Breslau, Silesia, in 1733, which he had evidently brought with him on the ship Pennsylvania Merchant. The subsequent history of this almanac is in itself quite interesting. Upon David Shultze's death in 1797, this almanac, together with other items of his estate, went to his son-in-law, Samuel Lobach in Lobachsville, after which it disappeared. A century later two old sisters gave the almanac to a certain Paul Floegel, a vagrant still remembered by our older generation as "der Brilleschmidt." He in turn left a note on it that it was to go to Levinus Miller in Zionsville, Lehigh County, but after Mr. Miller's death it again disappeared. Fortunately this almanac had been photostated and thus preserved for posterity. David Shultze's journals are little more than notes written on pages inserted in almanacs, many of which had a similar fate to the one just described above.

The earliest recovered journal kept by David Shultze consists of notes entered in the Sauer almanac for the year 1750. The editor is of the opinion that there is a possibility that Shultze kept journals for all the years intervening between 1734 and 1749. It is to be wished that these may yet come to the light of day.

Fourteen such almanacs have been recovered. Although they cover a span of 75 years they do not run consecutively. Most of these have been kept for publication in Volume II. The next to follow in this volume is that for the year 1752, again entered into a Christopher Sauer almanac. The only other journals in this volume are for the years 1756, 1757 and 1759.

The entries in Shultze's journals cover a wide range of interest: the weather, sowing and harvesting of crops, animal husbandry, births and deaths among his neighbors, the larger events of the province, churches and sects, Indian attacks and especially his many activities as a surveyor. In the latter capacity he became an important person among the early German settlers. He not only laid out townships, roads and farms, but he also wrote wills and agreements, and was frequently called upon to settle the many land disputes of those early days.

It must be admitted that the data set forth in these journals would mean little to the general reader were it not for the very illuminating annotations, which indicate on every hand Mr. Berky's wide readings in local history and his extensive knowledge of source material. Frequent and profuse as these notes may seem, the editor is at pains to point out that only such were included that served either to illuminate the text, or were considered interesting in themselves, or would present hitherto unknown facts or correct erroneous statements.

In addition to the journals mentioned above this volume also includes the following: a will written for Jacob Fisher (1747); a list of the hymns in Shultze's manuscript hymnbook; three German poems written in 1743, 1750 and 1783; papers pertaining to Shultze's surveying of the Great Philadelphia Road "laid out from the Blue Mountains on the West Side of the Lehigh River . . . into the Road that Leads from Macunshy down to Philadelphia"; a petition drown up for a group of settlers to form a township "to be called by the name of Weissenburgh" in Northampton County and signed by 59 settlers; a list of surveyings in Northampton County, containing the names of land holders along with the number of acres they owned as of the years 1753 to 1755; a list of land drafts by Shultze; a list of road drafts.

Of special interest are the facsimilies of several of Shultze's drafts: that of The Great Road to Philadelphia between Hereford and Palm (1748); one of the township of Hereford (1753); and of particular local interest, Schultze's fine draft (1755) of a road leading from Easton to Reading "the length being Fifty Miles and one half Mile. The same is laid out as a Provincial Road for Publick Use."

We look forward to the publication of Volume II of David Shultze's Journals and Papers.—P.A.B.

The following lines were entered without date; Hans Ulrich Seiler, the most cruel and most barbarous Murderer of my most beloved conjugal Consort, was executed on Wednesday the 14th of this month, and hanged at Philadelphia in the presence of an innumerable number of spectators.

Anna Rosina Shultze was buried in the old cemetery of the present New Goshenhoppen Reformed Church, adjoining land held by her husband. In those days it was a common burial ground owned by the Lutheran, Reformed and Mennonite congregations. The Reverend Christopher Shultz, a cousin of David Shultze, officiated at the funeral. He choose for his text Jeremiah 9:21—"Death is come into our windows."

Two hundred and three years have elapsed since that day, but on Ann Rosina's weathered tombstone one may still read:

Der tod ist zu unser fenstern hereingefallen.

—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Pay Increase Overdue

Members of City Council have been sitting mighty tight on the question of wage increases for upwards of 600 municipal employes.

If they are doing this in order to avoid being harassed by pressure groups and other curious citizens so that they can work out a plan that will be equitable to all concerned, well and good. If on the other hand, they have pulled the veil across their deliberations simply because they do not want to face up to the issue, that's something else again and something we believe the vast majority of Allentonians will heartily disapprove.

The consensus of the community at large this year certainly indicates a hearty desire on the part of the taxpayer for a really adequate increase in wages for underpaid city employes. It is an undeniable fact that wages of municipal employes have lagged far behind those in industry. This will always be the case to some extent, but in the interests of efficient operation on the part of police, firemen and other municipal workers, the gap should certainly not be as large as it is.

In our opinion, it is unfortunate that Council did not take a realistic approach from the very beginning and include in its various budget items the increase that is called for. However, there fortunately appears to be a substantial unappropriated balance in the anticipated income for next year. If the city fathers will take a substantial part of this balance and apply it to the municipal wage structure, there will be general satisfaction all along the line. If they do not, the dissatisfaction will spread far beyond the 600 persons immediately involved.

The sympathy of the citizenry at large is undoubtedly with the municipal employes. Few, indeed, consider a substantial wage increase at this time in the nature of a gratuity or a special favor. On the contrary, the majority feel something like this has been long overdue as a matter of simple justice and good business. And we hope City Council will not be unmindful of this sentiment.

Where Are They Tonight?

The headlines are becoming more disturbing — at least they should be disturbing to all Americans and particularly to those who are parents.

Allentown police, said one, have just completed the round-up of more than a dozen teen-age youngsters accused of looting a local warehouse of sporting goods items.

A Senate investigating committee, said another, has been told that one out of every 18 Americans between the ages of 10 and 17 was in police trouble last year; that 53 per cent of the automobile thefts and 48 per cent of the burglaries in this country during 1952 were the work of boys and girls under 18 years of age; that the number of children who get into trouble with the police is rising each year, threatening to reach 750,000 a year by 1960.

And not all of the teenage boys and girls who find themselves in one form or another of serious trouble — trouble that is bound to blight their lives — find the stories of their personal escapades in the newspapers. In a single year, for example, 32,000 babies are born to unwed mothers — many thousands more to mothers, whose plans for marriage were hastened by delinquencies.

For all of this President Eisenhower's Secretary of Health, Welfare and Education has a ready but remote answer.

"More help for delinquent children," said Mrs. Hobby, "a little extra money spent now for improved community service to juvenile delinquents, would save us many times their cost in the future."

There are much more potent and direct answers—the answers every parent should insist on having whenever their children leave home, even if for just an hour. They are the answers to the too-often omitted questions that are indicative not only of kindness and thoughtfulness, but also of love:

"Where are you going tonight?"

"What are you going to do?"

Granted that not every youngster can be relied on for a completely truthful answer. In more cases than many parents are willing to admit, however, they do know their own children and recognize from experience how reliable their answers are.

A bit of parental counsel and advice, a bit of parental checking if necessary, a measure of parental restraint and of kindly discipline if warranted, are far easier on both the parent and the child than experiences that not only may blight but also ruin lives — lives that hold promise, lives that are precious.

It may take Congressional committees and appropriations, social planners and psychologists and psychiatrists to find the solution to what to do with the increasing number of juvenile delinquents.

The answer to preventing delinquency, however, must come primarily from the home — from the home that has time for the children it has produced and on whose welfare and well-being the interest and attention of every mother and father, every brother and sister, must be centered.

If the home needs help, it will find it more readily from consecrated pastors and dedicated teachers than from congressional committees or government bureaus.

Let's Stay Back

If there is one thing firemen need to be effective in putting out a blaze, it is room. And the Allentown Board of Fire Police is certainly right in strongly criticizing the many persons who feel that they must be right on top of things when they rush to a fire.

The instinct to want to go to a fire is a natural one and practically irresistible to a great many persons, most of whom do not realize the many handicaps they are throwing in the way of the fire fighters by clogging up streets, delaying traffic, and making easy movement at the scene of the fire difficult.

The Allentown Fire Department has produced plenty of evidence over the years to show that it's minutes which often count the most in doing an effective job. All of us who are inclined to hop in our cars and rush to the scene the next time the fire sirens blow, would be well advised to ask ourselves first, whether this trip is necessary and, whether in the long run it may not do more harm than good.

Those who continue to refuse to show good sense at fires might remember that they are subject to the law in this respect and that the Fire Police intend to enforce the law. If unpleasantness results because of their refusal to cooperate, they will have only themselves to blame.

A Real Asset

It's a tribute both to the Allentown Hospital and to the medical profession of this community that nearly 100 of the foremost surgeons in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania are here today for the annual session of the Regional Trauma Committee of the American College of Surgeons.

Certainly, one of the reasons the group selected Allentown for its meeting was to inspect the recently dedicated Trexler Memorial Building which, with the Allentown Hospital's other facilities that have been developed through the years, make it one of America's most complete medical centers.

But they were motivated, too, by the fact that in Allentown there are surgeons and surgical specialists with the highest qualifications and the most thorough training in their respective fields, men who can discuss with authority the up-to-date methods they and others are developing to care for victims of automobile and industrial accidents.

Allentown and the Lehigh Valley are among the fortunate few, other than communities with university teaching centers, that have physicians and surgeons certified as specialists in every field recognized by a professional accrediting board. And it is one of still less that have two or more qualified and certified specialists in almost every branch of today's increasingly complex medical and surgical sciences.

Far more important than the fact that this group can attract an important section of the American College of Surgeons to Allentown for a meeting, is the fact that they are residents of this community, ready to meet every emergency quickly, qualified to diagnose and treat every condition, available to provide complete care for the people of the Lehigh Valley in the hospitals of their own community.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

GOLFER'S RETURN

Back goes the golfer to his den,
On time for supper once again;
Once more a meek and placid soul.
His temper under good control.
Of games he lost, but should have won,
With bitter wailing he is done.

With musty clothes his locker's stocked,
The door to stay securely locked.
The clubs he used so oft in vain
Must wait for spring to come again.
Now must the golfer get from books
The cures for slices, schlaffs and hooks.

All winter long—and long it seems—
Back goes the golfer to his dreams.
Beside the fireplace he will stay
And hole by hole the course he'll play.
Shooting his every round in par,
For there it is no bunkers are.

(Copyright, 1953)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

When Olin Clark was an MGM nabob he was told that the studio was interested in one of the inimitable tales of James Thurber. Clark tracked his man by phone to a Vermont hideaway and asked him to set a price on the story. "Jim" promptly said, "A hundred thousand dollars." Clark murmured, "Thanks, anyhow," and started to hang up. "Hey, wait a minute!" protested Thurber, very quickly. "Don't you guys want to haggle?"

(Copyright, 1953)

John Adams was the first U.S. ambassador to England.

Here He Comes



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Certainly the Communist infiltration in the government during the Truman administration will be an issue in the 1954 congressional elections — for the simple reason that the Democrats involuntarily are making it an issue.

The Democrats under the Truman - Stevenson leadership are still taking the side of the argument that the Communist infiltration was exaggerated and that it was always just a political "red herring." Likewise, these same Democrats evidently believe that "anti-McCarthyism"—which they have been expounding for some months now — is good as a political issue. This means that the Republicans naturally will counter with charges of lack of vigor by the Democratic administrations in ferreting out Communists.

If President Eisenhower is naive enough to believe that the Democrats will keep quiet about the "anti-McCarthyism" issue in 1954, he is very much mistaken. Likewise, the Republicans, of course, wherever there's a doubt will ask every candidate for Congress to stand up and be counted on whether he stands with Truman on the Harry Dexter White issue or against him.

Republican Opening

As for Mr. Truman, he made sure that Communism in government would be an issue in the coming campaign by charging in his nation-wide broadcast last Monday night that the Eisenhower administration had "embraced McCarthyism." This gives the Republicans the best opening they had in months because, if "McCarthyism" can be defined as demagoguery, then "Trumanism" is much worse because it includes not only demagoguery but a soft attitude toward Communist infiltration in government as evidenced by the revelations in the Harry Dexter White case. Nobody can accuse McCarthy of softness toward Communists in government.

Mr. Truman's record of "politeness" or "courtesy" not only wasn't manifested in his broadcast when he said the attorney general "lied," but his speeches before have been filled with similar epithets about his opponents. Back in the 1948 campaign, he cast some doubts on the loyalty of Gov. Dewey and in the 1952 campaign he issued a statement referring to Gen. Eisenhower's utterances in one instance as "thoroughly dishonest."

With all the talk about the dignity of former presidents who don't want to respond to congressional subpoenas where they can be examined under oath, it doesn't become Mr. Truman to say the attorney general "lied" when he denied any intention to impugn Mr. Truman's loyalty. Mr. Brownell didn't hit back by refusing to accept as true Mr. Truman's belated denial that he fired White when he found him disloyal. Mr. Truman described that comment as an "error," and Mr. Brownell ignored it.

One of the tragic aspects of the whole controversy is the way partisans have immediately jumped to the defense of Mr. Truman without waiting to hear all the facts. The press abroad, with some exceptions, did this. Dispatches as usual came from Britain, France and Germany saying American "prestige" had been damaged by the attorney general's speech. Every time something happens in America by way of an attack on the Truman administration, the European press — which remembers gratefully the billions spent abroad by that administration—promptly jumps on the Republicans and says American prestige has been injured. As one former American diplomat here said the other day: "Never has so much prestige been lost so often."

'Left Wing' Color

What Europeans think of Americans is colored by the "left wingers" abroad plus a number of disgruntled Americans who have been fired from their posts in an attempt to reduce the waste of American taxpayers' money.

Fortunately, Lord Beaverbrook and other publishers abroad are beginning to see the anti-Communist fight inside America as something more than "hysteria," fomented allegedly by those who want to deprive innocent persons of their liberties. Fortunately also, the knowledge that Klaus Fuchs, a British citizen, was cleared by the British government to work in an American atomic energy project and then transmitted the secret of the atom bomb to Soviet Russia is beginning to take a rightful place in the controversy over whether enough vigilance has been exercised by the press in some of the countries where criticism of America is so often voiced.

The whole controversy over Communists inside the American, British and Canadian governments is a tragic one, and it is evident that Atty. Gen. Brownell's speech was timely. For there are too many of the Democratic party and so-called "liberal" side who still pooh-pooh the whole thing as a "red herring" for political purposes. That's why, if only to arouse America to the peril — which still exists — it will be an issue in the next campaign unless a new and awakened leadership in the Democratic party gets the upper hand over the "left wing" groups led by Messrs. Truman and Stevenson.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Nov. 21, 1928, a Wednesday

Ten bids for the construction of a sanitary house sewer lines comprising the district southeast of 5th and Hamilton stretes, were received at a meeting of city council Tuesday and were referred to the proper department for tabulation and recommendation.

Meritorious service rendered by 15 members of Allentown Nest 72, Order of Owls, was recognized at last night's meeting of the nest. Each of the 15 was presented with a certificate of merit and a silk ceremonial apron.

Horoscope

Strive to improve your skills concentrate on the matters at hand, and possibly slow but sure advances may be made in your affairs. A very clever child is likely to develop if born on this date.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT SHTICKER GEWWA: Sei lebdawg het der telefone mon Nels "Shorty" Meitzler fon da Allen shtross, gaglawbt os 'm wedder fohrra kent wos is, net long tzurick on seinra summer hamet on Pecks Pond. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der "shorty" wor net in da Pokonose wie die socha g'shaina sin, un het ferleicht nix ous g'funna dafon fer 'n gutie lang, won net 'n fish warden kumma wear un het 'm g'sawt er gang'd besser noch Pecks Pond, sei feddershd parlor fenshter wear nei gabrocha.

Sis leicht tzu denka os der "Shorty" un sei Katie owwa nous sin mit longa shrit, un der fershtond hut na shier shtel gahtonna wie sie uf die feddershd porch kumma sin. Grawd wie der warden na g'sawt hut kot wors, 's gons fenshter wor nei gabrocha—hut in feina shticker in da gonsa shtub rum galaiga, un in da mid fon allas wor 'n dotie wildie feront (grouse. Der fogel all'm noh is tzum fenshter nei g'floga, un huts lava ferlora die sheib nei braucha.

Der "Shorty" is ow'r shure os die socha gore net g'shaina weara won sei Katie numma ruh kot het free'r im yohr waeich da micka fenshterra. Onnerra yohrra hut er die micka 's yohr rum drin kotta, ow r des yohr hen sie rous gamist. Tzu sehna ow'r wos g'shaina is, hut der "Shorty" sie widder bletzlich uf gaduh, un is shure os er 'n lot gelt im socka wear (so'n grossie fenshter sheib kosh'd gelt) won er sei aigna kups gadonka g'folick'd het, un het die micka fenshterra drin galust in blotz fon sie rous nemma yusht fer in shtyle sei.

BRILLA G'SHPICHTA: Doh 'm onnerra Fridawg owet wor airsht 'n uf ruhr im Harmony Grange hall nagshd on Pennsville, wie der gelt hover Bill Shoemaker fon Klover Hill, gamaint hut er het 'm George Heiney sei brill ferloa. Der Bill is noch da grange fersommling ku ma mit ous seinra brill, un het net gawist tzu wertshofta won der George 'm net sei brill galain'd het. Der George hut sei brill yusht uf fer feinie arwet, un wor froh fer ma bruder Grangerous da note helfa.

Allas wor ol recht bis die grange fersommling feriwwer wor, un sie hen ready gamocht fer hame gae. Eb der George noh selwar draw gadenk'd hut, odder eb sei Carrie 'n draw gamohnt hut os er sie brill net het, kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, wie er der Bill g'frok'd hut fer sei brill, wor sie naryads tzu finna—un der Bill hut sie aw net uf da shtarn hucka kot wie shun so fiel hen, os gamaint hen sie hetta ihra brilla ferlora.

Der Bill sin die barichda, wear darrich alla sock os er in fermaiga het, hut der gons desk ous g'such'd woh er immer draw ghuck'd won die grange om gae is—in kartza warta sie hen der gons grange hall bol sunnersht saversht kotta, un die brill hut ols noch g'fail'd. Endlich wie sie ol gamaint hen die brill het fliegel grick'd un wear fert g'floga, wos sot der Charlie Schall, schreiver fon da grange duh, os wie in sei ruck sock longa, un hut die brill rous gatzoga. In da gadonka hut der Charlie gamaint 's wear sei brill os uf 'm desk galaiga hut, un hut sie in der sock g'shteck'd, un net draw gadenk'd fer ebbes sawga dawaiga bis der Bill sich bol sheb aeich g'such'd hut kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Joe Slade, der baueera g'shar ferkaufer doh fon da shtadt secht, er wear froh fer ebbes—os die bauer drunna on Bally un Barto rum die shtumba net shpitza dada won sie bame um hocka.

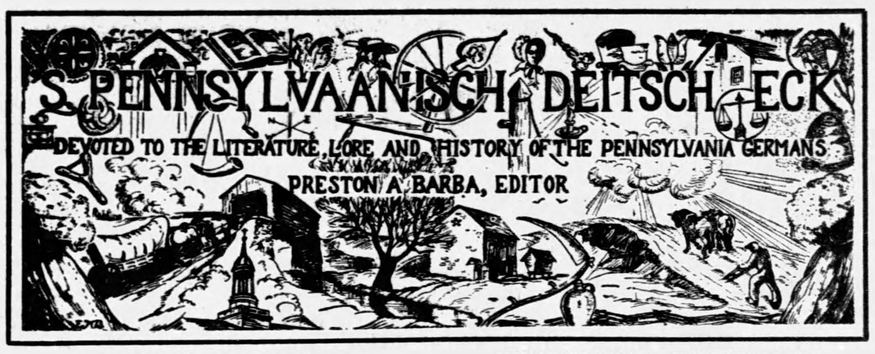
Da airshda wie er un sei boo Bill dart nunner worra yawga, worra sie grawd tzwae shtun unna halb for tzeit, un er un der Bill hen uf shtumba h'kuck'd bis die uhr nina gawissa hut—die tzeit wohs lawmaesich wor fer gae yawga.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 8:21-25

This passage is very important as a warning, for it is easy for human nature to allow the hope of financial gain to motivate Christian service. Peter told Simon very plainly that, because he wanted to pay the disciples for the power of the Holy Spirit (no doubt, that he might in turn sell the power of the Holy Spirit to others), he had no part in this matter, since his heart was not right with God. "Repent, therefore,' ' says Peter, "of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee, for I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." When Simon perceived the sincerity of Peter, that he had no mercenary motives in his evangelistic ministry, he asked Peter to pray to the Lord in his behalf, so that none of these things which he had threatened might come upon him. Let us hope that the Lord did forgive him. The two Apostles continued to testify and to preach the Word of the Lord, as they returned to jerusalem, preaching the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans. Thus we see the advance of the Christian movement on its way toward the vast Gentile world.



THE FATHER-TONGUE OF MR. PRESIDENT

By HEINZ KLOSS

President Eisenhower's Pennsylvania German descent is a well-known fact. It is equally undisputed that his mother-tongue is English—whether we take the generally accepted figurative meaning of mother-tongue as denoting the language spoken in the home during early childhood, (a meaning harking back to Wycliffe) or the more literal but quite uncommon meaning of referring to the tongue one's mother was brought up with, i.e. the "mother's tongue." His mother Ida, nee Stover, while of purely German stock, was born in a German setttlement in Virginia which at the time of her birth (1862) may be presumed to have been more or less anglicised. English was the only tongue used in young Dwight's parental home.

This unquestioned linguistic "Englishness" of Dwight D. Eisenhower has led most people to think of him as being no less remote, chronologically, from ancestral dialectdom than that other Pennsylvania German President, Herbert Hoover, whom several generations separate from dialect-speaking forebears. In order to know better we need but leaf through Kenneth S. Davis' "Soldier of Democracy" (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. 1946). Here it is stated clearly (p. 49) that even his father David Eisenhower "had been reared in a German-speaking community and could read and speak German." The German he read was of course the standard High German. But the "German" he spoke, and which may consequently be called Dwight's "father-tongue" we may be sure to have been the Pennsylvaanisch, commonly known as Pennsylvania Dutch.

Dwight's paternal grandfather, Jacob Eisenhower, had still been thoroughly German; we know him to have preached to his fellow River-Brethren in that tongue not only in Pennsylvania but also in Kansas as well. Other well-known Pennsylvania Germans who we know at one time did German preaching in far-away Kansas are the Reformed clergyman Thomas R. Brendle, later of Egypt, Pa., and that Evangelical preacher Moses Dissinger who from 1879 until his death in 1883 served under the Kansas Conference of the Evangelical Association. Dissinger, it is true, preached not in High German but in Pennsylvania German. When, toward the end of his life, his friends in the home state desired to see him, he said of them: "Dann misse sie noch Kansas kumma odder sich bereit macha for der Himmel." Another Pennsylvania German who at one time used the dialect for creative ends and who spent his later days in Kansas, was Samuel Ernst (d. 1909), founder of the short-lived trilingual English-German-Pennsylvaanisch "Acorn and Germ" (1870-71). The dialect the Eisenhowers brought along to Kansas must of course not be confused with the famous, or rather infamous, "Schoenste Lengevitch" of Leland which John Gunther (Eisenhower, the man and the symbol, 2nd ed. 1952, p. 47) erroneously ascribes to them. Gunther does not distinguish between the "schprooch" of Eastern Pennsylvania and that mongrel German acquired by later 19th century German immigrants in the middle west.

After all it is not too surprising to find that the father-tongue of President Eisenhower was Pennsylvania German. Do not all of us know that his grandfather Jacob Eisenhower hailed from Elizabethville in Dauphin County, a town deeply rooted in Pennsylvania German tradition and culture? And was not David, his son, born there in 1863, being 15 years old at the time his parents moved to Kansas? And did not the same Elizabethville produce one of the best-beloved of dialect-poets, Harvey Monroe Miller (b. 1871), better known as Solly Hulsbuck, who, when entering school at the ripe age of ten had a reading but no speaking knowledge of English? (See H. H. Reichard: Dialect Writings, 1918, p. 230). If young Harvey Miller was thus monolingual, why should young David Eisenhower, nay, how could he have been unfamiliar with the dialect!

He certainly was not. But he certainly wanted his children to become monolingual the other way around, and therefore he refused to talk Deitsch around the house. He addressed his children in English only, and this was all the easier since their mother did not speak Pennsylvaanisch. "Some of his sons later studied German as a subject in school but they were not encouraged in this by the father" (Davis, p. 49). But Dwight did not become a German scholar. When a few years ago he for the first time met Konrad Adenauer the latter inquired whether the General spoke German. The reply was: "But one single word—my name." At the same time, although the President does not speak either the German or the dialect, he is probably able to snatch up at least fragments from a Pennsylvaanisch conversation. For he was 16 years old when his grandfather died, whom he must have heard speak and spoken to in the dialect at least occasionally. For after all the Eisenhowers had settled in Kansas not as individuals but as members of a group of Pennsylvania German River Brethren.

It would be an interesting task to write a synchronized story of these two branches of the sturdy Dauphin County "Dutch," the Eisenhower clan and that of Solly Hulsbuck the folk-poet. Here are some of the main stations of their respective careers:

In the 1870's

Jacob Eisenhower and his 15-year-old son David leave Elizabethville for Kansas (1878)
Harvey Monroe Miller (Solly Hulsbuck) was born at Elizabethville (1871)

1906

Jacob Eisenhower dies and with him the dialect tradition fades out in the Eisenhower clan.
Solly Hulsbuck brings out his first book in the dialect "Pennsylvania German Poems."

1939

Outbreak of World War II marks the beginning of Dwight Eisenhower's meteoric career.
Solly Husbuck (Harvey Monroe Miller) publishes his last dialect book "G'shbos un Arnsht" and dies a few weeks later.

It is amusing to reflect upon the fact that the dialect poet Harvey M. Miller was a distant relative of a president of the United States. For in his veins there flowed the blood of the family of Mary Ball, the wife of Augustine Washington and the mother of George Washington. So Harvey Monroe Miller, endeared to his people as "Solly Hulsbuck," the man and his work, are no less distinctly American than Dwight D. Eisenhower. The two men represent two different aspects of Pennsylvania German greatness: the one merged fully into the larger stream of American life and doing deeds of world-wide significance; the other sticking to his native town and the tongue of his American forefathers. Yet Miller's reverence for the pioneers' tongue of Pennsylvania proved no hindrance to his writing intricate verses in English. We remember "Mamma's Mistake," those delightful verses from his 1908 volume "Poems of Childhood":

I am sure there's only one of me,
As anyone can plainly see,
And yet of all the queerest things
I sometimes think I'm really twins.

For I'm a good girl when I do
Whatever mamma tells me to,
But if some mischief I get at
I am a "naughty girl" for that.

I think there must be some mistake,
If mamma will in-ves-ti-gate;
A good and naughty girl to be
Is too much to expect of me.

For once I saw a little lass
Peep out of our looking-glass,
And always ready to begin
A-peeping out when I peeped in.

And she was looking just like me—
As near alike as twins could be.
And mamma couldn't tell for true
The difference between us two.

But I'm the "good girl" mamma has;
The "naughty girl" is in the glass;
And there is only one of me
As any one can plainly see.

This matches the best of R. L. Stevenson's verses for and about little children. Incidentally, this little girl somehow symbolizes (not to Miller but to me) the Pennsylvania Dutchman who to some people is a good girl when speaking English and a bad girl when he uses his other language.

Like the Eisenhowers Harvey M. Miller also at one time seems to have gone West. He even went as far as California, but he felt unhappy there without the old familiar faces and he longed back to his hometown and his Polly. Of course back home he had also been in accidents at times, but never—no, let him speak himself:

Awwer nimmols war's mer so verleed
In ollem Elend drin
Wie in de grosse Schtadt do naus,
Wu ich om Schreiwe bin.
O het ich juscht die Polly nau,
Zum Hund mit Califawni!
Ich nehm der very neckscht train heem:
Noch lebt olt Pennsylfawni.

Old "Pennsylfawni" lives on in both the poet and the president. Neither the President's father nor the poet, for all their being bilingual, can be called marginal men in the sense the term is being used by sociologists. For these two men with their strangely coinciding life-times (David Eisenhower living from 1863 to 1942, and Harvey M. Miller from 1871 to 1939) were not at all bicultural. What breathes forth from Harvey M. Miller's Pennsylfawnisch as well as from his English verses is always the same folk-culture, that of Eastern Pennsylvania, a section of subculture within the larger unit of American civilization, a sub-culture which gives to the United States poets as well as presidents.

EENS FER MICH, EENS FER DICH

Leit hen gewohnt im schteene Haus,
En Walniss Baam waar newe drauss;
En Kaerrichhof net weit datt weck,
Datt wohne Buwe graad ums Eck.

Waarn alle Yaahr viel Walniss datt,
Der Baam hot gut gedraagge;
Un des Yaahr henkt er widder voll,
Gebt ebbes fer der Maagge.

Die Buwe waare do druff aus,
Duhn's awwer net verzeehle;
Un wann die Walniss runnerfalle,
Noh duhn sie geh sie schtehle.

Datt waar en alder Kaerrichhof,
Ken Graab duhn datt meh grubbe;
Un die Berichte alfert waarn,
Datt deet's so arrig schpucke.
En hochi Bordfens waar drum rum,
Waar so verwildert, sehnscht ken Blumm.

Nau schpot im Yaahr die Walniss falle,
Es waar en schtilli, dunkli Nacht;
Des waar die Zeit, sie schleiche hie,
Ass niemand sehnt, sie gewwe acht.

Hen in der Nacht die Walniss gholt,
En Karreb voll fer yeder;
Do waare alsnoch mehner datt,
Sie hole selli schpeeder.

Sie gehn noh in der Kaerrichhof,
Un duhn die Walniss zeehle;
Un graad datt an der hoche Fens,
Duhn sie sie gleich verdeele:

"Eens fer mich, eens fer dich—
Eens fer mich, eens fer dich!"

Nau geht en Kall heem vun de Meed
Schpot in der dunkle Nacht;
Er kummt bis an der Kaerrichhof,
Datt heert er bissel Yacht.

Noh hot er gschtoppt un weil gelauert,
Des dutt ihn noh schunn gweele;
Er dutt sei Ohr gans an die Fens,
Noh heert er ebber zeehle:

"Eens fer mich, eens fer dich—
Eens fer mich, eens fer dich!"

Der Kall in seiner Einsamkeit
Grickt nau schunn schwache Gnoche;
Er iss so ziddrich, bleech un bang,
Des hot sei Mut gebroche.

Er meent der Deiwel un der Gott
Waern do am Dode zeehle;
Sie waere do gans neegscht bei ihm,
Sie dēede sie verdeele.

Die Schauderhaft nemmt ihm sei Kraft,
Er schteht noch Weil un harricht;
Waar so verschreckt, des nemmt sei Mut,
Hot sich so mechtich gfarricht.

Die Niss verdeelt, 's waar alles schtill,
So ruhich er heert nix geh;
Noh saagt en Bu in leise Schtimm,
"Nau hole mir noch meh!"

Der Kall meent noh sie hole ihn,
Un fangt noh aa zu schpringe;
"Mir hole meh, mir hole meh,"
Dutt in sei Ohre klinge.

Der Angscht waar gross, do waar ken Hilf,
Ken Gnaad fer'n aarmi Seel;
Der Deiwel hett ihn glei im Gnick,
Nemmt ihn ins unnersCht Deel.

Er hot gemeent sei Haz hett gschtoppt,
Sei Ochdem waar genumme;
En beeser Geischt waer hinner ihm,
So arrig iss er gschprunge.

1953 D. GEO. KNECHT

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Editorials

Mr. Vishinsky, Again

Mr. Vishinsky, as he has done on many previous occasions and for just as obvious reasons, well may have been resorting to another colossal bluff when he dropped a hint to the United Nations that the Russians now have at their disposal more powerful atomic and hydrogen weapons than any available to the United States and its allied Western powers.

Again Mr. Vishinsky may have been talking with authority and with plenty of information with the Kremlin — on which he is on the most intimate and familiar terms—to back his statement.

Here, again, is where the lessons of history are important.

It wasn't too many years ago when the threats voiced by a man called Hitler and by those who spoke for him were taken with too many grains of salt, when many believed that he wouldn't dare risk a war with an alliance as powerful as that of the United States, France and Great Britain, when some well-meaning Americans vigorously opposed every step this country proposed to meet the threat.

And there are many who recall that just about this time a dozen years ago, the statement was frequently heard — and in some authoritative places — that the Japs were only bluffing, that they lacked their boasted potential to make war, particularly against the United States.

Whether Mr. Vishinsky was bluffing or not is beside the point. As long as the masters of the Kremlin are obsessed with their mad lust of world domination, as long as democracy is their chief stumbling block to that objective, as long as the United States of America is the chief fortress of that democracy, just so long must the American people and their leaders be on guard.

America must plan and build and work and sacrifice to be strong — so strong that no masterminds in the Kremlin or anywhere else in the world dare invade these shores by land or sea with any weapons. And if that costs money — as it will — let's be happy about spending it. It's better, after all, to pay to prevent destruction than to spend many times more to rebuild, with the fewer hands that would be here to do the job.

America cannot again afford to be lulled into lethargy by wishful, thinking that Vishinsky and Malenkov are bluffing. Hitler and Tojo, they will recall, were not. But the lesson America paid to learn was a costly one.

Why Study English

It would be a great thing—and save a great deal of grief—if every boy and girl in every junior and senior high school grade and in every college class could read and re-read the General Electric Company's answer to the oft-repeated question, "Why study English?"

We'd go even a step farther and suggest it as must reading, at least once a year, for every teacher.

We'd like it read particularly by those teachers in every school and college who, from the amount of work they require in their own field, indicate that they believe it to be the only important course in the curriculum. And we'd like it read by those so-called educators who are responsible for the policy some colleges and universities have adopted exempting from basic courses in English composition those freshmen who pass certain tests that can be scored on IBM machines.

Like English teachers, newspapermen always have insisted that it is important for all Americans to know their native tongue, or the language of their adopted land well enough to express themselves so that others will have a reasonable idea of what they are trying to say or write, to read and understand what others have to say.

To have one of America's great scientific industries — a company that designs and manufactures a few hundred thousand items ranging from turbines and jet engines to lamps and toasters — join them publicly adds weight to the arguments some pupils and parents attribute to teachers who are partisans to their own subjects.

"As soon as you move one step up from the bottom," the General Electric argument points out as it quotes Peter Drucker in FORTUNE, "your effectiveness depends on your ability to reach others through the spoken or written word. And the farther away your job is from manual work, the larger the organization of which you are an employe, the more important it will be that you know how to convey your thoughts in writing and speaking."

General Electric admits that its wants technically trained engineers and men and women who can translate their ideas into products. But it is concerned that those engineers can convey their ideas to others, that they can represent their company intelligently.

Admittedly, its motives are partly selfish because it wants American business to succeed even more than it has in the past. But it insists, too, that a solid background in English is prerequisite to happiness and well-being.

"Without a reasonably good command of English — as a means of communication — and without knowledge of what the best minds of all time have put into print, we are not educated for personal happiness, apart from the job, or for personal success in the exciting business of making a living," the company insists.

Other subjects are important, too, and General Electric has published another well-documented monograph on the importance of studying mathematics. No piece of business, however, can begin, progress and achieve its purpose without the use of words — words that are spelled correctly and that are put together into sentences that are clear and meaningful.

"Writing, together with reading, is as much an integral part of the electrical manufacturing business or any business," says a company that should know, "as your bones are a part of your body."

It may be quite all right to enrich a junior high school curriculum with courses in Spanish or Latin, to begin technical courses designed for specific careers in high school and to emphasize them in colleges and graduate schools. Underlying all, however, should be a fundamental knowledge of the English language and sufficient skill to use it. It's the subject that must be used, consciously or unconsciously, every hour of the day, every day a man or a woman lives. It's the subject that's basic to every career — to start it, to engage in it successfully, to complete it satisfactorily.

And those are the opinions of engineers and of newspapermen — not of English teachers, although they undoubtedly will agree.

Keep Coming

You can do no better than come to Allentown.

That's what thousands of men, women and children from all parts of the Lehigh Valley and from communities far beyond said yesterday as they joined more thousands from Allentown itself in jamming the business district and thronging its stores for the official start of the holiday shopping season.

They came to Allentown to see and to shop because through the years Allentown stores have built a reputation for the kind of quality merchandise customers want to buy at the prices they want to pay. They came because Allentown merchants have made no secret of what they and the retail area of which they are a part have to offer, because they have advertised that merchandise in a media that reaches every corner of their potential market.

They came to Allentown, too, because of the facilities and services that are provided to make shopping more pleasant — trained and courteous clerks, quick delivery service, good restaurants and eating places, convenient parking without charge on the Park & Shop lots the merchants and those associated with them have provided.

And in Allentown, gaily dressed for the Christmas season, they have found the friendly spirit that makes them eager to come back again and again and again.

That, of course, is what Allentown wants. It is proud that its merchants, the clerks who man their counters and the men who drive their trucks, the girls who serve meals to its visitors, the policemen who direct its traffic, the decorators who hang its Christmas trim, its newspapers which carry its messages, work together to make it a pleasure to come to Allentown, to shop in Allentown, to live in Allentown.

Together they're keeping the welcome sign well polished.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 8:9-14

For three days Saul could not see, and for three days he had been fasting, as he contemplated his strange experience which he refers to in 1 Corinthians 15:8. Now Saul had been led to the home of a Christian in Damascus named Judas, who lived in the street called Straight, still an important street in modern Damascus. At this time the Lord appeared in a vision to another Christian in that city, by the name of Ananias. He was ordered to go to the home of Judas and there to inquire for Saul of Tarsus (Saul was born in Tarsus of Cilicia, a province of Asia Minor), who was his guest. The interesting statement, 'behold he prayeth', was followed by a further declaration that he had seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight. But Ananias was not very eager to go, for he had been hearing about this man Saul and his vigorous persecution of Christians in Jerusalem, and what was worse, he had heard that he recently came with authority to arrest Christians in Damascus. Perhaps his name headed the list on the search warrant!

Horoscope

Persistence can help you to pull through any difficulties you may encounter in the next months, and should contribute to success. Look for an industrious, cheerful and enterprising personality in today's child.

The "Wire-Tapping" Law



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What Vice President Nixon said in Tokyo the other day about the United States having made a "mistake" in disarming Japan — a statement now concurred in by the secretary of state, John Foster Dulles—is an over-simplification of a complex problem. There are good grounds for the belief that it wasn't a mistake at all but a very desirable step, provided a distinction is made between arming for offense, and warding off an invader by proper defense. Actually the United States never urged disarmament below the point of adequate defense.

Officer's Statement

This correspondent has just received a letter from a high American officer familiar with what happened in Japan under the allied occupation. He was especially acquainted with the day-by-day application of allied policy in disarming Japan. He says:

"Running all the way through the basic policies enjoined upon Gen. MacArthur in his administration of Japan was the requirement, never abrogated or modified, contained in his initial post-surrender directive of Nov. 3, 1945, from the United States government, later specifically adopted as allied policy by the Far Eastern commission, that he 'seize, or destroy all arms, ammunition, naval vessels and implements of war, including aircraft designed for civil use, and stop the production thereof . . . and take necessary steps to destroy the Japanese war potential . . .'

"Apart from the specific requirements laid upon him, it was fundamental to Gen. MacArthur's own guiding policy to encourage the Japanese leaders and people to move toward the achievement of allied purposes and objectives upon their own initiative and responsibility. This was done for the well - understandable reason that change and reform in Japanese political, economic and social institutions, long harnessed by tradition built upon myths and legends, would find greater durability if not directly chained to the 'stigma' of allied force and compulsion.

"Thus, when revision of the Japanese Constitution was under study, it was cause for satisfaction when the then Prime Minister Shidehara called upon Gen. MacArthur to advance and discuss the idea (for which he later took full credit in his memoirs 'Fifty Years in the Diplomatic Service') that Japan's war-making power be curbed by specific constitutional prescription. Consequently there is no basis for the implication that America made a mistake or that Gen. MacArthur enforced the constitutional provision upon Japan.

"Quite the contrary, after the adoption of the new Constitution, MacArthur repeatedly sought publicly to secure a moderate interpretation for the provision abolishing war, by declaring that it could not and should not be construed as denying the Japanese people the 'inalienable right of self-defense against unprovoked attack,' and he personally directed the organization and training of a four Japanese division defense force, equipped with a full complement of tanks and artillery, when compelled to remove the American divisions from Japan for service in Korea. He made clear that this was but the initial increment of a long-range plan for an ultimate strength of 10 divisions which he felt might be necessary to curb any Soviet-inspired internal disorders or casual invasion of Japanese territory.

"Apart from all this, MacArthur fully supported Japan's constitutional renunciation of war upon the practical premises that, even geared to its maximum potential, the Japanese economy would never be able to supply and service and replace the implements of modern war, and that a Japan rearmed to fulfill the obligations of military alliance would only invite the suspicions of neighbors still bearing the scars and memories of Japan's latest adventure in conquest and invite also the open hostility of the Communists.

Devoid of Resources

"Even in peace, Japan's survival can only rest upon a sound and healthy industrial economy, as its full agricultural potential will never produce the food essential to sustain life, and its complete lack of indigenous raw resources (Japan has no iron, no copper, no rubber, no manganese, no chrome, no nickel, no tin, no zinc, no cotton, no oil, and no hard coal within its boundaries) renders its industrial plants entirely dependent upon good will and confidence in those areas abroad, particularly in Asia, whence such raw resources must be obtained—a good will and confidence always tempered, indeed threatened, by the realization that Japan's population pressures, rapidly increasing within the narrow confines of the four main islands, might well explode into new aggressions abroad were Japan given the essential military capability to dominate less powerful neighbors. A Japan engaged in global war between the East and West, whether on the side of victor or vanquished, could not fail, because of its geographical location, to be ravaged and destroyed.

"Gen. MacArthur never seriously considered the Soviet Union as a potential threat to Japan unless and until Japan might become Sovietized through infiltration and internal pressures, an eventuality not now foreseeable. He reasoned that the seizure of Japan by conquest would give the Soviet but a doubtful victory as, unlike Germany with its vast indigenous supplies, Japan's industrial base would remain operational from day to day only in the event of the uninterrupted flow of raw materials from abroad. We ourselves demonstrated how it ground to a stop when we cut Japan's industrial offshore lifelines and converted its industrial base from an asset into a liability. The Soviet will not chance assuming such a liability.

"Precisely for this reason the Soviet doubtless failed to take advantage of the opportunity—its great opportunity—to take over Japan when we moved our occupation troops on to Korea. From that time practically all of our military resources became employed beyond the possibility of disengagement, and the Soviet, as one of the allied powers, legally co-equal in responsibility and authority with the United States, might have moved its forces in to fill the military vacuum left by our departure. What could we have done to counter such an eventuality? What would any of our allies have done? Obviously nothing. But the Soviet had no interest in the assumption of the responsibility attendant upon such a move. The much over-emphasized power of Japan's industrial base was too vulnerable to the retaliation of blockade and the Soviet knew it."

The foregoing doctrine would have been of great value in formulating what should be said now tih reference to the alleged "mistake." It isn't good for the word "mistake" to be impressed upon the peoples of Asia. For the United States never at any time favored disarmament of Japan below the point of national safety, and as to armament for offensive war, the United States still opposes that point of view, not only for other nations, but for itself. It may turn out to have been a mistake to charge ourselves with a "mistake" in relation to our disarmament of Japan.

(Copyright 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HEI HERMAN, DOH SIN M'R: Won sei lebdawg hawsa un fersonta galocht hen iwwer 'n shitz, don worra 's sellie drowwa beim Russell Ulrich om barrick drous fon da Lechaw Farnace gaeich 'm Hawka Shule hous tzu, woh der Herman Moyer da onner dawg sheesa hut wolla.

Die socha sin in der gong kumma darrich die welshkern bosh'd tzeit ons Russells', un woh sie noch da alta waig boshda, un laisa die kolva fon da heifa in karrab fer sie uf der body wogga lara. Der Russell un sie Dorothy worra om boshda, un so aw der Howard Moyer un sei Mabel, un die Ralph Eberts 'n fon 's lond unna drous. Sis aw noch 'n blecha g'shar graimer dawaig kumma, un woh numma tzu garn k'holfa het, ow'r sie hen 'n net ei galawda fr ob shtobba.

Wel aenicha waig, die weil os sie om boshda un welshkern uf laisa worra, sin die hawsa un fersonta na 'n gonsie tzeit unnich da fees rum g'shprunga. Etlicha mohl hen die fersonta — un hawna on sel 'm, so wie 'n Fegelchie uns gapifa hut, sich uf die welshkern karrab k'huck'd un hen die hels nous g'shtrack'd libehoftich wie won sie graya wotta. Wel aenicha waig, 's Russells' un ihra boshder hen die fersonta un hawsa aw gatzawm'd kotta os sie na bol ous da hand g'fressa hen.

Ania waig odder da onner, hut der Herman Moyer un sie Gloria noh wind grick'd wie arrick oses gawilbur het ins Ulrichs' welshkern feld, un sin gonga dale sheesa — un sie hen aw g'shossa, ow'r nix grick'd. Weis ols gagrocht hut sin die hawsa odder fersonta woh die danoh g'shossa hen — 's hut gore ken hanker ous gamocht wos es wor, frei fom budda in die hae gajump'd, un die shuss sin unna drunner darrich. Noh fer die socha ols noch ferdreaslicher mocha, sin die fersonta hawna yusht so'n shtick weck uf rocks gajump'd un un hen awfonga on da fedderra rum picka wie fedder fee ewwa dut wons sich shae gucka wil mocha, un hen so shpetlich galocht — so fiel os wie tzu sawga, "Hei Herman, doh sin m'r."

Wie der Herman nix dreffa hut kenna hut der Russell g'frok'd fer die flint, un sie sheeserrei wor ken pieca besser. Die hawsa un fersonta worra aw nee mohls woh er onna gatziehlt hut, un hut grick'd wor der Irish aw danoh g'shossa hut — nix blose gore nix.

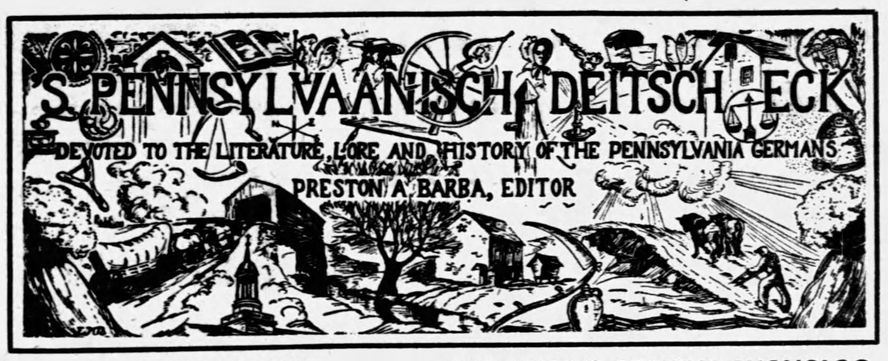
Der Herman un sie Gloria hen noh numma gawinsch'd sie weara dahame gabliva on ihr'm paper g'sheft. Sie hen 'n shtub kartz dafor mit nonner gapaper'd, un allas is gute gonga bis sie ous da shtub gawolt hen, un hen ferhoftich sei die dier tzu gapaper'd kotta. Wies na gonga wear won der Howard Moyer net datzu kumma wear is hard tzu sawga — ferleicht dada sie ols noch in da shtub hucka un kenta net rous. Aenicha waig, der Howard hut 'n laider grick'd, un sie sin tzu ma tzwet shtuck fenshter nous gagrodd'ld, un hen mohl rote k'halta wos sie duh wotta, die papering lossa wie sie wear, un die shtub nimmy yusa, odder tzurick nei groddla, un die dier uf schneida. Sie hen noh ous gamocht 's ledshd tzu duh — sin nei in hen die dier uf g'schnidda so os sie widder ous un ei gae kenna. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wolla sie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der yung Roy Wotring on da J. M. Snyder and Son bauerra g'shar blotz nagshd on Bath wor doh weil tzurick gabutta — hut net fershtae kenna ferwos ihra grosser ale hearte "kaltie hitz" blose dade.

'S wor kalt drous, uns sis nix wie kelt tzum offa rous kumma — un wie er mohl recht gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei wons ale net ols wor, uns wor gore ken wunner os der offa ken hitz g'shmissa hut.

Trolley coaches, buses and streetcars of the United States have a seating capacity sufficient to seat the entire population of Australia at one time.



DANKBAARKEIT

Gewehnlich, wie in Yaahre z'rick,
Iss marye "Thanksgiving" Daag;
Wu yeders iwwers ganse Land
Zum Heiland dankbaar sei maag.

Es hot mich schunn oft gewunnert,
Eb noch z'rick gedenkt iss heit;
Die Driebsaal sie ghatt hen var alters,
Doch dankbaar waar'n all die Zeit.

Leit setzen sich heit an en Disch
Gelaade mit viel gute Sache,
Un denken net an ihr Nochber—
Duhn noch iwwer ihn lache.

Die Welt iss ne Lewe schuldich,
Ferwas do dankbaar zu sei;
Schtatts mit ihrm Deel zufridde,
Winschen sie meh noch dabei.

Sie denken net es alle Dinge,
Gsundheit un alles dabei,
Iss en Gschenk vum Heiland deeglich,
Gern ihne gewwe, un frei.

Farwas soll nur marye gsetzt sei
Far des unser Dankbaarkeit?
Iss nix uns geschter geschehe
Uns dankbaar zu mache heit?

So loss uns "Thanksgiving" mache
Marye un geschter un heit;
Des bringt uns gettlichi Segnung
Un weisst unser Dankbaarkeit.

1932 —RALPH S. FUNK

DER GLAAWE WAAR RECHT

Leit hen gewohnt hinner me arrigge grosse Baerrig, weit weck vun alles. Sie sin net oft in die Kaerrich kumme, noh iss der Parre mol sie sehne gange. Er hot gfroogt, "Well, ihr gude Leit, wie kummt ihr als aa?" Saagt die alt Fraa, "Net so gut; es Gewidder hot uns in die Scheier gschlagge; die letscht Woch iss uns en Kuh dod gange; un allemol ass ich zum Fenschder naus guck, guck ich an den gross Baerrig. Ich hab schunn oft gewinscht der Baerrig waer net do."

Noh saagt der Parre, "Ei, den Baerrig kann mer weg griegge! Yuscht des nemmt en hadder Glaawe. Nau, wann du mol ee Owed hatt genunk glaabscht, bis der neegscht Marye iss der Baerrig weck."

Die Fraa hot noh ausgemacht, sie deet des mol browiere. Noh hot sie mol en ganser Owed geglaabt graad so hatt, ass sie gekennt hot. De neegschte Marye hot sie zum Fenschder naus geguckt un der gross Baerrig waar ewwe alsnoch datt. Noh hot sie gsaat, "Des iss graad, was ich geglaabt hab."

—D. GEO. KNECHT

DER KASCHBER HUFNAGEL VERZEEHLT

Der Memm Ihre Schticker

Lenger ass sechzich Yaahr zerick hot en kleeni Familye uff re Bauerei gewuhnt neegscht an Meckville, Barricks Kaunti. Des waare mei Paepp un mei Memm un ich un mei yingerer Bruder. Die Memm hot uns als der Pierci un der Pauli gheesse.

Sellemols waare mir yuscht kleene wunsiche Buwe. Der Paepp hot ghockschtert un waar viel vun heem. Die Memm waar selwert yuscht en Meedel, un sie hot sich oft allee gfunne mit ihre zwee Buwelin.

Fer Zeitverdreib hot sie uns ebmols deitsche Schticker gelese aus der Volks-Zeitung. Sie hot als eens gelese, "Ich wott ass ich en Bauer waer un hett en Bauerei." Datt uff seller Bauerei waare griene Kieh un geele Geil un schwaze Nieger-sei. Was hen mir als gelacht iwwer sell Schtick vun der Bauerei.

Die Memm hot Gschpass gsehne in alles. Wann's uns als all verleed waar, hot sie als gsaat, "Nau loss uns an ebbes Gschpassiches denke." Was hen mir gude Zeide ghatt seller Weg.

Sie hot uns ebmols en Schtick gsaat ass gereimt hot, so wie des Schtickli:

Hurrah fer General Washington,
Hurrah fer Captain Schtroh:
Der Pierci schpringt des Peedli naus,
Der Pauli schpringt ihm noh.

Unser Haus hot uff me Hiwwel gschtanne. Es iss en Paad der Hiwwel nunner un naus an die Scheier. Des waar en kleener Paad, noh hot mer ewwe "Peedli" gsaat. Mir sin als nanner nooch. Unser bee waare kaz, der Paad waar ausgewesche un hot voll lose Schteh gelegge un ebmols hen mir uns verdabbelt, sin uff die Naas gfalle un schiet naus an die Scheier gerutscht.

Die Memm hot uns als uffghowe, unser Gsichter gewesche un uns uff ihre Schooss genumme un uns schlofe gsunge. Oft hot sie gsunge:

Heeli, heeli, Hinkeldreck!
Bis marye frieh iss alles weck.

Die Zeit ass ich en alder Mann bin, geht's nimmi so gschwind weck, wann ich mir weh duh.

Noh hot die Memm noch eens gsunge, ass eem so gut fiehle hot mache:

Chrischtian Schpang,
Dei Naas iss lang;
Du schpielscht die Geig
Mit der Feierzang.

Sell hot awwer als Musick gewwe!

Schrauwe Los

Wann ebber als ebbes arrig dummes dutt, saagge als die Englische "That fellow has a screw loose."

Es waar moll en Meedel ass so dumme Sache geduh hot. Alles ass sie geduh hot, waar aus em Blatz. Noh hen sie ihre en Schand-naame (nickname) gewwe. Des iss was sie gheesse iss warre: 'Ima Screwloose."

Well, wann mer en Schraub arriyets los hot, dann deet mer besser suche fer en Schrauweziegger. Noh kann mer die Schraub teit aaziegge, un alles iss widder wohl un gut.

Was iss so en Schrauweziegger, ass mer yuse kann fer aaziegge, wann mer en Schraub los hot?

Ich meen mer sett sei Aagge un Ohre uffhalde, un sei Maul mehner zuhalde, noh lannt mer ebmol ebbes. Sell ziegt eem die Schrauwe aa un mer iss nimmi so lodderich im Kopp.

Zeiding-lese helft aa wunnerbaar fer eem uffteitene. Es waer schur en aarme Welt, wann mer ken Zeidinge hedde. Der anner Owed sin die Presse aus fix kumme un mer hen unser Zeiding net grickt bis Bettzeit. Drei dausend Mensche hen uffgerufe un gewunnert, ferwas ihre Zeiding net uff ihre Bortsch gschmisse waer warre.

Ya, die Zeiding helft eem sei Meind teit zammeschrauwe. So duhne aa Bicher, Radio, un die Guckbox. Loss uns sie yuse, noh fallt unser Gedechtnis net vun nanner.

Ebmols kann mer awwer die Schrauwe net aaziegge. Sie nemme ken halt. Was iss noh letz? Wei, mei liewe Brieder un Schweschdere, die Schraub hot's Gwinn gschlibbt.

THE ORIGINS, PECULIAR PHONOLOGICAL FEATURES, AND CURIOUS CONNOTATIONS OF CERTAIN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WORDS, PART IV

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

ABNEMMEDE or ABNEMMES

The term **es Abnemmede** (or **es Abnemme**) was used by the Pennsylvania Germans in the earlier days to describe the marasmis or "wasting away" conditions of children. This affliction was very common among our early PG (Pennsylvania German) settlers. We have abundant evidence of this fact in the large number of occult and non-occult remedies and cures for **Abnemmede** (or **Abnemmes**) which have been passed down to us (See Thomas R. Brendle and Claude W. Unger, "Folk Medicine of the Pennsylvania Germans," **Pennsylvania German Society**, XLV (1935), 144 ff.). However, now that medical science has discovered the causes of this "wasting away," the disease has almost disappeared. In many cases the **Abnemmede** (or **Abnemmes**) was simply caused by the lack of proper food.

The forms **Abnemmede** and **Abnemmes** seem to be regional varaints, the former being used in the Western part of the dialect area and the latter in the Eastern half. In the RP (Rhenish Palatinate) dialects the regular form is **Abnemme**, without the **-de** ending. However, in the Swabian dialects the form **Abnemmende** occurs (See the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch**, I, 48), and this is probably the origin of the PG form in **-de**. It should also be pointed out that the suffix **-ede** to form abstract neuters is not uncommon in German (See W. Wilmanns, **Deutsche Grammatik**, Strassburg, 1896, II, 264).

BOBB, DALLBOBB, BOBBEL, BOBB(E)LI, BOBBELCHE, and VERBOBBLE

The form **Bobb** is generally used in PG for "doll," but "a baby" is also occasionally referred to as "en Bobb." The Middle German equivalent of PG **Bobb**, is **Pope, Poppe**, or **Boppe**, and this word was borrowed from Middle Latin **pupa, puppa, poppea** in the 15th century (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, VII, 2244). In the RP dialects **Bobb** is a very common word and may mean either "doll" or "baby."

The form **Dallbobb**, which PG speakers use more frequently than the simple form **Bobb** as a designation for "doll," is a hybrid compound of the English word "doll" plus **Bobb**.

PG **Bobbel, Bobb(e)li**, and **Bobbelche**, meaning "baby," are diminutive forms of Middle German **Boppe** (See Buffington and Barba's **A Pennsylvania German Grammar**, Allentown, 1953, pp. 31-32, for a discussion of the regional distribution of the diminutive suffixes in PG).

PG, like the RP dialects, also has a verb **verbobble** (meaning "to baby" or "to coddle") formed from the above noun.

BRILLE and HEILE

Brille (NHG (New High German) **bruellen**) and **heile** (NHG **heulen**) are the regular PG verbs for "cry." The two words, however, have a slightly different connotation. **Brille** is usually used to describe rather loud or violent "crying," and would therefore be the equivalent of the English verb "to bawl." **Heile**, on the other hand, could perhaps be rendered best by the English verb "to weep."

In most of the sections of the Western and Southeastern Palatinate both **brille** and **heile** occur as the most common forms, but in the Northeastern Palatinate and in other sections throughout the Pfalz **greine** (or **kreine**) is used.

The form **weine** (NHG **weinen**) does not occur in PG.

BRIWWI

Briwwi is one of the regular words for "privy" or "backhouse" in PG. This word does not occur in the RP, Swabian, or Swiss dialects. StG (Standard German) has the form **Privet** with the accent on the second syllable, and in MHG (Middle High German) the forms **privete, privet, private**, and **privat** (with the accent on the second syllable) also occurred, but the fact that PG **Briwwi** has no **t** and that the accent is on the first syllable would indicate that the PG word was borrowed from the English.

BROWIERE

In PG, as in the RP dialects, **browiere** regularly replaces StG **versuchen** in the sense of "to try" or "to attempt." **Versuche** also occurs in PG, but only in the meaning "to taste (of food)."

The MHG and Middle German etymological equivalent of PG **browiere** is **probieren**, a loan word borrowed from Latin **probare** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, VII, 2150).

DUMMLE

In PG, as in the RP dialects, the verb **dummle**, meaning "to hurry," replaces StG **eilen**. The following are the Old High German, MHG, and StG etymological equivalents of PG **dummle**: OHG **tumilon**, MHG **tumeln**, Stg **tummeln, dummeln** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, II, 1516).

VENDU

The word **Vendu**, for "public sale," is one of the oldest English loan words in PG. The early German settlers apparently borrowed this word from their English - speaking neighbors in the eighteenth century, i.e. at the time when the word **"vendue"** was a very common word in American English.

ZEIDICH

In PG the word **zeidich** is generally restricted to the meaning "ripe" and replaces StG **reif**. StG **zeitig**, the etymological equivalent of PG **zeidich**, has a variety of meanings, namely, "early," "timely," "in due time," "of the present age," "modern," and "ripe."

The form **zeidich** is used today in the Southeastern Palatinate dialects, just as in PG, but in the Westrich dialects (i.e. the dialects spoken in the Western half of the Pfalz) the form **zeirich** is used, particularly by the younger generation. This shift of the intervocalic dental to **r** is a rather recent development in the Westrich dialects which occurred after the period of extensive Palatine immigration to Pennsylvania. Even today, many of the older inhabitants of the Western Palatinate still preserve the pronunciation of an intervocalic **d**.

ZELL(E)RICH

The StG etymological equivalent of PG **Zell(e)rich**, meaning "celery," is **Zellerie** (or **Sellerie**), a loan word from French **celeri** (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, XV, 609). The form **Zellerich** also occurs in the RP dialects, but forms without **-ich** are used more frequently. In the Swabian dialects, however, **Zellerich** is a very common form (See the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch, VI**, 117).

So hot's aa hie un do Mensche. Sie wisse gewiss net viel. Mer schickt sie in die Schul. Mer schwetzt zu ihne, bis mer bloo watt im Gsicht, un sie sin graad so dumm wie defor. Noh saagt mer vun so Kalls, "Die hen ihre Gwinn gschlibbt." Sell iss bedeierlich. Deel Leit kenne net lanne.

Es gebt awwer Leit, ass lanne kennte, yuscht sie sin zu verdreht. Wann mer gedankelos sin, loss uns die Schraub aaziegge!

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun Der Lebanon News

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Editorials

They Stand Convicted

Although they are horrible to print and just as horrible to read, the gruesome stories being told to a Senate Committee by American soldiers who survived the sadistic barbarism of Communistic Red Chinese beasts should be must reading for every American.

They are stories that should be read because from them every American can learn in a relatively easy way what others have learned the hard way—what they themselves may expect to experience if their lethargy permits this nation to weaken any of its defenses against communism and those who espouse it.

That these stories are true is without question. They are being told by Americans who had the fortitude to endure them; they have been documented by those who witnessed them; they have been denied only in the strong and heated language Comrade Vishinsky shouts and sputters when he lacks — as he generally does — factual evidence that can be verified; they have been accepted as true by an overwhelming vote of the United Nations Assembly which approved the American - backed resolution condemning atrocities by any government and expressing grave concern at the Red atrocities in Korea.

Unlike Dr. Mayo, the U.S. delegate who bit-by-bit destroyed every shred of so-called "evidence" the Russians produced when they accused this country of germ warfare, the Soviet advocate has been able to shout only "fake" and "libel" — words familiar to those who have heard criminals make protestations of innocence without any basis of fact.

It is not pleasant to know that in ways so horrible and cruel that they are almost without parallel in the recorded history of the world, Communist beasts have tortured and killed 38,000 Americans and Korean civilians.

There is some satisfaction, however, in knowing that Americans valued life so dearly — the life they hoped would again be theirs in a free America — that they endured the hideous tortures that delighted their captors.

There is satisfaction, too, in learning from General Matthew Ridgway that if a new war comes the U. S. Army will be prepared to deal with such barbarism.

But there is even greater satisfaction in knowing that in all the history of mankind defeat and oblivion have been the fate of every nation and every people that have practiced the kind of barbarities of which the Communists stand both indicted and convicted.

Smoke Screen?

Four bridges in Lehigh County are in urgent need of repairs, the Board of Commissioners reports.

What's more, they'll be repaired during 1954 and, according to the commissioners, the cost will be many thousands of dollars. Admittedly, the extensive repairs are the result of neglect through the years.

If these bridges need repair—and apparently they do — they should be repaired, and that right promptly.

What makes the report particularly interesting is its timing.

The County Commissioners are scheduled to meet with members of Allentown's City Council next week to discuss the oft-proposed bridge across the Little Lehigh at 15th street, a bridge urgently needed to carry north-south traffic from all parts of Lehigh County across the city.

Once before, after the commissioners and council agreed on a plan under which the county would pay for the bridge and the city would build the approaches to it, the commissioners begged off with the plea that there was other extensive bridge work to be done. Included were some of the same repairs to the same bridges listed in the current program and the erection of the new Pine Street Bridge in Catasauqua.

If the commissioners' announcement that the county plans to repair four bridges in 1954 is simply an item of information, the kind of information the public has a right to expect, it is commendable and can stand on its own feet as a tribute to them.

If they expect it to be their answer to proposals to do something concrete about the urgently needed 15th street bridge, it must be interpreted in an entirely different light.

Residents of the community—the city and the county — have been waiting, in increasing numbers, for 26 years for the opening of a new and adequate north-south artery. That they are willing to assume the cost of bridges when they are important is indicated by their approval of the bond issue that made possible the erection of the new Pine Street Bridge.

If a bond issue is necessary to build the bridge, the taxpayers of the county should be given the opportunity to make the decision at the earliest possible moment — the Primary Election next May. To do that there must be some definite plans and some ideas of cost. The least that can be expected of next week's meeting is that City Council and the County Commissioners take some steps in that direction.

The community will not be satisfied with a smoke screen.

The American Way

If there are to be mergers of churches they are the concern of the churches themselves, not of the civil courts.

That, in effect, is what the New York State Court of Appeals said this week as it cleared the way for the proposed merger of the Evangelical and Reformed denomination and the Congregational Christian Churches into the United Church of Christ.

The matter reached the courts three years ago after a sufficient number of congregations of both the Evangelical and Reformed denomination and the Congregational Christian Churches approved a merger of their general bodies to form a denomination with nearly two million members.

In the Evangelical and Reformed Church, strong in this section of Pennsylvania, the congregations acted through their Synods which are component units of the denomination's General Synod. Eastern Synod voted unanimously for the merger. In the Congregational Christian denomination, each congregation decided individually whether or not it would affiliate with the proposed new group.

The court action represented the feeling of a minority group of Congregational Christian Churches that were opposed to the union. Through a Brooklyn church they challenged the right of their denomination's General Council to merge funds and other assets with those of any group.

There still may be barriers to block the path of a union that would result in a larger and stronger branch of the Protestant faith. Whatever barriers there are, in the light of this week's decision must be resolved by the churches themselves.

The decision, however, has far greater importance than to members of the Evangelical and Reformed congregations and the Congregaional Christian Churches. It again recalls the traditional American doctrine of the separation of Church and State. In that respect it is a decision of importance to every American, regardless of his faith, creed or communion.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It was noon and time to go on lunch.

I had been calling at the studio of a friend of mine, a well-known artist, and we had been discussing so many important matters, such as what I think of editors and what he thinks of art editors, that we had forgotten all about eating.

But the stomach, being no respecter of persons, told us what time it was.

There is a new drug store around the corner from his studio, with a very nice soda fountain, where they serve swell pizza, excellent cheeseburger sandwiches and good coffee. The waitresses are good and nice-looking.

So we decided to go there.

He made his selection and I mine. The girl gave the order to the man who makes the sandwiches and other dishes, and then she went out—I know not where.

But just before she left, she told her substitute, pointing at my friend, "He's the vegetable soup." Then she pointed at me and said, "He's the baked ham sandwich."

Up to that minute, both of us had felt pretty important. We had discussed many vital matters. We were both making a reasonably good living, lived in rather nice homes, both had cars and wives who thought a whole lot of us.

My own wife has occasionally called me names—nothing so awfully bad, just little names indicating that I am a dunce and that I don't know what I am doing or talking about.

But nobody had ever called me a "baked ham sandwich," and I doubt that my friend had ever been called a "vegetable soup."

At first I felt mad. I was going to tell the girl, when she came back, that she had no right to call her customers names. I even thought of complaining to the manager about it.

But then, as I was munching my very excellent baked ham sandwich, I started to think.

This sandwich was delicious, I thought. Thick slabs of ham, crisp lettuce, a couple of bits of pickle and fresh rye bread.

My friend's vegetable soup also was excellent. Steaming hot, no canned vegetables, but everything in it fresh. It was more like thick minestrone than mere vegetable soup.

So what was really so bad about being called a "Baked ham sandwich" or a "vegetable soup?"

To that waitress, soup, sandwiches and service were probably much more important than artists and writers.

To her, food was much more of a necessity than either. (And isn't it?)

After all, aren't all things relative? Isn't each man more important to himself than to the world?

Doesn't it all depend from what side of the counter one looks at life?

Most of us are prone to consider what we represent the most important thing in the world. It's because we are so close to it.

And suddenly it dawned on me what Godfrey really meant when he spoke of "humility."

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 5, 1928, a Wednesday.

Squeals, shrieks and giggles swept Hamilton Street yesterday afternoon as Santa and his party appeared before thousands of delighted and excited children. Santa's own band led the parade, followed by Louis Wolf and his Siberian husky "Kusko," who saved his own master's life in the northland.

With 90 per cent of the stockholders of the two institutions voting in person or by proxy, the proposed consolidation of the Merchants National Bank and Citizens Deposit and Trust Co. was given unanimous approval. The merger will become effective Jan. 1.

Horoscope

Be watchful in business matters and your year indicates exceptionally happy friendships and interests, making it a memorable period. Outstanding talent is prophesied for the child born today.

Quick, Watson, the Needle!



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

While the bigwigs gather in Bermuda, more than 250 MIG's of the Russian jet-fighter type are violating the armistice agreement in Korea.

This fact has been transmitted to the United Nations command from reliable sources behind the Communist lines.

Responsible officers of the U.S. Army in Korea are much concerned about the enemy's build-up of air strength. For it means that, any moment the Communists care to launch an attack, they can do so without running the risk of immediate interception. The distances from the many new airfields that have been built to the American encampments south of the 38th Parallel are so short that it would take only a matter of minutes for the Communist MIG's to reach the American and South Korean lines.

Prior to the signing of the Korean armistice not a single MIG was based in North Korea. They operated during the entire course of the Korean War from bases in Manchuria. Even if the Reds had desired to base their planes in North Korea, the bases would have been destroyed by American bombers.

Reign of Terror

But now six airfields have been built in the northwestern sector and MIG's, with a speed of 650 miles per hour, could now harass the United Nations lines. They are already causing a reign of terror in the South Korean population.

The new airfield which is farthest from Seoul, the capital of the South Korean government, is only 195 miles, which means a matter of 10 or 15 minutes to reach American troops. But the other airfields that have been constructed since the Armistice are even closer. Some are only 55 and 60 miles away, so that it is possible for a sudden attack to be launched in a few minutes and catch the Republic of Korea's Army unawares.

It has been argued that the U.S. bombers based in Okinawa and Japan would instantly retaliate but, unless the MIG's could be pursued to their bases north of the Yalu — to which they certainly would fly after the first attacks — the American bombers would not be able to do any more than pound away at the new bases. Presumably there would be many a dogfight by rival fighter planes before air supremacy could be established again over the whole of North Korea, especially if the launching of an attack should take place in a season of bad flying weather.

The American government has been advised of what is happening in North Korea and apparently is regarding it as a "calculated risk." Military men don't like the fact that military power beyond that which the armistice was supposed to permit is being built up by the enemy in Korea because if hostilities are resumed, American troops would be at a disadvantage. This certainly was never intended under the armistice terms.

Truce Agreement

The present truce agreement in Korea isn't, however, a pact in which the U.N. is the victor, but one in which the enemy can disregard armistice terms at will and feel quite sure nothing will be done about it. The allied governments which have had forces in Korea signed an agreement threatening to extend the zone of hositilites if an attack was made by the Communists on U.N. forces during the armistice. But, with the attitude taken by the British government — that it will decide for itself, after perhaps lengthy parliamentary debate, whether an "attack" should be repulsed — it is unlikely that the U.N. commander in chief will be able to do any more than he did before the armistice. This means a fight against odds solely within the confines of Korean territory. Meanwhile, there is no "peace conference" in sight, and the Communists of China and Soviet Russia are entrenching themselves militarily for all time in Korea. The present line near the 38th Parallel is the new frontier for the Red Chinese-Soviet alliance.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GONGA DER "MINI TOUR" SEHNA: Shun fer 'n longie tzeit huts uns gawunnert wos in sel'm grossa, longa nidderra shtae gabei wear, link hond side won m'r d'r pike (route 309) fon Ellsdown noch Quakertown gait. Fers recht tzu sawga, der blotz leit halb waigs g'shwishich Shelly un Quakertown. M'r hens gabei sehna in die hae gae etlicha un deitlich.

Dale leit hen bahab't 's gaibt 'n facktory, onnerra 'n Legion hamet, un dale hen gamaint 'n ess blotz. Ol worra ow'r letz, un wie m'r aw shun fer etlicha yohr gawist hen os es 'n blotz wear, woh sie nix hetta wie glaina traina. Sis ow'r airsht 'n yohr tzurick odder so os m'r ous g'funna hen os der Porra Alfred Mertz un sei fraw die Norma fon Alt Zion die fohr ganger sin. Der Porra wor gabora in Allentown, is uf gawoxa in Friedens woh sei Mam rosa shteck garais'd hut. M'r hen ols noch etlicha shteck im hofe os m'r kauft hen fon ra, may wie finf un tzwonsich yohr tzurick. Der Alfred wor sel tzeit yusht 'n boo, un kenna 'n noch sehna die rosa shteck rous grawwa. Wie er darrich die Slatington hoch shule wor is er ins Porras ombt, un hut fer etlicha yohr gabreddich'd on Greenawalts un Fullerton, un 'n shaenie shtae hamet gabout im ewwerra end fon Clifford Park, nagshd on Albrights. Sie now wohna in Alt Zion, un hut drie Refamierta gamaina, Alt Zions, Peters, un die Huffa kerrich.

Gronkhate is sei waig kumma on Greenawalts, un die weil os er im bed wor, hut er net yusht hunnerda fon glaina heiser fon alla orta gabout fer sei hand un finger lummerich halta, ow'r aw awfonga blawna fer 'n gale rigelwaigs gabei uf duh. Net 'n "glae gabei," ow'r so gore 'n fabei mit glaina traina, woh gross un glaina leit sich blessierra kenta traina sehna, un helfa sie gae mocha. 'S wert oft mohls g'sawt, glaina maid un boova graichda 'n lot may blessier ous ihra traina won der Pap net 'n gonsie tzeit mit shpiela wot.

Eb der Porra sel darrich gamocht hut mit ihra tzwae, shaina tzwilling, der Clayton un die Christine, kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, wie er der rigelwaig gablawn'd hut, hut er sellie socha ol in ocht ganumma, un dudsenda fon gneb rum har k'huck'd, so os ol woh kumma die traina sehna, helfa kenna sie runna. Mit iwwer 1,200 foos track, 720 switches, bol 'n hunnerd relays, hen alt un yung 'n gross ordichie tzeit, die traina gae un shtoppa mocha, so wohl wie in switcha backa, kerrich wexla, un der shinner wase wos noch. Allas os sie hen uf ma grossa rigelwaig, is tzu sehna uf 'm "Mini Tour."

So weit os die "Mini Tour" bisnis aw gait, sel is 'n partnership g'shwishich 'm Porra Mertz un seinra Norma , un der Richard Williamson un sei Frances, fon Centre Valley. Die traina worra 'm Porra sei blawn, ow'r hens fabei un allas shunshd mit nonner uf gaduh, un now die weil os der Porra die traina in hond hut, gebt der Richard ocht uf die londschoft um der rigelwaig rum, 'S ewwershd end hut er uf gabout wie die "Rocky Mountains," un weiss'd so gore felsa hameta wie m'r fin'd in Mesa Verda Park. Fiel fon da londschoft is weit fon fartich—'s same wie under lond un rigel—waig aw—net iwwer nocht kumma sin.

Die koshda fer gae die traina sehna sin arrick glae, un die blessier is wunnerbore gross. Sie yusa yusht ae ort traina, un woh sie nadierlich ferkaufa, un 'n yaders kon sehna wie sie shpringa, Noh hen sie aw alla hond onnerra orta socha tzu fer—kaufa os gait mit traina, un aw fiel onnerra ardickle. Sie hen uf, alla Somshdawg un Sundawg for 2 uhr nommy dawgs, bis 8 uhr owets, un alla dawg g'shwishich Grishdawg un Nei Yohr die same tzeit—ow'r net uf Grishdawg. M'r wissa net won m'r aryads worra woh m'r uns may blessiert hen os wie 'm Ledshda Sundawg owet om "Mini Tour," un sin shure os n'r aw ol die same erfohring hen, ebber kon bleiva so long os es wil.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Earl Clifford Arnold un sei "Polly" Pauline Ruch Arnold fon 532 Washington shtross doh in da shtadt, hen fer—geshter so wohr os allas tzeiticha, wilda arabierra g'funna wie sie ihra summer hamet on Waldheim uf gazutzt hen fer der winder.

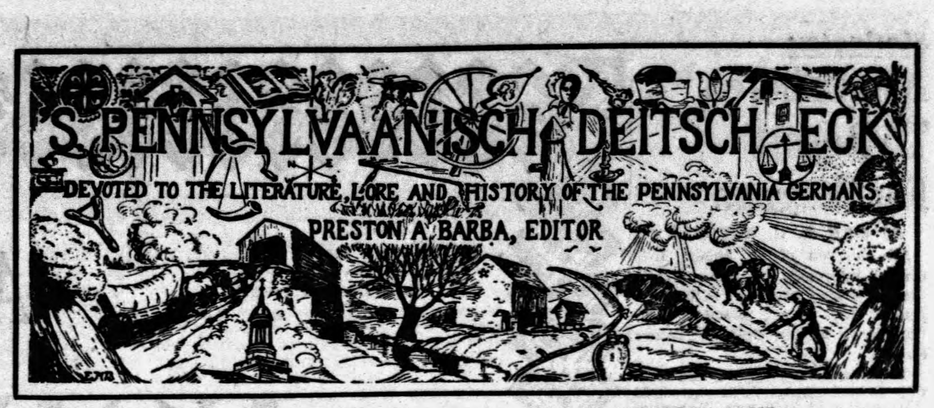
Die arabierra worra unnich bladder fon bame, un wissa net eb sie des shpote yohr gatzeitich'd sin, odder eb sie sie 'm ledshda summer fergessa hen tzu rubba.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 9:32-36

Peter's ministry was in a comparatively limited geographical area as compared with that of Paul. We find him in v.32 among the Christians in Lydda. This town is called Ludd today, and I found it to be an important railroad junction and airport when I was there some years ago. Here Peter found a man by the name of Aeneas, who as a paralytic, had been confined to his bed for eight long years. Peter had compassion on him and told him that Jesus hrist could and would make him perfectly well. He asked him in the power of that name to arise and to make his bed (often a simple mattress in those days). He arose immediately, the result of which was that many in the immediate neighborhood turned to the Lord. Saron, in v.32, is the Greek form of Sharon (there is no 'sh' sound in the Greek language), a region not far away from Lydda. Also not far away from Lydda was Joppa on the sea-coast, a town more recently named Jaffa, for years a very inadequate sea-port of Palestine. It is mentioned in Jonah 1:3 as the port from which Jonah left when he sought to evade the commission which God had given to him to preach repentance to the Ninevites.



IN THE PALATINATE

Froehlich Pfalz, Gott erhalt's!

The editor of the ECK has only recently returned from a lengthy sojourn in Europe, during which time he served as guide and mentor to seventeen Pennsylvanians through nine countries. He has no desire to relate at length his many experiences en route, from the fjords of Norway in the North to the rock of Gibraltar in the South, but he can hardly forego giving the readers of the ECK a brief account of the happy days spent in the Rhenish Palatinate, a name familiar to most Pennsylvania Germans, as the home of their ancestors. To be sure some of our Pennsylvania German forefathers had emigrated from the nearby principalities of Hesse, Baden and Wuerttemberg and from Switzerland, but it was the outnumbering and racially more tenacious **Pfaelzer** who gave the dominating note to our dialect and the ways of life among us Pennsylvania Germans.

The Palatinate, with an area of some 2000 square miles, is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, roughly speaking, within a quadrilateral whose corners are denoted by the towns of Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Kreuznach and Saarbruecken. But the Palatinate of our emigrating 18th century ancestors extended further eastward across the Rhine, including the city of Heidelberg and the lower valley of the Neckar river. In those days it did not include the former Duchy of Zweibruecken, the County of Leningen, nor the episcopal principality of Speyer which are all now incorporated within the Palatinate of today.

Few areas in Europe have been so favored by the generosity of God and so frequently laid waste by the folly of man. Despite its turbulent history and the many trials and tribulations that drove many thousands of its people in the early decades of the 18th century across the sea to seek wilderness homes in Penn's province, the Palatinate is today again a land of plenty and its people full of humor and lust of life.

We had spent an unforgettable day on a Rhine steamer from Cologne to Assmannshausen, that charming little vineyard village famed in song and story, and now continued by autobus across the plains of the upper Rhine, through golden grain fields, past acres of tobacco and fruit orchards, to the ancient Rhenish city of Worms with its Luther associations and its great Romanesque cathedral dominating the landscape for miles around. It was high noon when we arrived in Heidelberg, a magic name in the annals of history and romance. That afternoon we wandered through the labyrinths of the castle ruins, a majestic pile, laden with sad beauty, whose vaulted halls had seen the splendors of the Electoral Princes of the Palatinate.

For a time we lingered on the terrace of the castle, the city of Heidelberg spread at our feet. To the immediate north rose the Heiligenberg, on whose summit pagan Germanic tribes two thousand year ago, the invading Romans of the first and second centuries A. D. and the primitive 9th century Christians had in turn worshipped their Gods; beyond the Heiligenberg stretched the dark hills of the Odenwald; to the south of us rose the Koenigstuhl, lofty sentinel holding watch over the city far below; out of the east flowed the Neckar and wound its way westward across the fertile Rhine plain, fringed in the remoter west by the blue mountains of the Haardt. There it lay, fair land of our forefathers! Who of them, having braved the terrors of the sea and having wrought for themselves new lives in a New World, ever thought that their descendants would return thither on a visit after seven generations and a lapse of more than two centuries!

In Heidelberg we entertained the former Lucille Klingaman of Emmaus and her husband Carl Ritter, formerly of Macungie, now with the American Forces in Karlsruhe. Here too we were joined by Dr. Fritz Braun, Palatine genealogist, and wife of Kaiserslautern. It soon became apparent that from now on Dr. Braun was directing our tour of the Palatinate with a definite plan in hand. Fortunately our spacious autobus had a number of vacant seats. In one of the villages we stopped to pick up Dr. Ernst Christman, famous folklorist and lexicographer; in the city of Speyer we paused for a brief chat with Dr. Friedrich Krebs, archivist and genealogist. We journeyed westward; orchards, grainfields and truck gardens were left behind; now we approached the vine-clad forehills of the Haardt mountain range, whose loftier heights were crowned with castle ruins. We stopped in the village of Birkweiler where we were greeted by the vintner Karl Wehrheim and wife, proprietors of the large wine estate "Hohenberg." We must accompany them into their extensive wine cellars. On the walls we noticed shelves with huge round loaves of hearth-baked bread, still showing the marks of the straw-rope baskets in which they had risen. Down below we were offered generous samples of their various wine products. The maids passed large trays of open-face sandwiches and were chagrined when the American ladies (ever mindful of the figure-devastating calories) partook of them so hesitantly.

The shadows were lengthening as we wound along a mounting country road, up to the Leinsweiler Hof, a stately hotel, commanding a wide prospect over miles upon miles of vineyards, now resting under a suffused evening glow. Here our party took quarters for the next two nights.

Little did we know what entertainment was in store for us that first evening. Under Dr. Braun's efficient management men and women from the surrounding towns and villages now gathered to bid the guests from faraway Pennsylvania welcome to their native Pfalz. The bills of fare on the dining tables were made up in dialect, not unlike the Fuderzettel of our local Grundsau Lodge dinners. The three charming Foehlinger sisters from Landau entertained us with dialect songs, among them our own familiar "Schlof, Bobbeli, Schlof." From Billigheim came the vocal teacher and dancing master Hans Wieandt, distant cousin of our Allentown folk artist, game director and playwright, Paul Wieand. He brought with him his Billigheimer singers and dancers who entertained us with folksongs and dances in native costume. Toasts and speeches followed until a late hour.

Space does not permit us to relate in detail all the experiences of the following day. Who can forget our journey along the Weinstrasze (the wine road), that beautiful highway that stretches for a distance of some 50 miles along the Haardt mountain range? This road gives its name to a landscape about three and one-half miles wide where the famous wines of the Palatinate are grown. In a veritable sea of vineyards are to be found no less than 35 vineyard towns and villages: Ungstein, Freinsheim, Wachenheim, Hambach, Deidesheim, Edenkoben, to mention but a few of the names that conjure up happy remembrances.

A strange sense of at-home-ness takes possession of us as we pass through these towns and villages and see everywhere on signs and shop windows familiar names: Butz, Yoder, Hollenbach, Christmann, Fretz, Henninger,—can it be? Are we driving through the Pfalz or are we in Lehigh, Berks and Lebanon back in Pennsylvania? In Deidesheim we took dinner in the "Kanne," an inn which has been in operation since the 12th century. Plastered into the walls of its courtyard we saw iron stove-plates, remnants of the 5-plate stoves such as our forefathers brought with them from across the sea and then started to manufacture here in Pennsylvania. In Edenkoben we visited one of the only two remaining potteries still turning out ceramics not unlike those of our early Pennsylvania potters. Everywhere we went the happy, open-hearted inhabitants were ready to bid us welcome. In Wachenheim we visited the renowned wine estate of Dr. Buercklin-Wolff, in whose vast cellars our party was put through an elaborate wine-tasting ceremony under the supervision of a jolly, rotund cellar-master.

We shall always remember our days in the Pfalz and its hospitable people. We can only conclude that if we Pennsylvania Germans are known far and wide for our hospitality we have come by it honestly.—P.A.B.

SCHPOTYAAHR

Gans frieh demarye waar ich drauss
Im Busch un an der Krick.
Ya selwert weess ich net ferwas,
Dass ich mich so aaschick.

Die Uuruh gweelt im Kopp un Fiess,
Ich weess net, was des iss;
Die Blog kummt immer rum die Zeit,
'S iss ken Blessier fer mich.

Was iss dann letz am Barrick naus?
Die Bledder farrewe sich;
Die Luft die schimmert—'s iss so ruhich,
Gewiss des wunnert mich.

Die Krick iss langsam, faul un ruhich,
Die sucker gucke schtumm;
Die Bledder vun de Weidebeem
Am Ufer schwimme rum.

Es Ohmet riecht—dihr Welschkannschock
Un Kaerbse rund un lang!
Der Froscht verwischt eich mol ee Nacht,
Die Reife sin im Schwamm.

Die Drauwe riecht mer an der Fens,
Schofgnoddle sin schunn schwaz;
Die Blumme henke all die Kepp,
So fiehl ich aa im Haz.

Ums Haus rum iss es aa so schtill,
Die Schwalme sin all fatt;
Paar Amschle hupse noch im Hof,
En Krixel singt im Kraut.

Sell zippere heer ich nimme meh
Drauss uff em Kaschebaam;
Zaahschlipper, hoscht verlosse aa
Dei Haus am Fenschterraam!

Un Biwwi—o du liewer Freind!
Bischt ruhich, wie alles schunscht;
Vergesse hoscht dei Farrewell—
Du saagscht doch wann du kummscht!

Ya schleefrich guckt die Welt zu mir,
Un selwert fiehl ich so;
Nau weess ich was die Uuruh bringt—
Es Schpotyaahr iss yo do!

November, 1953 —beim Bill Heusaame vum Barrick.



Titus C. Geesey, famed collector of Pennsylvania German folkart, and member of the Barba party, tasting of the wines in the "Kanne" at Deidesheim.

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Left to right, seated: Dr. Fritz Braun, genealogist, Frau Postius, the editor of the Eck, Dr. Ernest Christman, folklorist, Dr. Hans Postius, geographer. Standing, villagers of Billigheim with Hans Wieandt, teacher, at extreme right.

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Editorials

Wags Not All Dead

The history of journalism is rich with stories of carefully planned and skillfully executed hoaxes which have contributed much to man's gayety and as a rule have harmed little, if at all.

If there be thought anywhere that the wits and wags who like this kid of fun are a dying race it is dispelled by some recent experiences. All show that human ingenuity is not entirely devoted, even in this modern, mechanical age, to improvement in ways of living. A lot is left over for the pursuit of bits of trickery that will amuse or astound or confound a large part of the American public.

All this was to be expected in days when home-made pleasures were the order of things. In days when little news of national or international moment was happening it was understandable that a man with the genius of Edgar Allen Poe should conceive and perpetrate his celebrated ballon hoax. It did not take all too many days however for the American people to learn that his elaborate and interesting story was just another yarn.

In the same spirit probably, but with some enduring success, was perpetration of the scientific hoax known as the skull of the Piltdown man. It all but fooled the entire school of anthropologists and only in recent days was completely revealed as a well effected deception.

In the bookselling field there still is much jibing of editors and publishers concerning the entirely untruthful but exciting story of Dupre, the alleged French spy who in the role of the town idiot fooled the Nazis completely but at terrible personal cost. That hoax was revealed almost within hours of publication of the book.

There is revealing information about motivations in the most recent hoax to claim attention in the American press. This was the "discovery" almost two years ago on the sandy beaches of New Jersey of tracks believed to be those of a bird greater in size than anything since pterosaurs ranged our skies and dinosaurs stalked thru our marshes.

Now it is revealed that a retired businessman, who became bored with the quietness of his seaside retreat, fashioned huge plates of linoleum, plywood and other articles. These were then attached to his shoes. Walking with large strides along the beach when it was deserted he left what appeared to the tracks of a gigantic bird. Carefully he walked so that enough prints would be left above high tide and would undoubtedly be discovered and reported by coast guardsmen, beachcombers or others.

He was not disappointed. A perfect furore was created. Unsuspecting newsmen fell for the bait, hook, line and sinker. Scientists of large and small degree descended upon the tracks to study them but, let it be said to their credit, with not too complete a degree of conviction.

Early this week the practical joker revealed himself and his equipment for the perpetration of the hoax. He was a man who needed amusement and was not getting it from the media which are supplying entertainment on a wholesale basis to the American people and have put the millions on the bleachers and taken them out of the playing field.

The practical joker is one of those who wants to be out in the playing field. His fun lies in the ability to arouse great public excitement, to puncture the egotism of the "know-it-alls" and, amid it all, to remain unknown and unsuspected.

First Things First

There is much publicity currently about the value of new ingredients for toothpastes and many disputed claims for new discoveries about certain additives. Accordingly it is pertinent that all persons who value the incisors and molars that God gave them and wish to keep them in good repair for a long haul in life should know something about a ten-year study of tooth decay which has just been completed by the national Institute of Dental Research at Bethesda, Md.

A report on this investigation was presented at a large meeting of dentists in New York early in the week. Its gist is that tooth decay begins when teeth have become soft and it appears that teeth become soft when the minerals in their makeup have been lost or decreased.

Speaking for the National Institute, Dr. David B. Scott said that the finding is the result of the most extensive exploration of both healthy and diseased teeth that ever has been undertaken. In the study photographs were made of electron microscope images of 30,000 areas of teeth, sound and unsound. Under the powerful instrument which was used it was shown that there is a great variety in the structure of normal teeth. In general the tooth structure—both the outer enamel coating and the soft dentine inside—consists of a sponge-like matrix of organic protein material. The matrix is filled with a crystalline mineral mass, which gives body, weight and strength to the tooth structure.

Dr. Scott said that studies of decayed spots at very high magnification suggested that it is the hard mineral material that is first attacked by invading bacteria.

There are many theories on the cause of tooth decay, and the mechanism by means of which sound teeth can be destroyed is not well known, he cautioned. Nevertheless, he said, the 30,000 pictures of sound and decayed tooth structure suggest that it is the hard minerals that go first, leaving a softer material that can be attacked by bacteria.

So it appears that again the old adage—"put first things first" well may be followed by parents who want their children's teeth to be sound and beautiful and by adults who wish to hold what they have been able to save up to this time out of their 32 original second set of teeth.

Those "first things" are the right kind of foods. The purveyors of milk and the medical men long have urged the value of the minerals in "the greatest food in the world—milk." And there are other foods which are useful, even necessary in the care and protection of teeth against the ravages of decay.

The best battle against this problem of caries lies in correct eating. All the rest is only a lot of skirmishing.

'Yes' the Right Answer

Because there appears to be no word in the Russian language which is equivalent to our "Yes" the proposal of President Eisenhower early in the week to establish an international stockpile of fissionable materials for the welfare of all mankind immediately received negative response from any and all Russian sources who expressed themselves.

However there still is hope that some shreds of reasonableness remain in the character of the man or the men who rule from the Kremlin. These top figures have not yet spoken. They may think better of the proposition after world reactions to it come to be heard and appraised. If they do, they can brush off the "Niets" of their radio and a few minor political figures with great ease.

President Eisenhower and the Department of State apparently are determined that the proposal shall not be dismissed lightly, negatively and even sarcastically in Moscow. Ambassador Bohlen is reported to be the medium thru which persuasion will be applied for acceptance of the President's offer.

There will be hope for his success not alone because the world speedily should gain the advantages which can come from the scientific application of atomic energy but because an agreement for cooperation in one thing could lead to cooperation in other things, notably cooperation toward the attainment of peace between East and West. What the world desires is an ending to the senseless cold war that has most of the world upset and in fear and trembling.

The Public's Business

The right of the taxpayers to know how their funds are spent is a fundamental one but it is sometimes difficult to convince the government bureaucrats that the whole idea isn't wrong.

A recent case in point is provided by the American Society of Newspaper Editors' Committee on Freedom of Information. The chairman, Mr. J. R. Wiggins, managing editor of the Washington Post, was forced to go right to the top in the Department of Agriculture and Secretary Benson had to issue a department order before a policy of secrecy about recipients of drought aid was cancelled.

The department had refused a Texas editor, Mr. Houston Harte, the right to find out what people in Scurry County had received aid during the summer drought. It may be that Mr. Harte thought there might be people receiving aid who were not entitled to it. In any case the department wrote Mr. Harte that it was "particularly inappropriate and not in the public interest to subject the beneficiaries of a relief program to unnecessary publicity and embarrassment."

Mr. Harte thought it was in the public interest for the taxpayers in Scurry County to know which of their neighbors were being aided, and Mr. Benson agreed with the ASNE that "the expenditure of public funds is public business."

The trouble is that it isn't always recognized. Bureaus issue secrecy directives and sometimes the Congress makes them legal. How public funds are spent is the business of the public, but only by watchfulness can the public be sure that its business is properly attended.—Wall Street Journal.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Dec. 12, 1928 a Wednesday

Mrs. W. C. Troxell was elected president of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Lehigh County Medical Auxiliary at a largely attended meeting yesterday afternoon in the Hotel Traylor.

One of the shortest stockholders' meeting in the Lehigh County Agricultural Society was the 78th annual session yesterday morning in the courthouse.

Allentown's Automobile show for 1929 will be held from Jan. 26 to Feb. 2, it was announced last night by W. Levan Lawfer, president of the Allentown Automotive Assn. at the annual dinner held in the Americus grill room.

Horoscope

Your next year is indicative of some good fortune and much happiness. If difficulties arise, help should be forthcoming. While evincing excellent qualities and much talent, today's child may be a worrier, and should be taught to look on the sunny side of life.

The Order of the Garter is the highest order of English knighthood.

The Facts of Life—And Death



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

World peace is nearer as a consequence of President Eisenhower's speech before the United Nations Assembly — and the best confirmation comes from Moscow itself.

For, while the Soviet comment on the surface is negative for the moment and does not analyze the proposals to pool atomic - energy knowledge for peaceful uses, the most important fact that President Eisenhower conveyed to the rulers of the Soviet Union evidently hit its mark. Moscow's comments indicate that they got the point — that, if there is an aggression, the retaliation with atomic bombs will be made with all the quantitative force of atomic weapons the United States can instantly mobilize.

Moscow's Comment

The Moscow radio made this significant comment initially:

"Eisenhower threatened atomic war and made a eulogy of this policy of force."

The Soviet commentator stated a half truth — for Mr. Eisenhower did threaten an atomic war of retaliation, but only as against a "surprise aggression." It is important to note what passage attracted the attention of the Soviet government. It was this paragraph in the President's address:

"Should such an atomic attack be launched against the United States, our reactions would be swift and resolute. But for me to say that the defense capabilities of the United States are such that they could inflict terrible losses upon an aggressor — for me to say that the retaliation capabilities of the United States are so great that such an aggressor's land would be laid waste — all this, while fact, is not the true expression of the purpose and the hope of the United States."

These carefully chosen words stuck home. For the Kremlin understands the language of force. Now it has had from the lips of the President of the United States the most solemn warning uttered by one government to another since the close of World War II. The warning told Soviet Russia it could eliminate any thought that the United States would vacillate in its action in defense of its territory. With the warning also went this sharply worded sentence to the rulers of Soviet Russia Which the people of that country can also understand:

"Surely no sane member of the human race could discover victory in such desolation."

Shock to Reds

It may well be that the President's words came as a shock to the Soviet government which may have been led to believe heretofore that an America terrorized by the recent news about the destructiveness of the H-bomb would be too scared to announce a policy of fierce retaliation. Now that the Soviets have the American answer — announced by the man who headed up our military forces in Europe in World War II — the problem of what can be done to control the uses of atomic energy, for both peace and war becomes more pertinent than ever to both sides.

The Soviet government, upon reflection, will unquestionably perceive that it cannot convert Mr. Eisenhower's words into a threat of an attack when they really were uttered as a threat of retaliation only in the event of attack by an aggressor. So far as world opinion is concerned, the Soviet union will find it necessary in a matter of days to deal sympathetically with the American proposal for a pooling of atomic - energy knowledge for peaceful purposes.

No matter how much Moscow may quibble and argue, the Soviet government will be compelled in the court of public opinion to make at least a gesture by giving consideration to the Eisenhower plan. Sometimes in diplomacy a government accepts the principle first and then later debates at length the application of the principle. The Communists are too sensitive to propaganda currents in the world today to lose a chance to show that they, too, want atomic energy for both peace and war placed under international control.

Mr. Eisenhower has shown them the road, and undoubtedly the Communists will take it — but in their own way, slowly and with plenty of protests and with voluble comments and criticism. The President of the United States has moved the world closer to peace. For what he said had to be said — and from now on the debate may well be academic as the "cold war" drags on and the idea of a "hot war" fades into the distance in the years immediately ahead. The American rearmament build-up since 1950 has proved its great value this week.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IS GAPUT FER GRAVEL: Seilebdawg is der Stanley Wertman fon East Fogelsville net shneller iwwer 'n fens nous wie da onner dawg wie er helfa hut 'n ux shlochta beim "Franc" Roth on Ledder Eck Poshda. Der Arthur Stofflet fom Haasa Dahl wor der onner butcher, ow'r hut sich ous 'm shtawb k'halta wies ons uxa lassoa gonga is.

Der "Franc" is gross ordich in da uxa bisnis tzitter os sei nochber Jim DeLong ous g'funna hut os m'r uxa meshda kon mit welshkern krutza. Leit os maina 's wear yusht ebbel drashder os ux wild mocha dade, hen noch 'n lot tzu larna so weit os welshkern krutza aw gait. Bis doh har hut evens der Jim net halver gawist wos die krutza duhna — 's same wie der "Franc" aw gons un gore im dunkla wor.

'S wor ae bardicher ux os der "Franc" shlochta hut wolla — denk er wor bong er dade 'm tzu fet werra won er 'n field langer halta dade. 'M "Franc" sei Gertie gleich'd ken mauger flaish, doch wil sies net tzu glaverrich fet howwa fer gameese kocha. Aenicha waig, der "Franc" hut 'm Stanley gawissa welar ux os sie shlochta wotta, un der Stanley is in die ben mit ma longa shtrick fer 'n lassoa.

Eb der ux Deitsch fershtonna hut, odder eb er garocha hut wos im wind wor, kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, eb der Stanley recht in da ben wor bei da sex uxa, hut selar woh sie shlochta hen wolla, shun awfonga brumma, blosa, un uf 'm budda rum g'shart mit ma fedderra foos wie net recht g'sheid. Der shwontz on da sama tzeit is kartza grawd in die hae gonga, un der ux hut der kup nunner, un der buckle in die hae gatzoga, libehoftich wie 'n kotz won sei fechta wil. "Whee" hut der Stanley g'sawt, "des is ow'r 'n wiesh'd gadier."

Der Stanley is mohl fer paar sagunda shtae gablica, ow'r der ux huts g'sheind wear om kunsiderra fer 'n charge mocha. Un wos noch mainer is, er is aw kumma fer der Stanley — hut gatziehlt fer 'm midda tzu da hussa sitz nei renna mit da shtarn. ' S wor ken tzeit fer gae fers dierlie woh er nei is, un arbadich net so wie er gamaint hut die onnerra finf uxa wotta aw grawd uf 'n tzu kumma. Die fens on aim blotz wor bout tzwae foos nidderer wie shunshd. un sel wor der blotz woh der Stanley gonga is dafor.

Der Stanley shtaid druf er wear iwwer die fens nous gagrodd'ld, ow'r der "Franc" un der Arthur sin net gons shure os der ux 'm net driwwer k'hulfa hut. Un wos noch mainer is, der Stanley is yusht fon ainra uxa ben in die onner gajump'd. Der aintsich'd unnershit wor, die uxa woh er ferlossa hut worra grossa gadierra, un die woh er datzu is, worra glaina krutzicha, net fiela graiser wie kelver.

Tzum Stanley hen die glaina uxa ow'r aw gross gaguck'd, un ferol os sie fergelshter'd worra, un sin g'shprunga, hut er gamiant sie hetta shun long ganunk krutza g'fressa fer wiesh'd sei, un marderlich gagrisha fer hilf. Der "Franc" un der Arthur hen sich bol gronk galocht outside on da fens, uns wor hard tzu sawga war 's wildshd wor in da ben, der Stanley odder die uxa. Der Stanley hut ken hilf gabreich'd fer iwwer die tzwet fens nous, un woh so gore paar foos haicher wor os wie die airsht.

Won die gross uxa ihra ben numma ae foos nidderer gawest wear, wolla m'r wetta os die gons drup driwwer nous wear 'm Stanley noh. So ow'r hen sie drin bleiva missa, un tzu all'm glick is der Bill Behler datzu kumma, un helfa der ux woh sie shlochta hen wolla, der shtrick on der hols mocha. Mit harder mee hen sie 'n tzu da ben nous grick'd, un der Stanley hut 'n g'shossa mit da aller graishda blessier.

Tzwae socha sin shure. 'S airsht os der Stanley net da sama waig tzu da grossa uxa ben nous is, os wie er nei is; uns onner, os er sei lava nimmy inna uxa ben wie sel gait, mit ous 'n pishtole fer sich wairra. Aenicha waig, sie hen der ux g'shlocht, ow'r 's hais'd, hoar uf 'm kup, hetta sich da nagshda dawg noch kartza grawd in die hae g'shteld, alla mohl os er on sei uxa erfohring gadenk'd het.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Shwetza fon da uxa welshkern krutza feedra, der Albert Newhard fon Seipels Station hut sel aw aw g'fonga — hut da onner dawg 'n gonsie truck load krutza in die uxa ben g'fohrra.

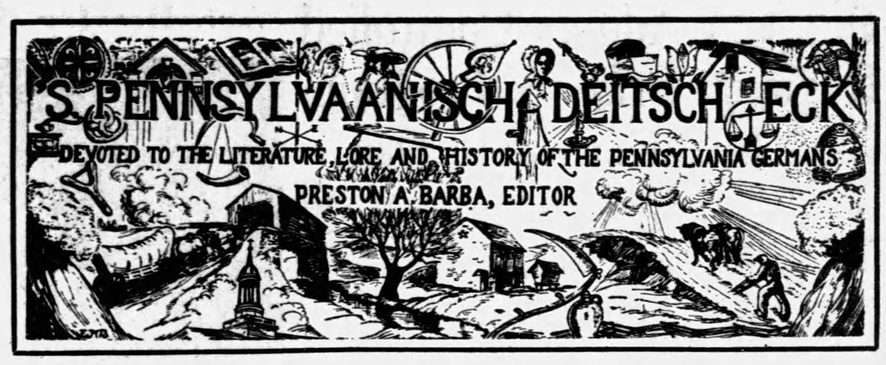
Der Sammy Geiger fon da 12d un Tilghman maint, er het tzu free shtoppa bauerra — er het sei welshkern krutza ols nous ufs feld g'fohrra un sie ferbrent odder unner gablug'd — net gadenk'd fer sie yusa fer uxa fuder, wie sie heit tzu dawg dada.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 10:20—25

The voice of the Spirit then commanded Peter to go down stairs to meet the visitors whom Cornelius had sent and to receive them without any hesitation whatever, for the Lord Himself had sent them. So Peter did, and asked them why they had come. They explained what we have already learned in vs. 1-8 of this chapter, that the Lord had ordered Cornelius to send these messengers to Joppa to invite Peter to come to his home in Caesarea. So Peter called them in and lodged them over night. The next day Peter, with certain Christian brethren of Joppa (there were six of them, 11:12), accompanied the three messengers to Caesarea, where Cornelius was eagerly awaiting them. But he was not merely interested in his own salvation, so he had invited a 'house party' to gather in his home, relatives and friends, and as they were in the attitude of expectation, Peter and his companions appeared at the door. As he came in, Cornelius met him, and fell at his feet, and worshipped him. But Peter would not allow such a demonstration, or he was but a humble follower of Jesus, and could take no honor to himself



EDWARD MONTGOMERY EBERMAN
OR
DANNY KRATZER

Popular Pennsylvania German Columnist
By HEINZ KLOSS

AMONG the most beloved of dialect columnists was Edward Montgomery Eberman. He was born at Lititz, July 24, 1834. In 1862 he became a member of the staff of the Bethlehem Times which had just been started. He was the paper's first route agent while clerking in the store of his brother-in-law Louis Beckel on East Third Street. Eberman continued in the service of the Times until his death at Bethlehem on Feb. 19, 1903. It is not known just when he began to write his dialect letters, but it must have been at an early date, for in 1879 E. H. Rauch in his "Pennsylvania Dutch Hand-Book," p. 208, makes the following statement: "Some years ago Mr. E. M. Eberman wrote a number of humorous artices for a paper published at South Bethlehem, but his orthography was a mixture of English and German, and he therefore lacked uniformity, though his productions were very humorous."

Through the courtesy of his grandson, Mr. G. Wm. Eberman, I came into possession of quite a number of his productions, all of which he wrote under the assumed name of DANNY KRATZER. Another collection of Eberman clippings is in the hands of Mr. Clarence Beckel. The earliest letters I have date from 1881. Among them is the following, which Earl F. Robacker (Pennsylvania German Literature, 1943, p. 98) mentions as "giving a timeless picture of spring garden making":

Beint Schwamm, April 15, 1881

Editor Daily Times: Ich muss widder proverra en breefly zu screivva, shunsht denken dee leit dort drunna im shtettel das der alt Danny ausgekratzt is. Mer sinn evva mechtich bissy do huvva im schwemmicha. Dee Sally Ann hutt ihr hend foll erwet—sie secht sie wisst net dee helft fun der zeit woo auszupocka. Letscht woch war sie fleissich an eemenza oyer soocha, weil sie kairt hutt doss wonn mer selly oyer nemma dait un mit shoaf inshlich kocha, kennta mer dee ferflickty betwonza teetotally fertillya. Dee woch hutt sie arrick fleissich im gawrda gshofft, un hutt about en fertel acker zwevvela geplontzt, besides rettich soama g'sayt un kop-solaut gsteckt. See wutt amohl sayna, secht sie, ob sie net au zair-gelt ferdeena kennt dorch der summer. Sie werd wohl reglar uff der Bedlehemer marrickt alle woch kumma—dess haist wonn selly town council menner en marrickt house im sinn henn uff-zushtella. Dee peewee, amshella un zippcher sinn ivveraus busy am neshter zamma shteppela, un ich konn euch inshurea doss wer gooty music haira will, soll alleweil im schwemmcha wohna un horcha wee shay doss dee feggel singa un peiffa. Dee bowerra sin busy am fenz mocha, ploogya un kallich shpraya. Next week shreivy ich euch mayner particulars.

Yours truly
DANNY KRATZER
ains fumm Johnny seina boova.

P. S.—Dee glay Dan., Jr., hutt sei neshtel gemocht un morya free gebbts fiel fraid wonn der oshter haas bei kummt fer oyer layga.

And here is another specimen from the same period:

Beint Schwamm, May 27, 1881.

Editor Daily Times: Herrlicha moosic doona mer zuhairra im bush un schwemmcha alleweil. Lang epp dee sunn uffgaft, fonga on dee amshella, katza - feggel un potreeselcher ihra moryet's lieder zu singa un peiffa doss mer sheer dazu donza mecht. Un dee bowerra doona au freu moryets alleweil moosic mocha doss au net schlecht laut, weil sis now dee hoyet zeit. Dee moosic funn sensa wetza un dengella, klingelt hefftich uff de felder alleweil. "To whit to what, to whit to what," sell is dee popular melodee alleweil. Un dee kieh un dee geil fraya sich alleweil shunn wonn sie dess "new mown hay" reecht, uff dee kusht woss bereit werd for sie uff der naixshta winter. Well, der gross Danny, un der glay Danny, Jr. un dee Sally Ann hen sich amohl en fergneeya gemacht dee woch un sinn im circus un deera show gonga woss in Bethlehem uffg'schtellt hutt.

Ei, woss en menscha shpiel. Un woss en zoocht, Dee bande hen g'shpeelt, dee ticket agent hen gekrissha! Entlich hen mer tickets grikkt unn sin amohl in der gross zelt. Ihr hetten avver sayna solla wee my Sally Ann un der glay Danny sich g'frayt hen. Sie henn nett gewisst woo hinn zu goocka. "Ei," greischt dee Sally Ann, "Woss is sell for en gross kraydoor dorta mit en schwonz hinna un forna, un zway grossa bockka zain zum maul rauss henka?"—"Ach," kreisht der glay Danny, "sell is yo en ellyfont, waisht net derhaim hen mer en picture derfoon im spelling booch."—"Oh, ya, ich glaub au, ya—well now konn ich doch sauga doss ich der ellyfont g'sayna hob."

Well, mer henn dee bobbagoi, monkies un so socha g'sayna, un derno sin mer widder uff der haim waik. Un now dutt der glay Danny nix doss wie bortzel baum shlogga. Dee Sally Ann gleicht's feel besser derhaim im schwemmcha doss wee funn haim gayna, awwer doch fercht sie sich im gawrda zu gayna alleweil, weil der kop sallaud so sheesa dutt. Ya well, sis avver au g'fairlich. Good bye!

Yours truly,
DANNY KRATZER.
ains fumm Johnny seina boova.

P. S.—Dee hinkel un hawna halta sich immer noch im bush rumm harra fershluppt, weil's haist dee porra wairra als noch do.

N.B.—Der glay Danny hutt sich en shtick blumma lond gemocht, unn now bleea dee sunna blooma in goldener procht. Er hutt en fershel druff hin geshrivva, as follows:

"Ei du leevee sunnablum,
Du husht mir mei herz genumm,
Du liegsht mir in meiner haut,
Wie dee worsht im saur-kraut.

Edward M. Eberman's finest contribution to the realm of Pennsylvania German literature seems to have been a series of twelve Christmas letters which appeared from 1891 to 1901 in an annual issue of the Bethlehem Bulletin gotten out by O. B. Desh during the Christmas season. His very last dialect letter was written in 1901 for this Bulletin. In 1902 he was too ill to pen the customary humorous story which the people of Bethlehem were wont to look for at Christmas time. These "Beint Schwamm Echoes" which were reprinted by the "Bethlehem Globe Times" in 1926 show Eberman at his best. His was a warmhearted wittiness. At the same time he had a leaning toward the idyllic. Despite occasional selfmade rimes, Eberman could hardly be called a poet. However, his genuine love of poetry prompted him to trim up his letters with ample quotations from various dialect poets, which shed a friendly light over his prose sketches.

It is hard to choose from among his letters in the above-mentioned Bulletin and I admit that the two I have selected were taken chiefly for external reasons, the first one because in it he displays his particular fondness of postscripts, note bene's and double postscripts; the second because in it he greets the twentieth century.

Beint Schwamm, December 23, 1894

"Ring-a-ling! Ring-a-ling! Ring-a-ling—"
"Hello! Hello! Hello—"

"Danny, hurry up, sis epper om telly-foam. Dopper, dopper; kumm doch, kumm!"

"Woss in oller welt is now widder im gong! Sally Ann, gay du mohl onna un horch woss loass is. Ich muss my freefly on der Bethlehem Bulletin fertich schreivva, shunsht gebbt's shtarm in der druckkerei."

"O, Danny, ich schemm mich so shure weil ich die lerning net hob fer English schwetza dorch der telly-foam."

"Ach du zooschtand, Sally Ann, shtell dich net so dumm on; mer konn yo hertzofftich Pennsylvany Deutsh dorch der telly-foam brumma."

"Is sell so; well, donn will ich's amol broveera. Hello! Hello—Hello!"

"Is Mrs. Sally Ann Kratzer at home? This is Mrs. Jemima Case speaking. We have a young lady friend from Philadelphia, who was married recently, stopping with us. The young lady is going to housekeeping in the Spring. She has a vacant lot of ground on which she would like to plant flower seed and vegetables. She has plenty of carrot, beet and onion seeds, and she wanted to know whether Mrs. Kratzer would kindly send her some sour-krout seed to plant next Spring. She is so fond of sour-krout, and everybody in Philadelphia talks about Mrs. Kratzer's good home-raised sour-krout. Now, Mrs. Sally Ann Kratzer, please don't forget and save us some sour-krout seed. Hello! Hello! Hello! Do you hear me?"—

"Danny, Danny, do kumm amole bei, so ebbes hov ich sei lepp-dog net erlaibt. Ich konn kay kop un kay schwantz ous so en conglommeration funn ferwickkelty schwetzerei dorrich der telly-foam mocha. Ess war en weibsmensch om schwetza, sell hov ich goot haira kenna. Ovver woss hut sie hovva wella, dess konn kay porra ausfiggera. Eppes funn kase un a gebobbel funn sauer-kraut un ebbes vunn Fildelfy; sell is about oll woss ich fershtonna hob. Ich wais net woss sell weibsmensch hovva will. Un g'floocht hutt sie alle ritt amole, odder funn der hell eppes zu sauga kotta. Anyhow, Danny, kumm helf mer, un sauk mer woss ich answer soll."

"Well, well, Sally Ann, du gooksht gonz fergelshtert. Ich will dir goota directions gevva. Geh on der telly-foam un kreish nei woss du kreisha koonsht, 'All right, O. K. yesmam.' Sell satisfied sell weibsmensch."

Well, mer laivva als noch happy un contented im olta log cabin.

Dee shoebutzer bisniss is au anfongs hinnersht fettersht. Der Shquire Buchshlooker behoupt evva doss der tariff uff welshkornlaub positively bleivva hett sulla. Ovver dee Sally Ann is ols noch gott's moots. Gederrta huckelberra, seesa un sauera eppel schnitz, grusselberra wein, un konnstrauvva wein, kuttel-fleck, levver wersht, broat wersht, mush mehl, spair ribs, un baum zucker (mer henn kay sugar trust monoply do huvva in der Beint Schwamm) hutt my herzgebubbelty in der huell un dee fuell beigelaikt for winter use.

Denn ovvet shpoat hov ich dee front diehr uffgemocht un hob amole rumm un nuffzuss gegookt. Der himmel war hell un klore. Milliona funn schterna henn gezwizert un geblinnzelt. Der foll moand wor grand overhead un hutt g'scheint wee en mechtich grosser silverna balla in der himmel. Der moand hutt mer exactly gemaund als dee "Mommy fun dee schterna." Alles im busch war shtill. Inside im log cabin wars alles ruhig. O, ess war en wunnerfolly schaney nocht. Zumm old Danny is es forekumma doss de gonza welt om ready mocha is for dee heerlicha Christmas zeit. Woss noch g'failt hutt selly nacht epp der old Danny dee front diehr zugerieggelt hutt, war, doss mer dee Engel hinnich dee shterna hett haira kenna singa:

"Morgen shtern aus finstera nacht,
Der dee welt foll freuda mocht."

Ya, shure, Christmas is bol widder do. Harta zeita verschmelza wonn der Christmas kummt. Ovver denken yusht wee g'schwind dess yohr ferbei gonga is. Ich main es ware nur en paar wocha zerrick doss ich my letzt yareich breefly on der Bethlehem Bulletin g'schrivva hob. Ich muss noch en paar worta schreivva on dee feela dausend layser funn der Bulletin epp ich my breefly teetotally zooschlees. Ihr werra finna doss olta un neua bisness leit adfertisements druckka lussa in der Bulletin des yohr. Dee adfertisements sinn all kloar un ferstennich g'schrivva. Selly sinn dee rechta sort bisness leit woo mer recht goot un wolfell socha kauffa kohn. Sis gar kay doubt derfoon. Christmas kummt yuscht amole's yohrs. Der goota olt weisskeppicher Kriss-Kingle werd dee glayna bayvies, kinner, boova un mait, grossa leit, reich odder aurm, g'sund odder krank, net fergessa. Sel is nett sei gebrauch. In seim mechtich gross buch sinn oll de nauma plain un deitlich g'schrivva. Do sinn kay counterfeits derbei. Die nauma passa al for goot in dee Christmas zeitta. Un sinn au kay counterfeit adfertisements in der Bulletin.

Now ovver bin ich schlaefferich, un dann saug ich goot nacht un farawell bis 1895. A merry, happy Christmas to all, un oll mitnonner

Wuensch ich oll en Neues Yohr,
En Bretzel wie en Scheuer Thor,
En Brotwersht wie en Offe Rohr,
Un in der middle-shtub en Tisch,
Uff yedem Eck en gebroatener Fish,
Un in der mitt en Buttel Wein,
Des soll en solid Neu Yohr's
wunsch sein,
From yours,
DANNY KRATZER
Ains fumm Johnny seina boova.

N.B.—Dee old klook woss der glay Dan, Jr. g'setzt hutt uff der Boos un Bait Dog, is now fertich ausbreea. Aus dee zwelf hinkel un genza oyer sin finf hinkel beepies, finf hinkel hawna, zway genz, un aye gonzert rausgebreet worra. Es missen eryets woo zwilling sein unnich selly lot fetter fieh.

Double N. B.—Dee yunga leit heiera druff un dewetter allweil do huvva rumm im schwemmcha. Dee Sally Ann un noch aurdlich fiel onnera olta weivver sinn uff der maining doss so eppes en kalter winter bedeita dait.

N. B. and P. S.—En lang bainicher Shanghai hawna kummt olla paar wocha do huvva rumm, shtradlings uff en bicycle geridda. Seller Shanghai peddelt gemashdy oyster shells unnich dee hinkel for sie recht hertzhoftich oyer layga mocha. Anyhow dee zeit doss der Hawna regular bicycle trips up and down mocht im Schwemmcha gebbt's plenty oyer in dee shtores un uff em morrickt. Der George Anewalt in Bethlehem is der proprietor funn sellem hawna, un hutt ihn getrained for bicycle ride-e un gemashdy oyster shells ferkauffa ols agent unnich dee Beint Schwammer hinkel, genz, un enda.

Noch a mohl N. B.—Der glay Dan, Jr. hutt gegraduate n der head class in Astronomy in der High School. Uff der first of January, 1985, werd er anfonga dee shterna un plonayta zayla.

P. S. No. 1—Dee shnay genz kreisha im busch zimmlich lively den ovvet. Es konn om end en weissy Christmas gevva.

N. B. No. 2—Dee Sally Ann is eingelawda for en soap bubble party uff dee Neu Yohr zu attenda.

To be Concluded

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Editorials

Different in a Home

The peril that is presented at this season of the year by the highly inflammable Christmas tree was strikingly emphasized yesterday when the unusually large tree that decorated a window in the lobby of the P.P. & L. Building was completely destroyed in a swift and sudden fire which caused other damage that is estimated will cost $2500 to repair.

All this happened despite early discovery and the proximity of employes who speedily were able to bring fire extinguishers to play upon the blaze. And it is important to emphasize that the fire occurred in a building of fireproof construction and could be expected to be confined within a small area.

Conditions are entirely different in the average home and business place where trees are installed, decorated and lighted. Quarters are small and construction is not of the fireproof variety. There is exposure of the tree in many cases to persons who light matches for cigarettes or brush by the tree with lighted cigarette or cigar in hand. Few dwellings have fire extinguishers close at hand and ready for action.

All this should prompt the greatest care in the rooms of any and all homes and business places where trees are trimmed and lighted. If at all possible fireproofing of the tree itself is a good procedure. Or else the tree should be set in a vessel of water to keep its needles as fresh and uninflammable as possible.

A Notable Career

Retirement of Earl S. Kester as president of the Chamber of Commerce after six consecutive years in that important and influential position calls attention to the great public usefulness that lies in this civic body when an intelligent and vigorous man is at its head and knows how to exercise its inherent powers.

Mr. Kester thruout his six years used the strength and the prestige of the army of business and professional men, who make up the Chamber of Commerce, to advance the welfare of the city, economically for the most part, and in a variety of other ways. He appreciated the power of his organization for highly constructive work. He made excellent use of all its excellent but intangible assets for the community's advancement.

As the leader of Allentown's principal organization of business and professional men he gave that body direction and ambitious drive. The momentum should be sustained and even advanced by the Chamber's new president, Edgar H. Mortimer, who long has been prominent in the organization and thruout Mr. Kester's administration was one of his ablest and most hard-working lieutenants.

Aviation's Next Step

Philadelphia during last week-end dedicated a new Airport and the City's ambitious desires for it are indicated eloquently in its title International Airport.

The vast field and its buildings cost $15 million and the Mayor, Hon. Joseph S. Clark Jr., in his dedication talk boasted that the field is the most modern, the most functional, the most effective air terminal of any municipality in the United States."

However the Mayor was not blinding himself to one of the serious handicaps to air travel which hinders the new airport, just as it hinders airports of most of the great cities in the country. This handicap is the great distance that must be traversed by surface transportation methods from the central city areas to the airfields. Hours of time that are saved in air transport are thrown away in travel by expensive buses and taxicabs or in the private cars of members of one's family or friends.

Dramatizing the solution to this handicap the Mayor flew to the airfield and its ceremonies from 22nd and Parkway in a helicopter. And he sought to emphasize that Philadelphia, as the birthplace of rotary - wing aircraft, should be foremost in promoting this phase of aviation for the speedy carriage of passengers and mail from broad rooftops in the central city district to the airfield.

New York, Los Angeles and Chicago already are using helicopters for mail and a few passengers. But development of commercial planes for the carriage of large number of persons has been slow altho the Army seems to have shown the practicality of big ships of this type in Korean war operations.

If and when trips can be made from big cities to their distant airfields with the speed of a helicopter or other rotary-wing type of plane, watch air business boom beyond anything now known.

Pre-Fab Cement Bridge

The local cement industry, and highway organizations as well, will be greatly interested in the use of pre - fabricated bridges of cement for the replacement of aging wooden bridges as is being done by engineers of the Arkansas Highway Department.

As is well known, it takes many months to build cement bridges. But the new kind comes in standard pieces, ready for quick assembly on the spot, according to the American Public Works Association. About ten of the prefabs have been put in service so far. Tests have been run for nearly two years to find out if the precast bridges would hold up under the weight of big trucks. All indications at this point are that the prefabricated structures will do the job.

On a conventional bridge, where wet cement is poured into molds at the site of construction, costs average from $200 to $250 a linear foot, engineers told the association. The precast bridges can be set up for as little as $140 a linear foot. All that is required before erection is the foundation or piers on which cement slabs rest. The precast bridge is mostly made up of slabs of cement that are about 19 feet long and three-and-a-half feet wide. These are fitted together to form a roadway.

One of the advantages seen in the precast bridge is that it is ready for travel the minute it is installed. With conventional bridges, cement must be allowed to stand 28 days while the cement hardens.

A further advantage cited is that use of prefabricated bridges means there is no need to spend money at each construction site for forms into which cement must be poured.

Then, too, the engineers noted that the motorist has less inconvenience with precast bridges because they can be constructed so rapidly, reducing the need for detours. Workers can be erecting one side of a bridge, while travel moves on the other.

The parts of the bridges are flexible enough so that they may be used for a bridge 20 feet long or a mile long, a bridge ten feet wide or 40 feet wide. The highway department has found that seven spans or 133 feet of bridge can be put down in a day.

Could He Face Mother?

Surely, as much as anyone, Mrs. Portia Howe deserves the distinction of "mother of the year," or some similar honor.

Few mothers have been confronted with such a severe test of their courage and good sense.

Mrs. Howe's 20-year-old son, Pvt. Richard Tenneson, is one of the 22 Americans who have sent word from their Korean prison camp that they do not wish to come home.

Pvt. Tenneson, individually, sent a leter to his mother saying it would be "impossible" for him to live in the United States. His letter was a reply to a message she sent personally after she went to Tokyo in the hope of getting to see him.

Army officials claim some kind of "regulations" prohibit her from going to the Panmunjom camp, where the 22 are in the custody of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission. Perhaps there are good reasons for this—but they are not evident up to now.

It may be that Pvt. Tenneson, face to face with his mother, actually could spurn her pleas that he regain his senses and come on home.

But the letter she received from him didn't sound like a Minnesota farm boy whose mother, at great sacrifice, had come 7000 miles to get her son out of a bad jam. It may have been written by his hand, but it was the voice of his Communist captors, through and through.

Her son may think, for the moment, he understands. But he also should understand the remarkable fact that he and his 21 associates, out of more than 3700 Americans who were prisoners, are the only ones who cracked under Communist intimidation.

Perhaps this boy could face his mother and still harbor the poison which has afflicted him. But it is tragic, for her sake, if not for his, that the opportunity is denied her.

"My son's life is at stake," she said.

As indeed it is.

N. Y. World-Telegram

Epitaph

The Soviets have a habit of condemning themselves and their system out of their own mouths. The latest such instance is the announcement of the charges against Mr. Beria, who, it appears, did not after all escape but is awaiting trial.

"Having in March, 1953, become U.S.S.R. Minister of Internal Affairs," the announcement says, "Beria began more intensively to push into a number of leading posts in the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Internal Affairs members of the plotters group." The words convey, more nakedly than could those of any Kremlin foe, a sense of the jungle struggle for power between Malenkov and Beria that followed the death of Stalin in March, 1953.

And again, according to the charges, "in order to subvert the collective farm system and to create food difficulties in our country, Beria, by all manner of means, sabotaged and interfered with the implementation of most important measures of the party and government." Agricultural conditions in the Soviet Union are indeed deplorable, as Communist Party Boss Khruschev recently admitted; what could be more logical than for Malenkov to blame that, too, on his defeated adversary?

All this should occasion neither surprise nor pity for the victim. It is weird, but peculiarly fitting, that one who sent so many political enemies to death and imprisonment should in turn face the executioner's bullet. — Wall Street Journal.

Night Before Christmas



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

For many weeks now the American people have known that Carl Austin Hall and Mrs. Bonnie Brown Heady were condemned to die for kidnaping and killing Bobby Greenlease.

Yet, strangely enough, not a plea has come from any ministers of the Gospel or from committees of citizens or from organizations anywhere in the world pleading for clemency and arguing that capital punishment is wrong.

Not so long ago the Rosenbergs, convicted of being Communist spies, were condemned to die, and there were all sorts of petitions filed at the White House and the Department of Justice deploring capital punishment and urging a commutation of sentence.

In London and Paris and Rome, as well as in New York City, the Communist newspapers day after day kept up a constant agitation, and many a well-meaning person who had not the slightest connection with communism was duped into pleading for clemency on the ground that capital punishment was too severe.

There were no such committees in evidence to save the slayers of Bobby Greenlease and no public demonstrations or picketing of the White House. Even the Supreme Court wasn't importuned to do something about it. All this seems to happen only when persons accused of aiding Soviet Russia with information on atomic secrets are caught and condemned to death. Thus the hollowness of the claim is demonstrated.

Difference in Killings

For the slayers of the Kansas City boy committed a crime that, while heinous and deplorable, meant the loss of one life, while the Rosenbergs were plotting to aid Soviet Russia to develop atomic weapons to help kill tens of thousands of Americans.

The Daily Worker in New York was the Communist spearhead of the movement to save the Rosenbergs, but, so far as an examination of the last 40 issues reveals, that newspaper hasn't taken the slightest interest in this conspicuous case of capital punishment in a Missouri gas chamber. It merely accentuates the nature of the things in which the Daily Worker is interested—efforts to undermine morale in America and to produce friction in our midst.

The Daily Worker, for instance, which was one of the first publications to use the term "McCarthyism," has kept on using that word day in and day out for several years. The agents of the Communist party who read the Daily Worker have been spreading that word wherever they could, and now many well-meaning persons use it in the belief that they are describing something different from the methods of many a congressional committee in the last 50 years. Actually, Sen. McCarthy's right to speak on the floor of the Senate and to make charges against evils as he sees them is something that many a senator in the past has undertaken to do, without, however, encountering the kind of personal vilification directed at the Wisconsin senator.

Commie Press Busy

Now the Communist press has started a new crusade—"Brownellism." It is being taken up by "Left Wingers" and pro-Truman speakers and others who have not examined the facts in the Harry Dexter White case or Mr. Brownell's testimony but who think it is more important to castigate the man who makes charges than to be concerned about the charges themselves. Nobody who has ever attacked the Communists in America — beginning with Martin Dies, the first chairman of the House Committee on un-American Activities nearly 20 years ago — has been able to escape the tirades of personal abuse that have come from the "Left Wingers" and from those who consider any attack on Communists in America as a "political" maneuver. Unfortunately, instead of uniting in condemning the Communists and focusing attention on how they fooled President Truman and some of the members of his administration who brushed off as a "red herring" congressional efforts to expose the Communists, there is a tendency to minimize the whole pattern of Communist espionage. This only stimulates the anti-Communist elements in this country to redouble their crusade. The issue, of course, can be taken out of partisan politics., as President Eisenhower advocates, but this will never happen if the Democrats — and officials of the CIO, too — insist on their "McCarthyism" issue and start talking, as they are now doing, about "Brownellism."

(Copyright, 1953)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 19, 1928, a Wednesday

Last evening 190 boarding students and faculty members with their families enjoyed the annual Christmas banquet at Cedar Crest College. After the banquet, the Chimes Dramatic club presented the beautiful Nativity drama, "The Price of Peace," coached by Miss Eloise Manthorne, head of the college drama department.

A card party sponsored by Mrs. Gus Kalb for the Keneseth Israel Sisterhood will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Hotel Traylor.

Little Miss Marie Maneri, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Maneri, 125 N. 12th St., last night had the distinction of being hostess to a number of little friends on her first birthday anniversary.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A reporter for Horace Greeley's New York Tribune visited Virginia City, Nev., in 1875, to write about the Comstock Lode — the greatest silver bonanza in history. Describing the night life of the then wide-open boom town, he concluded: "In Nevada the inhabitants seem to keep the Sabbath just about the way we folks in New York celebrate the Four of July."

Horoscope

Don't be arbitrary, but meet everyone more than half way, and your next year should be successful. Today's child may be financially fortunate.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IS OLS NOCH OM SHPRINGA: So weit os sie wissa, is selar haws hinnich 'm hoarschnidder Clarence Knerr seinra wol facktory in Long Swamp der hivel drowwa, ols noch om shpringa. Ferleicht mawgs sei os n'r aw net wissa wos m'r shwetza dafon. Wel aenicha waig, der yung Earl Walbert wor drous yawga wie so'n halbwaigsich hais'l fer 'm uf g'shprunga is. Der Earl nadierlich hut g'shossa danoh, ae mohl hiwwa om hais'l onna, un noh widder driwwa. Dreffa hut ers o'r net kenna, un endlich wos huts hais'l gaduh, os wie sich rum gadray'd, un is grawd uf gaeich der Earl tzu g'shprunga, wie wons ihn shpranga wot.

Der Earl hut noh die flint weck g'shmissa un gabroviert fers hais'l fonga, ow'r huts aw net sella waig griega kenna. 'S hais'd, 's hais'l wear 'm Earl g'shwishich da bae darrich g'shprunga nous gaeich 'm Bill Grecely seinra hamet tzu, un woh on da tzeit der nei porcha floor om floata wor, os er yusht galaig'd hut kot. Der Bill hut die flint nava wedder 'm hous shtae kot, un der Earl hut gagrisha, "Doh kumt 'n haws, shees 'n."

Der Bill hut die flint gagrabb'd, un gawort bis der haws nagshd ganunk wor fer sheesa. Noh hut er mohl al lawf gagnabb'd, un noh der onner, ow'r die flint is net ob gonga. Wie 'n yaders sot os sei flint sella waig weck shtell'd, hut der Bill net galawda kot, un niemond hut noch ken haws g'shussa mit ra lara flint.

Der Earl hut noh gawatch'd woh der haws in die hecka g'shlupt is hinnich 'm Clarence Knerr seinra hamet drowwa, un hut ous gamocht won er 'n net dreffa kent mit da flint, kent er 'n ferleicht lavendich fonga. Un sel is aw grawd wos er gaduh hut — hut der haws g'fonga, un woh net fiela graiser wor os wie 'n aichhaws. Der glae drup hut 'n Earl so badirelich tzu da auga net gaguck'd, os er 'n net dote shloga het kenna won er gawolt het, un hut ous gamocht fer 'n widder shpringa lossa.

Die barichda sin, der gravel wear siva foos in die hae g'floga wie der haws om barrick nous wear gaeich Mertztown tzu, un sot bei darra tzeit halb waigs in Kalifornia sei won er net shtoppa hut shpringa. Der Earl kon alla weil noch net driwwer kumma os er 'n net dreffa hut kenna im airshda blotz, un der Bill shitt'ld der kup alla mohl os er draw denk'd os er 'n haws shwesa hut wolla mit ra lara flint.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Earl un der Bill die socha aw net hous hoowa — wolla net howwa os der Clarence ous fin'd wos om aw gae wor hinnich seim hous drowwa, die weil os er der Clair Price om shairra wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons wear os m'r allas sawga dada os m'r wissa — un wie dale leit shun gamaint hen os m'r dada, kenta m'r 'n aryer uf ruhr mocha won m'r fertzaila wotta wos 'n gawissner mon g'funna hut fershteck'ld hinnich 'm sharnshtae uf 'm garret.

Die fraw hut ihr'm mon 'n arrick shae Grishdkind'l kauft — wos darfa m'r aw net sawga, un er hut 's gons hous ous g'shnuppert bis ers da onner dawg g'funna hut hinnich 'm sharnshate.

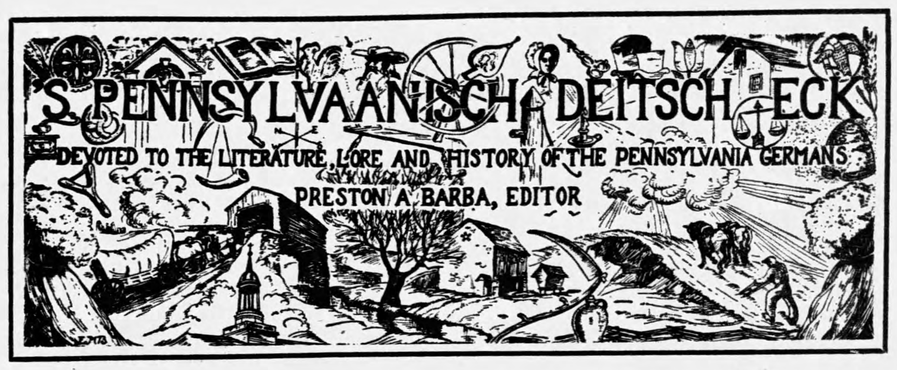
Ol woh socha on sella bletz vershteck'ld hen, besser gucka mohl — der gawissa mon druvel'd sich now — is net gons shure os er die bondshlip so shae tzu gabunna hut os wie sie worra im airshda awfong.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 11:23-26

The name, Barnabas, is said in 4:36 to mean 'son of consolation' (Bar is the word for 'son' in the Aramaic dialect), but a better translation would be, 'son of exhortation,' that is, one who was ready to exhort those early Christians to maintain their faith. That is what v. 23 says Barnabas did when he came to Antioch and saw the large number of converts, for we read that he 'exhorted' them all, that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord. He was a good man, says v. 24, and full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, the result of his work there being that 'many people were added unto the Lord,' which is so much more important than merely to join a church, which unfortunately seems to be the meaning of 'evangelism' today in many of our churches. Barnabas was led to seek helpers for the growing work in Antioch, and therefore left that city to go to Tarsus in search of Saul. He found him, and brought him back to Antioch, where they stayed for a whole year instructing the Christians in the fundamentals of the Christian faith. Interesting is the historical statement that Christians were first so called in Antioch.



EDWARD MONTGOMERY EBERMAN
or
DANNY KRATZER

Popular Pennsylvania German Columnist

By Heinz Kloss

Conclusion

Danny rings in the twentieth century

In the ECK of last Saturday Dr. Kloss presented a sketch about Edward Montgomery Eberman, better known as Danny Kratzer, who for more than three decades entertained the readers of the Bethlehem Daily Times and of its annual Bulletin with his humorous dialect letters from Beint Schwamm. Dr. Kloss has included in his article Danny's letter in which he reflects upon the passing of the old century and the entrance into the twentieth. This popular letter was reprinted in the Bethlehem Globe Times in 1926. Danny's original orthography has been retained.—ED.

Let us listen to Danny ringing in the twentieth century:

Beint Schwamm, Dec. 1, 1899.

Hello! Hello! Sally geh amole onn der telly-foam. Woss hutt's now widder gevva. "Danny, do kumm harra, so en gebombell unn en dorrich-en-nonner funn worta unn en geroppel funn hochbainnicha kumplimenta konn kay koo, fiel wennicher en mensch fershtaya."

"Hello! Hello! Is sell dich, Mr. Kratzer?"

"Well, wer bisht du? Wee waisht doss ich der Kratzer binn? O, ho! dess is der Jim Geldmocher, President funn der Welshkorn Laab Trust, funn Fildelfy. Der alt Danny Kratzer, der shoebutzermacher funn der Beint Schwamm, is orrich goot bekonnt do hunna in der Stadt. Em old Danny sei credit is A No. 1 in der Sand Bank, unn dee Board of Directors funn seller Institution henn dich hoch un brait gerecommended. Mer hen dich unanimously elect, ohna geblack-balled, ols en member funn der Welshkorn Laab Trust. Daitsht du uns joina? Now, Danny, geh nett zerrick uff de Trust Company. There's millions in it!" hutt' seller g'saat.

"Now, Jim Geldmocher, hold on bis ich unn dee Sally Ann enn bissel schwetza kenna ivver selly propositions. Hello! Jim. 'No Trust,' sell is der verdict, unn sell settled dee Welshkorn Laab Trust bisness. Es gebbt fiel narra in der Welt ovver sinn kenny so ort leut zu finna in der Beint Schwamm. Now, Sally Ann, schlees dee telly-foam box zoo. Der glay Dan, Jr., sull uns moosic uff der maulorgel schpeela. Der glay Dan, Jr., hutt onfonga schpeela. Dee Sally Ann unn ich henn uns fore em alt feuer heerd in dee shukkel shtiel g'huckkt unn looshtick henn mer g'soonga ains fumm Fischer seina lieblicha lieder:

Unn wonn ich kennt en Koenich sei,
Gebb ich mei Haus net heer,
In dem ich wie en Koenig bin—
Mei aigner Knecht unn Herr;
Woss gevv ich um en Haufe Geld?
Mir wokst mei Gold dort uff meim Feld.

Ferkneecht zu sei, dess is mei Sach!
Woss bott mich onner Dings?
Dee Fruechte dee ich selwer moch,
Dee wacksa mir so rings;
En schtueckly Brod unn Flaisch unn Wei,
Woss kennt em donna noch leever sei?

Der glay Dan, Jr., hutt now dee melodee zoo shay g'shpeelt, der alt Danny hutt deef bass g'soonga, un dee Sally Ann hutt hoch in der supperanno g'soonga. Endlich ovver hutt dee alt katz dee fits g'rikkt, unn bletzlich war dee singshtund om end shoonsht ware der "Wasser" weetich worra. Mer sinn derno rimgs rum in's by-by, unn sanft unn rooich g'schloafa selly nacht, zu wissa un zu denka doss der Jim Geldmocher, funn Fildelfy, kay chance grikkt hutt fer unser Welshkorn Laab weck zu grobbsha unn der alt Danny in der Trust nei sheeva. No sir-ee. No Trust bisness in der Beint Schwamm so lang doss der alt Dann shoebutzer flechta konn unn dee Sally Ann leinerna naitz shpinna konn.

Well, now wella mer eppes shunsht schreivva, so doss mei breefy net aseitich is. Dee lievva layser funn der Bulletin werra wohl draun denka doss dess yohr hunnert bol om end is. Bol amole werra mer schreivva 1900. Ei! Ei! wonn mer draun denkt woss es gevva hutt in dee letzhta hunnert yohr. Mer maint es kennt net migglich sei.

Now wella mer en blick zerrick doona funn der zeit on doss der General Washington g'shtorva is—sell is yusht about en hunnert yohr, grad sivvazay dag epp dee kercha bella ivver dee gonz welt laut unn klore geklankt henn, dee menschheit wissa zu lossa doss des neu yohr hunnert, 1800, als en Kindlein gebore is.

Sella mols warren yusht dreizay shtates in der United States, now hutt's bei naixsht en halb hunnert. Dee map funn der United States hutt sich orrick ferennert in dee letzhta hunnert yohr, ganz abbartich im letzhta yohr. Der map mocher muss now Hawaii, Cuba, Porta Rico, unn dee Fillipines uff der United States map droocka. In 1812 hutt der Uncle Sam der Brittish Loewe zum zwetta mohl gonz dichtich gelettert, unn de zeit is roo mit England. Now sin Uncle Sam unn England dee beshta freunda zu finna in der ganz welt. Ya, sie sitza so froelich beisomma, unn henn ennonner so lieb. Der Unkel Oom Paul Kruger hutt ovver England uff em strich ollaweil unn 1900 werd beweissa woss draus wert zwischich dee zway fechthawna.

Der Napoleon Bonaparte, General Lafayette, Prince Albert, Kaiser Wilhelm, "Unser Fritz," Von Molkte, Bismarck, unn fiel onnera funn dee hocha leut in Europe sinn g'shtorvva unn dee Queen Victoria funn England unn India lebt ols noch. In der United States is fiel g'happened. Coala, gold, steamboats, steam cars, me-mash-eena unn der gook-ook wais net alles woss erfunna is worra. Der Bench Franklin hutt en kite in der lufft g'shprengt, unn mit en schlissel hut er der blitz fumm Himmel zu der Erda gebrucht. Ainer Morse hutt seller blitz gezaamt unn gebennicht; ainer Edison hutt shpaiter nous seller blitz schwetza un singa mocha, unn now is dee ganz welt umringt mit telegraph poles unn telly-foam poles. Ivver der ocean ivverallich is der cable beshponnt unn menscha in alla welt dail kenna bobbella mit ennonner. Outside funn dee weibsleut in yeder hausholting sinn schwetz masheena zu finna, funnygraphs, graphophones, gramophones, unn so der gleicha. Shpinn retter unn wesh zivver sinn uff a seit gelaikt unn heutich's dog's huckka dee weibsleut onn der parlor organ unn shpeela moosic deeweil doss dee wesh by steam in der laundry gewesha unn gebiggelt wert.

Sis now zum ershtauna wonn mer so drivver denkt. In dee letzhta yohra is erfunna worra doss mer blitz kocha konn. Unn now konn mer mit dee blitz cars faahra funn Bethlehem noach Easton, Nazareth, un Hellertown. Unn epp lang haist's kennt mer nunner bis Fildelfy unn Neu Yorrick faahra uff dee drolly cars.

Es maag sei wee's will, der alt fashioned walk for levver-warsht, broat-warsht, pon-haas, sauer-krout, kuttelfleck, noodella, ponna - koocha, shtrumpbendel, fastnacht-koocha, schwenckfelder, unn so dergleicha ess socha zu mocha, is als noch am beshta. Nix in der welt konn erfunna werra doss selly Kocherei unn Bockerei woss dee Grossmomy unserains gelernt hutt, improvea konn, odder gonz by seit gelaikt muss werra according zu woss mer laist in dee neu fashion regulations for bockka un kocha. Dausenda funn socha henn sich ferennert in dee letzhta hunnert yohr. Ovver die Sunn sheint by dog und der Mond scheint in der nacht same now ols wee fer dausend yohra zerrick. Dee shteerna im himmel blinzella, funkella, unn zwizzera so praechtich shay unn hell doss wee sie henn sitter doss dee welt erschaffa is. Dog unn nacht kumma unn gayna, unn dee Welt gait rumm unn rumm ols wee for alters. Dee omshella, bobbagoy, whipperwill, katzafeggel, blo-feggel, unn botreesel singa, goxa unn peiffa grad exactly wee sie henn onn der zeit doss der Columbus Amerika erfunna hutt. Dee hahna kraya ols noch gicker-ee-gee noach der alt bekonnta melodee; dee hinkel henn des goxa net fergessa wonn sie oyer layga unn dee hunda knorra wonn sie gezert werra wonn sie knucha im maul henn zum fressa. Ovver dee fashing in bonnets dutt sich olla zway wocha ferennera unn sell is en subject woss druvvel unn werwaissa unnich dee weibsleut mocha. Woss der alt modisha schlopp-bonnet onbelongt, sell hutt sich noch net ferennert unn dutt net ferennera so long doss der eckshtainicher gingham gemanufactured werd. Dee Porra preddicha immer noch aus der same Beevel woss der Solomon, der Hiob unn dee Apposhtel henn helfa schreivva, unn zomma setza. Dee Pingsht blumma, dee shayna rosea, nelka, Johnny-jump-ups, sunna-blumma, unn dee eppel baim, kerschabaim, quita-baim, unn huller-berra bisch, bleea regular wonn der Frueyohr do is, ovver niemond bis do harra hutt sich beweesa doss dee Sally Ann beeta konn fer follstennicha sauer-krout sowma, unn sauer-krout plonza zu wochsa in der gaarda hinnich meim alt bluckk heisel im Schwemmcha, odder mein't waicha for shtrimp shtrikka odder shtuppa odder woffella bockka.

Ovver horrich! dee Schnee Genz kreissha! Der Schnee-monn kummt! Mochen euch ready for dee shany Christmas Zeit. Der goot alt Kriss Kingle doot sich ready mocha for eishponna in der shlidda doss voll gelawda is mit Christmas presents for klayna unn grossa kinner unn for yunga unn olta leut. Der same old Kriss Kingle, doss dee Welt foll freude gemocht hutt in dee letzhta 1899 yohra dutt sich net ferennera. Der goot alt monn werd uns net fergessa odder ivver-hoopsa dess yohr. Good-bye, 1899! Kumm rei, 1900, unn wilcome! Well, dee Sally, der glay Dan, Jr., unn der alt Danny, schicken euch oll, yederes en herzlicher gruss, en kuss, en Happy Christmas unn enn glickliches, un ferkneechtes Neues Yohr 1900, woss der anfong werd sei fumm neua hunnert yohr's zeit.

N.B.—Noch amole en gruss aus dem alt bluckk-heisel im Beint Schwamm. Fumm

DANNY KRATZER,
Ains fumm Johnny seina boova.

In my article on another Pennsylvania German columnist, Tilghman Laufer (see ECK for Nov. 24, 1951) I distinguished between columnists whose chief purpose is to entertain and those whose purpose it is to inform and to comment. Edward Montgomery Eberman certainly belongs to the "entertainers." Among these Danny Kratzer holds a secure place. His work is not marked by great variability, neither in style nor subject matter, and is hardly deserving of further investigation and analysis. His personality possesses no outstanding traits such as high degrees of sophistication or of imagination, that might attract biographers. But the quality of his writing would probably warrant the compilation and publication of a sheaf of his best dialect letters, which are today as refreshing as they were when they first began to appear some 70 years ago. The compiler of such a collection of Danny Kratzer's letters should look up also the files of the once widely read German paper **Der Friedensbothe,** Allentown, Pa., to which, according to Robacker (see his Pennsylvania German Literature, p. 97) Eberman contributed under the pen-name of "Dintenfass."

WAS MEENT 'S?

Sie schtehne rum un pischpere,
Un welle's gaar net sei;
Sie laafe rum mit Pecklin
Un verschteckle sie owwedrel.

Sie schaffe darrich halwe Nechte
Un reese der lieblang Daag;
's iss ebbes abbaddich's "agoing,"
Mer sehnt's mit me halwe Aag.

Die Schtrooss iss gfillt mit Mensche,
Un all die Schtore sin voll;
Der Santa Claus hockt in de Fenschder
Un schpielt en grossi Roll.

'S iss alles schee mit Lichder
Un Grens uff aller Seit;
Es glitzert mit Gold un Silwer,
Un gut-gedresste Leit.

Verleicht kannscht du mer saagge—
Denn ich bin net im Schtand—
Die Meening vun all dem Uffruhr.
Un show uff yeder Hand.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Weather Reports Pay

Because there always is the keenest interest in the weather that can be expected from hour to hour and day to day it is desirable that any and all agencies which make such advance information possible should be encouraged. So it is good to hear that the United States will continue its cooperation with 14 countries in maintaining a fleet of weather ships in the North Atlantic.

It is not for reasons of curiosity that one of the first things which many persons read in the newspapers is the prediction of weather for the forthcoming 24 hours and beyond. The frequent news broadcasts from radio stations likewise are followed by many persons.

The real reasons for this interest lie in the desire to achieve personal comfort or for any one of many business matters.

Those who are careful of their health and solicitious for their comfort wish to move about properly clad. So it becomes desirable to know whether there will be snow, or rain, whether it will become hot or cold.

In the field of business foreknowledge of weather can effect savings for our people far in excess of all the costs that weather reporting upon a national and international scale entail.

For the stores, rain prompts convenient offering of umbrellas and overshoes to their customers and consequently a greater number of sales than would have been made had the items remained in their customary departments. Every motor car owner in the early autumn desires advance information about cold weather, snow and sleet and determines his travel plans accordingly. He is also concerned about the general winterizing of his car in advance of weather that can ruin the car if not so prepared.

In our day it becomes especially important for every airport in the United States and in foreign countries to have accurate weather predictions. This is especially true for plans for trans-oceanic flights.

Only a few weeks ago when we had sudden and unannounced snowfall there was a lot of jibing about the weather reporting services. It can be imagined that the weather sharks felt very bad about one of the most serious lapses they ever experienced.

But the experience did not discredit the Weather Bureau. It indicated that Nature can play tricks upon the scientists just as well as upon the laity. For the one time that the prognosticators went wrong thousands of instances could have been noted where they went right and did not receive praise in a measure corresponding with the blame that was heaped upon them when they went wrong.

It is good that an ample force of ships and men is to be continued at strategic points in the North Atlantic to keep commercial flying safe in that area. It is good also because weather in the North Atlantic becomes the basis of predictions concerning the weather all along our eastern coastline and the area far inland.

The United States had been thinking of reducing the number of weather ships and other expenses. But what is needed is not less weather reporting, but even more reporting. Advance knowledge of weather is worth far more to the American people than it can cost in ships, stations and men.

We Can Only Guess

It is pleasant for Allentonians to hear that the Pennsylvania Association of Insurance Agents, after reviewing reports on all the programs conducted during recent Fire Prevention Week in this State, that the Allentown program should have first place in the state-wide Fire Safety contest. The report, together with the documentary evidence of the activities conducted during that week, now has been sent to Boston for entry in the national contest. We shall hope that it will fare as well in Boston as it did in Philadelphia where the state contest was decided.

No one, of course, can know how many lives and how much property may have been saved by the educational campaign which has been consistently waged in this city by our united safety forces. But it is pretty safe to assume that low figures on fire losses in this city this year can be attributed in considerable measure to the safety education program.

It all is guesswork just as it will be guesswork if this community passes thru the holiday season without a serious Christmas tree fire and we attribute the escape to a wide educational program. This included the distribution of thousands of leaflets to virtually all school children, cautioning the little ones about the dangers connected with Christmas trees and decorations.

There must be good effects from all these efforts for people do listen and learn and put into effect many of the things which they have learned. But there can be no positive appraisal of results which might have occurred but did not. We merely can speculate and be happy that results apparently were good.

Wide Effect of B-E Day

If a stone be tossed into a pond the ripples which it causes are likely to move in widening circles until the shores of the pond itself are reached and still them.

Ideas in similar manner spread widely as a recent local experience indicates. This is the Business - Education Day idea which has received high and satisfactory development in this city and surrounding communites in recent years. Under the idea our educators visit factories and varied business establishments, learn how they are run and learn how the people in them think and apply the knowledge and training which the schools can provide.

As a result of the 1952 Business-Education Day a manual was published by the Chamber of Commerce. It has been surprising to that body that so many requests for copies were made and continue to be made.

What surprised most of all was request for copies of the manual from Mexico City. What is even more pleasing is that Mexico City conducted a similar program in recent weeks and thus had the first program of its kind ever to be conducted outside the United States, as far as is known.

Undoubtedly the idea had aided the development of the city's good reputation far afield. It is to be noted also that the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has given official notice to Business-Education Day with high commendation.

Sleeper Planes Out

It is not so long ago that commercial aviation made quite a bit of favorable advertising and business for itself thru the offer of "sleeper planes" on long distance flights such as coast-to-coast trips.

That was less than a decade ago. Now flight has become so rapid that it is becoming impractical for travellers to go to bed and be awakened in a few hours with the announcement that New York or Los Angeles has been reached and told that it is time to get up.

American Airlines announced such sleeper planes when the transcontinental flight took upwards of 12 hours. Now it has put planes of 365 mph speed into service, has cut flying time to eight hours and accordingly has discontinued the sleeper service. There is the feeling that the need for such service no longer exists.

Just fifty years ago two men were elated when the first plane stayed aloft and travelled at a rate of about seven miles an hour, albeit it was able to fly for only a minute. Today jet planes can travel the Atlantic at a speed keeping up with the sun. They can cross continental United States in about four hours while even commercial planes are making more than 330 mph to cut the time from coast to coast to eight hours.

There is no longer time for sleep aloft. Furthermore the horizontal passenger on a plane covers twice the space required for one who is riding in vertical position. The sleepers are beginning to pass out of the aviation picture even tho they have been in operation less than a decade. That is the speed with which aviation is progressing in the United States.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 12:18-25

The Roman law was very strict as it applied to a jail warden who, for any reason, allowed a prisoner to escape from jail. (This will explain Acts 16:27). In this case, when the soldiers who were guarding Peter found that he had escaped during the night, they were much alarmed. When Herod that morning asked that Peter be summoned before him, he learned of his escape and at once ordered his keepers to be put to death. But Herod himself was also brought to a humiliating end, for when he was receiving what seemed to be divine honor, the angel of the Lord smote him (the same Greek verb translated 'smote' in v. 7), whereupon he was eaten of worms and died, because 'he gave not God the glory,' and was seeking to destroy the Church of God. So, instead of being stamped out by Satan and his agents, the Word of God grew and multiplied. Barnabas and Saul, who had been sent to bring relief to the Church at Jerusalem, now returned to Antioch, bringing with them John Mark. It is at this point that the story of foreign missions really begins (13:1).

Horoscope

Provided erratic actions in business and personal matters are avoided, the next year should bring you good fortune. Today's child may be endowed with many good characteristics.

Try and Stop Me

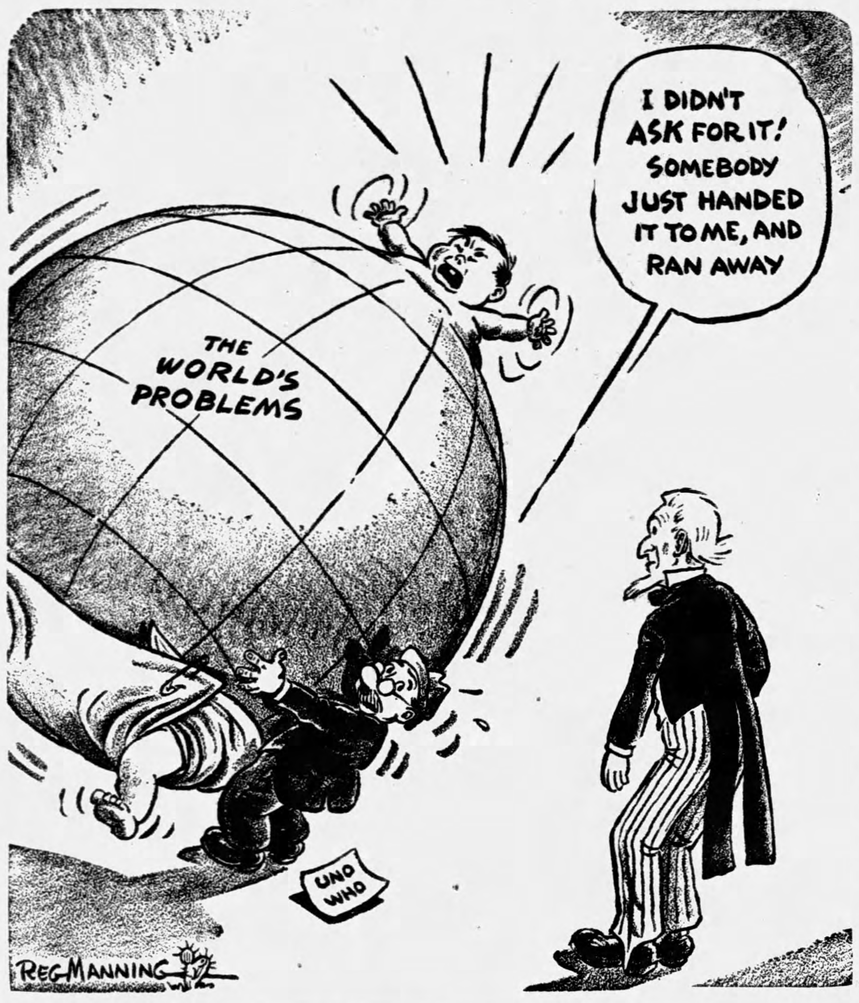
By BENNETT CERF

Staff members of a mental institution had never seen a new patient more contented with his lot. He sang, laughed, bubbled with joy. On his chart, it said that he had no relatives. He himself, swore that he had a twin brother. "He was a rascal, too," he explained. "Always up to some mischief. And I, his identical twin, usually got the blame. He'd get pinched for speeding, I'd get nicked for the fine. Things like that." But here the patient's face broke out into a diabolical grin, "I finally got even just before you fellows picked me up. I died. And—ho-ho, ho—they buried my twin brother!"

25 Years Ago

Fire Chief Edgar W. Wolf was given a pleasant surprise on Christmas morning when he was escorted to Allen Fire company engine house and was presented with a handsome gold badge.

Could I Exchange This "Gift"?



Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

A crucial passage in the Soviet reply to the President's atomic energy proposals rather looks as if it had been inserted in a revision of the original draft. In any event, what the Soviet statement says in it for the first time indicates very strongly that there has been a substantial modification of the Soviet position during the past month, and probably since the President's speech.

On the banning of atomic weapons the Soviet position is now markedly different from what it was as late as Nov. 30 when the political committee of the General Assembly rejected the Soviet resolution. It is in fact markedly different from what M. Vishinsky said it was the day after the President's speech at the U.N.

Until this latest statement, the Soviet government was demanding "the unconditional banning" of the manufacture, possession, and use of atomic weapons. It had been insisting that the only acceptable approach to any international agreement on atomic weapons is absolute prohibition. Now for the first time, the Soviet Union has suggested that, at least as an interim "step" toward the ultimate aim of a complete ban, it would consider a conditional prohibition limited to the use of atomic weapons. In this latest statement there is a recognition that these weapons may be legitimate if they are used only to deter, and retaliate against the use of atomic weapons.

Outlawing Kinds of War

The opening argument in the statement is that atomic warfare can be and should be outlawed as was chemical and bacteriological warfare in the Geneva Protocol of 1925: "The fact that in the second World War not a single government decided to use chemical and bacteriological weapons shows that the aforementioned agreement of the governments aimed against chemical bacteriological weapons was of positive importance."

Then come the paragraphs which are so new and so interesting: "At the same time, one must not fail also to mention the effect that it was on the basis of this agreement that the countries belonging to the anti-Hitler coalition stated firmly that the attempts of the enemy to use chemical warfare would meet a devasting rebuff." This is an admission, for the first time in the long argument of the Soviet Union, that the decision not to use the dread weapons in the world war was not due only to the verbal agreement at Geneva. They now recognize that neither side dare to use these weapons because both sides have them, and that the Allies were able to compel Hitler, who surely had no humane or honorable scruples, to observe the prohibition because he knew that they were able to inflict "a devastating rebuff."

This paragraph is followed by the significant statement that "the above-quoted considerations also apply fully to the atomic and hydrogen weapons." The new Soviet position, then, is that an agreement to ban atomic weapons can have a sanction for the observance of the agreement. The sanction can be the possession of atomic weapons capable of delivering "a devastating rebuff" to the violators of the ban.

It is true that the Soviet Union has not abandoned its insistence that absolute prohibition of both the manufacture and use of atomic weapons is ultimately necessary. In fact, the statement strongly criticizes President Eisenhower's proposals for omitting this question and alleges that an international agreement along the lines of his proposals would directly sanction the production of atomic weapons, thus presenting a "new obstacle" to the achievement of an absolute ban. But the Soviet statement goes on to imply that, although complete prohibition remains a long range basic objective, there might be an acceptable interim approach. The statement concludes with a specific proposal for a pledge limited to the "use" of atomic weapons as a "step on the road to the complete withdrawal. . .of all. . .weapons of mass extermination." This would appear to mean an important change in the Soviet position.

Clarifies Question

The importance of this change in the Soviet position is not that it opens up a near prospect of agreement. It is that it enables us to clarify—as was never possible before—the question of outlawing these weapons.

If the USSR now stands on the ground taken in this statement, then the ban on atomic weapons need no longer be "unconditional." Atomic weapons may be made and they may be used to inflict "a devastating rebuff."

The American position is in principle the same: That the weapons may be made and may be used as we say "to deter" and "to retaliate," as the Russians say, to inflict "a devastating rebuff."

The difference between us now is that the USSR wishes to prohibit atomic warfare, whereas we wish to prohibit aggressive warfare, regardless of the weapons. The Soviet government wishes to confine the legitimate use of atomic weapons to a sanction against the use of atomic weapons; we, on the other hand, consider it legitimate to use these weapons to deter, and to retaliate against, aggression with conventional weapons.

Big Difference

The difference between us remains very big. But it is one which can be discussed. It is one which it would be useful and enlightening to debate. For once the Soviet government recognizes that under certain conditions atomic weapons may be legitimately made, owned and used, the question for discussion and negotiation is what those conditions should be. A month ago the Soviet government was arguing that there were no legitimate conditions: Atomic weapons must not be made, must not be owned, and must never be used. Now the Soviet government, which does in fact make and own atomic weapons, is arguing that they may be used, but only if the enemy uses them first.

To this we can reply that they are legitimate if used for a legitimate purpose—namely against military aggression. For us, therefore, the questions to be discussed are how to define more clearly, and what measures we can take in order to make less likely, a military aggression.

In order to avoid misunderstanding it should be said that all of this has nothing to do with the President's proposals — which were limited to the non-military aspects of nuclear energy. The Soviets agree to his suggestion that his proposals be discussed privately. But they have also opened up a public discussion of the military use of nuclear energy. And in view of their new position, there is no reason why we should not join in the debate with every hope of making our own purposes clearer to all the world.

(Copyright 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRAWD IN TZEIT: Sis net bol os m'r 's glick hen wie 'm Dinshdawg nommy dawg—fer datzu kumma won die ort socha g'shaina os m'r gleicha tzu fertzaila doh im Call. Gawainlich missa m'r uns ferlossa uf die Fegelcher fer die barichda rei bringa, un noh won sie die wohrhate abissel shtracka sin mier der kerl os net bei da wohrhate bleib'd. Un sel hen m'r ols so arrick uf 'm shtrich—net tzu wissa eb unser laiser die socha glawwa odder net.

Wel aenich waig, 'm Dinshdawg nommy dawg uf 'm waig 's lond hinna nous, hen m'r ous gamocht fer wenich ob shtoppa on Werleys Korner, sehna wie die Zimmermannerra aw kaimta om wertshous. Sis immer 'n blessier der Milt un sei Sadie tzu sehna, un so aw der Stirling un sei Florence, un die tzwae kinner, un woh der Kenny weit rum bakont is ols 'n aryer flinker donser. Ow'r 'm Dinshdawg wor ken tzeit fer blauderra—die barshtub fer die wohret tzu sawga wor lare, un hen die Florence laenich sehna hinna in da kich rum dribbla.

Imma auga blick wor die Florence ow'r in da barshtub, hut galocht fon ohr tzu ohr, un gawunnert eb m'r net der iwwerreshd fon da familia sehna wotta—sie weara ol hinna drous im heis'l, om welshhawna shlochta. 'S Milts' uns Stirlings' hen net yusht die wertschoft om gae, ow'r aw etlicha grossa bauerreia, un raisa 'n wunnerborie lot welshhinkle. Sie gaina net nei fer die glae krutzich ort woh die hawna yusht fon ocht bis tzaea pund wiega—denk m'r maich'd sie die pandy hawna fon da welshhinkle welt haisa. On Werleys Korner raisa sie nix wie die aller graishda un shwearshda welshhawna aenich aryads tzu finna.

'N Fegelchie hut uns 'n dawg odder so dafor gapifa, der Milt het 'm Mondawg 'n welshhawna g'shlocht os 56 pund gawoga het. Uns, hut der Milt ow'r da nagshda dawg g'sawt, der shwearsh'd fogel os er des yohr g'shlocht het so weit, het die woke g'shnebt on 38 pund. Wie fiel graiserra os er g'funna hut wie m'r fert worra kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r die arrick g'shicht os g'shaina is glei wie die Florence uns hinna nous ganumma hut kot, wor, wie der Milt in der welshhawna kevich g'falla is un hut shier nimmy roua gakent.

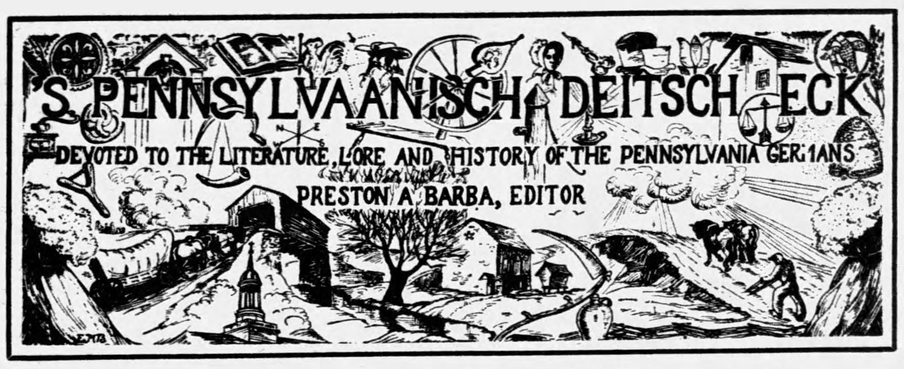
'S nembt arya grossa kevich — odder ewwa krates, fer so welshhinkle bei fohrra. Der Stirling hut die fongerrei gaduh, un die welshhinkle bei g'fohrra uf 'm shuckkerrich — fierra tzum kevich. Noh hut der Stirling sich ols in die shire ufs hoy galaig'd shlofa, bis die "butcher" sellie g'shlocht hen kot. Die butcher nadierlich wor der Milt woh sie ous da kevich g'fonga hut, hut hifta dief in fedderra g'shtonna die kep fliega mocha. Die Madalyn Frey hut helfa breea un rubba; die George Bauman'sn hut sie ous ganumma; die Sadie die iwwericha shtubbla garubb'd; un die Emma Yarrick hut sie gareinich'd hut tzum ledshda mohl unnich 'm wosser grawna, fix un fartich, ready fer in die pon duh.

Die arya socha os m'r g'sehna hen, wor, wie 'm Milt die foos halt g'shlipt is mit seina grossa gumshtivel wie er 'n welshhawna os 'm kevich griega hut wolla uf 'm shuckkerrich. Der shuckkerrich is g'shnebt, der kevich mit drei hawna drin is runner garitch'd, un der Milt is kups feddershd owwa tzum kevich nei, un dade ferlwicht ols noch drin hucka won die Sadie, die Emma, die Madalyn, die George'sn, un die Florence net tzu hilf weara. 'S loch owwa im kevich wor yusht bout gross ganunk fer nei, un hob wohrhoft gaglawbt sie mista der kevich fersaiga fer 'n rous griega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Kartz eb m'r darta worra hut der Stirling so'n wunnerborer guter kugla shuss gamocht 'n hinkle sheesa.

Er hut gatziehlt noch aim, uns sin tzwae g'falla — die kugle is na darrich die kep, so sarwer os sei hut kenna.



DIE NACHT VOR GRISCHTDAAG

Die Sunn faahrt wie en Feierflamm
Am End vum Himmel nunner,
Die Nacht schleicht wie en Schadde bei
Un leegt die Welt in Schlummer;
Alles iss schtill, mer heert ken sound—
Wann Bettzeit kummt un ich schtaert nuff,
Dann bringt die Polly ihre Schtrump
Un henkt ihn do am Schannschtee uff.

'S iss Grischtdaag—Lieb iss in der Luft,
Die Welt iss weiss wie Marbleschtee;
Der Glans vum Mond weist iwweraal
Wie kleene Schtanne uff em Schnee;
Zu meinre Meind kummt Freed un Dank,
Mei Haz gschwellt mit Gedanke uff,
Dann bringt die Polly ihre Schtrump
Un henkt ihn do am Schanneschtee uff.

O, hett ich yuscht en Million cash
In Gold un Silwer hendich nau,
En dausend Diamond-schtee so groos
Ass unser aldi Muddersau;
Ya, hett ich yuscht en touring-car
Mit goldne Redder, meiner drei,
Des deet ich all der Polly gaun
In ihre Schtrump mit Luschde nei.

Der Winder peift am Hauseck rum,
'S iss bidder kalt un reifich drauss,
Awwer Lieb im Haz un Kohlefeier
Macht Summer Sunnaschein in Haus.
Mei Kopp iss schwaer, 's iss Bettzeit nau,
Ich schbier Nuraelschi in de Gnie;
Dann bringt die Tillie ihre Schtrump
Un henkt en aa am Schtannschtee hie.

Du liewer Grund! Ich hab gemeent
Die annre sin schunn lang all nuff,
Dann kummt der Jecky mit seim Schtrump
Un henk en aa am Schannschtee uff!
Un's neegscht die Sal, die Mag, die Liz
Un dreizeh vun de annre Meed,
Un siwwe Buwe hinnenoch
Im Grischtdaag Hemmerschwans parade.

Bei halwer elf iss alles schtill,
Der Santa Claus iss uff em Weeg,
Awwer seht er des, dann denkt er schur
Er's in re Schtrimpmiehl bei mistake;
Ich heb der Kopp mit eenre Hand,
Die anner uff meim Backebuch;
Un O, mei Haz, des gloppt un tschumpt,
Un rutscht mir schier zum Schlucker ruff.

DER NEEGSCHT MARYE

Ich denk der Santa waar excite
Letscht Nacht an daere Schtrimperei,
Fer so wie's guckt, grickt er der blame
Fer all die Grischtdaag Mixerei;
Nau, in der Polly ihre Schtrump
Do sin paar gallus un en Drumm,
Un datt im Jecky seim iss nix
Ass Hosse mit frills unne rum.

Die Tillie hot paar Schtiwwel grickt,
Der Ike der hot en Lumbe-bobb,
Der Meik en Frack un Haarband mit,
Un die Sal bei Tschinks en Iwwerrock;
Der Simmy hot en Bonnet, schur,
Ge-trimmt mit rode Haahneschwens,
(Der Santa hockt im Kiche-eck
Un hot sogaar ken roder Bens.)

—DER SOLLY HUL'BUC
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Haase Schiesse

Es Haas schiesse iss widder verbei. Un es mach aa net viel aus. Wisst dihr die Haase, wu noch gelebt hen, waare so schei, ass sie sich gfarricht hen weege ihrem eeggene Schadde.

Un ich denk mir waere aa schei, wann mir die Schrot heere hedde um uns rumrabbele, un der Grund uns ins Gsicht schmeisse. Ich deet schtarrick schpringe wann ich en Haas waer.

Der anner Daag hawwich en guder alder Freind aagedroffe uff der Schtross un der hot mir verzeehlt vumme wunnerbaare Haaseschiesserei. Ich wunner eb er die Waahret gsaat hot? En Mann sett net liegge.

Des iss was er verzeehlt hot. Er hot gsaat, "Ich waar drauss fer Haase. Endlich hawwich en grosser Haas sehe hocke halwer amme Grundbenk drowwe. Ich hab mir vorgenumme, ich wett den Haas net verschiesse, noh hawwich ausgemacht, ich wett ihn wennich gnabbs nemme. Wie ich abgedrickt hab, dann hawwich der gans Haas verfehlt. Es hot en gross Loch unner ihm in die Benk gerisse. Awwer ich hab der Haas grickt."

"Wie hoscht du ihn grickt, noochdem ass du ihn verfehlt hoscht?" hawwich gfroogt. "Des iss wass es gewwe hot," saagt mei Freind. "Der Schuss waar so neegscht am Haas, ass er hoch in die Heeh getschumpt iss un iss ins Loch gfalle, un hot sei Hals verbroche."

Glaabt dihr des? Ich aa net. Awwer der Mann iss so en guder Freind, ass ich net gegliche hab ihn en Liegner zu heesse.

Es hot moll en Mann en Haas gschosse. Noh hot er ihn ausgenumme un ausgschtobbt mit Hoi, un dann in en Fenseck ghockt. Alle Yaeger ass datt darrich iss hot der nemlich Haas gschosse, bis er endlich zu Hutzle verschosse waar.

Ich hab in meim Lewe ee Haas gschosse. Ich hab uff me Holshaufe ghockt imme Busch. Unser Haus hot en Haas uffgrickt. Der Haas iss mir entgeegge kumme. Ich hab mei Flint uff ihn gericht, der Haahne gschpannt un gewaart. Der Haas iss als neecher kumme.

"Nau," hawwich zu mir selwer gsaat. "muss ich losdricke, schunscht schpringt der Haas mir in der Flindelaaf." Ich hab losgedrickt. "Hoscht ihn grickt?" froogt dihr. Ya, bei Tschundas hawwich. Ich hab ihm die vier Bee abgschosse un die Darrem raus. Es waar nix meh iwwerich ass wie die Ohre un der Rickschtrang. Vun sellere Zeit hawwich's Haaseschiesse uffgewwe.

Gude Marye

Ich hab gheert vumme Mann, der hot Daniel Morgan gheese. Sell iss Englisch. Mir Deitsche hen ihn als der Dan Marye gheesse. Yeder ebber hot gewisst, wen mir gemeent hen, wann mir gasaat hen, Dan Marye.

Es waar moll en wunnerser scheener Marye. Die Blumme waare am Bliehe un die Feggel hen gsunge ass ihre kleene Hazer schier verschprunge sin. Un hot awwer aa die Sunn gscheint!

Weli, es iss en Mann's Schtedtel nunner geloffe un hot der Dan Marye aagedroffe. Des iss was er gsaat hot zum ihm. "Gude Marye, Dan Marye; es iss en scheener Marye den Marye."

Sell hot awwer gschpassich gelaut. Die Leit um sie rum hen aagfange lache. Noch hen die zwee Kalls es aerscht gsehne wie gschpassich ass ihr Schwetze gelaut hot.

Sell gemaahnt mich an en anneri Marye Schtori. Loss mich sie dir verzeehle. Es waare drei Schweschdere un die waare noch alle drei leddich. Die Aerscht hot edliche Mol gemeent sie greecht en Mann, awwer sie hen sich immer zerickgezogge. Nau waar sie schunn fimfundreissich un als noch ken Mann um der Weeg.

Die Zwett vun de Meed waar fimfunzwansich. Sell waar noch net so alt, awwer wann sie ihre elderi Schweschder aageguckt hot, iss es ihre kalt der Buckel nunnergange. Waer wees eb sie en Mann greecht?

Die Yingscht waar achtzeh Yaahr alt. Die Buwe sin ihre nooch wie die Ieme de Blumme noochgehne. Sie hot sich noch net gebaddert weegge me Mann.

Eee Owed sin die drei Meed naus an Paerdis. Yede iss allee gange. Sie hen ausgemacht sie wedde "Kissing games" schpiele. Mir Deitsche hen als gsaat, sell waer gschmutzt. Fer yeder Boss ass yedi grickt hot, hen sie ausgemacht, deede sie saagge "Marye," wann sie der neegscht Marye an der Disch kaemte.

Der neegscht Marye hot die Yingscht gsaat, "Gude Marye, es iss en scheener Marye den Marye. Wann's so en scheener Marye iss der neegschte Marye, wie es iss den Marye, dann gebt sell aa en scheener Marye."

Die Zwett hot gsaat, "Gude Marye. Es iss en scheener Marye den Marye." Fer en Weil waar die Elscht gans ruhich. Die annere zwee hen sie en Weil aageguckt. Was hot sie noh gsaat? Was denkt dihr? Des iss was sie gsaat hot. "Hello, Meed!"

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
vun der Lebanon News

O KUMM', ALL IHR KINNER

Der Engel:

"O kumm', all ihr Kinner
Ya, kumme doch all;
Sie saagge 's gaebt ebbes
Datt drunne im Schtall.

"Sie saage datt drunne
Gebore waer'n Kind;
Nau schtutze net lenger
Un kumme mol gschwind."

Die eifriche Kinner
Sie gehne gaern mit;
Die gleene Fiess folye
In kinnische Schritt.

Der Engel fliegt vanne
In schnee weissem Gleed;
Die Kinner sie eile,
Sin nau nimmi bleed.

En Schtann hoch im Himmel,
Der blinselt so schee;
Er lockt sie so freindlich,
Sie eile noch meh.

Dann kumme sie endlich
Zum Viehschtall mol nei;
En Himmlischer Wunner,
Des sehne sie glei.

Des Kindche gebore
In wintrischer Kelt;
Datt leit Er aarmseelich,
Doch Keenich der Welt.

Gewickelt in Windle,
Sei Bett feichder Schtroh;
So'n Kindche muss kalt sei,
Die Lippe sin bloo.

Maria die Mudder
Un Yosef schtehn bei;
En himmlisch' Familye,
Die Heiliche Drei.

Die Schaefer, deel schtehe,
Deel gniee sich hie;
Die Engel sie singe
En schee Melodie.

O Ehre zum Herr Gott
Un Ehre zum Kind,
Un Friede zu Mensche
Die gut willich sind.

Die Kinner sin sachdi
Un pischpere leis;
So'n Kindche zu wecke
Waer gaar aus der Weis.

Doch saagt mol so'n Gleeni,
"O Yesulein aarm!
Kumm heem mit uns Kinner
Mir halde dich waarm.

"Mir hen datt en Schockel,
Die Deck iss vun Woll;
Es Haus iss vum Beschde,
Die Kammer iss voll."

Noh reegt sich des Kindche;
Mit Hendche so glee
Es segnet die Kinner—
Un waar sell net schnee?

MARTIN EDW. BIRMELIN

Pioneer Mennonite Children Played With the Indians

In H. Frank Eshleman's Annals of the Pioneer Swiss and Palatine Mennonites of Lancaster County, etc. (Lancaster, Pa. 1917) we read the following under Annals for 1720:

"An aged member of the Amish or Ommish faith relates, that he often heard his grandfather say, that his family was one of the first of the Europeans who settled west of the Conestoga. That the Indians lived near them; and that the German and Indian children would frequently play together in the neighbouring wigwam. Sometimes you would see them engaged in contests of foot race, in which the Indian lads would excel although the German lads would discard their clothes, to put them on an equality of the naked savages. Sometimes with the bow and arrow, but here the little Indians would all show their superiority in skill, and accuracy of aim. In wrestling, and in most of their exercises, the Indian boys excelled; but in the mechanical arts the little emigrants had the advantage. I have often seen the chiefs reclining on the ground leaning on the arm, looking at the diversions and amusements of the children; and when the little Indians would excel they would laugh heartily.

It would not infrequently happen, that the little Germans would show some degree of anger, when they were unsuccessful, by giving a blow, and taking up a stone and unceremoniously hurl it at the head of a competitor, which the little Indians would receive with the utmost complacency. I was one day amused by seeing a struggle between an Indian and a German, the former was younger, but more active than the latter, and the little son of the forest was evidently playing with the strength of his adversary; the German became heated, and exerting all his strength, endeavored to throw his adversary with some force upon the ground, but the wily Indian gave a sudden trip, which caued the German to fall beneath, who, rising angrily, seized a stone and levelled his opponent to the earth. The chiefs who were near laughed very heartily, for the little white faces did not stay to see the result, but ran hastily homewards, dreading the severe castigation. In all and every transaction we had with the Indians we found them mild and peaceable; and as just related, not disposed to revenge, when the act appeared to be a momentary burst of passion. I have often seen the little Brennemans, children of a Mennonist emigrant, playing in the most sportive and innocent manner with the little red faces, and I never knew or heard of one little white face receiving an injury from their red brethren, that is, no intentional injury.

(The above first appeared in Hazard's Register, Vol. 7, p. 163)